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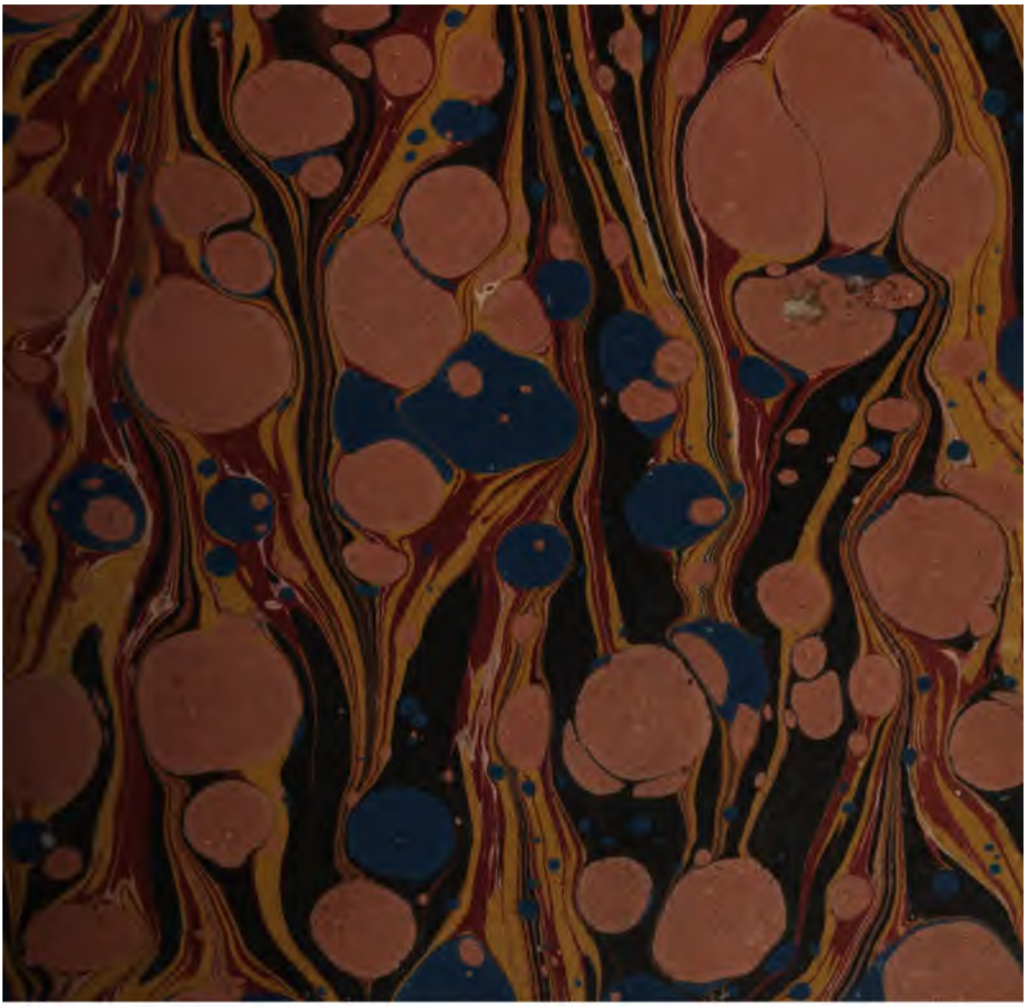

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THE

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ABEL STEVENS, EDITOR.

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THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1853.

JOHN M'CLINTOCK, D. D.

IN presenting in these columns, as we frequently shall, portraits of living and familiar men, it is not our design to accompany them with many biographical details, much less with elaborate estimates of character. This would be a delicate and an invidious task, especially in comparatively youthful cases, where the public career of the subject can, as yet, admit of but a partial judgment. It is our purpose rather to give such characters a sort of visible or personal introduction to our readers, and the letter-press accompaniment of the "likeness," except in very advanced examples, must be barely sufficient for such an introduction.

In introducing Dr. M'Clintock to the goodly company of our readers, we must disclaim any responsibility for his presentation dress. Were it possible, we would whisper in each ear that we do not really like his appearance. The original is a great deal preferable to the similitude. The real doctor presents an aspect of much more physical importance, much better digestion, and much more *bonhomie*, and is altogether a more "likely" man than the engraved doctor. Albeit, our artist is not to blame—he has "followed copy" faithfully. The "copy" was an original daguerreotype, approved by the doctor's most intimate friends; and they must bear the blame, if any is alleged.

Dr. M'Clintock is a native of Philadelphia, and is, we believe, about thirty-eight years of age. He studied at the Wesleyan University under the late President Fisk, but graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, in his native city, from which institution he also received the degree of D. D.

On completing his collegiate studies, he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the New-Jersey Conference. He had occupied, however, but one or two pastoral "appointments," when he was called to a professorship in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. He was only twenty-three years of age at this time, but his ripe scholarship fully justified his appointment. A writer in the *Southern Christian Advocate*, who seems to be quite familiar with Dr. M'Clintock's early life, says:—

"On reaching Carlisle, he was sent to the late Rev. Asbury Roszel, then principal of the preparatory department. It was twilight, and Asbury was engaged in fixing his lamps. Hearing a knock, he said, gruffly, 'Come in.' Seeing a slight, youthful figure enter the room: 'Sit down till I am through here,' said he, supposing it was some 'sub' come to enter. When through, he turned and said, abruptly enough, 'Now, sir, what do you want?' You may conceive his astonishment, when he found that this youth, with not much more than a boy's down on his lip, and whom he, doubtless, had expected to have the pleasure of drubbing occasionally, was to rank him by the occupancy of a professor's chair. Those must have been great days at Dickinson, when Durbin, then Emory, Allen, M'Clintock, Caldwell, Baird, and others, were there together. What changes have taken place in that little circle! Durbin, Missionary Secretary; Allen, President of Girard College; Baird, in the Smithsonian Institute; Emory and Caldwell in the grave; and M'Clintock filling one of the most responsible and influential posts in the gift of the Church."

While at Carlisle, Dr. M'Clintock occupied, with marked success, different professional chairs. He formed there also habits of assiduous and systematic literary labor, which have had no slight effect on his subsequent accomplished scholarship. His studies were usually continued till midnight, or later. He has since paid the penalty of such indiscretion in the sufferings of ill health, sufferings which, however, more fortunately in his case than in many others, came upon him early enough to admit of successful treatment. A voyage to Europe and more self-indulgent habits, have quite renovated his constitution, and still promise him a *physique* of quite aldermanic or episcopal pretensions. He might already take his stand, without much apology, among the "florid friars" of the "good old times."

He mastered the German during his residence at Carlisle, and, jointly with Professor Blumenthal, translated in 1846 and 1847 Neander's Life of Christ. His most important literary works however were, during this period, a series of Greek and Latin text-books, which he commenced in connection with Professor Crooks. Four of them have been published, viz.:—First and Second Books in Latin, and First and Second Books in Greek. We have no hesitancy in pronouncing these volumes the best elementary books in Latin and Greek with which we are acquainted. They are based substantially on the method of Ollendorf, and are prepared with an exactness and discrimination which cannot fail to be prized by the critical teacher.

While engaged in these professional labors, Dr. M'Clintock was also a frequent contributor to the "Methodist Quarterly Review." His articles were distinguished by their sound sense, good taste, and polished style.

At the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held at Pittsburgh in 1848, he was elected editor of that publication, and, at the session of 1852, was reelected almost unanimously. The periodical has assumed a commanding rank under his editorial care. It has won for itself high consideration both in this country and in Europe, and good judges hesitate not to pronounce it among the very first Quarterlies of the day.

Thus much of biographic data respecting Dr. M'Clintock. According to our preliminary remarks we might stop here, and we would do so, were it not that another hand affords us some observations on more delicate points. The writer already quoted from the Southern Christian Advocate, gives the following "pen and ink portrait" of the doctor, in regard to which we must resuggest the qualification already given, respecting our engraved portrait. "He is," says this writer, "below the middle stature, a little stout; with a very youthful, comely face, animated expression, florid complexion, a head of almost enormous size, but not disfiguring, because of its admirably balanced development. He is agile in his movements, and withal graceful, frank, and easy in his manners. In the pulpit he is calm and self-possessed, ready in utterance, and apt in expression. His choice of language is admirable; so that his style is simple, forcible, and chaste—more accurate than you often hear. His elocution is good; articulating distinctly, insomuch that while his voice is not powerful—although very sweet—he is easily heard. You listen to him with delight, everything is in such perfect keeping. The discourse is thoroughly digested, well-arranged, and harmoniously proportioned; blending lucid exposition, and ample, searching analysis of the subject, with well-put, earnest, practical applications. He never startles, much less overwhelms you. You pay close attention, but never forget yourself, and wonder, on recovery, where you are. He is tranquilly thoughtful; so are you. He is, moreover, devout, and communicates a kindred feeling. He never speculates, and seldom invites you to a comprehensive sweep of thought. But so luminously is the subject put, and so variously and felicitously illustrated, that you possess an abiding reprint of it. His other duties have prevented his preaching as much, and in the way, justice to himself demanded. The Church has lost one of its noblest pulpit men, in a finished professor and accomplished editor. Other professional posts demand time, patience, and toilsome practice for the effective performance of their duties, and the attainment of their richest possible excellence; but none in this respect compare with the pulpit. And, except in peculiar cases, and under rarely occurring circumstances, no man becomes the preacher he ought, save in the pastoral office: so that, with all his capabilities and accomplishments, Dr. M'Clintock does not compare with what he might have been as a minister of the word, had the Church kept him in the pulpit all these years."

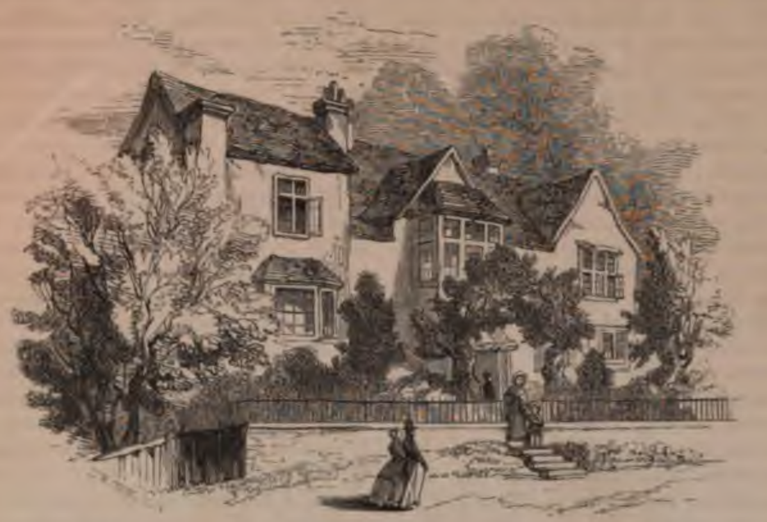
We do not indorse this estimate of Dr. M'Clintock as a preacher, having had no adequate opportunity of judging of his pulpit traits. It will be deemed, we think, by those who most frequently hear him, quite sufficiently fastidious. Another newspaper scribbler, for whose judgment we have reason to entertain less respect, described the doctor in the *Herald and Journal*, during the late Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the following terms of *nonchalance*:—

"He is of Irish descent, and has a decidedly Hibernian look of the better kind—being sanguine almost to repletion; his face is florid and even flushed, and there is an incessant play of sanguine activity and eagerness about his fine rosy features. He is evidently a man of tireless energy, and is fat in spite of his temperament. His motions are quick, and his speech rapid. His head is his capital attraction, figuratively as well as etymologically so. It projects out and rounds off 'prodigiously,' as Dominie Sampson used to say; and is one of the best-balanced crania in the assembly. His stature is small, stout, and apparently strong, and in conjunction with his eager features and prompt "nervous" manners, gives him a peculiar and most significant air of pugnacity. His appearance would incline you to suspect that his Irish blood would rise egregiously at Donnybrook Fair, and his shillaleh move right and left; but he is in fact as cool as he is prompt—a scholarly, discriminating critic, never falling into pugilistic attitudes toward the literary wights who come within the purview of his editorial arena, and always dispatching a case of literary butchery with as little bloodshed as may be."

A rough draught this, certainly, but, in connection with our other passages, it must suffice for our present introduction of Dr. M'Clintock.

◆

ALL that has been written in song, or told in story, of love and its effects, falls far short of its reality. Its evils and its blessings, its impotence and its power, will continue the theme of nature and of art, until the great pulse of the universe is stilled. Arising from the depths of misery, descending from heaven the most direct and evident manifestation of a divine and self-sacrificing spirit, it is at once the tyrant and the slave. Happier as the latter than as the former—for the perfection of love is obedience; the power of obeying what we love is, at all events, the perfection of a woman's happiness.



ENGLISH SHRINES—HOUSE OF MARVEL.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

BUT a few months ago we had been strolling about Palace-yard, when we instinctively paused at No. 19 York-street, Westminster. It was evening: the lamp-lighters were running from post to post, but we could still see that the house was a plain house to look at, differing little from its associate dwellings—a common house, a house you would pass without a thought, unless the remembrance of thoughts that had been given to you from within the shelter of those plain, ordinary walls, caused you to reflect, aye, and to thank God, who has left with you the memories and sympathies which elevate human nature. Here, while Latin Secretary to the Protector, was JOHN MILTON to be found when "at home;" and in his society, at times, were met all the men who, with their great originator, Cromwell, astonished Europe. Just think of those who entered that portal; think of them all if you can—statesmen and warriors; or, if you are really of a gentle spirit, think of two—but two—either of whom has left enough to engross your thoughts and fill your hearts. Think of JOHN MILTON and ANDREW MARVEL! think of the Protector of England, with two such secretaries!

For a long while we stood on the steps of this building, and at length retraced our steps homeward. Our train of thought, although checked, was not changed, when seated by a comfortable fire. We took down a volume of Milton; but "Paradise Lost" was too sublime for the mood of the moment, and we "got to thinking" of Andrew Marvel, and displaced a volume of Captain Edward Thompson's edition of his works; and then it occurred to us to walk to Highgate, and once again enjoy the sight of his quaint old cottage on the side of the hill just facing "Cromwell House," and next to that which once owned for its master the great Earl of Lauderdale.

We know nothing more invigorating than to breast the breeze up a hill, with a bright clear sky above, and the crisp ground under foot. The wind of March is as pure champagne to a healthy constitution; and let mountain-men laugh as they will at Highgate-hill, it is no ordinary labor to go and look down upon London from its height.

Here then we are, once more, opposite the house where lived the satirist, the poet, the incorruptible patriot.

It is, as you see above, a peculiar-looking dwelling, just such a one as you might well suppose the chosen of Andrew Marvel—exquisitely situated, enjoying abundant natural advantages; and yet altogether devoid of pretension; sufficiently beautiful for a poet, sufficiently humble for a patriot.

It is an unostentatious home, with simple gables and plain windows, and is but a story high. In front are some old trees, and a convenient porch to the door, in which to sit and look forth upon the road, a few paces in advance of it. The front is of plaster, but the windows are modernized, and there are other alterations which the exigencies of tenancy have made necessary since Marvel's days.

The dwelling was evidently inhabited; the curtains in the deep windows as white as they were when we visited it some years previous to the visit concerning which we now write; and the garden as neat as when in those days we asked permission to see the house, and were answered by an elderly servant, who took in our message, and an old gentleman came into the hall, invited us in, and presented us to his wife, a lady of more than middle age, and of that species of beauty depending upon expression, which it is not in the power of time to wither, because it is of the spirit rather than the flesh; and we also remembered a green parrot, in a fine cage, that talked a great deal, and was the only thing which seemed out of place in the house. We had been treated with much courtesy; and emboldened by the memory of that kindness, we now ascended the stone steps, unlatched the little gate, and knocked.

MARVEL'S HOUSE—BACK VIEW.

Again we were received courteously and kindly by the lady we had formerly seen; and again she blandly offered to show us the house. We went up a little winding stair, and into several neat, clean bedrooms, where everything was so old-fashioned, that you could fancy Andrew Marvel himself was still its master.

"Look out here," said the old lady; "here's a view! They say this was Andrew Marvel's writing closet when he wrote *sense*; but when he wrote *poetry*, he used to sit below in his garden. I have heard there is a private way under the road to Cromwell House, opposite; but surely that could not be necessary. So good a man would not want to work in the dark; for he was a true lover of his country, and a brave man. My husband used to say, the patriots of those times were not like the patriots now; that then, they acted for their country—now, they talk about it! Alas! the days are passed when you could tell an Englishman from every other man, even by his gait, keeping the middle of the road, and straight on, as one who knew himself, and made others know him. I am sure a party of Roundheads, in their sober coats, high hats, and heavy boots, would have walked up Highgate-hill to visit Master Andrew Marvel with a different air from the young men of our own time—or of their own time, I should say—for *my* time is past, and *yours* is passing."

That was quite true; but there is no reason, we thought, why we should not look cheerfully toward the future, and pray that it may be a bright world for others, if not for ourselves; the greater our enjoyment in the contemplation of the happiness of our fellow-creatures, the nearer we approach God.

It was too damp for the old lady to venture into the garden; and sweet and gentle as she was, both in mind and manner, we were glad to be alone. How pretty and peaceful the house looks from this spot! The snowdrops were quite up, and the yellow and purple tips of the crocuses bursting through the ground in all directions. This, then, was the garden the poet loved so well, and to which he alludes so charmingly in his poem, where the nymph complains of the death of her fawn:—

> "I have a garden of my own,
> But so with roses overgrown,
> And lilies, that you would it guess
> To be a little wilderness."

The garden seems in nothing changed; in fact, the entire appearance of the place is what it was in those glorious days when inhabited by the truest genius and the most unflinching patriot that ever sprang from the sterling stuff that Englishmen were made of in those wonder-working times. The genius of Andrew Marvel was as varied as it was remarkable; not only was he a tender and exquisite poet, but entitled to stand *facile princeps* as an incorruptible patriot, the best of controversialists, and the leading prose wit of England. We have always considered his as the first of the "sprightly runnings" of that brilliant stream of wit, which will carry with it to the latest posterity the names of Swift, Steele, and Addison. Before Marvel's time, to be witty was to be strained, forced, and conceited; from him—whose memory consecrates that cottage—wit came sparkling forth, untouched by baser matter. It was worthy of him—its main feature was an open clearness. Detraction or jealousy cast no stain upon it; he turned aside, in the midst of an exalted panegyric of Oliver Cromwell, to say the finest things that ever were said of Charles I.

The patriot was a son of Mr. Andrew Marvel, minister and schoolmaster of Kingston-upon-Hull, where he was born in 1620; his father was also the lecturer of Trinity Church in that town, and was celebrated as a learned and pious man. The son's abilities at an early age were emarkable; and his progress so great, that
age of thirteen he was entered as a
of Trinity College, Cambridge;
aid that the corporation of his
him with the means
rosecuting his studies there. His shrewd and inquiring mind attracted the attention of some of the Jesuit emissaries who were at this time lurking about the universities, and sparing no pains to make proselytes. Marvel entered into disputations with them, and ultimately fell so far into their power, that he consented to abandon the university, and follow one of them to London. Like many other clever youths, he was inattentive to the mere drudgery of university attendance, and had been reprimanded in consequence; this, and the news of his escape from college, reached his father's ears at Hull. That good and anxious parent followed him to London, and after a considerable search, at last met with him in a bookseller's shop; he argued with his son as a prudent and sensible man should do, and prevailed on him to retrace his steps and return with him to college, where he applied to his studies with such good-will and continued assiduity, that he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1638. His father lived to see the fruits of his wise advice, but was only spared thus long; for he was unfortunately drowned in crossing the Humber, as he was attending the daughter of an intimate female friend, who, by this event becoming childless, sent for young Marvel, and, by way of making all the return in her power, added considerably to his fortune.

This accession of wealth gave him an opportunity of traveling; and he journeyed through Holland, France, and Italy. While at Rome he wrote the first of those satirical poems which obtained him so much celebrity. It was a satire on an English priest there, a wretched poetaster named Flecknoe. From an early period of life Marvel appears to have despised conceit, or impertinence, and he found another chance to exhibit his powers of satire in the person of an ecclesiastic of Paris, one Joseph de Maniban, an abbot, who pretended to understand the characters of those he had never seen, and to prognosticate their good or bad fortune, from an inspection of their handwriting. Marvel addressed a poem to him, which, if it did not effectually silence his pretensions, at all events exposed them fully to the thinking portions of the community.

Beneath Italian skies his immortal friendship with Milton seems to have commenced; it was of rapid growth, but was firmly established. They were, in many ways, kindred spirits, and their hopes for the after destinies of England were alike. In 1653 Marvel returned to England, and during the eventful years that followed we can find no record of his strong and earnest thoughts, as they worked upward into the arena of public life. One glorious fact we know, and all who honor virtue must feel its force—that in an age when wealth was never wanting to the unscrupulous, Marvel, a member of the popular and successful party, continued POOR. Many of those years he is certain to have passed—

> "Under the destiny severe
> Of Fairfax, and the starry Vere—"

in the humble capacity of tutor of languages to their daughters. It was most likely during this period that he inhabited the cottage at Highgate, opposite to the house in which lived part of the family of Cromwell, a house upon which we shall remark presently. In 1657 he was introduce by Milton to Bradshaw. The precise words of the introduction ran thus:—"I present to you Mr. Marvel, laying aside those jealousies and that emulation which mine own condition might suggest to me, by bringing in such a coadjutor." His connection with the State took place in 1657, when he became assistant secretary with Milton in the service of the Protector. "I never had," says Marvel, "any, not the remotest relation to public matters, nor correspondence with the persons then predominant, until the year 1657."

After he had been some time fellow-secretary with Milton, even the thick-sighted burgesses of Hull perceived the merits of their townsman, and sent him as their representative into the House of Commons. We can imagine the delight he felt at escaping from the crowded and stormy Commons to breath the invigorating air of his favorite hill; to enjoy the society of his former pupils, now his friends; and to gather, in

> "——— a garden of his own,"

the flowers that had solaced his leisure hours when he was comparatively unknown. But Cromwell died, Charles returned, and Marvel's energies sprung into arms at acts which, in accordance with his principles, he considered base, and derogatory to his country. His whole efforts were directed to the preservation of civil and religious liberty.

It was but a short time previous to the Restoration that Marvel had been chosen by his native town to sit as its representative in Parliament. The session began at Westminster in April, 1660, and he acquitted himself so honorably, that he was again chosen for the one which began in May, 1661. Whether under Cromwell or Charles, he acted with such thorough honesty of purpose, and gave such satisfaction to his constituents, that they allowed him a handsome pension all the time he continued to represent them, which was to the day of his death. This was probably the last borough in England that paid a representative. He seldom spoke in Parliament, but had much influence with the members of both Houses; the spirited Earl of Devonshire called him friend, and Prince Rupert particularly paid the greatest regard to his counsels; and whenever he voted according to the sentiments of Marvel, which he often did, it used to be said, by the opposite party, that "he had been with his tutor." Such certainly was the intimacy between the Prince and Marvel, that when he was obliged to abscond, to avoid falling a sacrifice to the indignation of those enemies among the governing party whom his satirical pen had irritated, the Prince frequently went to see him, disguised as a private person.

The noted Doctor Samuel Parker published Bishop Bramhall's work, setting forth the rights of kings over the consciences of their subjects; and then came forth Marvel's witty and sarcastic poem, "The Rehearsal Transposed." And yet how brightly did the generosity of his noble nature shine forth at this very time, when he forsook his own wit in that very poem, to praise the wit of Butler, his rival and political enemy. Fortune seems about this period to have dealt hardly with him. Even while his political satires rang through the very halls of the pampered and impure Charles, when they were roared forth in every tavern, shouted in the public streets, and attracted the most envied attention throughout England, their author was obliged to exchange the free air, apt type of the freedom which he loved, for a lodging in a court off the Strand, where, enduring unutterable temptations, flattered and threatened, he more than realized the stories of Roman virtue.

The poet Mason has made Marvel the hero of his "Ode to Independence," and thus alludes to his incorruptible integrity :—

> "In awful Poverty his honest Muse
> Walks forth vindictive through a venal land:
> In vain Corruption sheds her golden dews,
> In vain Oppression lifts her iron hand;
> He scorns them both, and arm'd with Truth alone,
> Bids Lust and Folly tremble on the throne."

Marvel, by opposing the ministry and its measures, created himself many enemies, and made himself very obnoxious to the government: yet Charles II. took great delight in his conversation, and tried all means to win him over to his side, but in vain; nothing being ever able to shake his resolution. There were many instances of his firmness in resisting the offers of the court, in which he showed himself proof against all temptations.

We pray God that the sin of Marvel's death did not rest with the great ones of those times; but it was strange and sudden.[*] He did not leave wherewith to bury the sheath of such a noble spirit: but his constituents furnished forth a decent funeral, and would have erected a monument to his memory in the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, where he was interred; but the rector, blinded by the dust of royalty to the merits of the man, refused the necessary permission. Marvel's name is remembered, though the rector's has been long forgotten.[†]

Wood tells us, that Marvel was in his conversation very modest, and of few words; and Cooke, the writer of his life, observes that he was very reserved among those whom he did not know, but a most delightful and improving companion among his friends. John Aubrey, who knew him personally, thus describes him: "He was of a middling stature, pretty strong set, roundish, cherry-cheeked, hazle-eyed, brown-haired." He was (as Wood also says) in conversation very modest, and of a very few words. He was wont to say that he would not drink high or freely with any one with whom he would not trust his life.

PERSON AND HABITS OF CALVIN.

CALVIN was not of large stature; his complexion was pale, and rather brown; even to his last moments his eyes were peculiarly bright, and indicative of his penetrating genius. He knew nothing of luxury in his outward life, but was fond of the greatest neatness, as became his thorough simplicity; his manner of living was so arranged, that he showed himself equally averse to extravagance and parsimony; he took little nourishment, such being the weakness of his stomach that, for many years, he contented himself with one meal a day. Of sleep he had almost none; his memory was incredible: he immediately recognized, after many years, those whom he had once seen; and when he had been interrupted for several hours, in some work about which he was employed, he could immediately resume and continue it, without reading again what he had before written. Of the numerous details connected with the business of his office, he never forgot even the most trifling, and this notwithstanding the incredible multitude of his affairs. His judgment was so acute and correct in regard to the most opposite concerns about which his advice was asked, that he often seemed to possess the gift of looking into the future. I never remember to have heard that any one who followed his counsel went wrong. He despised fine speaking, and was rather abrupt in his language; but he wrote admirably, and no theologian of his time expressed himself so clearly, so impressively and accurately as he, and yet he labored as much as any one of his cotemporaries, or of the fathers. For his fluency he was indebted to the several studies of his youth, and to the natural acuteness of his genius, which had been still further increased by the practice of dictation, so that proper and dignified expressions never failed him, whether he was writing or speaking. He never, in any wise, altered the doctrine which he first adopted, but remained true to the last —a thing which can be said of few theologians of this period.—*Henry's Calvin.*

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THERE never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead.

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[*] Marvel died in 1678, in his fifty-eighth year, not without the strongest suspicions of having been poisoned; for he was always very temperate, and of a healthful and strong constitution to the last.

[†] On the death of this rector, however, the monument and inscription was placed on the north wall of the church, near the spot where he is supposed to lie.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNSON.

HIS EARLY CAREER IN LONDON.

IN commercial countries, great cities answer a purpose very similar to that of the heart in the animal system: for, as in this case, in every part there is found a current tending toward the heart, as well as a counter current, by which vitality is diffused over the whole system; so in that, the metropolis levies its contributions on every part, and also imparts its meliorating influence to all. But cities are more especially places of consumption than of production. Thither the productions of the rural regions tend with a steady and deep current, which goes thither not to return again; while the contributions of city to country are much less considerable, whether in bulk or essential value. Even the population of great cities are drawn largely from extramural parts, where the human product, as well as others, seems to flourish more than in the pent-up bounds and vitiated atmosphere of the town. The crude materials of an active and elevated community are evidently produced in the highest perfection in the rustic salubrity and hardy independence of the open country; though, generally, it is in the city that genius is developed as well as expended. Biographical history attests the fact, that a large proportion of those who have become conspicuous in great cities, have passed their early days in the quiet of some country town, or in some rustic dwelling away from the busy haunts of men. Our story leads us to an illustration of this truth.

One day, early in the spring of 1737, the stage-coach from Lichfield brought up to London two young gentlemen who had come thither to try their fortunes in the metropolis. One of them, a youth just verging to manhood, had been sent up by his father, a retired soldier, to complete his academical studies, under the direction of an accomplished instructor, and then to devote himself to the legal profession. The other was more advanced in life, having arrived at mature manhood, and had now come to cast himself into the vortex of the town, and try his fortune as a literary adventurer. These two individuals were DAVID GARRICK and SAMUEL JOHNSON. They came, commended by a letter from the benevolent Mr. Walmsley to the Rev. Mr. Colson, an eminent mathematician, and the master of an academy in London, who was afterward Lucasion Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, with whom Garrick was to pursue his studies. Johnson's situation, as an adventurer in literature, was delicately mentioned in the letter of introduction, especially in relation to an original *tragedy* in his possession; and he was emphatically commended as "a very good scholar and poet," and the hope expressed that he would turn out "a very fine tragedy-writer." Whether this letter procured any advantage for Johnson from the person addressed is at best doubtful; nothing further is known of the matter, though some have believed that this Mr. Colson was the *Gelidus* portrayed with so much truthful severity in the twenty-fourth number of the Rambler.

DAVID GARRICK.

Johnson had come to London not merely to try his fortune, but to force it there. He could not afford to fail in this instance, for he had but little to expect anywhere else; and he had now two mouths to fill, to say nothing of a needy step-daughter, and an aged mother, now, by the death of her other son, left with only himself to depend on. Among the qualifications for his new position that he had brought with him, one of the most valuable was the art of living at minimum expenses, which he now reduced to practice. He took lodgings at the house of a

Mr. Norris, in Exeter-street, adjoining Catharine-street, in the Strand. Of his daily expenses he gives the following account: "I dined very well for eightpence, with very good company, at the 'Pine Apple,' in New-street, just by. Several of them had traveled. They expected to meet every day, but did not know one another's names. It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing." While at Birmingham, he had become somewhat acquainted with an Irish painter, whom he described as "a very sensible man, who perfectly understood common affairs; a man of a great deal of knowledge of the world, fresh from life, not strained through books." According to this man's estimate of things, "thirty pounds a-year was enough to enable a man to live there without being contemptible. He allowed ten pounds for clothes and linen. He said a man might live in a garret for eighteenpence a-week; few people would inquire where he lodged; and if they did, it was easy to say, 'I am to be found at such a place.' By spending threepence in a coffee-house, he might be for some hours every day in very good company; he might dine for sixpence, breakfast on bread and milk for a penny, and do without supper. On *clean-shirt days* he went abroad and paid visits." Just how far Johnson practiced upon his friend's system of economy, he had too much sensibility and good taste to state definitely; it is probable that his secret history during this period would not have been less curious and instructive than was that of the Irish artist. But he bore the whole of it with fortitude, and maintained in his deepest depression the spirit of independent manhood.

How he employed himself on his first coming to London is not certainly known. It is related that Mr. Walmsley gave him a letter of introduction to Lintot, his bookseller, and that Johnson wrote some for him. He also called on another bookseller, named Wilcox, who, when informed of his intention to gain a livelihood by literature, gazed significantly at his giant frame and remarked: "You had better buy a porter's knot." Of this man, however, Johnson declared: "He was one of my best friends." Nearly four months after his arrival in London, he addressed a note to Cave, proposing to translate from the original Italian Father Sarpi's "History of the Council of Trent," with the notes of Le Courayer, from the French. The account of this business will occur in another place. This notice of it is here introduced to indicate the manner in which he was occupied, and the kind of efforts he put forth to get himself forward in life.

In all this dismal obscurity there was one circumstance that afforded some mitigation of its gloom. He was acquainted with Mr. Henry Hervey, a man of good family and of genteel manners, who had served in the army and been stationed at Lichfield, where Johnson knew him. At the house of this gentleman he was frequently entertained, and had an opportunity of meeting cultivated company. This kindness was highly appreciated by Johnson; so that, while he confessed that his friend was a vicious man, he declared, "if you call a dog Hervey I shall love him."

At this time it seems he had written but three acts of Irene; and as he was not otherwise occupied, and also depended on that production for both present relief and future fame, he directed his attention more closely to it. For this purpose he changed his lodgings to Greenwich, and there, in almost absolute solitude, though daily jostled by the unknown multitude, he labored assiduously and in hope upon his favorite theme. He was accustomed to compose while walking in the park, and afterward to reduce to writing what he had thus elaborated.

In the latter part of the summer he returned to Lichfield, where he remained three months; and during this time "Irene" was completed. At the end of that period he returned to London, taking Mrs. Johnson with him, but leaving her daughter, Miss Lucy Porter, now a grown-up young woman, with his aged mother at Lichfield. His first lodgings after his return were in Woodstock-street, Hanover-square, and afterward in Castle-street, near Cavendish-square. Of his private life for a long time after his settlement in the metropolis we have but scanty accounts; enough, however, to indicate that he was no stranger to want in its most painful form.

Johnson's correspondence with Cave, the publisher of the "Gentleman's Magazine," has already been noticed. We are now to follow him into a closer intimacy with that somewhat remarkable personage. It is probable that from a very early stage of its career, (it was then in its sixth year,) the magazine had found its way to Lichfield, and was there esteemed as highly as in the metropolis itself. It is certain that Johnson had become acquainted with it before he left home, and though it seems to have appeared to him as the focus of literature, yet from the beginning he saw and pointed out its defects, and proposed measures for their removal. Nevertheless, as seen in the distance, there was something of impressive greatness in the idea of the very fountain from which issued the streams that irrigated the whole kingdom. Johnson was now to see the publisher in his office. The magazine was then published at St. John's Gate, one of the last relics of the venerable monastery of the heroic knights of St. John of Jerusalem, which was suppressed in 1540, and, by dilapidations and encroachments, little more than the ancient gateway remained to indicate the former grandeur of the place. Though not of an imaginative temper, and certainly not in a situation to yield himself to a fit of sentimentality, yet he confessed that when he saw that venerable pile of mediæval architecture he "beheld it with reverence."

A favorable impression had been made on the mind of the shrewd publisher as to Johnson's ability to be useful to him, and he evidently desired to secure his services. This good opinion was fully reciprocated; for whatever faults or foibles may be charged to Cave, it is certain that he secured and retained the esteem of Johnson to an eminent degree. This esteem probably was not altogether disinterested; but there can be no doubt that, though not blind, it was sincere. Cave, as the publisher of the Gentleman's Magazine, had assumed the title of *Sylvanus Urban*, by which name he was commonly known in that relation. Johnson's first contribution (at least of those known to have been his) was a Latin poem addressed to the publisher in his assumed name, congratulating him on his superiority over his competitors, and lauding both him and his work with all the license that is allowed to poets writing in Latin.

It must be acknowledged that this whole affair was not in Johnson's usual manner, and at the same time the motive to touch softly upon the weak spots in Cave's character, and thus to ingratiate himself with one whose favor could be so valuable might justify the suspicion that Johnson in this case actually stooped to act the part of a flatterer. This suspicion would also be strengthened by considering what was Cave's real character: for though he was industrious and enterprising in business, in literature he was the merest pretender, and in his manners was coarse and uncourtly, not on account of any ill-temper or disregard for others, but for want of discernment, and a due sense of the proprieties of life. It is, however, sufficiently evident that Johnson entertained an honest esteem for his early friend and patron, as is evinced by the biography of Cave, which he prepared for the magazine, when a change of circumstances had taken away every motive to undue panegyrics.

Johnson now became a steady contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine, and also a kind of general editor under the direction of the publisher, who esteemed his own abilities for such a task quite too highly to allow of any superior. It does not appear that Cave set any very high value on Johnson's genius, for he was incapable of appreciating it; he valued him chiefly as a useful person, who could do a great many little things to help in getting up the monthly miscellany. As an evidence of his incompetency to judge of the character of his new coadjutor, it is related that, determined to dazzle him with the splendor of some of his brilliant contributors, he invited Johnson at one time to meet him at a certain coffee-house, where he should be introduced to them. The invitation was accepted, and on calling at the appointed time and place Cave met him, dressed in a loose horseman's coat and a great bushy uncombed wig, and introduced him to Mr. Browne, long known as a constant but feeble correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine, whom he found sitting at the upper end of a long table enveloped in a cloud of tobacco-smoke. Johnson was not blind to the offensive traits in Cave's character; but he discovered also some real excellences, and he had the good sense, for the sake of the good, to bear with and overlook the evil. No cringing was required on the one hand, as it would have been indignantly spurned on the other; but Cave had need of Johnson's service, for which he was ready to make what was deemed a fair compensation, and Johnson wanted employment and means of subsistence, which were here offered him on terms not incompatible with honor and self-respect.

ST. JOHN'S GATE.

An incident connected with this period of Johnson's history may be here related, as a matter of curious interest marking the early steps of the progress of one who soon after dazzled the gay world of the metropolis by the unrivaled power of his imitative genius. Johnson's intimacy at St. John's Gate drew Garrick thither also; and though Cave had no great taste for diversions, yet learning that the young friend of his coadjutor had an inclination to the stage, he expressed a wish to see him in some comic character. A room was accordingly fitted up over the great arch of the gate, where, assisted by a few journeymen printers, the future Roscius of the English stage represented, with all the graces of comic humor, the principal character in Fielding's farce of the Mock Doctor.

We have here to contemplate Samuel Johnson, whose fame has become co-extensive with the literary world, and is destined to last as long as the English language, at nearly thirty years of age, bound down to a sub-editorship, toiling with unremitting diligence "for gain, not glory." He had improved his condition by his new engagement, and yet even now his situation was tolerable only as an alternative to the state of actual want for which it had been exchanged. That he was far from being satisfied with what he had attained is evident; he knew he deserved a better fate, and though the future was not prodigal of promises he could not assent to forego the hopes of better days to come. An occasional indication of what was in him was given in some of his happier or more elaborate productions, though as yet the world had seen but few indications of the transcendent powers that were maturing within him. At length, however, a production of his pen broke upon the world, that gave assurance of the man. In May, 1738, his "LONDON, a Poem in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal," was published, which at once burst forth like the blaze of a meteor. Neither the theme nor the mode of treatment possessed the advantages of novelty: for "the manners of the town" are the unfailing subject of the strictures of the satirical muse; and this same satire of Juvenal had been already applied in parody or by imitation, to Paris by Boileau, and to London by Oldham. It was impossible therefore for Johnson in this case to win renown or even to escape contempt, except by excelling his co-imitators, without imitating them. The attempt was a bold one, and may be considered as another evidence that from an early period of his history he was to a good degree confident of his own powers.

Of the history of the production of this poem we have no information except as to its date. The author himself inscribed upon his own corrected copy "written in 1738;" and as it was published in May of that year, and seems, from the correspondence concerning its publication, to have been completed some two months before, the time of its composition is narrowed down to the months of January and February. Nor is it difficult to suppose that with such vigor of mind as Johnson then possessed, he might, in that time, using only his occasional leisure, throw off, and afterward revise and correct for publication, a piece of some two hundred and fifty lines. When the poem was ready for publication, Johnson sent it to Cave for his inspection, feigning to act for the author—a third person who chose not to be known—and accompanying it by a letter full of complimentary allusions to both the discernment and the liberality of the publisher. He pleaded for a favorable consideration of the article on account of the necessities of the author, "who," he writes, "lies at present under very disadvantageous circumstances of fortune." It is melancholy to contemplate genius united to virtue thus driven by want to make haste to exchange its choicest productions for the means of subsistence; yet such has often been the case, and many of the fairest gems of literature have been the products of minds and hearts oppressed with sorrows and sheer want of the most common necessaries. How the poem appeared to Cave is not known. Probably he could not form any intelligent estimate of its character: but if he had but little taste, he was not altogether without generosity; for in Johnson's next letter there is an acknowledgment of a present for the unknown author, which he promises shall be deducted from the price of the manuscript, should it be printed. Cave, it would seem, suggested that the poem should be shown to Dodsley. Johnson proposed to take the manuscript and read it to him; still insisting that Cave should be the real publisher, for he adds: "I am very sensible, from your generosity on this occasion, of your regard to learning, *even in its unhappiest estate*; and cannot but think such a temper deserving of the gratitude of those who suffer so often from a contrary disposition." But the paper was forwarded directly to Dodsley, and a few days later Johnson called on him. Mr. Robert Dodsley was a very different sort of man from his fellow-publisher, Mr. Cave. He was more than a mere publisher; and, in his aspirations to the title of a man of letters, was not an empty pretender. He was equally distinguished for discernment, frankness, and geniality of spirit, and all these qualities were manifested on this occasion. Soon after this interview, Johnson again wrote to Cave: "I was to-day with Mr. Dodsley, who declares very warmly in favor of the paper you sent him, which he desires to have a share in, it being, as he says, *a creditable thing to be concerned in.* I knew not what answer to make till I had consulted you, nor what to demand on the author's part, but am very willing, if you please, he should have a part in it." Cave generously consented that any arrangement thought desirable might be made with Dodsley, who thereupon gave Johnson *ten guineas* for the manuscript, a price that the author himself esteemed as liberal.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

Considered by itself, and without respect to its circumstances, "London" is a production of very considerable merit. As a poem, it is second to only such pieces as Goldsmith's "Traveler" and "Deserted Village," Gray's "Churchyard Elegy," Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude," and a few other pieces of the same class. Its pretensions are necessarily very moderate, as must be the case with a satire on the times. But the thoughts are far from being mere commonplaces; the style is dignified, yet easy; and the versification, though not faultless, is above mediocrity. According to its professed design, "London" is a satire upon the manners of the times in which it was produced. Following the train of thought given by Juvenal, he makes the retirement of a friend to the quiet of the country the occasion of an invective against the manners of the town. Some brief references are first made to private disorders and individual miseries—to "malice," "rapine," and "accident;" to the "rage" of "fires" and "rabbles," and perils from "fell attorneys;" to dangers from "falling houses," and the horrors of being talked to death by some "female atheist." The poet then passes to more general topics, and expends all the force of his invective upon the government, which is satirized much in the usual temper and tone of political maledictions, though with a force and elegance of diction not often found in that kind of writing. It was a time of great political violence that "London" was designed to depict, and the painter was himself a decided partisan. It is a matter of common notoriety that Tories are Whigs when out of office, and Whigs are Tories when in; and so now, since a Whig administration directed the affairs of the kingdom, of course Tory patriotism was awakened to an indignant assertion of "a Briton's rights," and a valorous defense against its own rulers of "the cheated nation." It is remarkable, too, that in his opposition to the liberal administration of Walpole, the youthful champion of Toryism employs, with all the facility of a popular declaimer, the choice terms and expressions of radical liberalism. What warm invectives are here against "tyranny" and "oppression;" what earnest assertions of the rights of "true-born Englishmen;" what sympathy for "rebellious virtue, quite o'erthrown;" and what regard for "the poor," driven out to "pathless wastes or undiscovered shores!" Such language from the pen of a Goldsmith, though equally unjust, is in keeping with his general character; but when Johnson satirizes the court and government because his own party is out of power, one may not only sigh for the violence of partisanship, but also smile at its inconsistencies.

A more interesting feature of this poem is its evident allusions to the circumstances of the writer, which have been shown to have been at that time most painfully "disadvantageous." The aptness with which some of its expressions apply to his case is palpably evident, as in these lines:—

"In those cursed walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since *unrewarded science* toils in vain;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And every moment leaves my little less;
While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
And life still vigorous revels in my veins:
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place."

But more especially, in apparently incidental remarks and expressions, do we detect the inward feelings of his distressed and yet unsubdued spirit. It was rather from his own experience than from the verse of the satirist, that he had been brought to feel that—

"SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESSED:"

a line that was doubly underscored in the original manuscript—and to ask,

"Where can starving merit find a home?"

And in the multitude of venal flatterers to inquire, despondingly,

"Can surly virtue hope to find a friend?"

It is gratifying to perceive, however, that in all this distress and despondency, there is no appearance of a disposition to yield to the pressure of adversity, and cease to assert his sturdy independence and virtue.

The literary history of this poem presents one of those vexed questions that not unfrequently occur in such matters, and which constitute a large share of the curiosities of literature. Several of Johnson's biographers have asserted with the utmost confidence that "London" was composed on the departure of Savage (of whom more hereafter) from the metropolis to his retirement in Wales. The scene of the parting is placed at Greenwich, where Johnson then resided; and several expressions and allusions in the poem are explained by corresponding facts. A very fair case is thus made out by which at once to fix the design of the production, and to interpret its language. But unfortunately the stubborn dates will not bend to this supposition. "London" was written about the beginning of 1738, whereas Savage's departure for Wales did not occur till July, 1739; and, furthermore, the departure of Savage was not by water from Greenwich, but by the Bristol stage. Johnson himself denied any such reference in the poem. It does not appear, indeed, that at the time of writing his satire, he had any acquaintance with Savage, and, of course, all that is said in proof of the identity of Thales and the author of the Bastard, is mere fancy. And yet, it must be acknowledged, the hypothesis is commended in no small degree by the suitableness of the language of the poem itself to the facts and circumstances in the case of Savage. It is more probable, however, that in the character of Thales the poet designed to represent his own case; for we shall presently see that he was at this very time meditating such a retirement, on account of the very evils that he assigns for the retreat of his hero.

The reception of "London" by the public was highly flattering to its author. In the learned circles especially, it produced a profound impression, and, as it appeared anonymously, the question was everywhere current: "Who is this unknown poet, who surpasses even Pope?" The first impression was exhausted, and a second ordered in the course of a week. It is said that General Oglethorpe was especially delighted with it, agreeing as it did with his political antipathies and the generous sympathies of his heart, and long afterward Johnson was heard to express his indebtedness to the favor of that truly benevolent gentleman for this, his early production, though at that time he was an entire stranger to the author. Pope, at this period, was the unrivaled leader of the devotees of the muses, and, of course, could not fail to share in the public interest on such an occasion; but to his honor, be it recorded, he manifested a kindly interest to the unknown candidate for poetic fame—perhaps a future rival to himself. Having made diligent inquiry as to who the author was, and being able to learn no more than that he was an obscure scholar by the name of Johnson, he remarked that he would not long be concealed.

Johnson had thus fairly broken his way into the literary arena of London. Here commences that career of success and renown which has rendered him the most familiar, perhaps the most interesting, if not the most gigantic character in our literature; and here we may appropriately take our leave of him for the present.

GIBBON.

THERE is an Hôtel Gibbon here, (Lausanne,) partly standing on the site of that garden in which the historian took his evening-walk, after writing the last lines of the work to which many years had been devoted; a walk which alone would have hallowed the spot, if, alas! there had not been those intimations in the work itself of a purpose which, tending to desecrate the world, must deprive all associations attendant on its accomplishment of a claim to be dwelt on as holy. How melancholy is it to feel that intellectual congratulation which attends the serene triumph of a life of studious toil, chilled by the consciousness that the labor, the research, the Asiatic splendor of illustration, have been devoted, in part at least, to obtain a wicked end—not in the headlong wantonness of youth, or in the wild sportiveness of animal spirits—but urged by the deliberate-hearted purpose of crushing the light of human hope, all that is worth living for, and all that is worth dying for, and substituting for them nothing but a rayless skepticism! That evening-walk is an awful thing to meditate on; the walk of a man of rare capacities, tending to his own physical decline among the serenities of loveliest nature, enjoying the thought, that in the chief work of his life just accomplished, he had embodied a hatred to the doctrines which teach men to love one another, to forgive injuries, and to hope for a diviner life beyond the grave; and exulting in the conviction, that this work would survive to teach its deadly lesson to young ingenuous students when he should be dust. One may derive consolation from reflecting that the style is too meretricious, and the attempt too elaborate and too subtile, to achieve the proposed evil, and in hoping that there were some passages in the secret history of the author's heart which may extenuate melancholy error; but our personal veneration for successful toil is destroyed in the sense of the strange malignity which blended with its impulses, and we feel no desire to linger over the spot where so painful a contradiction is presented as a charm.—*Sergeant Talfourd.*

Plague Custom at Constantinople.—The Turks have a touching custom when the plague rages very greatly, and a thousand corpses are carried out daily from Stamboul, through the Adrianople gate, to the great groves of cypress which rise over the burial grounds beyond the walls. At times of terror and grief, such as these, the Sheikh Ul Islam (high-priest of the Mohammedans) causes all the little children to be assembled on a beautiful green hill, called the *Oc Maidan*—the Place of Arrows—and there they bow down upon the ground, and raise their innocent voices in supplication to the Father of Mercy, and implore his compassion on their afflicted city.—*Curzon's Levant.*

THE CHAINED BIBLE.

ABOUT the time of the Reformation, when Bibles were scarce, a copy was usually chained to a convenient place in the church, that the people might read it. It was strongly bound, literally in "boards," and was chained to the desk on which it was placed, that it might not be removed. In those days he who could read "occupied the place of the learned" among his neighbors; and to him the task was allotted of reading aloud for the public good. And deeply interesting were the scenes that often presented themselves. On Sabbaths and holidays all the parishioners that could leave their homes would congregate in the "convenient place," where the book of God, the food of their souls, was placed; and would listen earnestly and devoutly to the "words whereby they might be saved."

Our cut illustrates the scene as it probably actually appeared at the time.

WITHIN the old cathedral dim,
  A solemn group are met;
And hearts are glowing in their heat,
  And cheeks with tears are wet.
The book is chained to the desk,
  And from its page the throng
Listen to Him of Nazareth,
  Or Zion's holy song.

Ah! well may tyrants fear the truth
  That sets the spirit free;
And fain would they have quench'd in blood
  Its glorious liberty.
But kindled was a beacon light,
  That higher tower'd, and higher;
Ho! people, answer with a shout,
  "Is not my word a fire?"

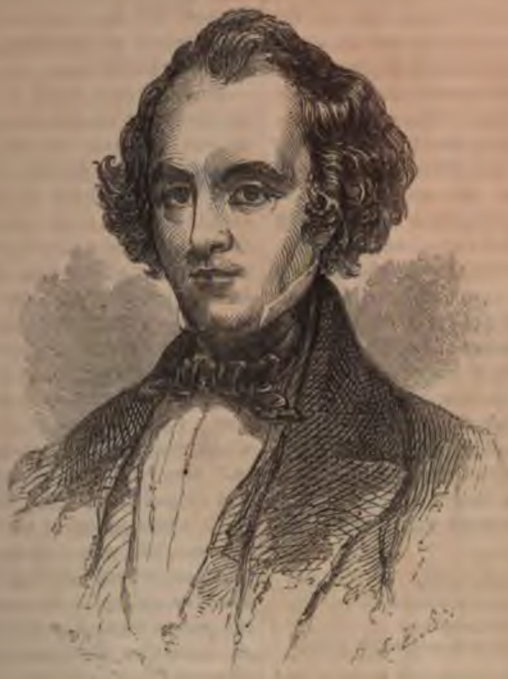
And kindled were a thousand hearts,
  And quenchless was the flame;
The spirit it had call'd to life
  Nor rack, nor stake could tame.
'Twas folded 'neath the bloody plaid
  Of him who grasp'd the sword,
And fought for kirk and covenant
  The battles of the Lord.

The chainless truth, our country's boast
  Through many a glorious age;
The truth that gilds her high renown,
  And lights her letter'd page;
That teaches no commands of men,
  But wisdom from above;
And needs no weapons, but its own
  Strong faith and holy love.

The chainless truth, we'll speed it forth,
  Till, like electric chords,
Shall land to land transmit its glad,
  Its everlasting words.
And nations blinded and enslaved
  Shall rouse as from a sleep;
And error for her fallen shrines
  And broken idols weep.

The chainless truth, we'll speed it forth,
  Till all the isles shall sing,
And China's millions peal the strains
  Of Israel's shepherd King;
And in our hands, and to our hearts
  And at our altars pure,
Our strength, our glory, and our shield,
  We'll hold it fast and sure.

O'er all our holiest sympathies,
  Its holier light we'll shed;
A blessing on the baby brow,
  A hope above the dead.
Its page first taught our childish lips
  Themes that are sung on high;
And kindred hands shall find it near
  Our pillows when we die.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

WE know not how it may be with others, but for our single selves, we have great faith in our being able to discover authors in their books; to discover their peculiarities of mind and person, and oftentimes the circumstances of their lives; building, as it were, complete forms from their fragmentary members scattered in many places. It may not be always intentional—in most cases we fancy it is not—but there is always something of an author in his books, even when he is most false to himself, or disguises himself the most. Any perfect and impenetrable disguise is impossible. For when we no longer see the distinctive impress of his style, his cast and peculiarity of thought, or in fact any of his acknowledged attributes, we are able, if we have ever felt the soul which these embody, to detect it still, and still to trace

> "The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark."

Disguise himself as he may, the musician is still revealed by some chord or combination of sound; the painter by some bit of color, some gleam of light or shade; the sculptor by the turn of a limb, or the fold of a robe; and the poet, or prose-writer, by the cadence of his sentences, or even by some favorite word, which has become a part and parcel of his soul. A tone, an atmosphere, a certain *Je ne sais quoi* lies under, broods over, and is the informing soul of every work of art. We speak now of works of art—of all true works of true artists—be they books, statues, pictures, or linked sounds: with the patch-work imitations of the mere copyist, and the lifeless original of the still more lifeless original, we have nothing to do. There are certain qualities in a true work of art which it is impossible to mistake; certain more or less recondite qualities which relate to, and relate the thoughts and life of its author. Try Virgil and Horace by their works, and then by the accounts of their lives as written in the scholiasts; they are the same. The one is an epic dilettante, a play-at-work farmer; the other, an elegant satirist, a brilliant trifler, whose finest things

> "Play round the head, but come not near the
> heart."

Try Dante and Milton by their works, and then by their lives; they, too, are the same, in all the same; a pair of grand old fellows, inflexible and strong, yet stern and gloomy withal, great thunder-clouds in the heaven of song. Try the moderns, any of them, by the same rule, and it is the same with them; and will be the same with all men evermore. No man is more and otherwise than he has been and is. We write, we paint, we carve, we sing from our own hearts, be they deep or shallow, and from our hearts' experience and wisdom. From nothing else; from no trick, no hearsay, no second-hand report. Wo be to the man who trusts in any of these things! who builds on other than his own foundation; follows other than his own soul's light. He is chasing a Will-o'-the-Wisp, which will mock him, and lead him into all sorts of bogs and marshes; and is building upon unstable sand, which the rains will wash away:

> "From his nest every rafter
> Will rot, and his eagle home
> Leave him naked to laughter,
> When leaves fall, and cold winds come."

If what we have advanced be true, and it will be granted, we think, in most cases, it is especially and emphatically true in the case of Nathaniel Hawthorne. If ever author was revealed in his books, Hawthorne is the man.

Let us glance at what little we know of his life, and then at his books.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in or about the year 1807, in the town of Salem, Massachusetts, in a house built by his grandfather, who was a maritime personage. The old household estate was in another part of the town, and had descended in the family ever since the settlement of the country; but this old man of the sea exchanged it for a lot of land situated near the wharves, and convenient to his business, where he built the house, (which is still standing,) and laid out a garden where the future author rolled on a grass-plot under an apple-tree and picked abundant currants. This grandfather (about whom there is a ballad in Griswold's "Curiosities of American Literature") died long before young Hawthorne was born. One peculiarity of Hawthorne's boyhood was a grievous disinclination to go to school, and (Providence favoring him in this natural repugnance) he never did go half as much as other boys, partly owing to delicate health, (which he made the most of for the purpose,) and partly because much of the time there were no schools within reach.

When he was eight or nine years old, his mother, with her three children, took up her residence on the banks of the Sebago Lake, in Maine, where the family owned a large tract of land; and here Hawthorne ran quite wild, and would, we doubt not, have willingly run wild till this time, fishing all day long, or shooting with an old fowling-piece, but reading a good deal too, on the rainy days, especially in Shakspeare and the "Pilgrim's Progress," and any poetry or light books within his reach. Delightful days must those have been; for that part of the country was wild then, with only scattered clearings, and nine-tenths of it primeval woods. But by-and-by his good mother began to think it was necessary that her boy should do something else; so he was sent back to Salem, where a private instructor fitted him for college. He was educated (as the phrase is) at Bowdoin College, Maine, as were also Professor Longfellow and General Franklin Pierce. What progress he made in his studies we know not; judging from the scholarly air of his books, we should say no mean one. There was some talk, we have heard from his friends, of a good proficiency in languages, especially Latin, and a knack of writing English themes; but he himself, they say, insists upon it that he was an idle student, negligent of college rules and the Procrustean details of academic life, rather choosing to brood over and nurse his own fancies than to dig into Greek roots, and be numbered among learned Thebans. If he did think so, we cannot help thinking he was not far from right. No learned Theban, no Greek roots, could have given him his present pure English style, and his subtile and profound knowledge of the heart.

It was the fortune or misfortune, just as the reader pleases, of Hawthorne to have some slender means of supporting himself; and so, on leaving college, in 1825, instead of immediately studying a profession, he sat himself down to consider what pursuit in life he was best fit for. His mother had now returned, and taken up her abode in her deceased father's house, a tall, ugly, old, grayish building, (it is now the residence of half a dozen

Irish families,) in which Hawthorne had a room; and year after year he kept on considering what he was fit for, and time and his destiny decided that he was to be the writer that he is. He had always a natural tendency (it appears to have been on the paternal side) toward seclusion, and this he now indulged to the utmost; so that, for months together, he scarcely held human intercourse outside of his own family, seldom going out except at twilight, or only to take the nearest way to the most convenient solitude, which was oftenest the seashore, the rocks and beaches in that vicinity being as fine as any in New-England. Once a year, or thereabouts, he used to make an excursion of a few weeks, in which he enjoyed as much of life as other people do in the whole year's round. Having spent so much of his youth and boyhood away from his native place, he had very few acquaintances in Salem, and during the nine or ten years that he spent there, in this solitary way, we doubt whether so much as twenty people in the town were aware of his existence.

Meanwhile, strange as it may seem, he had lived a very tolerable life, always seemed cheerful, (was he indeed so with the weight of all that solitude on his heart?) and enjoyed the very best of bodily health. He had read endlessly, all sorts of good and good-for-nothing books, and in the dearth of other employment, had early begun to scribble sketches and stories, most of which he burned. Some, however, got into the magazines and annuals; but being anonymous, or under different signatures, they did not soon have the effect of concentrating any attention upon the author. Still they did bring him into contact with certain individuals. Mr. S. G. Goodrich (a gentleman of many excellent qualities, although a publisher!) took a very kindly interest in him, and employed his pen for "The Token," an annual. Old copies of "The Token" may still be found in antique boudoirs, and on the dusty shelves of street book-stalls. It was the first and probably the best—it could not possibly be the worst—annual ever issued in this country, and numbered among its contributors many young writers who have since become famous. N. P. Willis was at one time its editor. It was a sort of hot-house, where native flowers were made to bloom like exotics. Had we, the writer hereof, lived in those days!

From the press of Monroe & Co., Boston, in the year 1837, appeared "The Twice-told Tales," Mr. Hawthorne's first acknowledged volume. "The Twice-told Tales" was a collection of essays, allegories, and stories contributed to various magazines and periodicals. In 1842 was added a second volume.

The success of "The Twice-told Tales" was a disgrace to public taste. The foreign novels of James and Bulwer, the home manufactures of Simms and Ingraham, and hosts of other standard writers created "sensations," and sold by whole editions, while the finest and purest tales ever written in America—the most spiritual creations of a beautiful genius—dropped from the press almost still-born; or, to say the most, attracted a quite limited share of attention. Something similar was the success of Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque." And so it frequently happens with anything fine and peculiar. A new author—half the book-makers of all ages are as old as literature—has to force his way before the public, or has to have it forced for him; and then has to create the proper taste in the minds of his reluctant readers. But by-and-by all comes right, as it should, and has with Hawthorne. Within the last year or so, a new edition of the "Twice-told Tales" has been published by Ticknor & Co.; and they are now on the road to general and permanent popularity.

Though not widely successful in their day and generation, the "Twice-told Tales" had the effect of making Hawthorne known in his own immediate vicinity; insomuch that, however reluctantly, he was compelled to come out of his owl's nest, and lionize in a small way. Thus he was gradually drawn somewhat into the world, and became pretty much like other people. His long seclusion had not made him melancholy or misanthropic, nor wholly unfitted him for the bustle of life; and perhaps it was the kind of discipline which his idiosyncrasy demanded, and chance and his own instincts, operating together, had caused him to do what was fittest.

In 1839, Mr. Bancroft, the historian, without solicitation, gave him a situation in the Boston Custom-house, which proved considerably lucrative, and of which Hawthorne discharged the duties like a man of this world. After two years he resigned and went to the Brook-Farm Community, at West Roxbury, where he continued one season, not much to his own satisfaction, according to all accounts. Of this period of his life he has written largely, though under the vail of fiction, in "The Blythedale Romance." The next year he was married, and went to live in the "Old Manse," at Concord, Mass. His manner of life here is charmingly described in the introduction to "The Mosses from an old Manse."

The old manse had been from time immemorial the dwelling of the ministers of Concord; and Hawthorne was the first lay occupant who had ever profaned it. When he first saw it, pictures of old priests and divines were on the walls, volumes of black-letter divinity in its book-cases, and bushels of MS. sermons in chests, in the half-finished garret. The last dweller had penned nearly three thousand with his own hand! but when Hawthorne took possession a change came over the old mansion. The walls were made cheerful with a fresh coat of paint; and a little study which Emerson once occupied, and in which he wrote his Essay of "Nature," became Hawthorne's, and was hung with gold-tinted paper, lovely to behold, while the shadow of a willow, that swept against the overhanging eaves, attempered the cheery, western sunshine. In place of the grim prints, there was the sweet and lovely head of one of Raphael's Madonnas, and two pleasant little pictures of the Lake of Como, probably near the site of Claude Melnotte's palace. The only other decorations were a purple-vase of flowers, always fresh, and a bronze one, containing graceful gems. Here, in this little study, Hawthorne wrote the greater part, if not all, of the "Mosses," (which were successively published in the Democratic Review, then edited by his friend O'Sullivan,) and edited "The Journal of an African Cruiser."

This old manse was a famous place, just in sight of the battle-ground, a view of which it commanded; and when the battle was being fought. Hawthorne's immediate predecessor, the deceased minister, watched its progress from his window. In sight of the study-window lay, and still lies—for the old manse is standing yet—Concord River, in those days one of Hawthorne's favorite haunts. Here, and up the lovely Assabeth, which flows into the Concord a little distance from the village, he used to sail with Ellery Channing. A lovelier stream than the Assabeth can hardly be found. Down to the water's edge grow majestic trees, whose pendant branches dip in the moveless waters, and drip on the white pond-lilies, and on the red cardinal flowers which illuminate the shrubbery at their feet. Grape-vines twine themselves around shrub and tree, and hang their clusters over the water within reach of the boatman's hand. Here hides the shy king-fisher, and here skims the wild-duck. The pickerel leaps among the lilies, and the turtle suns itself on the rocks and roots of the trees. The Assabeth is as wild to-day as it was three hundred years ago, when the Indian paddled his canoe on its banks.

In the woods, and on the sides of the hill which shelter the Assabeth; in the green fields and meadows, which nowhere in New-England are so beautiful as at Concord; in the orchard behind, and the slip of garden beside the old manse, gathering his fruits, and cultivating his summer and winter squashes; in his little study, poring over rare and pleasant books, communing with Emerson or Margaret Fuller, Longfellow or Lowell; happy in the bosom of his family—such were the scenes and such the life of Hawthorne in the old manse at Concord. In fairy-land there is no measurement of time; what wonder, then, that in so fairy-like a spot, three years hastened away with a noiseless flight? But this cannot last always. The owner of the old manse, seized with a spirit of renovation and improvement, sends down carpenters and masons, and other Goths, to disturb its sanctity, and even talks of a painter with his many colored pots. Hawthorne packs up his movables,

> "The world is all before him where to choose,"

and is transferred to Salem again, and into the Custom-house there. By-the-by, is it not somewhat odd that several fine poets have been in the same business? There were Chaucer and Burns and Wordsworth, and we know not how many more, all in the Custom-house, among the most unpoetic wights. One would rather expect to find them among those Custom-house haters, the smugglers.

Again at Salem, his old birthplace, the man can see the grass on which the boy rolled, the old apple-tree under which he lay, and the bushes from which he picked the abundant currants. Does he dream now as when he sat, year in and year out, in his room up there in the attic? Does he walk the old paths in the woods, and by the solitary sea-shore? Perchance, but hardly; for he is now a man and a father, and, more than all, a surveyor in the Custom-house! Gladly would we copy, had we room, Hawthorne's own account of his life at Salem; for here (see the introduction to "The Scarlet Letter") he is his own biographer, as in "The Old Manse;" not so fully as in that instance, however, for there is but little interest in the life of a Custom-house surveyor, poet or dreamer though he be. Like many other of their benighted countrymen, his fellow-officials knew nothing of Hawthorne's literary fame. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." To his own townsmen he was simply Mr. Hawthorne, or, it may be, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq.; but with anything beyond, with the author, they were hardly acquainted. And so it is with the world generally; authors are of no account with them: apart from the world's existence, to the world they are non-existent; they are not known on 'Change; cannot get their notes of hand discounted, (that's no great wonder though, for St. Paul himself could not without a good indorser;) are not talked of in society with the last new opera, or the next new fashion.

"No longer seeking or caring," says Hawthorne, in the introduction to "The Scarlet Letter," "that my name should be blazoned abroad on title-pages, I smiled to think that it had now another kind of vogue. The Custom-house marker imprinted it with a stencil and black paint, on pepper bags and baskets of anatto, and cigar-boxes, and bales of all kinds of dutiable merchandise, in testimony that these commodities had paid the import, and gone regularly through the office. Borne on such queer vehicles of fame, a knowledge of my existence, so far as a name conveys it, was carried where it had never gone before, and, I hope, will never go again."

Punctually and faithfully fulfilling his duties, he remained in this ungenial employment, until he was ejected by the Whigs, on the accession of General Taylor, on whose soul, and on all their souls, be blessings forever! Free again, he immediately set to work on "The Scarlet Letter," the idea of which was already in his mind; this he finished in Salem, and shortly afterward left the city for Lenox. "The Scarlet Letter" was published in the spring of 1850. The good time had come at last. The author of "The Twice-told Tales" had written a book which was popular. The first edition of twenty-five hundred copies was all ordered before the day of publication, and another edition put immediately to press. Its success was complete. At home and abroad the newspapers and reviews were loud in its praise; and they have not done talking of it yet. Four years had elapsed since the publication of "The Mosses from an old Manse," and in that time, and slowly perhaps, for some years before, Hawthorne's fame had been steadily on the increase. Among his brethren of the quill he was well-known already; among purely literary people he had a fair reputation; but purely literary people never buy editions of books, and put money in each other's pockets. Money comes from the great mass of readers, who knew next to nothing of Hawthorne for so many years. He had no incitement to literary effort, in a reasonable prospect of reputation or profit—nothing but the pleasure itself of composition, an enjoyment not at all amiss in its way, and perhaps essential to the work in hand, but which in the long run will hardly keep the chill out of a writer's heart or the numbness out of his fingers.

The success of "The Scarlet Letter" brought out a new edition of "The Twice-told Tales," and "True Stories from History and Biography," (a child's book,) and encouraged the author to write "The House of the Seven Gables," and "The Wonder Book," both of which last were written among the mountains of Lenox. Hawthorne, if we may judge of him by his nomadic habits, seems not to be a person who attaches himself very strongly to any one locality; so last autumn he removed from Lenox, and took a house for the winter at West-Newton, where he wrote the "Blythedale Romance," which was published in July of the past year. A few months since, (probably in the hope of inducing himself to take root, by making the soil his own,) he bought a small house and estate at Concord, where he now resides. A pleasanter and more picturesque abode than his present residence, it has seldom been our lot to meet. It stands in a space of level pasturage about twenty feet from the road, the high road to Boston, along which, in the olden time, marched the British soldiers to Concord bridge. The yard in front of the cottage, once, perhaps, intended for a little garden, is grassy and green, with here and there a tall bush, and a spreading shrub, rose, or lilacs, we have forgotten which, and two or three mulberry-trees, studded with their strawberry-shaped fruit. The sun, if it enters the cottage, must enter through the trees and bushes, whose shadows must quiver on the floor and walls beyond. At the back of the cottage lies a little space of pasturage, then comes the declivity of a hill, upon which grows a young forest, mostly of locust-trees, with now and then a few young elms and oaks, and a few white pines, rooted amid an infinity of yellow needles. Two or three mounded embankments, the foundation of a range of terraces, never, we believe, fully completed, may be seen on the slope of the hill. Higher up, to the left of the cottage, hung like a nest on the hill side, in a picturesque opening of trees, are the remains of a decaying summer-house, made of the unbarked limbs of trees, like those framework chairs and sofas which sometimes ruralize the back piazzas of wealthy city mansions. Beyond rises the still-ascending hill, covered with trees, the whispering of whose leaves, low and indistinct, melts into the air and makes an audible silence around. From the side of the hill, but more especially from its summit, the view of the surrounding country is beautiful. Half hid in trees at its feet stands Mr. Hawthorne's cottage, and a rough black-boarded barn; over the road his garden and wheat field, eight acres of good arable land, with another summer-house thereon; and beyond, a wide extent of fields and plains rolling in grassy waves, over which flit clouds of sunlight and shadow, with here and there a country house,

> "Bosom'd high in tufted trees;"

and in the distance, the line of forest which everywhere in the rural parts of America walls in the gazer's view. From the summit of the hill the scene has the appearance of a valley; though we stand on no great elevation, there seems a depth below us, and a breadth in the narrow landscape. We know of no spot in New-England which we would sooner chose for a life abode.

Quiet, unobtrusive, and retired, has been the life of Hawthorne, and such are his books. Had his life been different, his books could not have well been what they are. They mirror the man, and could not have been written by any other man, nor by Hawthorne himself, had he been city born and bred, and had his life been passed in the dust and noise of cities, and in close contact with mankind, instead of communion with his own soul, and the manifold influences of nature. The freshness and stillness of nature breathe through his pages, and mingle like an odor with his there-expressed thoughts and feelings. Those years of seclusion and dreaming are all reproduced in his books, and in their quintessence only; he gives us the quintessence of everything; others give us processes with their results, he the results alone; in this respect he is like Tennyson. And he has another of Tennyson's fine peculiarities—that of seeing nature with the eyes of his mind. If he, or any of his characters passes through a landscape, the landscape is always in keeping with his or her idiosyncrasies, and in keeping with the essay or sketch in which it is introduced. There is an air of reserve about Hawthorne, even when most frank; as if he distrusted the propriety of frankness, or had felt, and was feeling, much which could not and should not be revealed. He reveals, we are apt to think, the characteristics of an ideal man, rather than his own; talks oftentimes of pleasant but irrelevant matters, to lead the mind from himself; shutting himself up the while in his own heart and soul, like a sensitive plant in the depths of a shady wood.

There is a sort of unreality about his delineations of man and the world; or a reality very different from that of every-day life and thought. It is as if he surveyed both from a distance, calmly and coldly; or if warmly, with only a scientific warmth, such as an enthusiastic anatomist might experience in a rare case of dissection. His world is removed

> "Beyond the smoke and stir of this dim spot
> Which men call earth;"

compared to which it is a vernal meadow, fresh with dew, or a sunny nook in the recess of an autumn-tinted forest, where the winds moan plaintively, and the leaves fall—a melancholy forest full of moldering trunks and withering boughs, with here and there clearings of faint sweet verdure steeped in dying sunshine, and knots of delicate wild-flowers drooping on their stems. Hawthorne is a close student of country lore, from the grand phenomena of the seasons and years, down to the veriest details of insignificant rural objects. Nothing escapes his shy, wandering glance. And he has the rare faculty of reproducing his own sensations in the minds of his readers; we feel in reading his books what he must have felt in writing them. The walk of his genius, or that in which it pleases him to make his genius walk, is somewhat narrow, but it is far-reaching, ascending into skyey regions, and descending into chasms of darkness. It is a line—but a line which touches the verge of things. The chief drawback of his genius is its exceeding delicacy. It is too delicate, too shadowy, too spiritual in many of its manifestations, to be at once, or ever very widely recognized. It needs the study of a kindred mind, which the mass of readers have not, and the moods of mind which feed it, which but few have ever felt, or feeling have known how to classify and analyze. Had Hawthorne written worse, he would have written—for the world of readers we mean—better. His excellences have been his worst enemies.

One of the first things that strike us in his writings, is the simplicity, purity, and beauty of his style. He is not only correct—many authors who are nothing else are that—but he makes his correctness charming. There is an indescribable grace about his sentences, and a peculiar rhythm in their construction, which falls upon the ear like the voice of some one who is dear to us. We never forget his prose, because we never find anything like it out of his books. It is better than that of Irving, admirable as that is, because it is more fresh and unstudied, while equally correct; and better than was Addison's, the heretofore model of fine English prose. It is difficult to describe it, save as style; other writers are mannerists—Hawthorne is a styleist. Does he attempt description, the object or objects described stand before us clearly or dimly, as circumstances require, and always in their most obvious relations, which strike us the more from the vail of beauty that half conceals them, and the dramatic grouping in which they are shown. Does he become reflective, his thoughts are new and striking, often universal in their bearings; never obscure, even while expressing obscurity, but crystal-like in their clearness, and often gorgeous with imagery, threading the intricate labyrinths of fancy and imagination with the certain clew of poetry.* Does he analyze the passions of his characters, his analysis is always sure and profound, bringing many dark things to light, and laying bare the heart of many mysteries. In the region of mystery, the wildernesses and caverns of the mind, he is at home—more at home, it seems to us, than in the upper and outer world. His personages are not so much men and women, as passions, simple or complex in their forms; ideas made palpable and familiar, sentiments clothed in flesh. A single character sometimes embodies the result of many years' thought and observation. Nothing is wanting to make many of his characters perfect, save that spontaneity which is the crown of human nature. They are either too bad or too good

> "For human nature's daily food."

But we always see—not always, however, "with eye serene"—

> "The very pulse of the machine."

He aims to impart form, symmetry, harmony and beauty to whatever he touches; unless he does this, he does nothing. He conceives an idea which he wishes to work out in an essay or tale; broods over it, it may be for years, until it takes form; broods over the form until it suits and satisfies his conscience of taste; and then broods over its various parts, carefully adapting each to each, and linking all together with the most subtile threads of fact and feeling. A sentence or a single word sometimes gives one the clew to whole pages. A seemingly random speech or action, admits a flood of light into the chambers of the heart. "Not only"—says Poe, in a critique on Hawthorne—"not only is all done that should be, but (what perhaps is an end with more difficulty attained) there is nothing done which should not be. Every word *tells*, and there is no word which does *not* tell."

The form of Hawthorne's works is generally perfect, and many times highly original. Saving certain shadowy resemblances to some of the Germans, his manner of working out a sketch is unlike that of any other author. Often he gives us the sensation—the atmosphere and tone—the dream of his subject, rather than the subject itself. There is something dim and indistinct about his conceptions which affects us powerfully. The scene seems to be laid out of the real world in a kind of fancy realm; or if not out of the real world, away on its dim outer borders, a Shade-land—

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* In his younger days Hawthorne passed for a poet, and, for anything that we know, wrote and destroyed whole reams of poetry.

> "The land which lies, as legend saith,
> Between the worlds of life and death—"

where the living and dead meet familiarly and equally. The ancient witch element of his native town pervades all that he has written. He seems to have brooded over it, until it has become a portion of his being. Not that he deals in witches, ghosts, or any of the unearthly agencies of Mrs. Radcliffe, or Monk Lewis; he has too pure and natural a taste, too keen a sense of the ludicrous for that: but rather that he gives us glimpses of existences and worlds, other and darker than our own. The strange moods of mind, the many temptations to sin, the feeling of the Evil One at his elbow, and in his heart, which, in "The Scarlet Letter," comes over the minister, Arthur Dimmesdale, after parting from Hester Prynne in the forest, will perhaps explain what we mean. In analysis of soul-torture, the struggle between the good and evil principles in man's nature, Hawthorne is very profound and instructive. Bunyan himself is not more at home in the mystical world of spirit-life and allegory. And Hawthorne has written allegories not unworthy the inspired tinker—not, like many, to show his ingenuity in that difficult field of composition, but to insinuate beautiful morals, and to teach beautiful truth, clothing truth herself

> "In the quaint garments of a parable."

Bunyan, the reader will remember, was one of Hawthorne's earliest favorites.

The traditions and legends of New-England find in Hawthorne a fitting historian. The spirit of the early settlers glares
ees, or glimmers like dull
is something of the
at he writes; some-
toned down
and softened by touches of inherent melancholy. Melancholy—a quiet pensiveness, like the faint light of an autumn afternoon—is the atmosphere of Hawthorne's writings. Without palpably aiming at morality, and lugging it in by the ear, he is a severe moralist, and the tendency of all his books is to make men wiser and better. And herein lies his chiefest merit, without which his many beautiful intellectual qualities were as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. For intellect is often depraved, while extremely beautiful. The beauty of an author's books does not always suffer from the depravity of his mind; sometimes it seems to increase as he becomes depraved.

Hence the danger to which its worshipers are exposed. "It cannot mislead us," say they, "because it is beautiful." It cannot be far wrong,—if we grant it wrong at all,—

> "For even the light that leads astray,
> Is light from heaven."

A pernicious doctrine, and one that is utterly false. For no light from heaven ever did, or ever can lead astray; though many lights that may seem akin to it,—wandering Will-o'-the-Wisps, and beacon fires on lofty peaks of mind,—may entice thousands into the broad but downward paths of darkness, over which they shed a flickering, mocking brilliancy. For this reason many beautiful books—many philosophies, poems, and romances—are pernicious. None who have read can deny the brilliancy and beauty of most of the modern French and English novels, though but few are hardy enough to deny their unhealthy and evil tendency.

Of Hawthorne's works separately we have not left ourselves room to speak. We have confined ourselves to general, rather than to particular criticism, much to our regret and the reader's loss. Could we have selected some of our favorite extracts, and have allowed Hawthorne to speak for himself, it would have been better perhaps for both of us. But after all, specimen-bricks, the best that can be selected—even the block of granite, the corner-stone of a mansion, is a poor apology for the mansion itself; above all, for the mind-mansion of a man of genius—

> "Who ransacks mines and ledges,
> And quarries every rock,
> And hews the famous adamant
> For each eternal block."

SATANIC LITERATURE.

ONE of our Western exchanges deplores the spread of "Satanic Literature" in the West, and calls upon the press to enlist in a general war against it. The highways of travel—the depôts, cars, steamboats—the hotels, and even the households of the people, it says, are invaded by the evil. Got up in cheap form, rendered attractive by meretricious engravings and exaggerated titles, these pernicious books are thrust into almost every accessible place, and are infecting to the core a large portion of the youth of the country. All the demons could not, in council, devise a more destructive instrumentality against the moral welfare of the young. Bad books are as old as literature itself, but our age is a bibliographical epoch in this respect. It teems with literary miasma, and the desolating plague rages about us, as do sometimes outbreaks of contagion in the physical world. Ejaculatory lamentations enough are uttered over it by individual good men, but something more is requisite to arrest the evil—some moral sanitary project, more comprehensive, more potent, if any indeed is possible. What it can be we attempt not now to say; we but refer to the prevalence of the evil, and submit some general suggestions respecting it.

To men who have not given attention to the subject, a statement of the extent of this enormous mischief, considered merely in its commercial aspect, would be incredible. Not merely the "respectable" bad books—the licensed libertinism of our established literature, (which every literary man knows to be diabolical enough,) the works of Smollett, Fielding, Byron, Moore, &c.—have a constantly renewed currency, but the advertised catalogues of the men engaged in this infernal traffic show that they descend into the sewers of French demoralization, and gather up for American homes the worst literary abominations of the old world. Besides these, there is also in their advertisements a continual announcement of flimsy, trashy abortions from native anonymous scribblers of the lowest rank—intellectual abortions, but moral monstrosities.

The extent of this nefarious literature cannot only be inferred from the great variety of its publications, but it is seen staring us in the face, wherever we travel, through the land. Agencies and depôts are organized for it everywhere. It is the most omnipresent product of the press, except the newspaper. Though many otherwise respectable houses are engaged in it, partially at least, it is nevertheless acquiring such importance as to assume a distinct business position. There are firms of no inconsiderable pretensions almost exclusively devoted to it.

In England, the traffic seems hardly less active. The *London Chronicle* refers to it as a national evil. After giving the statistics of some "novelettes or tales" of the "worst description," weekly editions of which, at the rate of six thousand each, are circulated, it says:—"The young people of both sexes, in the families of the mechanic and the shop-keeper, are now habituated to a course of reading, in which felony, murder, forgery, adultery, and all other crimes are treated of as the common occurrences of life. The consequence is that the minds of thousands are depraved by that very exercise which ought to improve them. There is no use in denying that some of these felonious tales are written with ability; but that only aggravates the evil, for it serves as an excuse to the common reader, and has the effect of attracting some readers of a better class. There are four of these weekly *Felonists*, (for that is the nickname they have adopted,) whose combined sale is calculated at three hundred and fifty thousand, and whose readers must, I should say, extend to a million a week. One of these *Felonists*, and the most prosperous, has several gentlemen of ability among its contributors, and will probably be won over to the cause of order and good morals the moment the newspaper press begins to stir upon the subject."

An English novelist himself has uttered an emphatic opinion on the subject. Thackeray declares that English morals have degenerated below those of France, chiefly through this one cause. "We boast," he says, "of our science, and vaunt our superior morality. Does the latter exist? In spite of all the forms which our policy has invented to secure it—in spite of all the preachers, all the meeting-houses, and all the legislative enactments—if any person will take upon himself the painful labor of purchasing and perusing some of the cheap periodical prints which form the people's library of amusement, and contain what may be presumed to be their standard in matters of imagination and fancy, he will see how false the claim is that we bring forward of superior morality." "The lower classes," he adds, "have their scandal and ribaldry organs, as well as their betters; and, as their tastes are somewhat coarser than my lord's, and their numbers a thousand to one, why, of course, the prints have increased, and the profligacy has been diffused in a ratio exactly proportionable to the demand, until the town is infested with such a number of monstrous publications of the kind as would have put Abbé Dubois to the blush, or made Louis XV. cry shame. Talk of English morality! — the worst licentiousness, in the worst period of the French monarchy, scarcely equaled the wickedness of this Sabbath-keeping country of ours."

We doubt not that a large proportion of the demoralization now so appallingly increasing in our own country is owing to this potent cause. Crimes of the most heinous character are incessantly occurring; immoralities not usually reached by law, however illegal, are having a still rifer growth; and Thackeray's description of English morals is undeniably applicable to some sections of our own country. Some of our larger communities can hardly boast moral superiority over the old degenerate capitals of Europe. We never like to make these admissions; jealousy for our national character is with us a personal sentiment, but there is no disguising this matter. How can vice assume anywhere more effrontery than it presents among us? Much of it is doubtless imported, but much also is native. It will be found that the latter, though it congregates mostly in the cities, comes from the country,—where the causes of demoralization, and especially the one we are considering, work powerfully, though insidiously.

We have said that we have no comprehensive remedy to propose for this evil. We know not that there is any; one remedial suggestion, however, we may make. It is, that the moral sentiment of the community should be more powerfully, more scathingly directed against it, and against the men who uphold it. The meanness and enormity of the business in its details, is felt by every considerate man, but are the presses and the merchants engaged in it, branded as they should be? Do they not shelter themselves, with comparative respectability, under that false and most dangerous corruption of business morality which has, within some years, become too prevalent among us, and which teaches that whatever comes within the "line" of a man's business is right, and not to be embarrassed with questions of casuistry—that the general morality of his calling is to cover its secondary immoralities? It is this flimsy and demoralizing logic that still mainly sustains, in respectable trade and respectable hotels, the abominations of the liquor traffic, and innumerable downright iniquities find shelter under it. Alas for the self-respect of men who can thus willfully blindfold themselves to the moral disasters they are inflicting on the world!

The responsibility of this heinous mischief can hardly be exaggerated. He that corrupts an individual mind does a terrible deed; but what a work is his who spreads moral poison through a whole population, distributing it along the crowded highways of travel, insinuating it into retired villages, and stealthily conveying it even to consecrated homes, and to the yet unbeguiled hearts of youth and childhood! His work is fit only for devils, and he is fitting himself most effectually for their fellowship and their doom.

There are few, if any, spheres of public life as responsible as that of the author. He lives a multiplied life—extending over the whole range of the circulation of his productions. Communing as he does so personally and intently with his readers, his influence, especially if corrupt, is more subtile, more insinuating, more powerful, than can possibly be that of ordinary speech or example, given out casually amid the ever-changing circumstances of social or public life. If he is a man of power—of genius—fearfully is this penetrating and assimilating influence enhanced. A powerful book is the greatest power known among men—greater even than a powerful example or a powerful life, as its sway is indefinitely more extended and more durable. A writer may thus live a larger and more potential life in his book than in his actual and local existence. And if that book, good or evil, possesses the inherent, self-sustaining energy of genius, how may its author live on in many lands, and through many ages, after his bones have turned to dust! How may he thus be abroad among the nations generations after his death, with a more strenuous life than he could have possibly exercised in his own person! Sublime even is this outspread and perpetuated responsibility of authorship—sublimely beneficent when good; sublimely terrible when evil. And if any consciousness of the influences they have left in this world, follow men into the destinies of the next, we can conceive of none so appalling as the knowledge, there, of the moral desolation spread, and year after year still spreading, among the young, the innocent, the great, the powerful, by an iniquitous book which the departed, but conscious, spirit has now no power to arrest. What perdition can surpass this? What should be more sacred than genius; what more purified and elevated than a literary life?

Rousseau, as we stated in a late editorial, sent forth a book, in the preface of which he said that "she that reads it will be ruined," and that in a purer age he himself would throw it into the fire; "but romances are necessary for a corrupt people." Miserable sophism! Nearly a century has passed since that work was published, but its dead author still lives in it, polluting the world by its influence. *Not a day passes which does not add to his responsibility more than it adds to the individual responsibility of most living men.* What would Rousseau not give for the privilege of returning to earth for the purpose of terminating this terrible and ever accumulating account with his God!

Though these remarks apply to literary responsibility in general, they are applicable to many of the corrupt works above referred to,—sanctioned, but demoralizing productions of genius,—and if they do not apply to the rest, so far as a *prolonged* responsibility is involved, they do, so far as the temporary wide range of that responsibility is concerned. Within fifty, within twenty-five years, the popular influence of literature has astonishingly enlarged; the most miserable brochures of the "Satanic" school in question have, through the enterprise of their publishers, all the advantage of this extended access to the people. We doubt whether any other works, not excepting the most popular, approach their circulation. Nearly a *hundred thousand* a week, the London Chronicle assigns to a list of some *sixteen* of these novelettes. Their multiplication in this country must be vastly greater.

What self-degradation must such authorship be! How must the bread obtained by it be embittered with the remorseful consciousness of its guilty and ruinous influence! What man whose moral sensibility is not totally depraved, would not rather turn street-sweeper for a livelihood than act thus as a scavenger of the moral filth of the world—gathering it that he may but intensify and the more widely diffuse its contagion?

Nor are these remarks applicable only to the prostituted minds that are responsible for the authorship of such works. Their publishers are, we were about to say, *equally*, it may be they are *more* guilty even than their writers. The latter could not prosecute their diabolical work without the sanction and coöperation of the former. The responsibility is a joint one to say the least, and in some of its most serious bearings would seem to implicate the publisher more than the author. The range of the circulation of the inferior class of such works depends mostly upon the former; for it is not usually their merit, but the enterprise of the vender that secures them a market. Even where they possess inherent attractions, as in the case of Rousseau, the responsibility of the publisher is not mitigated; it is rather enhanced—for in proportion as the poison which he deals out to the world is itself perilous, does his agency with it increase in enormity. In *perpetuating* a corrupt book, the relative responsibility of author and publisher becomes still more serious for the latter. Rousseau, Byron, Moore, viewing the effects of their works from the moral lights of another world, would give all things could they but arrest them; but that power belongs only to the publisher. The former are responsible for giving the irreclaimable power to the latter, but the latter is responsible for its actual use. The former have no more power over the responsibility of either; *the latter has power to terminate the dread responsibility of both;* but by refusing to use it aright, he not only spreads moral destruction from generation to generation, and heaps up wrath against the day of wrath for himself, but his demoniacal agency, in a sense almost peculiar, reaches into the invisible world, and holds in prolonged and retributive responsibility the men whose misguided labors, however lamented, are now and forever beyond their own control. Is there not something terrific in a responsibility like this? Is there anything short of consummate iniquity in it?

Let it not be pleaded that depraved works of literature will always be demanded; that if you do not publish them others will. These contemptible sophisms only exasperate the meanness of the cause for which they are used. The man who affirms them does not believe them himself. They add to the consciousness of his guilt the additional self-degradation of an abuse of his reason and common sense. By such preposterous logic there is no crime which men commit for gain that he cannot perpetrate. Away with this nonsense! If you can deceive yourself by it, you have reason to tremble for the imbecility which you have already brought upon your moral sense. The higher light must be dying out of the soul of the man who can from such fallacies deliberately put his hand to this work of moral ruin. He pays fearfully for his sin, in the moral harm which he inflicts on his own nature. And what can his gains be to him, associated as they must ever be with the consciousness that they are the fruits of a business which is desolating the morals of the community, and inflicting present and eternal disaster on the souls of men? Wealth thus obtained will be to him and his children a malediction from God.

Such, then, is the moral estimate which we think rightly belongs to this nefarious business, whether considered in its grosser form of trashy "yellow-cover" literature, or its higher pretension, as in the works of genius we have mentioned. Both authors and publishers have, we think, a graver responsibility in the latter case than in the former; for the power to harm is greater because the more attractive, the more accomplished.

Surely such a crime as this against society calls for the deepest denunciation. Public sentiment should blast it utterly. The right moral view of it must be our first ground of hope for successful opposition to it, and that view has not, we believe, been exaggerated in these remarks.

ORIGIN OF AMERICAN MISSIONS IN CHINA.

FORTY-FIVE years ago there was only one man, Sir George Staunton, who was acquainted with both the English and the Chinese languages. The first Protestant missionary in China was the Rev. Dr. Robert Morrison, who was sent out by the London Missionary Society, and arrived at Canton, by the way of Philadelphia, on the 4th of September, 1807. He at first attempted to live and dress like a Chinese, in the hope of thereby gaining access to the people, and evading the vigilance of the Chinese authorities; but finding these compliances of no use, he removed from Canton to the Portuguese port of Macao, where he applied himself diligently to the learning of the language. In 1813 he was joined by the Rev. Dr. William Milne, who removed to Malacca in 1815, leaving Morrison again alone in China. Dr. Milne died in 1822, leaving the whole burden of Chinese evangelization in the hands of Dr. Morrison.

The East India Company, who then enjoyed a monopoly of the English trade to China, threw obstacles in the way of sending additional missionaries from England; and for this and other reasons, Drs. Morrison and Milne had for several years turned their eyes to the American Churches for help. Letters were sent from time to time to leading ministers in this country, but for a long time without bringing any favorable response. In the month of November, 1827, Providence brought to the port of Canton a pious American shipmaster, Captain Crocker, of the ship Liverpool Packet; who associated himself with Dr. Morrison, and Mr. D. W. C. Olyphant, of New-York, a pious merchant then residing at Canton. These men hoisted the Bethel flag for prayer-meetings on board Captain Crocker's ship; they also observed the Missionary monthly concert of prayer, on the first Monday evening of the month, and this, as Dr. Morrison observed, made up the chain of intercessions extending round the globe. They also wrote unitedly, and individually, to the American Board of Missions, to Rev. Dr. Spring, and to other Christian friends in America, urging the adoption of immediate measures to send missionaries to Canton, to enter into Dr. Morrison's labors for the Chinese, and that one man should be sent to labor specially as the chaplain of the seamen and foreign residents who speak the English language. An elaborate and pathetic appeal to the American Churches was also forwarded; but the power of the press was not then fully understood, and the document never was printed.

There can be no doubt that these representations were regarded with deep interest by those to whose hands they came; but the way was not prepared for responsive action immediately. In the summer of 1828, the American Seamen's Friend Society commenced its operations, and procured the stated services of an agent and editor. About the beginning of 1829, copies of these papers with several publications came into the hands of this agent, who was also the acting secretary of the Society. They made on his mind a deep impression, to the effect that something ought to be done. He prepared from them an elaborate article on China as a field for missions, which was published in the *Christian Spectator*, and was perhaps the first formal call upon the American Churches to adopt China as the field of their missionary labors. He also laid the subject before the Executive Committee of his Society, who, in February, formally voted to send out a seamen's chaplain for the port of Canton, as soon as the proper man could be procured, with the means for his support.

Early in autumn, the door opened for action. Mr. Olyphant had chartered the excellent ship Roman, Captain Lavender, to sail from New-York for Canton, about the middle of October; and he wrote both to the Seamen's Friend Society, and to the American Board, urging each to send out a missionary, and offering them a free passage in his ship.

Those who have ever transacted business with Mr. Olyphant, will easily understand how his modest and simple proposals produced on those to whom they were addressed, the practical conviction that the thing was now to be done. Mr. Evarts, the Secretary of the American Board, went at once from Boston to Andover, in quest of a missionary. He was directed to Mr. Elijah C. Bridgeman, a young man who had just completed his course of study in the theological seminary, and who had partly formed the purpose of becoming a foreign missionary. The case was spread before him; and after a few hours of prayerful deliberation, he resolved to go. He went at once to his native place, Belchertown, Mass., where he was ordained, took leave of his friends, and in less than two weeks presented himself in New-York, prepared to embark. The Rev. Dr. Bridgeman has lately made his first brief visit to his native land, after an absence of twenty-three years. Modest and unassuming, without any display or sounding of trumpets, he has devoted himself chiefly to the study of the Chinese language and literature, in which he is now, doubtless, the ripest and most critical living scholar. Four hundred millions of people will one day bless God for his labors, in transferring so much of the religious and scientific knowledge of Christian nations into their tongue, in a style to command their respect and confidence. Long may his life continue, that he may mature and multiply the fruits of his indefatigable study and toil for the benefit of the Central Flowery Nation of the Pacific.

The Seamen's Friend Society were equally successful, but the circumstances which led to the happy result were more peculiar. In the papers and publications spoken of, which were sent from Canton to New-York, there were numerous references to the Christian Churches which had existed two centuries ago in the settlements then owned by Holland among the islands of the Indian Archipelago. Dr. Milne had been much interested in the relics of these ancient Churches. Hence, the idea arose, which was expanded in the article published in the *Christian Spectator*, of connecting the Seamen's Mission with an attempt to revive some of these Churches, with the hope, also, of thereby awakening more of a missionary spirit among the Reformed Protestant Dutch Churches in this country. It was a matter of regret that, at that time, so numerous and wealthy a body of Christians should feel and do so little in the cause of missions.

Filled with this idea, the agent, on receiving Mr. Olyphant's earnest appeal for a chaplain to go out in the Roman, called on the late John Nitchie, Esq., so long the esteemed office agent of the American Bible Society, and a leading elder of the Dutch Church, to inquire whether he knew of any young minister in that connection, possessing a missionary spirit, who would be likely to accept the appointment of seamen's chaplain at Canton, with permission to visit the Dutch Churches of Batavia and Malacca, in the hope that the report therefrom might kindle a new fervor in the Churches here at home. After conversing freely upon the plan, Mr. Nitchie observed that he was acquainted with but one of their young ministers who would be likely to enter into such a design; and he had been settled at Athens, near Hudson, New-York, where his labors were highly useful, until impaired health had impelled him to leave. The name of this young man was David Abeel, and he was probably at his father's house in New-Brunswick. Mr. Nitchie thought that his own pastor, Rev. Dr. Mathews, would be likely to know where he was, and that his advice and influence would be most serviceable in helping his young friend make up his mind to go, if there were no special obstacles in the way. Dr. Mathews was accordingly waited on at once, and he entered warmly into the project, and took immediate measures to lay the matter before Mr. Abeel, with all the public and personal considerations involved in its decision.

To a young man brought up as tenderly as Mr. Abeel had been, the only son of his aged parents, and the only brother of his amiable sisters, surrounded by troops of kind friends, and with the most pleasing prospects of usefulness and happiness in the work of the ministry at home, it might be supposed that such a proposition, involving so many and such various labors and changes, in an enterprise so new, and under the patronage of an infant Society, whose very existence was rather an experiment than a fixed fact, could have presented but few attractions, while it must have presented itself surrounded by a multitude of obstacles and objections. But the missionary spirit was there, as a living principle; and the love of Christ, the desire to extend the boundaries of the Redeemer's kingdom, and promote the spiritual welfare of the Churches, prevailed above all personal considerations. The proposition was made to Mr. Abeel at New-Brunswick on the same day that it was made by the American Board to Mr. Bridgeman at Andover; and on the same day, less than two weeks afterward, both these devoted brethren arrived in New-York, prepared for the voyage. The annals of missions, it is believed, contain few instances of equal readiness in the acceptance and execution of a proposal so totally unanticipated and so self-sacrificing.

During the few days of their stay in this city, while the ship was getting ready for sea, several highly interesting public meetings were held, at which the objects of the mission were presented, and many prayers were offered in behalf of the two young men on whom the lot had fallen to be the first-fruits of American zeal for the conversion of China to the service of the true God. All things being ready, they sailed on the 14th of October, 1829, and arrived in China on the 16th of February, 1830, in good health. They were warmly welcomed by good Dr. Morrison and by Mr. Olyphant, who omitted nothing that he could do for their comfort and usefulness.

It is not proposed, in this paper, to continue the history of American missions in China. Mr. Abeel, who won the love of all to whom he became known, left the chaplaincy at the end of a year, with the full consent of the Seamen's Friend Society, and afterward spent many years in India and at home, under the patronage of the American Board of Missions, his efforts resulting in the establishment of a Dutch mission in Borneo, and another at Amoy, and in the organization at home of the Foreign Missionary Society of the Reformed Dutch Church, which has sent out quite a number of valuable missionaries to those Eastern regions. He returned home, at last, with a broken constitution, and after a lingering sickness died among his kindred, in great peace of mind, and with the joyful hopes of the gospel which he had preached at the ends of the earth. There are now eighteen distinct societies having missions in China, seven of which are American; and these together have sent out one hundred and fifty missionary laborers to that country, of whom eighty-eight were from this country. Of seventy-eight missionaries now in China, forty-four are Americans. Surely, the kingdom of God is like the grain of seed which is cast into the ground, until it springs up and grows, and becomes a broad tree, whose branches shelter and feed the nations.

* * *

Nature has perfections, in order to show that she is the image of God; and defects, in order to show that she is *only* his image.—*Pascal*.

ASTONISHING ADVENTURE OF JAMES BOTELLO.

BY W. S. MAYO, M. D., AUTHOR OF "KALOOLAH."

IT happened in the year 1534, that Badur, King of Cambaya, was sorely pressed by his enemy, the Great Mogul—so much so, that he was compelled to call in the assistance of his other enemy, the Portuguese. The price of this assistance was to be permission to erect and garrison a fort at Diu. Badur hesitated: he knew that if the Portuguese were allowed a fort, they would soon be masters of the whole town; but his necessities being urgent, he finally acceded to the demand. De Cunna rushed to Diu; a treaty was speedily concluded with Badur—the fort was planned, and its erection commenced with vigor.

No one knew better than Botello how pleased King John would be with the news. He resolved to be the bearer of the good tidings, and thus to restore himself to the royal favor, which he had lost. His plan was a bold and daring one; in fact, considering the known dangers of the sea, and the then imperfect state of navigation, it must have seemed almost hopeless; but he suffered no doubts or apprehensions to prevent him from carrying it into immediate effect. In order to conceal his design, he gave out that he was going on a boat-excursion up the Gulf of Cambaya, to visit the court of the now friendly Badur. Two young soldiers, of inferior degree, named Juan de Sousa and Alfonzo Belem, readily consented to accompany him. The boat selected for the voyage was a small affair—something like a modern jolly-boat, though of rather greater beam in proportion to its other dimensions; its length was sixteen feet, its breadth nine feet. Four Moorish slaves from Melenda, on the coast of Africa, were selected to work the boat, while two native servants, having Portuguese blood in their veins, completed the crew.

Botello's preparations for the voyage were soon made; and waiting only to secure a copy of the treaty with Badur, and plans of the fort which had been commenced, he ordered the short mast, with its tapering lateen yard, to be raised, and the sail trimmed close to the breeze blowing into the roadstead of Diu. But instead of turning up along the northern coast of the Gulf of Cambaya, he directed the bow of his little bark boldly out to sea. His companions knew but little of navigation; but they knew enough to know that a south-westerly course was hardly the one on which to reach Cambaya. To the remonstrances of Juan and Alfonzo, Botello simply replied, that he preferred sailing south with the wind to rowing north against it; and they would find the course he had chosen the safest and shortest in the end.

In this way they sailed for three days. On the morning of the fourth, Botello found that it would be impossible for him longer to turn a deaf ear to the mutterings of discontent among his crew. It was high time for an explanation of his plans; and, trusting to his eloquence and influence, he proceeded to unfold his design.

Imagine the astonishment and dismay depicted in the countenances of the servants and sailors, when he told them he purposed making the long and dangerous voyage to Lisbon, in the miserable little boat in which they had embarked. But as he went on commenting upon the feasibility of the project, discussing the real dangers of such a voyage, and ridiculing the imaginary, and dilating upon the honors and rewards which they would win by being the first bearers of the tidings they carried, a change, from dismay to hope and confidence, took place in the minds of all his hearers, excepting the African sailors, who did not much relish the idea of so long a voyage to Christian lands. They, however, were slaves and infidels, and their opposition was not much heeded.

To every objection Botello had a plausible reply. He confidently asserted his knowledge of a safe route, and of his ability to preserve their little craft amid all the dangers of the sea.

"But may we not be forestalled in our news after all," demanded Alfonzo, "by the vessels from Calicut?"

"No fear of that," replied Botello. "The news from Diu will not reach Calicut for a month, and then it will be too late in the monsoon to dispatch a vessel, even if one were ready. Besides, I have certain information that the viceroy has determined that no dispatches shall be sent home until he can announce the completion of the fort."

"I like not this new route you propose," said Juan. "Why leave the usual course to Melenda?"

"Because we should be in danger of

exciting the suspicions of our brethren who now garrison the forts of Melenda, Zanzibar, and Mozambique, and perhaps be detained. No, we will take a more direct course—strike the coast of Africa below Sofalo, and then follow the shore around the Cape of Good Hope."

"And what are we to do for provisions and water, in the mean time?"

"Of provisions, we have a store that will last until we reach land, when we can obtain supplies from the natives; as to water, we must go at once upon the shortest possible allowance, and daily pray for rain—St. Francis will aid us. I can show you something that will set your minds easy upon that point."

Botello produced a box from beneath the stern-sheets, and, opening it, took out, with an air of reverence, a leaden image of the saint.

"See this!" he exclaimed, in a tone of exultation. "It was modeled from the portrait recognized by the aged Moor. Have you not heard of the miracle? True, you were not at Calicut! Know, then, that a few months since, a native of India was presented to the viceroy, whose reputed age amounted to three hundred years. His story was, that in early youth he encountered an aged man lingering upon the banks of a stream which he was anxious to pass. The youth tendered the support of his strong shoulders, and bore him across the water. As a reward for the service, the old man bade the youth live until they should meet again. And thus had he lived, until, a few months since, he was presented to De Cunna, when he at once recognized, in a portrait of St. Francis, the holy man whom he had carried across the stream. This image was modeled from that portrait; it was blessed by the pious convert in whose person was performed the miracle. Our voyage must be prosperous with this on board!"

The sight of an image taken from a portrait acknowledged to be the saint himself, removed all doubt. And what Botello's arguments and persuasions might have failed to accomplish, was easily effected by the little image of lead. A heretic might, perhaps, have questioned the saint's power over the physical phenomena of the sea, but he could not have denied his moral influence over the minds of the adventurous voyagers who confided in him. No hesitation remained, except in the minds of the four slaves, who, having been forcibly converted from the errors of Mohammed, were yet somewhat weak in the true faith.

It was this want of faith that led to one of the most lamentable events of the voyage. They had been out more than a month without having had sight of land; and not even a distant sail had lighted up the dismal loneliness of the ocean. It must be recollected what a solitude was the vast surface of the Indian and Pacific seas in those days. Beside the Portuguese fleets that followed each other at long and regular intervals, Christian commerce there was none, while Arabian trade was small in amount, and confined to certain narrow channels. The Moorish slaves had never before been so long in the open sea, and their fears increased, as day after day the little boat bore them farther to the south. The provisions were also by this time nearly exhausted, and the daily allowance of water proved barely sufficient to moisten their parched lips. The slaves, after taking counsel among themselves, demanded that the course of the boat should be arrested.

"And which way would you go?" asked Botello. "Back to Diu? It would take three months to reach the port, and long ere that we should starve!"

"Let us steer, then, directly for the African coast. Melenda must be our nearest port."

"Never!" returned the resolute Botello. "I will run no risk of having our voyage frustrated by the jealousy of my old enemy, Alfonzo Peristrello, who has command of that station. Courage for a few days more, and we shall see land! There are isles hereaway that you will deem fit residences for the blessed saints—such fruits! such flowers!"

The promises of Botello had influence with all of his companions excepting the Moors, whose muttered discontent suddenly assumed a fierce and menacing aspect. Luckily, Botello was as wary as he was brave.

It was in the middle of the night, that, stretched upon the midship thwart of the boat, he noticed a movement among the Moors, who occupied the bow. One of them moved stealthily toward him, and, bending over him, cautiously sought the hilt of his dagger; but before he could draw it, the grasp of Botello was upon his throat, and he was hurled to the bottom of the boat. With a shout, the other Moors seized the boat-hooks and stretchers, and rushed upon Botello; but Juan and Alfonzo were upon the alert, and, drawing their long daggers, rushed to his defense. Never was there a more desperate conflict than on that star-light night, in that frail boat, that floated, a feeble, solitary speck of humanity, on the bosom of the vast Indian sea.

The conflict was desperate, but it was soon over. The Portuguese of those days were other men than their degenerate descendants of the present age; and, beside, the slaves were overmatched both in arms and numbers. Three were slain outright, and the fourth driven overboard. One of the Portuguese servants was killed—thus diminishing the number of the voyagers more than one-half; a lucky circumstance, without which, most probably, the whole would have perished.

For a week longer the little bark stood on its course, when a violent storm threatened a melancholy termination to the voyage. The wind, however, was accompanied by rain, and Botello kept up the spirits of his friends by attributing the storm to St. Francis, who had sent it expressly to save them from dying of thirst. It would have been perhaps more easy to believe in the saint's agency in the matter, had there been less wind; for, in addition to the danger of being ingulfed by the heavy sea, their clothing, which they spread to collect the rain, was so deluged with salt spray as to make the water exceedingly brackish. Bad as it was, however, it served to maintain life until they reached a little rocky, uninhabited island in the channel of Mozambique.

It was with some difficulty that a landing-place was found. Upon ascending the rocks, a few scattered palms exhibited the only appearance of vegetation. Their chief necessity—fresh water—however, was found in abundance, standing in the hollows of the rocky surface, where it had been deposited by the recent storm. Several kinds of wild-fowl showed themselves in abundance, and so tame as to suffer themselves to be caught without any trouble; while crowding the little sandy inlets were thousands of the finest turtle.

At this spot Botello and his companions rested for a week; which was spent in caulking and repairing their boat and sail, drying and salting the flesh of fowl and turtle, and in filling every available vessel with the precious fluid so liberally furnished by their patron St. Francis.

A succession of storms followed their departure, and tossed them about here and there for so many days that their reckoning became exceedingly confused. Botello, however, was an accomplished navigator, and his sailor instinct stood him in good stead. Upon returning fair weather, he conjectured that he was abreast of Cape Corrientes, and the bow of the boat was directed due east, for the African coast.

Calms followed storms. The oars were got out, and day after day the clumsy boat was pulled through the long rolling swell of the glassy sea. Still no sight of land. Their provisions were getting short again, their water was reduced to the lowest possible allowance, and the labor of the oar was rapidly exhausting their strength. The image of St. Francis was hourly appealed to. Sometimes his aid was implôred in most humble prayers—sometimes demanded with the wildest imprecations and threats. One day, Botello seized the little St. Francis, and, whirling him on high, threatened to throw him into the sea, unless he instantly granted a sight of land; no land showed itself, but the saint was reverentially replaced in his box. But he was not to rest there long in quiet. The next day the ingenious Botello announced to his sinking companions that he had a plan to compel the saint to terms. The image was produced from its box, a cord was fastened around its neck, and then thrown overboard. Down went his leaden saintship into the depths of the ocean. "And there he shall remain," exclaimed Botello, "until he sends us land or rain!" An hour had not expired when a faint bluish haze in the eastern horizon attracted all eyes. A favorable breeze springing up, the sail was hoisted, and as the boat moved under its influence, the haze grew in consistency and size. Land was in sight.

The land proved to be a point in Lagoa Bay—a familiar object to Botello. Upon going ashore, a party of natives received him, with whom friendly relations were soon established, and from whom provisions and water were readily obtained. A few days served to recruit the exhausted strength of the party, when, taking again to their boat, they coasted along the shore, landing at frequent intervals, until they reached the dreaded Cape of Storms, as the southern point of Africa was called by its first discoverer, Bartholomew Diaz.

The Cape did not belie its reputation. From the summit of Table Mountain, and the surrounding highlands, it sent down a gust that drove the unfortunate voyagers away from the land a long distance to the south-west; and many weary and despairing days were passed before they were able to make the harbor of Saldanha. Here the chief necessity of life—fresh water—was found in abundance, and a supply of provisions obtained, consisting chiefly of the dried flesh of seals, with which the harbor was filled. A few orange and lemon-trees, planted by the early Portuguese discoverers, were loaded with fruit, and afforded a grateful and effectual means of removing the symptoms of scurvy which were beginning to appear.

Saldanha being then a resting-place for the outward-bound Portuguese fleets, Botello made his stay as short as possible, lest he should be intercepted and turned back by some newly-appointed and jealous viceroy. For the same reason he avoided several points on the coast of Western Africa, where his countrymen had stations—keeping well out to sea and from the mouth of the Congo, and steering a direct course across the Gulf of Guinea. He knew that if a Portuguese admiral had sailed at the appointed time, he must be somewhere in that Gulf, and that his tall barks would hug the shore, creeping from headland to headland slowly and cautiously. The energetic Botello and his companions had encountered too many dangers to be frightened at the perils of a run across the Gulf, and the resolution was adopted to give the Portuguese fleet, by the aid of St. Francis, the go-by in the open sea.

The run was successfully achieved; not, however, without many weary days at the oar, and many an appeal to St. Francis for favoring winds, and for aid in the sudden tornadoes which frequently threatened to ingulf them. Cape de Verd was reached; the barren shore of the Great Desert was passed, with but a single stoppage in the Rio del Ouro—a slender arm of the sea setting up a few miles into the sands of Sahara. Here a few dates and some barley cakes were purchased of a family of wandering Arabs; and again putting to sea, the shores of Morocco were cautiously coasted. Without further adventure, but not without further suffering, and labor, and danger, the short remaining distance was passed. The head of the Straits of Gibraltar—the headlands of Spain—the southern point of Algarve, successively came in sight; and then the smiling mouth of the golden Tagus greeted their longing eyes.

And thus was happily finished this wonderful voyage—a voyage which, if performed in the present day, with all the appliances of navigation, would excite the admiration of the world.

The presence of Botello was soon known to his friends; and the rumor spread through the city that an Indian fleet had arrived off the mouth of the Tagus. It reached the court, so that upon his application for an audience of the king, he found no detention except from the curiosity of the courtiers and ministers; which, however, he resolutely refused to satisfy, until he had communicated his news to the royal ear.

Botello exhibited his copy of the convention with Badur, King of Cambaya, and the plans of the fort which was being erected at Diu, and related the history of his adventurous voyage. King John freely expressed his astonishment and delight, and, calling around him the members of his household, familiarly questioned Botello as to all the little details of his voyage.

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WHY FLIES CAN WALK ON THE CEILING.—"The phenomena," says Dr. Lardner, "which are vulgarly called suction, are merely the effects of atmospheric pressure. If a piece of moist leather be placed in close contact with a heavy body having a smooth surface, such as a stone or a piece of metal, it will adhere to it; and if a cord be attached to the leather, the stone or metal may be raised by it. This effect arises from the exclusion of the air between the leather and the stone. The weight of the atmosphere presses their surfaces together with a force amounting to fifteen pounds on a square inch of the surface of contact. The power of flies to walk on ceilings and other similar surfaces, in doing which the gravity of their bodies appears to have no effect, is explained upon the same principle. Their feet are provided with an apparatus similar exactly to a leather sucker applied to a stone."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE YOUTH OF NAPOLEON.

THE public acts of the life of Napoleon are universally known, and never to be forgotten. The transactions of his secret policy are preserved in the archives of every court in Europe, and must, sooner or later, be equally well known. As to the incidents of his private life, we find in the memoirs published by different persons attached to the person of the Emperor, or written under his own eye at St. Helena, a multitude of anecdotes, more or less authentic, which give, up to a certain point, some insight into his character and habits. All these recollections, however, relate to the more brilliant epochs of his life, but scarcely, if at all, touch upon the history of his early youth; and up to a long time after his death, the world was still in ignorance of all that pertained to his mental training—to the formation of his intellectual powers. We were shown him in the full development of his genius; he was depicted as general, first consul, and emperor; and placed before us now in the imperial purple—now in his ocean prison. His course was traced for us from the moment when the eagle took his first flight upward at Toulon, to that in which he was chained to the island rock; but we had not been told how those pinions were trained for such lofty soaring. Napoleon himself seemed to have been very reserved on this point, and, with the exception of a few college anecdotes, and some vague intimations, we were left, up to a very late period, with scarcely any light upon all that preceded his elevation, or could account for it.

And yet, what more interesting problem than the formation of such a character as Napoleon's? How did he employ the years when he was only lieutenant of artillery?—how prepare for his high destiny? By what means were developed that extraordinary character—that marvelous intellect? Were those intellectual heights attained by one single spring of a genius submitting to no restraint, needing none of the ordinary aids? or was that genius directed by an iron will, and supported by that steady and persevering diligence which is its natural ally, and, in all its highest creations, its indispensable fellow-worker and inseparable companion?

But to these questions we have been left without an answer for twenty years after the death of Napoleon, when the want was supplied, and in the only way it could be supplied—almost all those who knew anything of his childhood and early youth having gone to the grave—by himself.

It was during his consulship that the idea occurred to Napoleon, who, to use his own words at St. Helena, "saw himself already in history," of putting into safe-keeping all the papers relating to his early youth. He placed them in a large official dispatch-box, labeled "Correspondence with the First Consul;" and drawing his pen over these words he wrote: "To be forwarded to Cardinal Fesch." This box, corded and sealed with the cardinal's crest, passed through the empire, and the restoration, and through many hands, with the seals still unbroken, till about nine years ago, when for the first time it was opened, and the nature of its contents discovered.

These documents were divided into two classes—the first comprising the correspondence and the biographical details; and the second, some original compositions of Napoleon, with thoughts, notes, and passages, extracted from and suggested by different works. To give some idea of the number of those documents, (all either autographs or copies, with corrections and annotations by the author) it is sufficient to say that without reckoning these copies, and a crowd of detached pieces, there were in this box thirty-eight commonplace books wholly in Napoleon's own hand. The greater number of these books are dated, and contain all that he wrote, from the year 1786 to 1793. In them he seems to have found a vent for all the thoughts, opinions, and feelings, which his taciturn disposition and somber gloom prevented his communicating to his companions. This gloom and reserve ought not to be matter of surprise; for he himself tells us, in a kind of biographical and chronological notice of his early life, that he left his home at nine years old, and did not return to Corsica till he was seventeen—an isolation which, while it doubtless strengthened his character, must yet have tended to embitter it. It will not be uninteresting to note, that in all these papers we find no complaint of his poverty, though, in order to meet the educational expenses of his brother Louis, he was obliged to dress his own dinner.

It is not our intention to dwell upon the biographical notices; our object being to point attention to the numerous evidences of his arduous study and persevering diligence, affording a useful lesson, which we would commend to the consideration of those who, feeling within them a certain excitement, regard it—and it may be justly—as the token of mental power, but forget that it is as surely an evidence of power needing the strengthening and discipline of order and systematic study; and who, therefore, require to be reminded that diligence and self-control are the crowning attributes of genius. Napoleon no more attained his greatness by fits and starts—of a genius however extraordinary—than he made his way over the Alps by a sudden flight. In both cases the road was opened by labor, toil, and endurance.

His selection of works and his extracts from them are alike remarkable. First, we perceive a restless curiosity throwing itself into all subjects without any determinate object. He reads Buffon, occupies himself with natural history, natural philosophy, and medicine. He studies geography and ancient history, especially that of Greece. He cites Herodotus, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus; but, strange to say, the name of Plutarch, the teacher at whose feet so many illustrious men have sat, and which has been so often said to have been Napoleon's favorite study, is not once mentioned. He next turned successively to the history of China, of India and Arabia, of England and Germany, and then applied himself to French history, first in a general view, and afterward in detail. He examines the resources, the revenue, the legislation, of France, and studies carefully the rights of the Gallican Church; and the three books filled with notes, written at eighteen, on the subject of the Sorbonne and the bull Unigenitus, and the religion of the State, at once anticipate and account for the Concordat. His object seemed rather to gain a knowledge of historical facts than to form a system from them. He soon directs his attention to the moral sciences; engages in the study of political economy and legislation; reads Filangieri, Mably, Necker, Smith, and takes extracts, often interspersed with critical remarks. The independence of his character is displayed here as in all else. A single instance must suffice. None but a young man, and a young Frenchman too, especially of that day, can estimate the difficulty of resisting the influence of Rousseau's opinions. Yet, notwithstanding this universal and scarcely disputed ascendancy; notwithstanding his agreement in many points with the citizen of Geneva, and his admiration for him, Napoleon was far from receiving all his doctrines. In an extract (dated Valence, August 8th, 1791) from the "Discourse on the Origin and Grounds of the Inequality of Men," the young Napoleon wrote at the end of each paragraph: "I do not think so;" "I do not believe a word of all this." We can almost see him snatching up the pen to make his dissent; and then, as if unable to endure the splendid sophistry, he thus writes on:—"I do not believe that man has ever been an isolated being, without any desire for intercourse with his fellows, without affection, without feeling. . . . Why do we suppose that men in a state of nature eat? Simply because there never was an instance of a man's existing in any other way. By parity of reasoning, I think that man in a state of nature has had the same faculties of reasoning, the same affections which he now has, and he must have used them, for we have no instance of the existence of man who has not used them. To feel is a want of the heart, as to eat is of the body. To feel is to attach ourselves—is to love. Man must know pity, friendship, and love; thence flow gratitude, veneration, respect. If it could have been otherwise, then the statement would be true, that feeling and reason are not inherent in man, but only the fruit of civilization—of society; then would there be no natural affection, no natural reason, no duty, no virtue, no conscience. No conscience? It is not the citizen of Geneva who will tell us this!"

In this refutation, defective as it is in many respects, the fundamental vice of Rousseau's system is strongly and logically put. It needed to be a Napoleon to criticise so boldly the opinions of a writer who, in 1791, exercised such despotic and universal sway.

It is singular that, amid all this studying and copying, Napoleon never learned the grammar of the French language, nor even to spell correctly. His writing, it is well known, was almost illegible, and he was aware of it himself. Immediately after his accession to the imperial throne, a somewhat shabbily-dressed man gained access to him. "Who are you?" asked Napoleon. "Sire, I had the honor of giving lessons in writing to your majesty for fifteen months." "Your pupil does you great credit," replied the Emperor, quickly; "I cannot but congratulate you." And he gave him a pension. His writing, always hardly legible, soon became a complete short-hand, scarcely half the letters being given that properly belonged to the words. It is asserted that this was done designedly, to conceal his ignorance of orthography, which, as we have said, he could never learn.

There is but little trace of mathematical research, all remains of his studies in this way being limited to calculations for the artillery. All this regular and systematic course of reading had a definite object; nothing was done for mere amusement. Ariosto is the only work of imagination he seems to notice, and from which, strange to say, he has some extracts; though several scraps of not very good poetry, scattered through his common-place books, show that he sometimes liked to try his powers in the more flowery fields of literature. We have also a Corsican romance, entirely in his own handwriting, in which the dagger plays a very principal part; an English historical tale, called *The Earl of Essex;* and a short eastern story, entitled *The Masked Prophet.*

Among these papers are several harangues and speeches at popular meetings, and on deputations, the prospectus of the Calotte, (a secret society in the army,) and various political notes, in which Napoleon presents himself as an ardent and devoted republican. "The republicans," he says, in one of his speeches, "are reproached and calumniated; nay, it is even asserted that a republic is impossible in France." Farther on is found the plan of a work on royalty. It is somewhat curious to see what Napoleon, then at Auxonne, thought of a monarchy on the 23d of October, 1788.

"*Dissertation on Kingly Government.*—This work is to begin with a general view of the origin of the name of king, and the progress of its prestige in the minds of men. A military government is favorable to it. The work will then enter into the details of the usurped authority enjoyed by kings in the twelve kingdoms of Europe. There are very few kings that had not deserved to be dethroned."

Of all the productions of Napoleon's youth, the best known is a *History of Corsica*, which he wished to have had published at Dole, and which was supposed to have been lost. Lucien Bonaparte, in his Memoirs, thus expresses his regret for the loss of this work:—

"The names of Mirabeau and of Raynal bring me back to Napoleon. Napoleon, while at Ajaccio, during leave of absence, (it was, I think, in 1790,) had composed a History of Corsica; two copies of which I wrote, and the loss of which I much regret. One of these two MSS. was addressed to the Abbé Raynal, with whom my brother had become acquainted on his passage to Marseilles. Raynal thought the work so remarkable that he showed it to Mirabeau, who, when returning it, wrote to Raynal that this little History seemed to him an indication of genius of a first-rate order. Napoleon was enchanted at this opinion of the great orator. I have made many and vain attempts to recover these pieces, which were probably destroyed in the conflagration of our house by Paoli's troops."

Lucien was mistaken; the manuscript of this History was not destroyed—it is among the papers committed to Cardinal Fesch, and consists of three large books, not in Napoleon's own hand, but with corrections and annotations by him. The history is in the form of letters addressed to the Abbé Raynal, and, beginning with the most remote period, terminates with the treaty of Coste between the Genoese and the Corsicans in the eighteenth century. The style is animated and fervid, and the whole breathes the most ardent love for Corsica. Indeed, there are many indications in the numerous documents on subjects connected with his native country, that Napoleon was then fully occupied with it, and with it only, and was preparing to play in it the part of Paoli.

It is as remarkable as little to be expected, that in writing this History, Napoleon did not confine himself to traditions more or less vague; but at a time when erudition was almost proscribed as antiquated stuff, incompatible with the march of intellect, he studied every document that could throw any light upon his subject, and not only cited his authorities, but collected the inedited documents to which he had referred for information. Many of these pieces are still annexed to the manuscript of *The History of Corsica.* This extraordinary man could do nothing by halves; all that he did was done in earnest. In the midst of the revolution, and in its rapid torrent of fluctuating opinions, he felt that history is not to be improvised, but it must be studied in original documents.

We must not enter into quotations, nor the moral questions connected with Napoleon's aims and objects, with the use or misuse of his energies, for we are now only dealing with the raining by which he learned to concentrate them; and with the great lesson to be drawn from the fact that it was by strenuous perseverance and unwearied effort, under difficulties and impediments, that his mental powers were —we will not say created—but fostered and made effectual to the attainment of his aims and objects. Napoleon, as well as Michael Angelo, and Newton, and all possessed of true genius, had to submit to that law of human nature, which decrees that nothing great can be done without great effort. Of all the subjects of which he afterward showed himself master, he was first the regular and diligent student. His clear ideas on legislation, on finance, and social organization, were not fruits of spontaneous growth, but the harvest reaped on the throne from the labors of the poor lieutenant of artillery. He owed his mental development to—that which in every age every great and strong mind has owed it—industry, to solitary and patient vigil, to difficulty and misfortune. True it is, that the revolution opened to him a vast field; but had the revolution never occurred, Napoleon must have become distinguished, for characters such as his seize upon, but are never the slaves of, circumstances. When, after seven years spent in retirement, Napoleon made his first appearance on the world's stage, he had already within him the germs of his future greatness. Nothing was fortuitous with him. His was a perpetual struggle, and not always a successful one. His being at Toulon was owing to his never losing an opportunity of coming forward. Never did a new minister come into power without receiving a memorial from the young officer on the affairs of his native country; and never was any change in the military department of Corsica proposed, that Napoleon did not, at any risk, immediately repair thither. When unsuccessful in his object, he returned to Valence, to think and to study; and these seven years of the youthful life of Napoleon are to us the noblest and greatest in that life of prodigies, and are themselves sufficient to preclude his elevation being ascribed to fatality. And yet how often must the readers of the papers in that dispatch-box have been struck with the most singular coincidences of facts and dates. For the first time was it then generally known that Napoleon, in 1791, was receiving a pension from the king, and that his brevet as captain was signed by Louis XVI.; and, as if the monarch before his fall intended to name his successor, it bears the date of *August 30th, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety-Two.* In the geographical note-book in Napoleon's own hand, but unfinished, the last words are—and do they not contain the most extraordinary prediction?—

> Sainte Helene, petite île.

And there, indeed, the Emperor was to close his geography.

THE ANCIENT USE OF A KISS.

A ROMAN woman in the ancient time was not allowed to drink wine, except it were simple raisin wine; and, however she might relish strong drinks, she could not indulge, even by stealth; first, because she was never intrusted with the key of the wine cellar; and, secondly, because she was obliged daily to greet with a kiss all her own as well as her husband's male representatives, down even to second cousins; and as she knew not when or where she might meet them, she was forced to be wary and abstain altogether, for had she tasted but a drop, the smell would have betrayed her. So strict were the old Romans in this respect, that a certain Ignatius Mercurius is said to have slain his wife because he caught her at the wine-cask—a punishment which was not deemed excessive by Romulus, who absolved the husband of the crime of murder. Another Roman lady, who, under the pretense of taking a little wine for her stomach's sake and frequent infirmities, indulged somewhat too freely, was mulcted to the full amount of her dowry.

BLIND MUSICIANS.

TOWARD the latter end of the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth centuries we come upon a crowd of blind musicians, of whom we may mention the most noted, or those whose experiences throw most light upon the blind condition. One of the most remarkable of those names is that of TURLAGH CAROLAN, one of the best and most celebrated of the Irish bards, whose compositions have been as much admired for their extraordinary variety as for their exquisite melody, as he is said to have composed no less than four hundred pieces. It is certain that the national Irish music was much enriched by his productions; nor did these form the sole ground of his claim to the distinction which he achieved, as he also was a very fair poet, and has left coupled to his own music many fine lyrical pieces which, in this connection, will not soon be forgotten.

Carolan was the son of one of those poor farmers—peasant-farmers we might call them—who seem to have always abounded in Ireland. He was born in 1670, in the village of Nobber, Westmeath. The small-pox deprived him of sight at so early an age that he retained no recollection of colors. Of this loss, he who had scarcely known what sight was, and whose habits grew up under blindness, could not well complain; and he did not: "My eyes," he used to say, "are transplanted to my ears."

Carolan's musical talents were soon discovered, and his friends determined to cultivate them. At the age of twelve, a proper master was engaged to instruct him in the harp. Of that instrument he became fond: but he never struck it with a master-hand, perhaps because he wanted the application which is essential to perfection in any art. Yet the harp was often in his hands: but he used it chiefly as a help to composition, his fingers wandering in quest of melody among the strings.

When he grew to manhood, there was a time when his harp would sound only of love, under the impulse of a passion he had conceived for Bridget Cruise. The lady did not unite her lot with his; and after a while he loved and married another, named Mary Maguire. Many years after he went on a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in the island of Loughderg, Donegal; and, on returning to the shore, met several pilgrims waiting the arrival of the boat that conveyed him. On assisting some of these into the boat, his hand unexpectedly met one which caused him to start, and he instantly exclaimed: "This is the hand of Bridget Cruise." His sense of feeling had not deceived him. It was the hand of her he had once loved so passionately. "I had this anecdote from his own mouth," says the narrator, "and in terms which gave me a strong impression of the emotion which he felt on meeting the object of his early affection."

On his marriage Carolan built himself a house, and lived more merrily than wisely in it. Want was the consequence; and this, coupled with his fondness for music, seems to have been the original canse of his betaking himself to that itinerant life which he thenceforth led. For the remainder of his days he went about the country as a traveling musician, mounted on a good horse, and followed on another by a servant, who carried his harp. Wherever he came, the gates of the nobility and gentry were thrown open to him. He was received with respect, and a high place at the table was assigned to him. It was during these peregrinations that Carolan composed those airs which are still the delight of his countrymen. He thought the tribute of a song due to every house in which he was entertained, and he never failed to pay it, choosing for his subject either the head of the family or some one of its loveliest members.

Few men have manifested stronger evidences of a vigorous mind than Carolan; although at the same time it afforded the usual characteristics of a mind undisciplined by cultivation. He is said to have outstripped all his predecessors in the three species of composition used among the Irish; and although he omitted no opportunity of bestowing large, but not indiscriminate, praise upon his brothers in the tuneful art, he preferred Italian compositions to all others. Habitually pious, Carolan never omitted daily prayer; and he fondly imagined himself inspired in composing some pieces of church music, which, however different from his usual style of composition, were considered excellent. This idea enhanced his devotion and thanksgiving; and in this respect his enthusiasm was harmless, and perhaps useful. He had occasionally tried almost every style of music—the elegiac, the festive, the amorous, and the sacred: and he is said to have so much excelled in each, that it is scarcely known to which his genius was best adapted. Of several anecdotes illustrative of Carolan's musical abilities, the following is perhaps the most striking:—

His fame as a musician having reached the ears of an eminent Italian music-master in Dublin, he devised a plan for putting his abilities to a very severe test. He singled out an elegant piece of music in the Italian style; but here and there he either altered or mutilated it in such a manner that none but a real judge could detect the alterations. Carolan, quite unaware that it was intended as a trial of his skill, gave the deepest attention to the performer who played the piece thus altered in his presence. He then declared it to be an excellent piece of music; but, to the astonishment and satisfaction of the company, added humorously, "But here and there it limps and stumbles." He was then requested to rectify the errors, which he accordingly did. In this state the piece was sent back to Dublin; and the Italian master no sooner saw the amendments than he cordially pronounced Carolan to be a true musical genius. Although Carolan spoke his native language elegantly, he was advanced in years before he learned English, and expressed himself but indifferently in that tongue.

He died in 1738, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and was interred in the parish church of Kilronan, Ardagh. No memorial exists of the spot in which he was laid; but his grave long continued to be known to his admirers and some of the neighboring peasants; and we have the curious information that "his skull was long distinguished from those of others, which were promiscuously scattered throughout the churchyard, by a perforation in the forehead, through which a long piece of ribbon was drawn."

A different and inferior, but still very remarkable man, was Denis Hampson, the blind bard of Magilligan, who may in some sort be regarded as his successor. He was born in 1698, and was a native of Derry. His father was a considerable farmer, holding the whole townland of Tyrcrevan. He became blind from the small-pox at the age of three years, and at twelve he began to learn the harp from a woman. He acquired further mastery of the instrument under traveling harpers, and at eighteen began to play for himself. He traveled nine or ten years over different parts of Ireland and Scotland. In old age—and he lived to be very old—his memory dwelt upon many of the incidents of this peregrination, and some of them have been printed: but as they tend little to the illustration of his blindness, we pass them over. In his second trip to Scotland, in the year 1745, being at Edinburgh when Prince Charles, the Pretender, was there, he was called into the great hall to play. At first he was alone, but four fiddlers afterward joined him. The tune called for was, "The king shall enjoy his own again." The most interesting accounts of these and other of his early adventures, with anecdotes of the persons he came across in his journeys, were readily given by himself to the narrator when he had attained the advanced age of one hundred and eight years. The narrator,* who had known him when himself a boy, called at his cabin in 1806, two years before his death. "Since I saw him last, in 1787," says the writer, "the wen at the back of his head is greatly increased, and is now hanging over his neck and shoulders, nearly as large as his head, from which circumstance he derives his appellative, 'The man with two heads.' General Hart, who is an admirer of music, sent a limner to take a drawing of him, which cannot fail to be interesting, if it were only for the venerable expression of his meagre, blind countenance, and the symmetry of his tall, thin, but not debilitated person. I found him lying on his back in bed, near the fire of his cabin; his family employed in the usual way; his harp under the bedclothes, by which his head was covered also. When he heard my name he started up, (being already dressed,) and seemed rejoiced to hear the sound of my voice, which he said he began to recollect. He asked for my children, whom I had brought to see him, and he felt them over and over; then, with great affection, he blessed God that he had seen four generations of the name, and ended by giving the children his blessing. He then tuned his old time-beaten harp, his solace and bed-fellow, and played with astonishing justness and good taste. The tunes he played were his favorites; and he, with a certain elegance of manner, said at the same time: 'I remember you have a fondness for music, and the tunes you used to ask for I have not forgotten.' These were the same which he played at the famous meeting of the harpers at Belfast, under the patronage of some amateurs of Irish music.* Mr. Bunting, the musician of that town, had visited Hampson the year before, taking notes of his tunes and his manner of playing, which was in the best old style. To him the blind bard said with honest and not unbecoming self-esteem: 'When I played the old tunes, not another harper could play after me.'"

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* The Rev. Mr. Sampson, who visited the harper at the request of Miss Owenson, (Lady Morgan,) and wrote the particulars to her.

Hampson died at the advanced age of one hundred and ten years. A few hours before his death he tuned his harp, that it might be in readiness to entertain some company who were expected to pass that way shortly after. However, he felt the approach of death, and calling his family around him, resigned his breath without a struggle, being in perfect possession of his faculties to the last moment of his existence.

"The last of our bards now sleeps cold in the grave," was the cry which arose when his death became known.

It may be generally, but it is not familiarly known, that the great master, **Handel**, was himself blind in the last years of his life. In 1751 he became alarmed by a disorder in his eyes, which he was told was a cataract. From that moment his usual flow of spirits forsook him, and scarcely left him patience in that crisis of his disorder in which he might hope for relief. An operation to which he submitted proved unsuccessful, and he was at length told that for the remainder of his days a relief from pain in his visual organs was all that could be hoped for. Notwithstanding his dejection, and the forlorn condition to which he was reduced, which precluded him from any longer conducting his oratorios, he applied his mind to the altered arrangements which this new condition of circumstances involved, and the oratorios continued to be performed even to the Lent season in which he died, with no other apparent omission than that of his own accompaniment upon the harpsichord; for the rich flow of his fancy always supplied him with subjects for extempore voluntaries on the organ, and his hand never lost the power of executing whatever his invention suggested. "It was a most affecting spectacle," says the writer of his biography, "to see the venerable musician whose efforts had so long charmed the ear of a discerning audience, led to the front of the stage, in order to make an obeisance of acknowledgment to the enraptured multitude. When Smith played the organ, during the first year of Handel's blindness, the oratorio of 'Samson' was performed, and Beard sang, with great feeling:

'Total eclipse—no sun, no moon;
All dark amid the blaze of noon.'

The recollection that Handel had set these words to music, with the view of the blind composer, then sitting by the organ, affected the audience so forcibly, that many persons present were moved even to tears."

Among the blind musicians of England, the highest name is undoubtedly that of **John Stanley**. He was born in 1715, and at two years of age totally lost his sight by falling on a marble hearth with a China basin in his hand. At the age of seven, he first began to learn music, his friends thinking that it was likely to amuse him, but not supposing that it was possible for him, circumstanced as he was, to make it a profession. His first master was Reading, a scholar of Dr. Blow's and organist of Hackney; and when his father found that he not only received great pleasure from music, but had made a rapid progress in it, he placed him with Dr. Green, under whom he studied with great diligence, and with the success by which diligence is always rewarded. So early as at eleven years of age he obtained the situation of organist at All Hallows, Bread-street; and in 1726, at the age of thirteen, was elected organist of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in preference to a great number of candidates. In 1734 the Benches of the Inner Temple elected him one of their organists: and these two honorable musical stations he retained to his death. At a later period he was appointed master of the King's band. Few musical men, even in possession of sight, have spent a more active life in every branch of the art than Stanley; for he was not only a very able and accurate performer, but a natural and agreeable composer, and an intelligent instructor. After the death of Handel, he, in conjunction with Mr. Smith, (who had assisted Handel after he became blind,) undertook to superintend the performance of the oratorios during Lent; and, after Smith had retired, he carried them on in conjunction with Mr. Linley till within two years of his death, which took place on the 19th of May, 1786. On the 27th, his remains were interred in the new burial-ground of St. Andrew's; and on the following Sunday, instead of the usual voluntary, a solemn dirge, and, after service, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," were, with great propriety, given upon that organ at which the deceased had for so many years presided.

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* At this meeting there was one harper who had never seen Carolan, nor was taught directly by any person who had an opportunity of copying from him, who had acquired upward of a hundred of his tunes, which he said constituted but a very inconsiderable part of the whole number. This shows the fertile genius of that extraordinary person.

Besides various compositions for the organ, Mr. Stanley was the author of two oratorios—*Jephthah*, which was written in 1757; and *Zimri*, which was performed at Covent Garden during the first season of his management of the oratorios there.

Dr. Alcock, who had been a pupil of Stanley's, speaks of his scientific knowledge in the highest terms. He says that most of the musicians of the day contrived to make his acquaintance, which they found much to their advantage: and it was quite common, just as the sermon at St. Andrew's or the Temple had ended, to see forty or fifty organists at the altar, waiting to hear his last voluntary. Handel himself was frequently seen at both these places. "In short," says Dr. Alcock, "it must be confessed that his extempore voluntaries were inimitable, and his taste in composition wonderful."

In proof of his masterly management of the organ, it is related, that when, at the performance of one of Handel's *Te Deums*, he found that the organ was half a note too sharp for the other instruments, he without the least premeditation transposed the whole piece; and this with as much facility and address as could have been manifested by one possessed of sight. This was the more remarkable, since the key into which it was transposed, (that of C sharp major,) from having seven sharps in the clef, is so exceedingly difficult that it is scarcely ever made use of. It is probable there was not then in the kingdom any performer who would have attempted it, even though he had previously taken the trouble of writing out the whole part.

It was not only in music that Stanley excelled. In general accomplishment and in acuteness he is one of the most remarkable blind men on record. His favorite amusements were playing at billiards, "missisipi," skittles, shuffle-board—at which games, for which sight seems very necessary, he usually beat his competitors. Dr. Alcock, who was a stranger to London when first apprenticed to Stanley, states that one of his first proceedings was to show him the way through the private streets of Westminster, the intricate passages of the city and the adjacent villages, both on horseback and on foot. The same person remembers to have heard him play very correctly all Corelli's and Geminiani's twelve solos. He had so correct an ear, that he never forgot the voice of a person he had once heard speak. An instance is given in which he recollected the voice of a person he had not heard for twenty years, and who then accosted him in a feigned voice.[*] If twenty people were seated at table together, he would address them all in regular order, without their situations being previously known to him. Riding on horseback was one of his favorite exercises, although it would seem a very dangerous one for the blind, and toward the close of his life, when he lived in Epping forest and wished to give his friends an airing, he would take them the pleasantest road, and point out the most agreeable prospects. He played at whist with great readiness and judgment. Each card was marked at the corner with the point of a needle: but these marks were so delicately fine, as scarcely to be discerned by any person not previously apprized of them. His hand was generally the first arranged, and it was not uncommon for him to complain of the party that they were tedious in sorting the cards. He could tell the precise time by a watch. He knew the number of persons in a room when he entered it; would direct his voice to each person in particular—even to strangers after they had once spoken; and would miss any one who was absent, and could tell who that was. In a word, his conceptions of youth, beauty, symmetry, and shape, were, for a person in his condition, truly wonderful attainments. So delicate and susceptible was his ear, that he was able to accompany any lesson with thorough bass, though he had never heard it before; thus anticipating the harmony before the chords were sounded, and accompanying it in a manner suitable to its character.

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[*] This seems to be no uncommon faculty with the blind. The present writer remembers to have accompanied his grandmother when a boy to her native place, where she had not been for thirty-six years. On her first arrival she was speaking to some persons on the green, and her name had certainly not yet transpired, when an old and half-idiotic blind man, who sat in front of his cottage, startled all of us by suddenly calling out in a very eager voice—"Is that C. M. that I hear?" mentioning an early name which she had ceased to bear for more than thirty years.

INFLUENCE OF CLOTHING ON THE HEALTH OF THE SKIN.

IT is a fact which must be apparent to every one, that clothing, in itself, has no property of bestowing heat, but is chiefly useful in preventing the dispersion of the temperature of the body, and, in some instances, in defending it from that of the atmosphere. This power of preserving heat is due to the same principle, whatever form the raiment may assume, whether the natural covering of birds and animals, or whether the most beautiful and elegant tissues of human manufacture. In every case it is the power which the coverings possess of detaining in their meshes atmospheric air that is the cause of their warmth.

We have an exemplification of this principle in the lightness of all articles of warm clothing, as compared with water; the buoyancy, for example, of a fleece of wool, or the lightness of a feather. In the eider-duck or the sea-bird, it is the accumulation of warm air within their downy covering that defends them, alike from the temperature of the water, and from its contact. The furs from the piercing regions of the North, which we prize so highly as articles of dress, are, to the animals they invest, so many distinct atmospheres of warm air, and the same principle is carried out in the clothing of man. Our garments retain a stratum of air kept constantly warm by its contact with the body, and as the external temperature diminishes, we increase the number of layers by which the person is enveloped. Every one is practically aware that a loose dress is much warmer than one that fits close, that a loose glove is warmer than a tight one, and that a loose boot or shoe, in the same manner, bestows greater warmth than one of smaller dimensions. The explanation is obvious; the loose dress incloses a thin stratum of air, which the tight dress is incapable of doing, and all that is required is that the dress should be closed at the upper part to prevent the dispersion of the warm air and the ventilating current which would be established from below. The male summer dress in this climate consists of three layers, which necessarily include two strata of atmospheric air; that of females contains more; and, in the winter season, we increase the number to four, five, or six. As the purpose of additional layers of dress is to maintain a series of strata of warm air within our clothes, we should, in going from a warm room into a cold, put on our defensive coverings some little time previously, in order that the strata of air which we carry with us may be sufficiently warmed by the heat of the room, and may not be in need of borrowing from our bodies. Otherwise we must walk briskly in order to supply heat, not only to keep up the warmth of the strata of atmosphere nearest ourselves, but also to furnish those which we have artificially made by our additional coverings. When we have been for some time in the air, if we could examine the temperature or climate between the several layers of our dress, we should find the thermometer gradually falling as it was conveyed from the inner to the outer spaces.

These observations on dress have reference to the number of layers of which the covering is composed, but they are equally applicable to the texture of the garment itself. The materials employed by man in the manufacture of his attire, are all of them bad conductors of heat—that is to say, they have little tendency to conduct or remove the heat from the body; but, on the contrary, are disposed to retain what they receive; hence they are speedily warmed, and, once warm, preserve their temperature for a lengthened period, and convey the sensation of warmth to the hand. They are also bad conductors of electricity, and on this account become sources of safety in a thunder-storm.

They are all derived from the organic world—some from the vegetable, and some from the animal kingdom: for instance, hemp and flax are the fibers of particular plants, while cotton is the covering of the seed of a plant. Silk, wool, hair, feathers, and leather, are animal productions; of these materials, the first five are chiefly employed as articles of clothing, and in order to be fitted for that purpose, are spun into threads, and then woven into a tissue of various degrees of fineness and closeness. It is evident that this tissue will have the effect of retaining a quantity of air proportioned to the size of its meshes; hence, besides the strata of atmosphere imprisoned between the different articles of clothing, each article is, in itself, the depository of an atmosphere of its own.

Thick textures are warmer than thin ones made of the same material, because the body of air retained in their meshes is greater, as we see illustrated in blankets and woolen garments.

To the inhabitants of cold climates, feathers are a source of peculiar comfort, but, from their bulk, are not easily convertible into body garments.

Linen is a bad conductor and bad radiator. On this account it is that, despite its excellence in other particulars, it feels cold when it touches the skin. From the porosity of its fiber, it is very attractive of moisture, and when the body perspires, it absorbs the perspiration actively, and displaces the air, which in a dry state is held within its meshes: so that in place of an atmosphere of dry air, it becomes the means of maintaining a layer of moisture. Now, water is one of the best conductors of heat, and removes it so rapidly from the body, as to cause a general chill. But this is not all; the moisture in the tissue of the linen has so great a capacity and attraction for heat, that it continues to rob the body of more and more of that element, until the whole of the fluid is evaporated. These circumstances have caused the entire abandonment of linen as a covering next the skin, in hot climates, where the apparel must be necessarily thin. But in temperate [illegible] old climates we get over [illegible] wearing over the [illegible] covering in the [illegible] woolen in [illegible]

BRONZES—HOW THEY ARE MADE.

IN a former article we spoke of the process of producing a marble statue: we now propose to speak of bronzes.

Bronze is essentially a compound of copper and tin, which metals appear to have been among the earliest known. Copper is not unfrequently found in its metallic state, and fit for immediate use; and tin, though not so met with, often occurs near the surface, and its ore is easily reduced. These metals, though neither of them possesses the hardness requisite for making instruments either for domestic or warlike purposes, appear to have been early found capable of hardening each other by combination; the bronze, which is the result of this combination, consisting of different proportions of them, according to the purposes to which it is to be applied.

Bronze is always harder and more fusible than copper; it is highly malleable when it contains 85 to 90 per cent. of copper; tempering increases its malleability; it oxydizes very slowly even in moist air, and hence its application to so many purposes. The density of bronze is always greater than that of the mean of the metals which compose it: for example, an alloy of 100 parts of copper and 12 parts of tin is of specific gravity 8.80, whereas by calculation it would be only 8.63.

The green hue that distinguishes ancient bronzes is acquired by oxydation and the combination with carbonic acid; and the moderns, to imitate the effect of the finer antique works, sometimes advance that process by artificial means, usually by washing the surface with an acid. Vasari alludes to this practice among the artists of his time, and to the means they adopted to produce a brown, a black, or a green color in their bronze.

Bronze was well known to the ancients. Among the remains of bronze works of art found in Egypt, none are of large dimensions. Many specimens of bronze works found in India are doubtless very ancient. In the time of Homer, arms, offensive and defensive, are always described as being made of bronze, or perhaps copper alone, which it is possible they had some means of tempering and hardening. The art of casting statues seems to have been first practiced in Asia Minor, Greece, properly so called, being then probably too uncivilized to undertake such works. The first and most simple process among the Greeks, appears to have been *hammer-work*, in which lumps of the material were beaten into the proposed form; and when the work was too large to be made of one piece, several were shaped, and the different parts fitted and fastened together by means of pins or keys.

The art of metal-casting in regular molds was undoubtedly known very early, though its adoption in European Greece is probably of a comparatively late date. Its progress was evidently marked by three distinct stages. The first was beating out the metal, either as solid hammer-work or in plates. The next was casting it into a mold or form, the statue being of course made solid. The last stage was casting it into a mold, with a center or core to limit the thickness of the metal. Bronze-casting seems to have reached its perfection in Greece about the time of Alexander the Great. The ancient statuaries seem to have been extremely choice in their selection and composition of bronze; and they seem also to have had a method of running or welding various metals together, by which they were enabled to produce more or less the effect of natural color. Some works are described that were remarkable for the success which attended this curious and, to us, unattainable process. They also tinted or painted their bronze with the same view of more closely imitating nature. Pliny states that there were three sorts of the Corinthian bronze: the first, called candidum, received its name from the effect of silver which was mixed with the copper; the second had a greater proportion of gold; the third was composed of equal quantities of the different metals.

The Romans never attained any great eminence in the arts of design. Their earliest statues were executed for them by Etruscan artists. Rome, however, was afterward filled with a prodigious number of works of the best schools of Greece; and artists of that country, unable to meet with employment at home, settled at Rome. Zenodorus executed some magnificent works in the time of Nero. But Pliny, who lived in the reign of Vespasian, laments the decline of the art, and the want of skill of the artists, in his time. The practice of gilding bronze statues does not seem to have prevailed till taste had much deteriorated. The practice of art among the Romans declining rapidly, and with but few interruptions, ceases to interest us about A. D. 200. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, at the taking of Constantinople, we read that some of the finest works of the ancient masters were destroyed for the mere value of the metal. Among the few works saved are the celebrated bronze horses which now decorate the exterior of the church of St. Mark at Venice.

Passing over the intermediate age of barbarism, we arrive at the epoch of the revival of art in Italy, under the Pisani and others, about the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The celebrated bronze gates of the Baptistery at Florence, by Ghiberti, which M. Angelo said were fit to be the gates of Paradise, are among the more remarkable works of the time. In the succeeding century we find Guglielmo della Porta practicing the art with great success; and he is distinguished by Vasari for adopting a mode of casting that was considered quite original, in executing his colossal statue of Paul III. The metal, when run from the furnace, was carried downward by a duct, and then admitted to the under side or bottom of the mold, and thus, acted upon by a superior pressure, as in a common fountain, was forced upward till the mold was entirely filled. It is necessary in this process that the mold should be kept in a state of great heat, in order that the metal may not cool before the whole is run. But among the artists who are celebrated for their skill in bronze-casting, Benvenuto Cellini holds a distinguished rank: there are few collections that cannot boast some specimens of his smaller productions, while the larger works that remain, particularly at Florence, prove that his high reputation was not undeserved. In his process, the metal was allowed to flow at once from the furnace into the channels or ducts of the molds.

The modern practice of the English, French, Italian, and German artists does not differ materially in its principle from that of the earlier Italians.

Before any article can be cast in metal it is necessary that a *model* of it be prepared. The models must be made of various substances: clay or wax, or sand with clay, are those usually employed; but they may also be made of wood, stone, or any other material. Upon those models *molds* must be made. These are commonly composed of plaster of Paris, mixed with brick-dust, sometimes sand, or sand with a mixture of cow-hair. For molds for iron and brass work a yellowish sharp sand is preferred, which is prepared by mixing it with water and then rolling it on a flat board till it is well kneaded and fit for use. If the article is cylindrical, or of a form that admits of it, it is molded and cast in two pieces; these two parts are then carefully joined together, and the edges or seams carefully cleaned. For the smaller class of works, instead of running the metal at once from a large furnace, earthen crucibles are used, into which the metal is thrown in small pieces: the crucible is placed in a strong heat in a close stove, and as the metal is melted and sinks, more is added till the vessel is full. It is then lifted out by means of iron instruments adapted to the purpose, and the metal is poured from it into the molds, in which channels or ducts for receiving it have been previously made.

In noticing the different ways of casting, mention has been made of one in which a core is used. The *core*, as its name denotes, is a part or portion situated within the body of the cast; and its purpose is to form a center to the work, by which the thickness or substance of the metal may be regulated. In coring, the mold is first made complete; into this, clay or wax, or any other fit substance or material, is then squeezed or pressed in a layer of uniform thickness; in large works it is usually from half an inch to an inch thick. This layer represents the metal. The mold, if in parts, is then put together, the above-mentioned layer being left within it, and into the open space in the center a composition (usually of plaster of Paris with other substances mixed with it) is introduced, and made to adhere to the clay or wax, or rather is filled up to it. This is the core, and it is often made to occupy the whole interior of the mold. When this is *set*, or dry, the mold is taken to pieces, and the material which has been made to represent the metal removed. The mold is then again put carefully together round its core or nucleus, the two portions being secured from contact by stops and keys properly arranged for that purpose. The mold and core are dried, to dissipate moisture; and large molds are strengthened with iron hoops. Channels or ducts are made for the entrance of the melted metal, and others are also made for allowing the air to escape as the melted metal enters the mold; these are called vents. With respect to placing the mold, it is only important to secure a sufficient inclination of plane from the mouth of the furnace to the mold that the metal may run easily and uninterruptedly, and not have time to grow cool and therefore sluggish. The usual method in bronze works of large size is to bury the mold in a pit a little below the level of the furnace, and by ramming sand firmly round it to insure its not being affected by any sudden or violent shock, or by the weight of the metal running into it. When everything is ready, and the metal found to be in a state fit for running, the orifice or mouth of the furnace (which is usually plugged with clay and sand) is opened, when the metal descends, and in a few minutes the mold is filled. The metal is allowed to run till it overflows the mouths of the channels into the mold. The work is then left to cool, after which the mold is scraped or knocked off, and the cast undergoes the necessary processes (such as cleaning, chasing, &c.) to render it fit for the purpose designed.

Large bells and statues are cast in the way first described. Brass ordnance is always cast solid. The model is made round a nucleus of wood called a spindle, and the mold of loam and sand made over it. When this is perfectly dry, the model and spindle within are removed, and the mold is well dried or baked. When ready for casting, it is placed upright in the pit, and the metal is allowed to run into it till filled. What is called a dead-head is left at the upper and smaller, or mouth end of the gun, which presses the metal down, and prevents its becoming porous as it settles and cools. After a few days the mold is knocked off, and the gun is ready for finishing. The dead-head is turned off, and the boring, which is an operation requiring great care, is effected.

After the founding, the metal cast is often finished by chasing, burnishing, lacquering, plating, or gilding.

One of the largest cylinders, cast and bored in iron, is that employed at the Mostyn colliery in Flintshire. It was made at the Haigh Foundery at Wigan, in 1848. It is 17 feet long, by 8 feet 4 inches in diameter; it weighs 22 tons; and the quantity of metal brought to a liquid state for the purpose of casting was 30 tons.

A silver statue was cast at Paris in 1850. In the preceding year M. Pradier exhibited at the Luxembourg a bronze statue of Sappho, which was much admired for its beauty; and a silver copy of this statue was prepared in 1850, as a prize for a sort of Art Union lottery. The founding was intrusted to M. Simonet, who has produced many beautiful specimens in this department of art. The weight of silver used was about four thousand ounces.

The largest cast statue of recent times is the allegorical figure of *Bavaria*, placed in front of the Rühmeshalle on the Theresien meadow near Munich. The figure is 63 feet high, and stands on a granite base 30 feet high; so that the wreath held in the uplifted hand of the figure is nearly 100 feet from the ground. A winding staircase leads entirely up the interior of the statue. It is said that no fewer than twenty-six musicians were placed within the head of the statue on the occasion of the inauguration. The length of the forefinger, 38 inches, will give an idea of the size of the statue. The statue was modeled by the great sculptor Schwanthaler, who hastened his death by his intense application to it. The founding or casting was intrusted to Stiglmayer; but, as he also died, the work was carried out to a successful completion by his pupil Ferdinand Miller. The statue was cast in many pieces, one of which required 380 cwt. of molten bronze!

WINTER.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Wild wail the wintry winds;
The fitful Northern blast
A thousand echoing crannies finds
Within its circuit vast.

The bleak and leafless woods,
The mountains rude and hoar,
The valley's mossy solitudes
Look desolate once more.

How bright in yonder bower
The summer fountain play'd!
How beautiful was shrub and flower,
And leafy colonnade!

The same clear gushing rill
Goes gurgling down the glen,
But are the green leaves waving still
As they were waving then?

The ice hath hung its gems
Upon the branches bare,
And iris-tinted diadems
The forest-monarchs wear.

But cold, O deadly cold,
The prism-like colors glow,
The purple, crimson, and the gold,
That make the glittering show.

Yet many an omen bright
Doth icy winter bring,
It weareth on its bosom white
The promise of the spring.

Far up the ledges twines
The ivy's fadeless sheen,
And boldly rise the tapering pines,
And laurels ever green.

Hark! how the wild winds rise!
The eddying currents sigh
Adown the forest corridors,
And vibrate through the sky.

AN OLD NEW-YEAR'S POEM.

The London "Notes and Queries" gives the following antique poem from the fly-leaf of an old book. It is not only appropriate to the month, but a gem of its kind:—

"Though I be poore yet will I make hard shift,
But I will send my God a new yeares gift:
Nor myrrhe nor frankincense
Can I dispense,
Nor gold of Ophir
Is in my cofer;
With wealth I haue so small acquaintance as
I scarce know tinne from siluer, gold from brasse.

"Orientall rubyes, emeralds greene,
Blew saphires, sparkling diamonds I haue seene,
Yet neuer yet did touch
Or gemme or ouche,
Nor pearle nor amber
Are in my chamber;
These things are in my mind, but neuer yet
Vouchsaf'd to lodge within my cabinet.

"My euer lieuing euer louing King
Yet shall from me receiue a better thing;
For princes diademes,
Flaming with gemmes,
With richesse drest
Of east and west,
Match not this gift, wc̄h if my God shall owne,
I'll not change lots with him that weares a crowne.

"An heart with penitence made new and cleane,
Fill'd with faith, hope, and loue, must be my straue.
My God y^{t} didst not slight
The widowes mite,
Accept of this
Poore sacrifice,
Though I nere give but what before was Thine,
A treasure taken out of Thine owne mine."

MENTAL DISEASES.

BYRON—SCOTT—LELAND.

AMONG the causes which operate most influentially in exciting social aberrations, one of the most potent is, undoubtedly, the over-stimulated, over-worked, irregularly-developed mind. It is a law of nature that health, ease, and order shall spring from labor, or from due use of the organs according to their appointed functions. This is universal. The "primal curse" is thus converted into a blessing. In all creation, the due and regular performance of the allotted duties is rewarded by pleasing sensations, strength, and beauty; the undue and irregular, by pain, feebleness, deformity. This law holds good of the psychical as well as the physical, of the moral as well as the material. "Through much tribulation ye shall inherit the kingdom," is a profound truth, whether that empire be corporeal power and beauty, or mental power and virtue. Here labor, however, is not thus rewarded. It must be well directed, in harmony with the needs and powers of the individual—general, as regards the use of the organs, and not partial. Excessive labor in one exclusive direction produces corporeal deformity and mental obliquity. Just as the nursery-maid becomes the subject of spinal curvature and deformity, from the exclusive use of the right arm in carrying her precious burden, so the man of thought, who directs the energies of his powerful intellect to one subject or class of subjects, becomes mentally deformed. His judgment becomes one-sided, to use an expressive Germanism, or even imbecile; his manners bizarre, his conduct eccentric. It is thus that the eccentricities of men of genius are manifested, even to a proverb.

The evils of excessive study generally, and not simply in one exclusive direction, manifest themselves in morbid conditions of the organ of thought, which, reacting on the mind itself, disorder its manifestations. Hence, it has often been observed how narrow the bounds are between great genius and madness; how frequently the organ breaks down under the strain to which it is subjected. Hence it is that many intellectual suns have arisen in brightness, and set in clouds and darkness; have illumined the world by their morning or mid-day glory, and then have been forever eclipsed by suicide, insanity, or idiocy:—

> From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
> And Swift becomes a driveler and a show.

Intermediately between the states of perfect vigor and complete disorganization, there are various phases of mental disorder, more distressing, perhaps, to the subject than even total extinction. No man feels more acutely than the man of letters, or the subject of prolonged intellectual labor, that state of mind in which every effort of thought is wearisome, and every object of thought is seen through a medium of gloom, anxiety, and dread. To such, existence is really a burden too heavy to be borne; and the endurance of life, under these circumstances, is probably as heroic an effort of fortitude as the endurance of a cruel martyrdom. The biographies of distinguished authors contain many touching instances of this kind.

Another result of mental toil is seen, not in the disorganization of the fiber of the brain so much as in the wearing out of the vascular system. Every effort of thought is accompanied by an expenditure of living material. The supply of this material is through the blood; hence the blood is sent in greater quantity to the brain in thought; and when the increased demand is constant, an increase in the vascular capacity of the brain becomes necessary, and is provided by the adaptive reaction of the organism. During the earlier periods of life this development of the blood-vessels only ministers to the vigor of the intellectual action; but when the decline of life commences, and the wear and tear of previous years shows itself, the increased vascularity is a source of danger, and lays the foundation for those diseases which depend upon congestion of the brain. Hence it is that apoplexy and palsy so frequently terminate the lives of great thinkers and writers. Hence, also, the proclivity of the literary and intellectual class to suffer fatally from those fevers and other diseases which attack the brain in preference to less important organs; and hence the distressing, sudden, and premature deaths of men of genius, from causes and diseases apparently trivial. In some individuals, particularly those with coëxistent disease of the heart and lungs, the vascular system gives way at once, and inflammation or apoplexy, epilepsy or acute mania, supervenes. The prime ministers of Austria and Prussia, during the recent revolutionary period, both succumbed to the overstrain of their material organ. Count Brandenburgh, of Prussia, died of inflammation of the brain, after only a very short illness; Prince Schwartzenburgh, of Austria, perished in a moment, of apoplexy.

These various modifications of the mental condition are by no means the absolutely necessary results of mental labor. In the greater majority of studious men there already exists a predisposition to cerebral diseases, or else these are or have been present. This is manifested in various ways. In Scott and Byron, the deformity of the foot and leg, (talipes,) of which they were the subject, indicated that a nervous attack occurred during intra-uterine life, of a paralytic or spasmodic character. Such an occurrence is apt to be accompanied by modifications of the mental characteristics; in some instances, by downright idiocy—this when the spasmodic attack has been severe, and the deformity great; in others, by eccentricity, impetuosity of temper, waywardness, genius—and this when there is only a slight deformity, as a slight squint, twist of the foot, &c. Byron had, as a child, a temper sullenly passionate. In his case, the proclivity to irregular action of the nervous system, and the peculiarity of temper, were derived from his parents. His parental ancestors were remarkable for their eccentricities, irregular passions, and daring recklessness; and his mother was liable to ungovernable outbursts of temper and feeling. With such parentage, and so constituted, it is not remarkable that Byron fell so early. It is not without a feeling of melancholy that we have pursued Moore's account of his last moments; for the gifted biographer himself became subsequently the victim of his ardor, and his own glorious faculties were extinguished by mental, though not corporeal, death. Writing of Byron, he states:—

"The capricious course which he at all times pursued respecting diet—his long fastings—his expedients for the allayment of hunger—his occasional excesses in the most unwholesome food—and, during the latter part of his residence in Italy, his indulgence in the use of spirituous beverages—all these could not be otherwise than hurtful and undermining to his health. . . . When to all this we add the wasteful wear of spirits and strength, from the slow corrosion of sensibility, the warfare of the passions, and the workings of a mind that allowed itself no Sabbath, it is not to be wondered at that the vital principle in him should so soon have burnt out; or that, at the age of thirty-three, he should have had—as he himself drearily expresses it—'an old feel.' To feed the flame, the all-absorbing flame of his genius, the whole powers of his nature, physical as well as moral, were sacrificed—to present the grand and costly conflagration to the world's eyes, in which,

Glittering like a palace set on fire,
His glory, while it shone, but ruin'd him!"

The fever of which Byron died, displayed its fatal effects principally on the cerebrum. Whether the copious bleeding which was practiced for his cure was judicious or not, we do not pretend to decide. We can affirm generally, however, that men and women so constituted seldom bear bleeding. The fate of the lamented Malibran comes to our remembrance, as we record Byron's protest against the depletion which was practiced in his case. Referring to the opinion, as expressed by Dr. Reid in his essays, to the effect, "that less slaughter is effected by the lance than the lancet," he observed: "Who is nervous, if I am not? And do not those other words of his, too, apply to my case, where he says, that drawing of blood from a nervous patient is like loosening the cords of a musical instrument, whose tones already fail for want of sufficient tension? Even before this illness, you yourself know how weak and irritable I had become; and bleeding, by increasing this state, will inevitably kill me." We believe it is now thoroughly established among all judicious practitioners, that patients who have great cerebral activity, not only do not bear bleeding well, but have their lives endangered by loss of blood. We could refer to warning examples, if it were not a painful and invidious task to select them. We can assert with great certainty, however, that the *pabulum vitæ* must not be rashly withdrawn from the *over-worked mind*.

Perhaps there is no more touching and

instructive psychological history than that which details the phenomena of mental decadence and bodily decline, amid which the hand of the mighty magician of the North,

> Who roll'd back the current of time,

drooped, at last, in helpless paralysis. In this mournful history (which, as detailed by Lockhart, we can never pursue without some wellings of emotion) there is chronicled the special physiology and pathology of the over-worked mind. It is the history of a "case"—too common, alas! —not to be neglected by those who now mount as upon the wings of eagles. At a time when pecuniary difficulties added to his mental labors, Sir Walter had to tug at the literary oar, and paid the first "penalty of his unparalleled toils" on the 15th February, 1830, when he had a slight apoplectic attack, more than two years and a half before his death. Mr. Lockhart justly remarks: "When we recollect that both his father and elder brother died of paralysis, and consider the terrible violences of agitation and exertion to which Sir Walter had been subjected during the four preceding years, the only wonder is, that this blow (which had, I suspect, several distinct harbingers) was deferred so long; there can be none that it was soon followed by others of the same description." Sir Walter was not without sufficient warning, but the long habit of literary labor was too strong for him; and after so distinct a notice of the state of the material organ, he still worked as industriously as ever. During the following winter his state of mind was distressingly shown to his amanuensis. Mr. Lockhart observes: "A more difficult and delicate task never devolved upon any man's friend, than he had about this time to encounter. He could not watch Scott from hour to hour—above all, he could not write to his dictation—without gradually, slowly, most reluctantly, taking home to his bosom the conviction that the mighty mind, which he had worshiped through more than thirty years of intimacy, had lost something, and was daily losing something more, of its energy.

"The faculties were there, and each of them was every now and then displaying itself in its full vigor; but the sagacious judgment, the brilliant fancy, the unrivaled memory, were all subject to occasional eclipse.

> Along the chords the fingers stray'd,
> And an uncertain warbling made.

Ever and anon he paused and looked round him, like one half-waking from a dream mocked with shadows. The sad bewilderment of his gaze showed a momentary consciousness that, like Samson in the lap of the Philistine, 'his strength was passing from him, and he was becoming weak like unto other men.' Then came the strong effort of aroused will—the clouds dispersed as if before an irresistible current of purer air—all was bright and serene as of old, and then it closed again in yet deeper darkness." Under these circumstances it was no wonder that his medical advisers assured him repeatedly and emphatically, that if he persisted in working his brain, nothing could prevent his malady from recurring with redoubled severity. His answer was: "As for bidding me not work, Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire and say, *Now, don't boil.* . . . I foresee distinctly that if I were to be idle, I should go mad!" The fate of Swift and Marlborough was also before his eyes; and in his journal there is an entry expressive of his fear lest the anticipated blow should not destroy life, and that he might linger on, a driveler and a show. "I do not think my head is weakened," (this was a subsequent entry,) "yet a strange vacillation makes me suspect. Is it not thus that men begin to fail—becoming, as it were, infirm of purpose?

> That way madness lies—let me shun that.
> No more of that ——."

And when at the court-house of Jedburgh he faced the rabble populace and braved their hootings, the same idea of impending calamity was still present to his mind, as he greeted them, on turning away, in the words of the doomed gladiator, "*Moriturus vos saluto.*" "As the plow neared the end of the furrow," to use Scott's own expressive phrase, he was still urged on by his fixed habits of labor. "Under the full consciousness that he had sustained three or four strokes of apoplexy or palsy, or both combined, and tortured by various ailments,—cramp, rheumatism in half his joints, daily increasing lameness, and now of late gravel, (which was, though last, not least,)—he retained all the energy of his will, and struggled manfully against this sea of troubles."

Perhaps there is nothing more remarkable in literary men than this enchantment with labor, and hardly anything less distressing when rest is needed. The mind seems as if it were a wild horse, to which the body is helplessly fastened; or as if it were an imperious tyrant, demanding incessant toil. Hardly is one literary undertaking completed—often before the finishing touches are put to the work—and the "maker" is casting about for another undertaking. This peculiarity in literary men is one of the most obvious, most strongly marked, and most fatal.

Leland was the Sir Walter Scott of his day. Beloved by his king, and devoted to the history and antiquities of his country, like Scott, he was a more accomplished scholar; for his ample mind embraced the languages of Greece and Italy of modern times, and of those out of which English arose. He was a great traveler on the European continent, and he cultivated poetry with ardor. As the "king's antiquary," he spent six years in the survey and study of our national antiquities. He traveled over every country; surveyed towns, cities, and rivers, examined castles, cathedrals, monasteries, tumuli; investigated coins, and copied manuscripts and inscriptions, "yn so muche that," (as he writes, in his New-Year's Gift to Henry VIII.) "al my other Occupations intermitted, I have so traveled yn yowr Dominions booth by the Se Costes and the midle Partes, sparing nother Labor nor Costes, by the space of these vi Yeres paste, that there is almoste nother Cape, nor Bay, Haven, Creke or Peere, River, or Confluence of Rivers, Breches, Waschis, Lakes, Meres, Fenny Waters, Montaynes, Vallies, Mores, Hethes, Forestes, Chases, Wooddes, Cities, Burges, Castelles, principale Manor Placis, Monasteries, and Colleges, but I have seene them; and notid yn so doing a hole worlde of Thinges, very memorable." The vast accumulations of materials which resulted from this industry, occupied him another six years to shape and polish. And his bibliographical were as great as his itinerant labors. He was learned in "Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, British, Saxon, Welsh, and Scottish" literature. Like Sir Walter Scott, he was an ardent patriot: and the great end and aim of all his toils was the renown of his native land. He trusted so to write its ancient history, that the old glory of renowned Britain should "reflorisch thorough the worlde." But the mighty intellect succumbed to the overwhelming struggle. His conceptions were too great for his frame; so that when about to complete his undertaking he became maniacal, and died in his fortieth year; or, in the words of honest William Burton, the antiquary, "Sed cum hoc rude chaos et pergrandis acervus digerendus et in ordinem methodicum redigendus esset, nam vel sui diffidentia non perficiendi hæc magna quæ pollicitus est laborans, vel terrore immensitatis tantæ et tam vastæ molis devictus, confuso et vitiato cerebro è potestate mentis suæ decidit et phrenetica mania (quod lugendum sane) expiravit." The melancholy that cherishes genius may also destroy it, is the sound remark of the author of "The Curiosities of Literature." "Leland, brooding over his voluminous labors, seemed to love and to dread them; sometimes to pursue them with rapture, and sometimes to shrink from them with despair." He feared, to use his own language,

——— ne pereant brevi vel hora
Multarum mihi noctium labores
Omnes, et patriæ simul decora
Ornamenta cadant.

Insanity, in its various forms, is by no means an unfrequent result of an overworked mind. A painfully interesting illustration is afforded to us by a little episode in Miss Mitford's "Recollections," respecting Clare, as the insanity was rather that of the imagination than the instinct or feelings. Miss Mitford remarks: "A few years ago he was visited by a friend of mine, who gave me a most interesting account of the then state of his intellect. His delusions were at that time very singular in their character; whatever he read, whatever recurred to him from his former reading, or happened to be mentioned in conversation, became impressed on his mind as a thing that he had witnessed and acted in. My friend was struck with the narrative of the execution of Charles I., recounted by Clare as a transaction that had occurred yesterday, and of which he was an eye-witness: a narrative the most graphic and minute; with an accuracy as to costume and manners far exceeding what would probably have been at his command if seen. It is such a lucidity as the disciples of Mesmer claim for clairvoyance. Or he would relate the battle of the Nile and the death of Nelson with the same perfect keeping, especially as to seamanship, fancying himself one of the sailors who had been in the action, and dealing out nautical phrases with admirable exactness and accuracy, although it is doubtful if he ever saw the sea in his life."

But, perhaps, of all the ills to which excessive mental labor gives rise, *melancholia* and the *suicidal* monomania are the most distressing. The insane hand has thus stolen away many a valuable life, which might with the most ordinary precaution have been saved. The lamented death of the late Marquis of Londonderry, supervened upon excessive devotion to those toils of state, which, for some few days at least before his death, manifested the ravages they were committing on the organ of intellect. Often the attack is sudden; oftener it is preceded by a predisposition to lowness of spirits, and by thoughts of the most depressing kind. Sir Walter Scott remarks upon this state of feeling, when he would have thrown away his life as a child a broken toy: "Imagination renders us liable to be the victims of occasional low spirits. All belonging to this gifted, as it is called, but often unhappy class, must have felt that but for the dictates of religion, or the natural recoil of the mind from the idea of dissolution, there have been times when they would have been willing to throw away life as a child does a broken toy. I am sure I know one who has felt so. O God! What are we? Lords of nature? Why, a tile drops from a house-top, which an elephant would not feel more than the fall of a sheet of pasteboard, and there lies his lordship. Or something of inconceivably minute origin—the pressure of a bone, or the inflammation of a particle of the brain—takes place, and the emblem of the Deity destroys himself or some one else." The narrative of the poet Cowper, in which he describes his mental condition during one of his paroxysms of suicidal melancholia, is as touching as it is instructive. The intolerable anguish —the impulse of self-destruction—the vain struggle to resist, or bravely endure. But what is the remedy? Of that more hereafter.

FROST ON THE WINDOW-PANES.

To him who has cultivated his perception of the beautiful, there is always something in nature to arrest attention, and to afford instruction. To him the desolation of winter is relieved by innumerable beauties: he enters into the "treasures of the snow;" he inquires whence comes the ice, and "the hoary frost of heaven who hath gendered it?" when "the waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen." What, for example, can be more beautiful than the light feathery foliage which the slow and silent hand of winter paints upon our windows while we sleep? It is one of the delights of childhood to gaze on this white fairy forest; nor need we regard it with minor interest now, if we are ready to apply a few scientific principles to its examination.

De Mairan, residing in the southern part of France, had not many opportunities of witnessing the phenomenon in question; but, happening to be in Paris in January, 1729, toward the end of a long frost, he noticed, one morning, upon the panes of a window facing the east, some beautiful spiral scrolls of foliage, similar to those used in architecture, or on damask. The forms were not very well defined, and the intervals between the curves were, in some places, occupied by a kind of frosty dust. In about an hour the whole melted away. On the next morning, however, these figures were more perfectly developed; the branches were composed of small white oval crystals of remarkable hardness. Five or six panes were ornamented with these figures, each pane measuring six inches and a half by five and a half. From the corner of one of the panes proceeded a sort of stem, which branched out as far as the lead-work, the curves being continued to the adjoining panes.

The reader is, of course, aware that the frost-work on our window-panes is deposited from the vapor floating in the air of the bed-room upon the inner surface of the glass, whenever the cold on the outside is sufficient to reduce the temperature of the glass below the freezing point; but the forms assumed by the vapor in freezing are not so easily accounted for. De Mairan supposed that these forms already exist in the glass, and are produced by the various twistings and turnings which glass undergoes in the process of manufacture, while yet in a fluid state; that certain minute furrows are thus formed in which the vapor first collects and freezes, and so determines the outline, which is afterward filled up by successive accumulations of frozen vapor.

In answer to this explanation, M. Carena remarks, that the lines and striæ produced in glass during its manufacture, are generally ellipses, or waving figures, bearing no resemblance to the superb pictures which sometimes adorn our windows; and that the smoothest glass, on which no figures are visible, even with a magnifier, often produces the most beautiful frost foliage.

M. de Mairan has also another theory. He supposes that the motion of the hand in cleaning the windows may produce furrows in the glass, which may have something to do with the frost-work figures. In order to get at the value of this opinion, Carena, during the severe winter of 1814, selected four panes of his window, which he cleaned with white sand, as is common in France, rubbing two of them with a circular motion, rubbing the third in lines parallel with the upright sides of the window-frame, and rubbing the fourth in diagonal lines. On the next morning he found that the frost had very accurately followed the motion of his hand, filling up the little furrows produced by the friction, the space between them being occupied by small angular crystals. In the two panes which had been rubbed with a circular motion, the frost appeared like a prickly crown, the space in the center being quite free from ice, although on a subsequent morning it was covered with a smooth layer, not foliated. On the outside of the circular space, that is, parallel with the wood-work, and on the part which had not been rubbed, were some beautiful boughs covered with foliage. The two other panes exhibited, in the directions in which they had been rubbed, long opaque filaments of frost, with small crystals proceeding from them at right angles or nearly so, resembling a bundle of thorns, or brambles. These panes also exhibited a far more graceful display of foliage in the parts near the wood-work which had not been rubbed.

Thus it appears, that by friction certain figures are impressed on the glass which determine the forms of the frost; but the origin of the beautiful foliage which appeared on those parts of the glass where no friction had been exerted, had still to be accounted for. It was entirely different from the frost produced on those parts of the glass which had been rubbed; and the foliage of one day seldom resembled that of another, even on the same pane. When the exterior cold was moderate, the frost was never figured, a temperature many degrees below freezing being required to produce the foliage.

When the temperature is only a half or a whole degree below the freezing-point (32° Fahr.) the frost does not entirely cover the panes: some are quite free from it, while others have it in large irregular patches. This leads to the curious conclusion that the heat does not escape equally from all parts of the same pane, but passes through some parts with more facility than others. This would produce a curling of the vapor as it was deposited on the pane.

That the unequal conducting power of different parts of the same pane has something to do with the form of the frosty figures is evident from the fact, that, if a body of equal and uniform conducting power be substituted for a pane of glass, the foliage disappears entirely. A sheet of copper was substituted for a pane of glass, in a room the temperature of which varied between 43° and 50° Fahr. When the temperature of the external air, at six o'clock A.M., was between 32½° and 36°, the glass panes were perfectly dry, but the metallic pane was covered with dew. Between 32° and 24° both glass and metal were bedewed, but the latter more readily and abundantly. Between 24° and 20° frost was formed on all the panes, but most abundantly on the copper. Between 20° and 5° the glass was covered with most graceful foliage, but the copper had a smooth uniform sheet of ice, without any approach to foliation, except near the wood-work of the window-frame.

If a copper or a tin-foil disk be fastened to the central part of one of the panes on the inside, and a similar disk be attached to another pane on the outside, the disk on the inside will be more thickly covered with frost than any other part of the pane; but that portion of the other pane which corresponds to the disk on the outside, will be entirely free from frost. This remarkable difference admits of easy explanation. A large portion of the heat of the room escapes through the window until the glass is sufficiently cold, first to condense, and afterward to freeze upon its surface, a portion of the vapor of the room. The metal disk on the outside, however, reflects back the heat, which would otherwise escape into the air, and that preserves that part of the glass which it covers, at a higher temperature than other parts of the same pane; and, as glass is a bad conductor of heat, the adjacent parts are not affected by this portion, which is kept too warm to condense the vapor of the room. With respect to the metal disk on the inside, the case is different; metal being a good reflector, but a bad absorber of heat, all the heat of the room which falls on the disk, is reflected back again, and never reaches the part of the glass below the disk; the glass therefore soon falls to the temperature of the outer air, and, in its turn, cools down the metal disk to a point much lower than the rest of the glass, and hence the greater deposit of moisture on the inner metallic disk.

Another beautiful experiment throws considerable light upon the forms assumed by frost on the window-panes. If, when the cold is tolerably severe, we breathe lightly against a well-cleaned pane, there will be formed, in a few minutes, a figure somewhat resembling a quill pen, the barbs being represented by threads of ice proceeding on both sides from a common shaft, or barrel, and having only a slight curvature. If, however, we breathe more forcibly, the curvature of the barbs becomes increased. It often happens that the barbs, which, after a gentle expiration, are about to form in lines almost straight, become strongly curved by a second and more forcible expiration. In a gentle expiration the vapor remains nearly stagnant on glass, and the curvature of the crystals, which is slight, is toward the center of the mass of expired air; but in a stronger expiration the vapor, after having struck the glass, is gradually diffused over the surface in whirls, whereby the barbs are much more strongly curled.

It seems probable from this experiment, that, if any force, capable of communicating a certain movement to the vapors of the room, were to act at the moment when a low external temperature had condensed these vapors on the glass, this force, combined with the natural force of crystallization, would sufficiently account for all the varieties of frost-work which adorn our windows.

It must be remembered that water in freezing or crystallizing under ordinary circumstances, is free to act in all directions, but, on a plane surface, such as a window-pane, it is constrained to act in one direction. The surface of glass offers numerous resistances; the radiating and conducting powers of the same pane are different in different parts; and, in addition to all these disturbing causes, there are many local circumstances arising from situation, the presence of blinds, window-curtains, and other conditions, which cannot be noticed in dealing with general results.

Thus the reader will see that a good deal of somewhat refined science is concerned in attempting to explain this beautiful phenomenon. Should this notice have the effect of exciting observation and inquiry during the present winter, the object of the writer will be attained.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

ANY ear may hear the wind; it is a great leveler; nay, rather, it is a great dignifier and elevator. The wind that rushes through the organ of St. George's Chapel at Windsor has first passed through the barrel-organ of some poor Italian boy; the voice of Alboni and that of a street-singer have but one common capital to draw upon—the catholic atmosphere, the unsectarian air—the failure of which would be the utter extinction of Handel, Haydn, and all the rest. The air, or atmosphere—the compound of nitrogen and oxygen, to which we are all so deeply indebted—sometimes plays the musician of itself, and calls upon Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelsohn, upon the ocean and the forest; and they, like invisible but not inaudible performers, make glorious music. Sometimes the shrouds of a ship, as she rolls upon the tempestuous deep, raise wild and piercing sopranos to the skies. * * * * Sometimes the deep calls upon deep, the Mediterranean to the German Sea, and both to the Atlantic Ocean; and these, the Moses and the Miriam of the earth, awaken rich antiphones, and from opposite choirs, responding from side to side in Nature's grand cathedral, praising and adoring their Creator and Builder. Were man silent, God would not want praise.

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMS.

WHILE reading, in the November number of the *National*, an article, entitled "Rapidity of Thought in Dreaming," I was reminded of a dream of my own, two or three summers ago, which made a strong impression upon me at the time, and which may serve further to illustrate the subject.

On a very warm afternoon, I was sitting in a somewhat lazy posture, listening to a friend, who was reading the *Christian Advocate and Journal*. As he commenced the obituary of a deceased preacher I became drowsy, and, although I felt considerably interested in the article, soon fell asleep, and dreamed.

I thought I was standing by the bedside of the sick man, watching the progress of his disease, while a number of anxious friends sat in different parts of the room, or hung quietly over the bed. In the course of what seemed to me five or six hours, death came and released the sufferer, amid the sobbings and prayers of afflicted relatives. I remained with the family for a day or two, until the funeral. The assemblage, on that occasion, was large, and the services were long and impressive. The funeral sermon, which was preached in the house, appeared to me to be nearly an hour in length. I listened to it with great interest, and shall never forget the solemn impression it made upon my mind. After this, a procession of carriages was formed, and the deceased preacher was borne a distance of some ten or twelve miles to his grave. He was buried at the side of a large, plain, old-fashioned brick church, which stood near the corner of two streets. Here the funeral service was read, and, after seeing the grave filled up, the company slowly departed. I lingered behind, to indulge in the serious reflections that had been excited in me by the mournful occasion. I very well recollect standing in front of the church, at some little distance, and remarking to myself that, in case a monument should be erected over the remains, it would not look well, unless there should also be one on the other side of the church, to correspond with it. After this reflection, I turned to leave the spot, and suddenly awoke. You may judge of my surprise when I found my friend still reading the obituary, and that he had read but about two lines of it during my sleep.

To this allow me to add a circumstance related to me by a Methodist minister a few years ago. The conference appointments of the preachers had just been read off in the evening, and on the way to his lodgings the preacher stopped at a watchmaker's to purchase an alarm-watch. Before going to bed, as he had to start very early, he set his watch, so as to awake him in good season in the morning. On falling asleep he dreamed that he was in the conference room. The general business of the session had closed, and the preachers were sitting quietly in their places, while a large number of spectators, from the different churches, crowded around, in order to hear the appointments read by the bishop. The venerable man —it was Bishop Hedding—arose amid the most profound silence, and commenced the usual address to the preachers. This continued for some time. A hymn was then sung, in which all present appeared to join, and the closing prayer of the session was made. After this the bishop rose leisurely, took up his list, and commenced reading the appointments. Not another sound was heard in all that crowded assembly, until the name of the preacher, who was to fill a certain city appointment, was announced. Immediately there was a low murmur of dissatisfaction among the crowd, which increased by degrees until it became noisy and violent. Confusion prevailed; the proceedings terminated in an uproar, and the preacher woke up in alarm. His faithful watch was ringing in his ears, like a dozen fire bells.

Do not these facts, Mr. Editor, and those mentioned in the article referred to, prove these two things,—firstly, that dreams do not occur in profound sleep; and, secondly, that they do always occur while the dreamer is in the act of waking?

* * *

TIME is an imaginary quality. To two persons differently situated, time has either the wings of an eagle or the feet of a snail. To a man in expectancy a day appears a week, and a month a year. To one in possession the sun seems no sooner risen than it is set, and summer has scarcely arrived before autumn seems ready to appear.

ELECTRO-BIOLOGY—WHAT IS IT?*

THAT the phenomena now so commonly exhibited under the above title demand a careful examination, and, if possible, a distinct explanation, will be readily admitted. It is clear that they ought not to be allowed to rest as materials for popular amusement, but should be submitted to strict scientific inquiry. The theory which so boldly ascribes them to electric influence should be strictly examined. If this theory is found to be untenable, some important questions will remain to be considered; such as: May not the phenomena be explained on physiological principles? and, Is it not probable that the means employed may have an injurious tendency?

The extent to which public attention has been excited by the phenomena may be guessed by a glance at the advertising columns of the *Times*, and by placards meeting the eye in various parts of the country, announcing that, "at the Mechanics' Institute," or elsewhere, experiments will be performed in "electro-biology," when "persons in a perfectly wakeful state" will be "deprived of the powers of sight, hearing, and taste," and subjected to various illusions. One advertiser professes to give "the philosophy of the science;" another undertakes to "reveal the secret," so as to enable *any* person to make the experiments; and another undertakes the cure of "palsy, deafness, and rheumatism." Lectures on the topic, in London and in the provincial towns, are now exciting great astonishment in the minds of many, and give rise to considerable controversy respecting the theory and the *modus operandi.*

It is on this latter point—the means by which the effects are produced—that we would chiefly direct our inquiry, for we shall very briefly dismiss the attempt to explain them by a vague charge of collusion or imposture.

If this charge could be reasonably maintained, it would, of course, make all further remarks unnecessary, as our topic would then no longer be one for scientific investigation, but could only be added to the catalogue of frauds. It is possible that there may have been *some* cases of feigning among the experiments, but these do not affect the general reality of the effects produced. So epilepsy and catalepsy have been feigned; but these diseases are still found real in too many instances. We need not dwell on this point; for it may be safely assumed that all persons who have had a fair acquaintance with the experiments of electro-biology (so-called) are fully convinced that, in a great number of cases, the effects seen are real and sincere, not simulated. The question then remains: Are these effects fairly attributed to "electric" influence, or may they not be truly explained by some other cause?

Before we proceed to consider this question, it will be well to give some examples of the phenomena to which our remarks apply. We shall state only such cases as we have seen and carefully examined.

A. is a young man well known by a great number of spectators—unsuspected of falsehood—knows nothing of the experimenter or of electro-biology, not even the meaning of the words. After submitting to the process employed by the lecturer — sitting still, and gazing fixedly upon a small disk of metal for about a quarter of an hour—he is selected as a suitable subject. When told by the experimenter that he cannot open his eyes, he seems to make an effort, but does not open them until he is assured that he can do so. He places his hand upon a table—is told that he cannot take the hand off the table—seems to make a strong effort to remove it, but fails, until it is liberated by a word from the lecturer. A walking-stick is now placed in his right hand, and he is challenged to strike the extended hand of the lecturer. He throws back the stick over his shoulder, and seems to have a very good will to strike, but cannot bring the stick down upon the hand. He afterward declares to all who question him, that he "tried with all his might" to strike the hand. A. has certainly no theatrical talents; but his looks and gestures, when he is made to believe that he is exposed to a terrific storm, convey a very natural expression of terror. He regards the imaginary flashes of lightning with an aspect of dismay, which, if simulated, would be a very good specimen of acting.

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* We give this article from Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, one of the most popular scientific authorities extant. We insert the article without indorsement, but as presenting a subject of curious inquiry.

In many other experiments performed upon him, the effects seem to be such as are quite beyond the reach of any skepticism with regard to his sincerity. He cannot pronounce his own name—does not know, or at least cannot *tell*, the name of the town in which he lives—cannot recognize one face in the room where scores of people, who know him very well, are now laughing at him. On the other side, we must state, that when a glass of water is given to him, and he is told that it is vinegar, he persists in saying that he tastes water, and nothing else. This is almost the only experiment that fails upon him.

B. is an intelligent man, upward of thirty years of age, of nervous temperament. His honesty and veracity are quite beyond all rational doubt. The numerous spectators, who have known him well for many years, are quite sure that if he has any will in the matter, it is simply to defeat the lecturer's purpose. However, after he has submitted himself to the process, the experiments made upon him prove successful. He is naturally a fluent talker, but now cannot, without difficulty and stammering, pronounce his own name, an easy monosyllable—cannot strike the lecturer's hand—cannot rise from a chair, &c. We may add, that he cannot be made to mistake water for vinegar.

One more case. C. is a tradesman, middle-aged, has no tendency to mysticism or imaginative reverie—knows nothing of "mesmerism" or "electro-biology"—was never suspected of falsehood or imposition. He proves, however, the most pliable of all the patients—the experiments succeed with him to the fullest extent—his imagination and his senses seem to be placed entirely under the control of the experimenter. Standing before a large audience, he is made to believe that he and the lecturer are alone in the room. He cannot recognize his own wife, who sits before him. He cannot step from the platform, which is about one foot higher than the floor. When informed that his limbs are too feeble to support him, he totters, and would fall if not held. Many of the experiments upon him, showing an extreme state of mental and physical prostration, are rather painful to witness, others are ludicrous; for instance, he is made to believe that he is out amid the snow in the depth of winter—he shivers with cold, buttons up his coat, beats the floor with his feet, brushes away the imagined fast-falling flakes from his clothes, and almost imparts to the spectators a sympathetic feeling of cold by his wintry pantomime: then he is jocosely recommended not to stand thus shivering, but to make snow-balls, and pelt the lecturer. Heartily, and with apparent earnestness, he acts according to orders. Next, he is made to believe that the room has no roof. "You see the sky and the stars, sir?" "Yes." "And there, see, the moon is rising, very large and red, is it not?" "Yes, sir." "Very well: now you see this cord in my hand; we will throw it over the moon, and pull her down." He addresses himself to the task with perfect gravity, pulls heartily. "Down she comes, sir! down she comes!" says the experimenter: "Mind your head, sir!" and the deluded patient falls on the platform, as he imagines that the moon is coming down upon him.

These instances will be sufficient for our purpose. We have given them as fair average examples of many others. If any reader still supposes that these effects have all been mere acting and falsehood, we must leave that reader to see and examine for himself as we have done.* For other readers who admit *the facts* and want an explanation, we proceed to discuss the *modus operandi*.

In the first place, then, we assert that *there is no proof whatever* that these effects depend upon any electric influence: there is absolutely no evidence that the metallic disk, as an "*electric*" agent, has any connection with the results. On this point, we invite the lecturers and experimenters who maintain that electricity is the agent in their process, to test the truth of our assertion, as they may very easily. *Cæteris paribus*—all the other usual conditions being observed, such as silence, the fixed gaze, monotony of attention—let the galvanic disk be put aside, and in its place let a sixpence or a fourpenny-piece be employed, or indeed any similar small object

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* We can corroborate the view taken by the writer of this article as to the reality of the effects produced on the persons submitting to the process, having seen many who are intimately known to us experimented on with success. The incredulity which still prevails on this subject in London, can only be attributed to the necessary rarity, in so large a town, of experiments performed on persons known to the observers.—*Ed. of Chambers's Ed. Jo.*

on which the eyes of the patient must remain fixed for the usual space of time, and we will promise that the experiments thus made shall be equally successful with those in which the so-called galvanic disk is employed. The phenomena are physiological and not electrical.

Our conviction is, that the results proceed entirely from *imagination acting with a peculiar condition of the brain*, and that this peculiarly passive and impressible condition of the brain is induced by the *fixed gaze* upon the disk. These are the only agencies which we believe to be necessary in order to give us an explanation of the phenomena in question. In saying so, however, we are aware that such data will seem to some inquirers insufficient to account for the effects we have described. It may be said: "We know that imagination sometimes produces singular results, but can hardly see how it explains the facts stated." We have only to request that such inquirers, before they throw aside our explanation, will give attention to a few remarks on the power of imagination in certain conditions. We propose: 1. To give some suggestions on this point; 2. To notice the relations of imagination with reason; 3. To inquire how far the physical means employed—the fixed gaze on the disk—may be sufficient to affect the mental organ, the brain, so as to alter its normal condition.

1. Our usual mode of speaking of imagination, is to treat it as the opposite of all reality. When we say, "That was merely an imagination," we dismiss the topic as not worthy of another thought. For all ordinary purposes, this mode of speaking is correct enough; but let us ask, Why is imagination so weak?—why are its suggestions so evanescent? Simply because it is under the control of reason. But if the action of reason could be suspended, we should then see how great, and even formidable, is the imaginative power. It is the most untiring of all our mental faculties, refusing to be put to rest even during sleep: it can alter the influence of all external agents—for example, can either assist or prevent the effects of medicine—can make the world a prison-house to one man, and a paradise to another—can turn dwarfs into giants, and make various other metamorphoses more wonderful than any described by Ovid; nay, these are all insufficient examples of its power when left without control; for it can produce either health, or disease, or death!

To give a familiar instance of the control under which it is generally compelled to act: You are walking home in the night-time, and some withered and broken old tree assumes, for a moment, the appearance of a giant about to make an attack upon you with an enormous club. You walk forward to confront the monster with perfect coolness. Why? Not because you are a Mr. Greatheart, accustomed to deal with giants, but because, in fact, the illusion does not keep possession of your mind even for a moment. Imagination merely suggests the false image; but memory and reason, with a rapidity of action which cannot be described, instantly correct the mistake, and tell you it is only the old elm-tree; so that here, and in a thousand similar instances, there is really no sufficient time allowed for any display of the power of imagination.

A tale is told—we cannot say on what authority—which, whether it be a fact or a fiction, is natural, and may serve very well to show what would be the effect of imagination if reason did not interfere. It is said that the companions of a young man, who was very "wild," had foolishly resolved to try to frighten him into better conduct. For this purpose, one of the party was arrayed in a white sheet, with a lighted lantern carried under it, and was to visit the young man a little after midnight, and address to him a solemn warning. The business, however, was rather dangerous, as the subject of this experiment generally slept with loaded pistols near him. Previously to the time fixed for the apparition, the bullets were abstracted from these weapons, leaving them charged only with gunpowder. When the specter stalked into the chamber, the youth instantly suspected a trick, and, presenting one of the pistols, said: "Take care of yourself; if you do not walk off, I shall fire!" Still stood the goblin, staring fixedly on the angry man. He fired; and when he saw the object still standing—when he believed that the bullet had innocuously passed through it; in other words, as soon as reason failed to explain it and imagination prevailed—he fell back upon his pillow in extreme terror.

2. The point upon which we would insist is that, in the normal condition of the

mind and the body, the power of imagination is so governed, that a display of the effect it produces while under the control of reason, can give us but a feeble notion of what its power might be in other circumstances. To make this plain, we add a few suggestions respecting the nature and extent of the control exercised by reason over imagination: and we shall next proceed to show, that *the activity of reason is dependent upon certain physical conditions.*

We shall say nothing of a metaphysical nature respecting reason, but shall simply point to two important facts connected with its exercise. The *first*—that it suspends or greatly modifies the action of other powers—has already been noticed in our remarks on imagination; but we must state it here in more distinct terms. We especially wish the reader to understand how wide and important is the meaning of the terms "control" and "overrule" as we use them when we say that "reason controls, or overrules, imagination." When we say that, in nature, the laws which regulate one stage of existence *overrule* the laws of another and a lower stage, we do not intend to say that the latter are annulled, but that they are so controlled and modified in their course of action, that they can no longer produce the effects which would take place if they were left free from such control. A few examples will make our meaning plain. Let us contrast the operations of chemistry with those of mechanism. In the latter, substances act upon each other simply by pressure, motion, friction, &c.; but in chemistry, affinities and combinations come into play, producing results far beyond any that are seen in mechanics. On mechanical principles, the trituration of two substances about equal in hardness should simply reduce them to powder; but in chemistry, it may produce a gaseous explosion. Again, vegetable life overrules chemistry: the leaves, twigs, and branches of a tree, if left without life, would, when exposed to the agencies of air, light, heat, and moisture, be partly reduced to dust and partly diffused as gas in the atmosphere. It is the vegetative life of the tree which controls both the mechanical and the chemical powers of wind, rain, heat, and gravitation; and it is not until the life is extinct that these inferior powers come into full play upon the tree. So, again, the animal functions control chemical laws—take digestion, for example: a vegetable cut up by the root and exposed to the air, passes through a course of chemical decomposition, and is finally converted into gas; but when an animal consumes a vegetable, it is not decomposed according to the chemical laws, but is digested, becomes ohyle, and is assimilated to the body of the animal. It is obvious that animal life controls mechanical laws. Thus, the friction of two inert substances wears one of them away—the soft yields to the hard; but, on the contrary, the hand of the laborer who wields the spade or the pickax becomes thicker and harder by friction.

The bearing of these remarks upon our present point will soon be obvious: we multiply examples, in order to show in what an important sense we use the word *control,* with regard to the relation of reason with imagination. As we have seen, chemistry overrules the mechanical laws; vegetation suspends the laws of chemistry; a superior department of animal life controls influences which are laws in a lower department; again, mind controls the effects of physical influences; and, lastly, one power of the mind controls, and in a great measure suspends, the natural activity of another power—*reason controls imagination.* A second fact with regard to the action of reason must be noticed—that *it requires a wakeful condition of the brain.* Some may suppose that they have reasoned very well during sleep; but we suspect that, if they could recollect their syllogisms, they would find them not much better than Mickle's poetry composed during sleep. Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad,* sometimes expressed his regret that he could not remember the poetry which he improvised in his dreams, for he had a vague impression that it was very beautiful. "Well," said his wife, "I can at least give you two lines, which I heard you muttering over during one of your poetic dreams. Here they are:—

> 'By Heaven! I 'll wreak my woes
> Upon the cowslip and the pale primrose!'"

If we required proof that the operation of reason demands a wakeful and active condition of the brain, we might find it in the fact, that all intellectual efforts which imply sound reasoning are prevented even by a partial sleepiness or dreaminess. A light novel may be read and enjoyed while the mind is in an indolent and dreamy state; music may be enjoyed, or even composed, in the same circumstances, because it is connected rather with the imaginative than with the logical faculty; but, not to mention any higher efforts, we cannot play a game of chess well unless we are "wide awake."

Now we come to our point:—Supposing that, by any means, the brain can be deprived of that wakefulness and activity which is required for a free exercise of the reasoning powers, then what would be the effect on the imagination? For an answer to this query, we shall not refer to the phenomena of natural sleep and dreaming, because it is evident that the subjects of the experiments we have to explain are not in a state of natural sleep; we shall rather refer to the condition of the brain during what we may call "doziness," and also to the effects sometimes produced by disease on the imagination and the senses.

We all know that in a state of "doziness," any accidental or ridiculous image which happens to suggest itself, will remain in the mind much longer than in a wakeful condition. A few slight, shapeless marks on the ceiling will assume the form of a face or a full-length figure; and strange physiognomics will be found among the flowers on the bed-curtains. In the impressible and passive state of the brain left by any illness which produces nervous exhaustion, such imaginations often become very troublesome. Impressions made on the brain sometime ago, will now reappear. Jean Paul Richter cautions us not to tell frightful stories to children, for this reason—that, though the "horrible fancies" may all be soon forgotten by the healthful child, yet afterward, when some disease—a fever, for instance—has affected the brain and the nerves, all the dismissed goblins may too vividly reproduce themselves. Our experience can confirm the observation. Some years ago we went to a circus, where, during the equestrian performances, some trivial popular airs were played on brass instruments—cornets and trombones—dismally out of tune. Now, by long practice, we have acquired the art of utterly turning our attention away from bad music, so that it annoys us no more than the rumble of wheels in Fleet-street. We exercised this voluntary deafness on the occasion. But not long afterward, we were compelled, during an attack of disease which affected the nervous system, to hear the whole discordant performance repeated again and again, with a pertinacity which was really very distressing. Such a case prepares us to give credit to a far more remarkable story, related in one of the works of Macnish. A clergyman, we are told, who was a skillful violinist, and frequently played over some favorite *solo* or *concerto*, was obliged to desist from practice on account of the dangerous illness of his servant-maid—if we remember truly, phrenitis was the disease. Of course, the violin was laid aside; but one day, the medical attendant, on going toward the chamber of his patient, was surprised to hear the violin-solo performed in rather subdued tones. On examination, it was found that the girl, under the excitement of disease, had imitated the brilliant divisions and rapid passages of the music which had impressed her imagination during health! We might multiply instances of the singular effects of peculiar conditions of the brain upon the imaginative faculty. For one case we can give our personal testimony. A young man, naturally imaginative, but by no means of weak mind or credulous or superstitious, saw, even in broad daylight, specters or apparitions of persons far distant. After being accustomed to these visits, he regarded them without any fear, except on account of the derangement of health which they indicated. These visions were banished by a course of medical treatment. In men of great imaginative power, with whom reason is by no means deficient, phenomena sometimes occur almost as vivid as those of disease in other persons. Wordsworth, speaking of the impressions derived from certain external objects, says:

> ————————"on the mind
> They lay like images, *and seemed almost*
> *To haunt the bodily sense!*"

Again, in his verses recording his impression of the beauty of a bed of daffodils, he says:

> "And oft, *when on my couch I lie*, [dozing?]
> They *flash* before that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude."

These words are nothing more, we believe, than a simple and unexaggerated statement of a mental phenomenon.

Enough has now been said to show,

that in a certain condition of the brain, when it is deprived of the wakefulness and activity necessary for the free use of reason, the effects of imagination may far exceed any that are displayed during a normal, waking state of the intellectual faculties. The question now remains: Are the means employed by the professors of electro-biology sufficient to produce that peculiar condition to which we refer? We believe that they are; and shall proceed to give reasons for such belief.

3. What are these means? or rather let us ask: "Amid the various means employed, which is the real agent?" We observe that, in the different processes by which—under the names of electro-biology or mesmerism—a peculiar cerebral condition is induced, such means as the following are employed:—Fixed attention on one object—it may be a metallic disk said to have galvanic power, or a sixpence, or a cork; silence and a motionless state of the body are favorable to the intended result; monotonous movements by the experimenter, called "passes," may be used or not. The process may be interrupted by frequent winking, to relieve the eyes; by studying over some question or problem; or, if the patient is musical, by going through various pieces of music in his imagination; by anything, indeed, which tends to keep the mind wakeful. Now, when we find among the various means *one* invariably present, in some form or another—*monotony of attention producing a partial exhaustion of the nervous energy*—we have reason to believe that *this* is the real agent.

But how can the "fixed gaze upon the disk" affect reason? Certainly, it does not immediately affect reason; but through the nerves of the eye it very powerfully operates on the organ of reason, *the brain*, and induces an impressive, passive, and somnolent condition.

Such a process as the "fixed gaze on a small disk for about the space of a quarter of an hour," must not be dismissed as a trifle. It is opposed to the natural wakeful action of the brain and the eye. Let it be observed that, in waking hours, the eye is continually in play, relieving itself, and guarding against weariness and exhaustion by unnumbered changes of direction. This is the case even during such an apparently monotonous use of the eye as we find in reading. As sleep approaches, the eye is turned upward, as we find it also in some cases of disease—hysteria, for example; and it should be noticed, that this position of the eye is naturally connected with a somnolent and dreaming condition of the brain. In several of the subjects of the so-called electro-biological experiments, we observed that the eyes were partially turned upward. It is curious to notice that this mode of acting on the brain is of very ancient date, at least among the Hindoos. In their old poem, the *Bhagavad-Gita*, it is recommended as a religious exercise, superior to prayer, alms-giving, attendance at temples, &c.; for the god Crishna, admitting that these actions are good, so far as they go, says: "*But he who, sitting apart, gazes fixedly upon one object until he forgets home and kindred, himself, and all created things—he attains perfection.*" Not having at hand any version of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, we cannot now give an exact translation of the passage; but we are quite sure that it recommends a state of stupefaction of the brain, induced by a long-continued fixed gaze upon one object.

We have now stated, 1. That such an act of long-fixed attention upon one object, has a very remarkable effect on the brain; 2. That in the cerebral condition thus induced, the mental powers are not free to maintain their normal relations to each other; especially, will, comparison, and judgment, appear to lose their requisite power and promptitude of action, and are thus made liable to be overruled by the suggestions of imagination or the commands of the experimenter.

To this explanation we can only add, that all who doubt it may easily put it to an experimental test. If it is thought that the mere "fixed gaze," without electric or galvanic agency, is not sufficient to produce the phenomena in question, then the only way of determining our dispute must be by fair experiment. But here we would add a word of serious caution, as we regard the process as decidedly dangerous, especially if frequently repeated on one subject.

To conclude: we regard the exhibitions now so common under the name of electro-biology as delusions, so far as they are understood to have any connection with the facts of electricity: so far as they are *real*, we regard them as very remarkable instances of a mode of acting on the brain which is, we believe, likely to prove injurious. As we have no motive in writing but simply to elicit the truth, we will briefly notice two difficulties which seem to attend our theory. These are—1. The *rapid transition* from the state of illusion to an apparently wakeful and normal condition of mind. The patient who has been making snow-balls in a warm room, and has pulled the moon down, comes from the platform, recognizes his friends, and can laugh at the visions which to him seemed realities but a few minutes since. 2. The *apparently slight effects* left, in some cases, after the experiments. Among the subjects whom we have questioned on this point, one felt "rather dizzy" all the next day after submitting to the process; another felt "a pressure on the head;" but a third, who was one of the most successful cases, felt "no effects whatever" afterward; while a fourth thinks he derived "some benefit" to his health from the operation. We leave these points for further inquiry.

THE WESLEYS AND WHITEFIELD.

THE condition of the dissenting Churches in the early part of the seventeenth century was in some respects widely different from that of the Establishment. The double burdens which their members bore for the support of religious institutions, and their numerous civil disabilities, were a guaranty for their sincerity and devotedness. To the names of Watts, Doddridge, and Lardner, we might add many more of unsurpassed fidelity and excellence in their respective spheres of duty, whose virtues gave luster to their age, and whose writings will instruct and edify generations yet to come. But the line of separation was then sharply drawn. The walls of the Established Church were impervious to light from beyond its pale. Dissenters might occupy a respectable, but not a commanding, social position. Excluded from the universities and from all official posts beyond their own congregations, they exerted an influence immeasurably below their merits, and their truly illustrious men were much less known and honored in their lifetime than they are now. The missionary spirit had not been awakened among them, and the quiet occupancy of their own posts filled up their measure, and satisfied their standard, of duty.

Meanwhile, there were on English soil growing multitudes, for whose religious needs no provision was made, and who were the subjects of no clerical ministration whatever, except in the articles of baptism, marriage, and burial. The Church was in substantially the same condition in which parliamentary representation was before the passage of the Reform Bill. Parishes retained the territorial limits of much earlier times, while population had dwindled away in some localities and had rapidly increased in others. Thus a hamlet of a dozen souls might have its well-served curacy, while the incumbent of St. Giles had parishioners enough to people a brace of German principalities. The collieries, the dock-yards, the poorer neighborhoods in cities, persons engaged in coastwise navigation, and the dwellers in the purlieus of wharves and warehouses, were, for the most part, in a condition of virtual heathenism. Bible societies had not been thought of, cheap reading for the millions was a later invention, and the ability to read was not frequent enough among the less privileged classes to enable them to profit largely by the printed page. There was no system in operation for the general diffusion of intellectual light, moral culture, or religious sentiment.

It was under these circumstances that Methodism had its birth. John Wesley, its founder, seems to have enjoyed the best possible providential training for his mission. His father, though the son and grandson of ejected ministers, held a distinguished place among the clergy of the Established Church, and was devotedly and somewhat bigotedly attached to its institutions and its worship. His mother was the daughter of an eminent non-conformist divine, and, though outwardly reconciled to the Church by her marriage, retained through life her strong sympathies with dissent, and her independence of prescribed and conventional modes of religious action. During her husband's frequent absences, she held religious meetings at her own house on Sunday afternoons, notwithstanding his strong disapprobation and earnest remonstrances. The son inherited from one parent his life-long dread of separation from the Establishment, from the other the religious zeal which could not brook the strait-lacing of canonical forms, places, and seasons. At six years of age, John was almost miraculously rescued from the conflagration of his father's house,—an event which, in after life, impressed him with a strong sense of his peculiar mission and destiny, and was commemorated by himself in one of his engraved portraits, which had a burning-house for its background, with the motto: "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?" While he was at school, there occurred at his father's house a series of unaccountable and reputedly supernatural disturbances, probably the result of mischievous contrivance on the part of some of the servants or neighbors, yet adapted to awaken in the mind of a sensitive boy a profound feeling of the realty and nearness of the spiritual world.

At Oxford, Wesley, as an undergraduate, was a youth of pure morals and of unblemished sobriety of deportment; but when the time for the choice of a profession drew nigh, he was not sufficiently assured of his own religious state to contemplate the ordination vows without conscientious scruples as to his fitness to take them. The treatise *De Imitatione Christi* and Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, about this time, led him into regions of more intimate religious experience, and rendered essential aid in his preparation of heart for the sacred office. Shortly after his ordination, he was elected to a Fellowship; and when he returned to Oxford to discharge its duties, he found his brother Charles a member of a religious society among the students, which had received, partly in derision, and partly on account of the methodical and somewhat ascetic life of its members, the *sobriquet* of Methodists. Of this circle John became the leader. The influences derived from these associates were adapted to strengthen and deepen the devotional element in his character, but at the same time to alienate his sympathies from the world at large, and to shut them up within a sort of close corporation of rigid pietists. Yet this period of his life must have been invaluable as a season of spiritual nurture for his subsequent labors. In after years he was too busy and care-cumbered for prolonged retirement or contemplation, and a superficial piety would have been exhaled in the incessant and monotonous routine of journeying, correspondence, financial administration, and extemporaneous preaching. This interval, consecrated to devout introspection, religious communion, and the passive luxury of meditation and prayer, rendered his inward life so rich, full, and fervent, that he never afterward sank into the perfunctory discharge of the clerical office, but retained, to the day of his death, the freshness of his zeal and the warm glow of a heart in constant intercourse with heaven.

At this period, he shrank from the active duties of his profession, and declined a curacy under his father, with the prospect of succession to his living, on the ground that his own personal salvation would be endangered by intercourse with miscellaneous society. He, however, suddenly adopted the resolution of going to the then newly-planted colony of Georgia, as a chaplain and missionary. On his passage he became deeply interested in a party of Moravian fellow-passengers, united with them in their daily religious services, imbibed much of their social and loving spirit, and learned from them that the active service of man was the true post of loyalty to God. On his arrival at Savannah, he entered upon a course of ministerial and pastoral duty, in which we discern the first distinct foreshadowing of what he afterward became. With punctilious adherence to the rubric of the Church, even where custom had modified it, he connected many extra-ecclesiastical observances and practices. He established a regular system of parochial visitation, and instituted a series of social meetings, not unlike the more recent Methodist class-meetings. He preached earnestly against luxury in apparel, and was himself an example of the severest self-denial in things innocent, as well as in matters of doubtful expediency. His brother Charles, who had accompanied him, pursued a not dissimilar course at Frederica, only with a wilder zeal and less discretion. Such close and merciless censors of manners and morals, such purists of the inmost initiation, were ill adapted to the lax notions and easy habits of a new colony. They encountered serious embarrassment and opposition, and probably never gave so much gratification to the governor and to the major part of his subjects, as when they severally reëmbarked for England.

Meanwhile, Whitefield had commenced drawing multitudes to listen to him in

Bristol and London. His life-long and unbounded popularity is a mystery, which has never been fully solved. His printed sermons are meager, vapid, and many degrees below mediocrity. His endowments as a pulpit-orator were indeed great, but by no means unique. Yet he could command at once the reverence of the loftiest, and the control of the humblest minds; the hearty admiration of brilliant and accomplished scoffers and infidels, and the rapt attention of the coarsest and most ignorant. We have repeatedly conversed with old people who had heard him preach in their youth; and their uniform testimony has been, that his sermons and their delivery had no one remarkable characteristic exclusively their own, and yet that no eloquence could equal his in its simultaneous influence over persons of every age, condition, and culture. We are disposed to ascribe his power, first, to his intense and vivid realization of the truths of religion as ever-present elements of his own experience, and, secondly, to the fact that in every sermon he arraigned his hearers before the tribunal of the omniscient Judge, and dwelt solely on the relation in which they stood to God, as guilty, accountable, death-bound, and immortal beings. His active religious consciousness imparted that indescribable glow of countenance and manner, which wrought even upon the deaf, and those beyond the sound of his voice, with hardly less power than upon those within reach of his words; while his uniform habit of direct appeal to his hearers, as resting either beneath the condemning sentence or the complacent regard of the Almighty, forced home upon every soul the question which no human being can ever put to himself without the concentration of his whole moral nature upon the answer: "How stand I at this moment in the eye of the omnipresent God?"

Whitefield had just left London when John Wesley arrived there on his return from Georgia. Whitefield had no administrative talent, and was effective solely as an awakening preacher. Wesley was a *methodist* by nature, had a genius for system, and attached little value to sporadic and unorganized effort. He at once gathered the new converts into bands or classes, with rules for mutual vigilance and helpfulness in the spiritual life, and with definite forms for the introduction, training, testing, and final reception of catechumens. The society embraced at the outset only between forty and fifty persons; but its constitution involved the very same principles which are now embodied in the great Methodist hierarchy on both sides of the Atlantic. The *class* is the integral element, the paradigm of Methodism. The classes are the integers of the congregation, the congregations of the local conference, the local conferences of the general conference; and at every stage the typical form is repeated, the official heads or representatives of each lower class constituting the members or laity of the next higher. Our limits will not permit us to follow Wesley through the details of a period of active service seldom equaled in duration, and entirely unparalleled in extent, in laboriousness, and in vigor of body and mind unimpaired, till he had completed the full cycle of fourscore years.

Second, and hardly second, to John, stands Charles Wesley, in the annals of Methodism. Among rude and unlettered people, the soul is reached mainly by impressions upon the organs of sense, and in no way so effectually as through music. Every popular movement in social reform, political regeneration, or religious revival, has had its own canon of poetical inspiration and its own peculiar type of lyrical melody. Hans Sachs merits a foremost place among the Reformers of the sixteenth century; and Popery might have still been the *Paganism* of many a village and hamlet in now Protestant Germany, had not the minstrel cordwainer flooded the land with anti-Romish songs and ballads. Among the English poets of the sanctuary, it is almost a mockery to name Tate and Brady; for in the days of the Wesleys, the singing of their psalms merely filled up the robe-changing interval in the service of the Church, while all the musical power and the religious impression of the orchestra were concentrated in those majestic chants and anthems, the introduction of which into the worship of Dissenters has transferred new life into their too tame and barren devotional forms. Watts and Doddridge were unsurpassed in their peculiar vein; but their hymns were best adapted to the quiescent condition of the religious communities to which they belonged. They represented the statics of piety. Methodism demanded a psalmody which should embody its dynamic forces. This desideratum Charles Wesley supplied. With a rhythmical ear, a clarified taste, and a tender sympathy with every phasis and transition of spiritual experience, an emotional nature always profoundly moved, an intimate conversance with the Scriptures, and a lyrico-dramatic power of elaborating all their materials, whether of history, doctrine, precept, or prophecy, he became the life and soul of the new movement. In their metrical form, in their musical cadence and mellifluous flow, his hymns occupy the first place, and an almost solitary eminence in the English language. They can hardly be read unmusically, and almost sing themselves. Then, too, it has been well said of them, that they are not written on abstract subjects, such as faith, humility, resignation, but always represent the religious life in some one of its concrete states or movements, so that each might be assumed as a leaf of autobiography. But we can do them more ample justice by the following paragraphs from Mr. Taylor:—

"Ought not then the disposing hand of God to be acknowledged in this instance, remarkable as it is, that, when myriads of uncultured and lately ferocious spirits were to be reclaimed, a gift of song, such as that of Charles Wesley, should have been conferred upon one of the company employed in this work? To estimate duly what was the influence of this rare gift, and to measure its importance, one should be able to recall scenes and times gone by, when Methodism was much nearer to its source than now it is, and when 'Hymn 147, page 145,' announced by the preacher in a tone curiously blending the perfunctory with the animated,

'O love divine, how sweet thou art!'

woke up all ears, eyes, hearts, and voices, in a crowded chapel. It was, indeed, a spectacle worth the gazing upon! It was a service well to have joined in (once and again) when words of such power, flowing in rich cadence, and conveying, with an intensity of emphasis, the loftiest, the deepest, and the most tender emotions of the divine life, were taken up feelingly by an assembly of men and women, to whom, very lately, whatever was not of the 'earth—earthy' had neither charm nor meaning.

"Rugged forms were those that filled the benches on the one hand; nor were they the fairest in the world that were ranged on the other; but there was soul in the erect posture when the congregation rose to sing, as well as in the glistening eye; and it was a cordial animation that gave compass to the voices of these, the ransomed of Methodism. Perhaps it was a little more than a particle of meaning that some gathered from the hymn. But to the hearts of many, its deepest sense—the poet's own sense of the words—was quite intelligible, and was intimately relished. Who could doubt it, that had an eye to read the heart in the beaming countenances around him? Thus it was that Charles Wesley, richly gifted as he was with graces, genius and talents, drew souls —thousands of souls—in his wake, from Sunday to Sunday, and he so drew them onward from earth to heaven by the charm of sacred verse!

"It may be affirmed that there is no principal element of Christianity, no main article of belief, as professed by Protestant Churches—that there is no moral or ethical sentiment, peculiarly characteristic of the gospel—no height or depth of feeling, proper to the spiritual life, that does not find itself emphatically, and pointedly, and clearly conveyed in some stanza of Charles Wesley's hymns. These compositions embody the theory, and the practice, and the theopathy of the Christian system; and they do so with extremely little admixture of what ought to be regarded as questionable, or that is not warranted by some evidence of Scripture. What we have here before us is a metrical liturgy; and by the combination of rhythm, rhyme, and music, it effectively secures to the mass of worshipers much of the benefit of liturgical worship. Such a liturgy, thus performed by animated congregations, melted itself into the very soul of the people, and was perhaps that part of the hour's service which, more than any other, produced what, to borrow a phrase, we might call *digestive assimilation*. It would secure this, its beneficial effect, in molding the spirits of the people, by its iteration, by its emphatic style, and by aid of the pleasurable excitements of music."

THE MOUNTAINS OF PALESTINE.

PALESTINE surprises one unfamiliar with its features by its hilliness. Two ranges of mountains run through it from north to south, some of them exceedingly difficult of ascent, and frightful from their frequent precipices, but passed by the strongly-shod Syrian horse in perfect safety. These lofty and bold heights leave a grand impression. Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon tower sometimes eleven thousand feet above the sea, and wear their snow-caps, in spots, nearly all the year. Hermon is now termed the Sheikh's Mountain, and rises above the rest of the Lebanon range, reminding some travelers of Mont Blanc, but not seen so advantageously upon its own elevated plain. Tabor is a model of beauty; a truncated cone, with some ruins of crusaders' fortifications, and shrines of various ages, well wooded, and seemingly fertile; dividing the waters of the east from those that empty into the Mediterranean, it never fails to fill the traveler's eye. It is one thousand feet above the level of the country.—*Christian Examiner.*

WASHINGTON.

FACTS RESPECTING HIS RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

A VOLUME has been published respecting the religious sentiments and character of Washington. A writer, in a late article in the *Boston Christian Witness*, reviews the subject briefly, giving, besides some well-known facts, further and very interesting evidence of the piety of that greatest of modern men. The writer says: "Numerous extracts illustrating this subject are brought together in Washington's Writings, vol. xii, pp. 401–485. See also in the same volume (p. 408) an interesting letter from Bishop White to the Rev. B. C. C. Parker, on the same subject. The House of Burgesses, of which he was a member, passed an order, May 24th, 1774, in reference to the act of Parliament for shutting up the port of Boston, that 'the first day of June should be set apart as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, devoutly to implore the divine interposition for averting the heavy calamity which threatened destruction to their civil rights, and the evils of civil war.' On the day appointed, he writes in his diary: 'Went to church, and *fasted all day*,' thus conforming not only in spirit, but to the strict letter of the order. This diary was kept for many years with much particularity. A Sunday rarely occurs in which he did not attend church. If there was an omission, it was caused by the weather, or badness of the roads; the nearest church being seven miles from his residence. While attending Congress, he adhered to the same practice. For a full knowledge of his religious opinions and habits during the Revolution and afterward, and of the importance he attached to the principles and observances of religion, the reader is referred to his published writings. After an attentive perusal of them, no doubt can be left in any candid mind. To say that he was not a Christian, or at least that he did not believe himself to be a Christian, would be to impeach his sincerity and honesty. Of all men in the world, Washington was certainly the last whom any one would charge with dissimulation or indirectness; and, if he was so scrupulous in avoiding even a shadow of these faults in every known act of his life, however unimportant, is it likely, is it credible, that in a matter of the highest and most serious importance he should practice, through a long series of years, a deliberate deception upon his friends and the public? It is neither credible nor possible. I shall here insert a letter on this subject, written to me by a lady who lived twenty years in Washington's family, and who was his adopted daughter, and the grand-daughter of Mrs. Washington. The testimony it affords, and the hints it contains respecting the domestic habits of Washington, are interesting and valuable:—

"'WOODLAWN, *February* 26, 1833.

"'SIR,—I received your favor of the 20th last evening, and hasten to give you the information which you desire. Truro Parish is the one in which Mount Vernon Pohick Church and Woodlawn are situated. Fairfax Parish is now Alexandria. Before the Federal District was ceded to Congress, Alexandria was in Fairfax County. General Washington had a pew in Pohick Church, and one in Christ Church at Alexandria. He was very instrumental in establishing Pohick Church, and I believe subscribed largely. His pew was near the pulpit. I have a perfect recollection of being there, before his election to the presidency, with him and my grandmother. It was a beautiful church, and had a large, respectable, and wealthy congregation, who were regular attendants. He attended the church at Alexandria when the weather and roads permitted, a distance of ten miles. In New-York and Philadelphia he never omitted attendance at church in the morning, unless detained by indisposition. The afternoon was spent in his own room at home; the evening with his family, and without company. Sometimes an old and intimate friend called to see us for an hour or two; but visiting and visitors were prohibited for that day. No one in church attended to the services with more reverential respect. My grandmother, who was eminently pious, never deviated from her early habits. She always knelt. The General, as was then the custom, stood during the devotional parts of the service. On communion Sundays, he left the church with me, after the blessing, and returned home. He sent the carriage back for my grandmother. It was his custom to retire to his library at nine or ten o'clock, where he remained an hour before he went to his chamber. He always rose before the sun, and remained in his library until called to breakfast. I never witnessed his private devotions. I never inquired about them. His life, his writings, prove that he was a Christian. My mother resided two years at Mount Vernon after her marriage with John P. Custis, the only son of Mrs. Washington. I have heard her say that General Washington always received the sacrament with my grandmother before the Revolution. When my aunt, Miss Custis, died suddenly at Mount Vernon, before they could realize the event, he knelt by her, and prayed most fervently, most affectingly, for her recovery. Of this I was assured by Judge Washington's mother, and other witnesses. He was a silent, thoughtful man. He spoke little generally—never of himself. Grandmother was a model of female excellence. She never omitted her private devotions or her public duties; and she and her husband were so perfectly united and happy, that he must have been a Christian. She had no doubts, no fears for him. After forty years of devoted affection and uninterrupted happiness, she resigned him without a murmur into the arms of his Saviour and his God, with the assured hope of his eternal felicity. With sentiments of esteem, I am, &c.'

"It seems proper to subjoin to this letter what was told to me by Mr. Robert Lewis, at Fredericksburg, in the year 1829. Being a nephew of Washington, and his private secretary during the first part of his presidency, Mr. Lewis lived with him on terms of intimacy, and had the best opportunity of observing his habits. Mr. Lewis said he had accidentally witnessed his private devotions in his library, both morning and evening; that on those occasions he had seen him in a kneeling posture with a Bible open before him, and that he believed such to have been his daily practice. Mr. Lewis is since dead, but he was a gentleman esteemed for his private worth and respectability. The circumstance of his withdrawing himself from the communion service, at a certain period of his life, has been remarked as singular. Whatever his motives may have been, it does not appear that they were ever explained. It is probable that, after he took command of the army, finding his thoughts and attention necessarily engrossed by the business that devolved on him, in which frequently little distinction could be observed between Sunday and other days, he may have believed it improper publicly to partake of an ordinance which, according to the ideas he entertained of it, imposed severe restrictions on outward conduct, and a sacred pledge to perform duties impracticable in his situation. Such an impression would be natural to a serious mind; and, although it might be founded on erroneous views of the nature of the ordinance, it would not have the less weight with a man of delicate conscience and habitual reverence for religion. There is proof, however, that, on one occasion at least, during the war, he partook of the communion; but this was at a season when the army was in camp, and the activity of business was in some degree suspended. An anecdote contained in Dr. Hosack's Life of De Witt Clinton, and related in the words of the Rev. Samuel H. Cox, who communicated it to the author, establishes this fact. I have the following, says Dr. Cox, from unquestionable authority. It has never, I think, been given to the public; but I received it from a venerable clergyman, who had it from the lips of Rev. Dr. Jones himself. To all Christians, and to all Americans, it cannot fail to be acceptable. While the American army, under the command of Washington, lay encamped at Morristown, N. J., it occurred that the service of the communion (then observed semi-annually only) was to be administered in the Presbyterian church of that village. In the morning of the previous week, the General, after his accustomed inspection of the camp, visited the house of Dr. Jones, then pastor of the church, and, after the usual preliminaries, thus accosted him: 'Doctor, I understand that the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday; I would learn if it accords with the canon of your Church to admit communicants of another denomination?' The Doctor rejoined: 'Most certainly; ours is not the Presbyterian table, General, but the Lord's table; and we hence give the Lord's invitation to all his followers, of whatsoever name.' The General replied, 'I am glad of it; I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join with you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England, I have no exclusive partialities.' The Doctor reassured him of a cordial welcome, and the General was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath."

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HOME.—Love watches over the cradle of the infant, over the couch of the aged, over the welfare and comfort of each and all; to be happy, man retires from the outdoor world home. In the household circle, the troubled heart finds consolation, the disturbed finds rest, the joyous finds itself in its true element. Pious souls, when they speak of death, say that they go home. Their longing for heaven is to them a home-sickness. Jesus also represented the abode of eternal happiness under the picture of a home, a father's house. Does not this tell us that the earthly home is appointed to be a picture of heaven, and a foretaste of that higher home?

THE CHRISTIANITY REQUIRED BY THE TIMES.

AN increase of its *spiritual life*, and a reform of its *sectarianism*, are required of the Church by these times, we have said. Another improvement more minute, and, if less important, yet urgently desirable, may be suggested; a reform in that peculiar style of religious expression—common to the pulpit, to the conversation and to the literature of religion—which gives origin to, if it does not justify, the reproach of *cant* so often charged against evangelical Christians, especially in the light literature of the day.

As bigotry is, to most minds, the most repulsive feature which can deform religion, cant, by a trait of weakness or whimsicalness, which seems inseparable from it, is the occasion of a species of scorn which, from its very levity, becomes the more fatally satirical and influential. Not only does the habitual scoffer avail himself of this petty foible, but the mass of irreligious, yet respectful men, feel more than they express its pernicious influence. Its absurdities of pretension and language float about under the form of piquant quotations, in the casual conversations of such men on religious subjects, and not unfrequently associate themselves detractingly with their deepest impressions of religious truth. On more select minds, from whose superior powers we have the right to demand a better discrimination between essential religion and the adventitious defects which arise from the weakness of its followers, this evil is not without its influence; and John Foster, in his superb essay "On the causes by which evangelical religion has been rendered unacceptable to persons of cultivated taste" devotes two of his longest and ablest chapters to the subject.

As every science must have its peculiar language, its technology—theology, as a science, must also be allowed its appropriate vocabulary. It is not against this that we would speak, but against that general style of expression on religious subjects, which is popularly current, and by which religious topics of even the most popular kind are placed without the limits of the direct, simple, and natural treatment that the popular mind usually gives to all other subjects of importance. If this peculiarity gave to religious subjects peculiar reverence or dignity, it would be more defensible; but, on the contrary, it detracts from them; it is characterized, as we have said, by weakness and whimsicalness, and brings upon religion a species of reproach, which, though logically insignificant, is practically powerful. The subject is not without its delicacy; we are therefore happy, in referring to it here, to avail ourselves of Foster's sensible views upon it. He thus describes it:—"I suppose it will be instantly allowed that the mode of expression of the greater number of evangelical divines, and of those taught by them, is widely different from the standard of general language, not only by the necessary adoption of some peculiar terms, but by a continued and systematic cast of phraseology; insomuch that in reading or hearing five or six sentences of an evangelical discourse, you ascertain the school by the mere turn of expression, independently of any attention to the quality of the ideas. If, in order to try what those ideas would appear in an altered form of words, you attempted to reduce a paragraph to the language employed by intellectual men in speaking or writing well on general subjects, you would find it must be absolutely a version. You know how easily a vast mass of exemplification might be quoted; and the specimens would give the idea of an attempt to create, out of the general mass of the language, a dialect which should be intrinsically spiritual; and so exclusively appropriated to Christian doctrine as to be totally unserviceable for any other subject, and to become ludicrous when applied to it.[*] And this being extracted, like the Sabbath from the common course of time, the general range of diction is abandoned, with all its powers, diversities, and elegance, to secular subjects and the use of the profane. It is a kind of popery of language, vilifying everything not marked with the signs of the Holy Church, and forbidding any one to minister to religion except in consecrated speech.

"That there is a great and systematical alienation from the true classical diction,

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"[*] This is so true, that it is no uncommon expedient with the would-be-wits to introduce some of the spiritual phrases, in speaking of anything which they wish to render ludicrous; and they are generally so far successful as to be rewarded by the laugh or the smile of the circle, who probably may never have had the good fortune of hearing wit, and have not the sense or conscience to care about religion."

is most palpably obvious: and I cannot help regarding it as an unfortunate circumstance. It gives the gospel too much the air of a professional thing, which must have its peculiar cast of phrases, for the mutual recognition of its proficients, in the same manner as other professions, arts, crafts, and mysteries have theirs. This is officiously placing the singularity of littleness to draw attention to the singularity of greatness, which in the very act it misrepresents and obscures. It is giving an uncouthness of mien to a beauty which should attract all hearts. It is teaching a provincial dialect to the rising instructor of a world. It is imposing the guise of a cramped formal ecclesiastic on what is destined for an universal monarch."

After insisting that the best style of religious language is that neutral vehicle of expression which is adapted indifferently to common serious subjects, he proceeds to describe more particularly the alleged defect. It has three distinctions: "The first is a peculiar way of using various common words. And this peculiarity consists partly in expressing ideas by such single words as do not simply and directly belong to them, instead of other single words which do simply and directly belong to them, and in general language are used to express them;* and partly in using such combinations of words as make uncouth phrases. Now what necessity? The answer is immediately obvious as to the former part of the description; there can be no need to use one common word in an affected and forced manner to convey an idea, which there is another common word at hand to express in the simplest and most usual manner. And then as to phrases, consisting of an uncouth combination of words which are common, and have no degree of technicality,—are they necessary? They are not absolutely necessary, unless each of these combinations conveys a thought of so exquisitely singular a turn, that no other conjunction of terms could have expressed it; which was never suggested by one mind to another till these three or four words, falling out of the general order of the language, gathered into a peculiar phrase; which cannot be expressed in the language of another country that has not a corresponding idiom; and which will vanish from the world if ever this phrase shall be forgotten. But these combinations of words have no such pretensions. When you obtain their meaning, you may well wonder why a peculiar apparatus of phrases should have been constructed, to bring and retain such an element of thought within the sphere of your understanding. And it would be found that these phrases, as it is within our familiar experience that all phrases consisting of only common words, and having no relation to art or science, can be exchanged for several different combinations of words, without materially altering the thought or lengthening the expression."

The second part of this dialect he describes as consisting, "not in a peculiar mode of using common words, but in a class of words peculiar in themselves, as being seldom used except by divines, but of which the meaning can be expressed, without definition or circumlocution, by other single terms which are in general use. For example, edification, tribulation, blessedness, godliness, righteousness, carnality, lusts, (a term peculiar and theological only in the plural,) could be exchanged for parallel terms too obvious to need mentioning."

The third distinction of this religious dialect consists, he remarks, "in words almost peculiar to the language of divines, and for which equivalent terms *cannot* be found, except in the form of definition or circumlocution. Sanctification, regeneration, grace, covenant, salvation, and a few more, may be assigned to this class. These may be called, in a qualified sense, the technical terms of evangelical religion. Now, separately from any religious considerations, it is plainly necessary, in a literary view, that all those terms that express a modification of thought which there are no other words competent to express without great circumlocution, should be retained. But, the definitions of some of these Christian terms are not absolutely unquestionable. The words have assumed the specific formality of technical terms without having completely the quality and value of such terms. A certain laxity in their sense renders them of far less use in their department, than the terms of science, especially of mathematical science, are in theirs. Technical terms have been

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"* As, for instance, *walk* and *conversation*, instead of *conduct*, *actions*, or *deportment*; *flesh*, instead of, sometimes *body*, sometimes natural inclination."

the lights of science, but, in many instances, the shades of religion. What I would infer from these observations is, that a Christian writer or speaker will occasionally do well, instead of using the peculiar term, to express at length in other words, at the expense of much circumlocution, that idea which he would have wished to convey if he had used that peculiar term."

After discussing quite elaborately these topics, he concludes, that "such common words as have acquired an affected cast in theological use, might give place to the other common words which express the ideas in a plain and unaffected manner; and the phrases formed of common words uncouthly combined, may be swept away. Many peculiar and antique words might be exchanged for other single words, of equivalent signification, and in general use. And the small number of peculiar terms acknowledged and established as of permanent use and necessity, might, even separately from the consideration of modifying the diction, be often, with advantage to the explicit declaration and clear comprehension of Christian truth, made to give place to a fuller expression, in a number of common words, of those ideas of which these peculiar terms are the single signs."

Such an improvement, he contends, would bring the language of religion nearly "to the classical standard. If evangelical sentiments could be faithfully presented, in an order of words of which so small a part should be of specific cast, they could be presented in what should be substantially the diction of Addison or Pope. And if even Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, and Hume, could have become Christians by some mighty and sudden efficacy of conviction, and had determined to write thenceforth in the spirit of the Apostles, they would have found, if these observations be correct, no radical change necessary in the consistence of their language. An enlightened believer in Christianity might have been sorry, if, in such a case, he had seen any of them superstitiously laboring to acquire all the phrases of a school, instead of applying at once to its cation a diction fitted for the vehicle al thought. Are not *they* yet masters of language, it might aked with surprise, to express ughts with the utmost precision? As their language had been found sufficiently specific to injure the gospel, it would have been strange if it had been too general to serve it. The required alteration would probably have been little more than to introduce familiarly the obvious denominations of the Christian topics and objects, such as, redemption, heaven, mediator, Christ, Redeemer, with the others of a similar kind, and a very few of those almost technical words which I have admitted to be indispensable."

Foster urges the reform of this defect by many strong reasons. One is, the consideration of the unfavorable impression made by the dialect described on persons of cultivated taste. Another is, that religious topics could be more readily and familiarly mingled with social converse, and all the ordinary subjects of human attention. "A peculiar phraseology," he remarks, "is the direct contrary of such facility, as it gives to what is already by its own nature eminently distinguished from common subjects, an *artificial* strangeness, which makes it difficult for discourse to slide into it, and revert to it and from it, without a formal and uncouth transition." He argues further, that evangelical sentiments would be less liable to the charge of fanaticism, if their expression were less contrasted with that of other subjects; the imputation of fanaticism being almost always founded more upon the style of expression than upon the substance of such sentiments. Hypocrisy, also, which finds its most available artifice in the language of religion, would be deprived of this assistance.

The alleged Scriptural origin of this peculiar phraseology is not allowed by Foster to be an apology for it. It is not Scriptural *quotation* that he condemns; this is usually and highly ornamental, as passages from our old classical authors are in modern compositions; but the Biblical cast of this style is commonly only a *resemblance*, often vague, and generally destitute of the true significance, or pertinent adaptedness of Scriptural sentences. "Though some of the phrases," he says, "are precisely phrases from the Bible, yet most of them are phrases a little modified from the form in which they occur in the sacred book, by changing or adding words, by compounding two phrases into one, and by fitting the rest of the language to the Biblical phrases by an imitative antique construction. In this manner the Scriptural expressions, instead of appearing as distinguished points on a common ground, as gems advantageously set in an inferior substance, are reduced to become an ordinary and desecrated ingredient in an uncouth phraseology." "We may be allowed," he adds, "to doubt how far such language can be venerable, after considering that it gives not the smallest assurance of striking or elevated thought, since in fact a vast quantity of most inferior writing has appeared in this kind of diction; that it is not *now* actually drawn from the sacred fountains; that the incessant repetition of its phrases in every kind of religious exercise and performance has worn out any solemnity it might ever have had; and that it is the very usual concomitant and sign of a servilely systematic and cramped manner of thinking. A grand ancient edifice, of whatever order, or if it were of a construction peculiar to itself, would be an impressive object; but a modern little one raised in its neighborhood, of a conformation for the greatest part glaringly vulgar, but with a number of antique windows and angles in imitation of the grand structure, would be a grotesque and ridiculous one. Let the oracles of inspiration be cited continually, both as authority and illustration, in a manner that shall make the mind instantly refer each expression that is introduced to the venerable book whence it is taken; but let *our* part of religious language be simply ours, and let those oracles retain their characteristic form of expression unimitated, unparodied, to the end of time."

Though in the preceding parts of this series of articles we have ventured, somewhat peremptorily, our own views, we have chosen, on the present delicate subject, to use the authority of this great writer. We dismiss the topic, with another quotation from a high literary authority of the evangelical Dissenters of England. The *London Christian Spectator*, for September, has the following humorous passages upon it:—

"John Foster has enriched our Christian literature with an essay 'On the aversion of men of taste to evangelical religion.' It is to be hoped that some 'men of taste' have read this treatise with advantage; and much more is it to be desired that all religious men would read it too, and see how significantly it holds up the mirror to themselves. It cannot be, that this admirable essay should have run through so many editions without effect; and yet there are good men who indulge, to the present hour, in those mischievous follies which it seeks to brand. Why should this be? Why should piety choose to sun herself in the grotesque garb of absurdity? Why should these good men make a point of using that barbarous dialect, which, like the speech of poor Peter in the Judgment Hall, still bewrayeth them?

"Known indeed for what he is, the Christian should be; nor will the obliging world be slow to furnish him with the means. Very different, however, are those signs which have been selected as a badge of discipleship by the good people to whom I refer. They may honor integrity, inculcate the necessity of faith, and endeavor after purity; but they make their stand upon *language*. They resolutely translate everything into their own peculiar *patois*; and insist upon being known by their inveterate attachment to a phraseology, which the rest of mankind either wholly repudiate, or are content to employ according to the proper signification of the words.

"What, indeed, would any but the initiated be able to make of some of the choice barbarisms which, in certain circles, are the mode? Take, as a sample, that brief but significant interrogatory, 'Will *you* engage?' What thinkest thou, O innocent reader, may the meaning be of this inquiry? Does the questioner ask the questionee to impawn his honor, or to stake his reputation? To enlist a company of soldiers, or to draw some welcome guest into a party of pleasure? To win a lady, or to gain a friend? To make a contract, or to fight a battle? Nothing of the sort. He wishes him to offer prayer to God. This is the way in which *he* proffers the touching request, addressed by Paul to the Thessalonian Christians, 'Brethren, pray for us.'

"In the same brogue, a religious service was once an 'opportunity;' and at meetings for devotion the Almighty was asked to 'presence himself' with his worshipers. 'The midst of us' was improved into 'our midst,' and even, as I have been informed, 'our *little* midst,' when the assembly was not numerous. 'Minds' were 'solemnized,' instead of anniversaries and matrimony; doctrine became 'marrow,' and all who did not worship in 'the cave of Adullam,' were 'very dark!' The cares and struggles of a poor man's life were nothing, if he did not name them 'his experience;' and when he died, the event had always to be duly 'improved,' as the harvest annually was—to the great satisfaction of a farmer, on one occasion, who had a short crop. All must be done, however, in a 'prayerful' way; and, if possible, by a 'talented' man—who would 'call attention' to the subject, much as one might 'call spirits from the vasty deep.' There is warrant enough, I am sorry to say, now-a-days, for this last phrase; for the 'London Times' itself, which calls so many names in the course of a year, 'calls attention,' I do believe, the oftenest of all. Has the Thunderer been to school, I wonder, in the conventicle? If so, I commend to his consideration the example of the late George Robins. George, who, in penning his advertisements, dealt, as is well known, rather extensively, like my friend Heavyside, in adjectives, was once upon a time, as the story goes, at a loss for one. 'Put in "'important,'" Mr. Robins,' said the agent at his elbow. 'No,' rejoined the man of experience in *posters*, 'not *that* word; I leave "'important'" to the Dissenting ministers.' It is to be hoped that this remark was not leveled at Tritissimus; whose pulpit topics, I observe, are almost always declared to be 'interesting and important.'

"Quitting, however, this field of observation, as savoring somewhat, says Discipulus, of hypercriticism, there are two words yet behind, which appear to be regularly employed in a sense it must sorely puzzle the uninitiated to understand, and even the initiated themselves, I suspect, to define. These words, good reader, are 'Cause' and 'Interest.'

"A 'cause,' what is it? Shall we impannel a jury of the metaphysicians to answer that question for us? Shall we invoke the shades of Hobbes, Cudworth, Newton, Leibnitz, Locke, Kant, Hegel, and the rest, and bid them troop into the jury-box? In the first place, then, will these have to agree upon some theory of *causation*. Now shall the learned court have its ears filled with their vocal endeavors to express that hypothetic quality, which has puzzled them all; as energy, faculty, influence, capacity, ability, virtue, force, power, possibility, fitness, aptitude—but no, enough, enough, dear sirs; you go too far about. To the matter in hand. What is a 'cause?'

"Put John Walker in the witness-box, and swear him. 'Now, sir, upon your oath, remember, what is a "cause?"' 'A cause is that which produces or effects anything—in fact, the efficient.' 'Is that all?' 'The word is used likewise, in spite of the logicians, to signify the reason, the motive to anything.' 'For nothing further?' 'Yes. The lawyers have a kind of *tendre* for another signification of the word, which they have made peculiarly their own; and a "cause" with them means no end of consultations, parchments, pleadings, and fees.' 'Has the word no other sense?' 'The word is sometimes used to denote a party.' 'You may step down.'

"Let 'cause' pass therefore for what it is worth. There yet remains 'interest.' Against this word Veridicus entertains a particular spite. It reminds him, he says, in the unpleasantest manner of an investment he once made in the 'Quicksilver Quicksands,' which has never yielded him a single farthing of 'interest' in years more than he likes to count. In common fairness, however, we must not lay too much stress on this truly inveterate grudge. There may be other meanings of the word beside the usurer's. The Reverend Flexible Redtape, for instance, is said to have a large 'interest' in the lucrative trade of a respectable house in the city. Dr. Pliable has an undoubted 'interest' in the continued prosperity of the 'Town and Country Stars.' His youthful son, moreover, aspires to an 'interest' in the affections of his rich deacon's daughter. Said rich deacon, again, who desires to serve God *and* Mammon, has an 'interest' in believing that religion and respectability are well nigh convertible terms. But beyond these last-named meanings, we may scarcely advance a step. Already we feel that the word has been invested with a dignity, to which it can make but slight pretensions. Do what we will, it smacks strongly of the purse and the till; and even young Pliable, perhaps, has an eye in his love-making to the deacon's savings. Yet is this very term, used apparently in some pseudo-religious sense, continually on the lips of Christians. Flexible Redtape, for instance, has been at a watering-place preaching for some 'society.' Pliable greets him on his return with the question, 'Is there a good "interest" there?' What can he mean? Is it the meeting-house, or the worshipers, or the doctrine, or the minister, or the imagery, or the pew-rents, or all these in one? Let Redtape and Pliable, and the simpler but better men who make use of it, answer this question; and let them beware how they repulse the scoffer from the very thresholds of their churches, by the use of words and phrases which the scoffer must needs hear with infinite relish. Piety is piety, and money is money; but a 'cause' and an 'interest'—*what are they?*"

There is something of persiflage here; but there is much sense also. Both writers, from whom we have quoted, perhaps overstrain the subject; but there is important suggestion enough in what they say to commend it to the attention of Christian readers. The substantial realities of Christianity must abide forever; but these mere accessories, never profoundly important, often egregiously defective, should occasionally be subjected to severe revision and amendment. In proportion as our glorious faith is simple, and pure, and sublime, should we be jealous of any petty and distorting adjuncts; its very dignity may give a grotesque importance to the latter, which may render them more attractive than its substantial attributes, to the eyes and criticisms of cavilers. The sculptures of Phidias comport with the frieze of the Parthenon, but the toys of children carved there would have a somewhat different effect.

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How to Advance.—The advance of the world depends upon the use of small balances of advantage over disadvantage, for there is compensation everywhere and in everything. No one discovery resuscitates the world—certainly no physical one. Each new good thought, or word, or deed, brings its shadow with it; and, as I have just said, it is upon the small balances of gain that we get on at all. Often, too, this occurs indirectly, as when moral gains give physical gains, and these again give room for further moral and intellectual culture.

THE BELLS.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

THIS fine poem of Poe is well known, but it is well worth a frequent perusal. Next to his Raven, it is, unquestionably, the best production of his pen. There are some of the peculiarities of his bizarre genius in it—peculiarities that every healthful mind must dislike—but they are, in this case, resplendent with fine reliefs of thought and rhythm. Few poems in our language afford a better example of correspondence between sentiment and sound; and, when read well—as we have heard it recited by Russell—the illusion of the bell-ringing becomes almost magical. The querulous critic of the *North British Review*, from whose tirade on American poetry we recently quoted, says:—"In the death of this young poet and romancist, America has suffered a loss which will be more appreciated fifty years hence than it is now."

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
O, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells;
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorons appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire

Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

O, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—

They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

IT is a strange fancy for a man to leave the earth, and go right up a thousand feet above it; but it is one which was indicated in many an old fable in times long gone. Roger Bacon, in the thirteenth century, described a machine consisting of two hollow globes of thin copper, which, if the air were exhausted within them, would float in the atmosphere like a bird. But four hundred years passed before anybody thought anything about it, except that the unfortunate friar was either a great fool, a great knave, or a great wizard; no one gave him credit for superior wisdom till Bishop Wilkins, in 1630, re-issued the idea, by suggesting the possibility of constructing a chariot upon philosophical principles, capable of traversing the regions of air. The idea met with little encouragement—it was a new-fangled notion, and one might as well talk of boring a hole through the sea.

A Jesuit named Lana, in 1670, was the first who attempted to turn it to any account. He proposed to raise a vessel by means of metal balls, strong enough, when exhausted, to resist the pressure of the outward air, but still thin enough to render them lighter than their bulk of air. The fallacy of the plan is evident at once, as it would be impossible to combine the two qualities of thinness and strength in the degree necessary for such a purpose. It was not on this account, however, that the design was abandoned; "he felt assured that God would never allow an invention to succeed, which might so readily be made use of to disturb civil government."

Father Gusman, in 1709, was less scrupulous and less doubtful; he constructed a machine in the form of a bird, with tubes and bellows to supply the wings with air. He was rewarded with a pension by the Portuguese government, but the experiment entirely failed. Undismayed by want of success, and with the true spirit of indomitable perseverance, he, nearly thirty years afterward, produced a new and original plan. He carefully covered a wicker-basket, seven feet in diameter, with prepared paper, and the air having been exhausted, the basket rose to the height of two hundred feet.

About the same period a treatise was published by Joseph Gallien, of Avignon,

MONTGOLFIER.

suggesting the expediency of bags of prepared cloth filled with air lighter than the common atmosphere. In 1766, hydrogen gas was discovered by M. Cavendin, and, in 1782, M. Cavallo made trial of this gas with some success, but the practical triumph was yet to come.

In 1782 two brothers, named Montgolfier, paper manufacturers, of Annonay, near Lyons, taking a hint from Lana, made the first balloon. It was a huge contrivance, covered with paper, and filled with hydrogen gas. But they soon found that the hydrogen tore the paper, and the plan was therefore abandoned. It appears that they were under the impression that the clouds owed their buoyancy to the influence of electricity, and that electricity diminished the weight of bodies to which it was applied. They therefore determined upon lighting a fire under a balloon, not to rarefy the inclosed air, but to increase the electricity of the vapor in the interior. A curious anecdote is related of Joseph Montgolfier. During his investigations, he had frequent intercourse with the printers of Avignon for publishing his papers. The widow Guichard, of one of these printers with whom he often lodged during his stay at Avignon, having one day observed a thick smoke issuing from his room, had the curiosity to go in, and was much surprised to see Montgolfier gravely employed in filling a shapeless paper bag, by means of the smoke from a chafing-dish. The operator seemed thwarted by the balloon, then filled with smoke, rising one moment, and then awkwardly falling on one side the next; thus he was obliged to hold the balloon in the position which he thought most facilitated the entrance of the smoke, while with the other hand he threw wet straw on the chafing-dish. The widow Guichard smiling at his distress, said, with simplicity, "Eh! why don't you fasten the balloon to the chafing-dish?" This exclamation was like a ray of light to Montgolfier; in fact, the secret lay there,—it was only necessary to fasten the chafing-dish to the balloon.

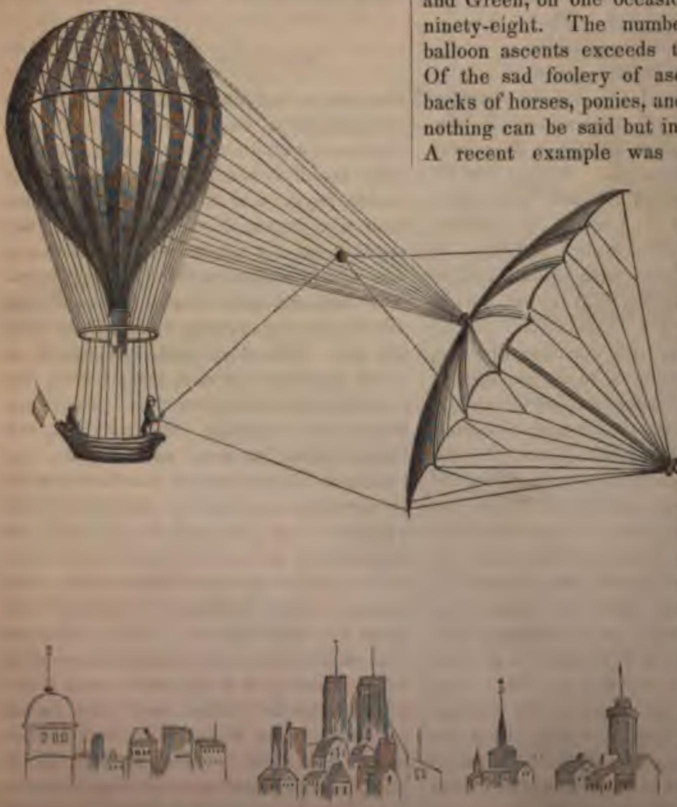
After many efforts the brothers constructed a balloon in the form of a spherical globe, thirty-feet in diameter, and capable of containing twenty-two thousand cubic feet. It was made of canvas with double paper, and weighed rather more than five hundred pounds. Under the opening, at the bottom, a fire of straw was lighted, which soon introduced twenty-two thousand cubic feet of heated air, which was consequently much lighter than the air. This then had, of course, a great tendency to rise, and, having no resistance to contend against, except that which was made by the weight of the balloon itself, as soon as it became so light that its own weight, joined to that of its covering, was less than that of an equal volume of the external air, the balloon majestically arose, although Montgolfier had mistaken the agency which he employed. The first public ascent took place at Annonay, June, 1783. Another trial at Versailles was equally successful, when a sheep, a duck, and a cock were attached to the balloon, and were found uninjured, some hours afterward, a few miles from the royal residence. Still later, Pilatre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Avlande ascended in a basket attached to the balloon, to the height of three hundred feet. The balloon, however, was fastened to the earth by ropes.

M. Charles at last conceived the idea of making the balloon of silk, and inflating it with hydrogen gas. He discovered that silk would retain the vapor that was put into it, that hydrogen was five times lighter than the common air, that the balloon might easily be filled, and that the security to aërial voyagers would be wonderfully increased. People had been afraid to go in fire balloons, the risk was so imminent; for high above the earth balloons had taken fire, and the unfortunate travelers had been precipitated to the world they came from. But, now that safety was so much greater, that the necessity of carrying up lighted fuel was done away with, ascents were made in rapid succession. Some took up wings and a rudder, others oars, but found them of no use. During three years—1783-5—the number of ascents made in France was truly astonishing. In one or two of the voyages the channel was crossed with great rapidity.

The power of directing and controlling the balloon was the great *desideratum*. An experiment was made by M. Pilatre de Rozier. He went up with two balloons attached to one another, and arranged with sails and other appliances for aërial navigation. One of the balloons was inflated with hydrogen gas, and below it was suspended a fire balloon, at such a distance as to remove every apprehension of danger from the fire. A short time elapsed before the upper balloon was seen rapidly expanding. It burst, the whole machinery was destroyed, and the unfortunate Rozier perished.

The extraordinary velocity of balloons is to be ascribed to the greater force of uninterrupted air at great elevations, and perhaps somewhat to the philosophy of diagonal ascent. The ordinary rate is from twenty-five to thirty-five miles, but Sadler went seventy-four miles an hour; and Green, on one occasion, no less than ninety-eight. The number of recorded balloon ascents exceeds three thousand. Of the sad foolery of ascending on the backs of horses, ponies, and other animals, nothing can be said but in condemnation. A recent example was that in which Madame Poitevin, decked in white muslin and purple velvet, with a crown of roses on her head, ascended from the Champ de Mars, in Paris, on the back of a *bullock!*

Locomotion, both by land and water, has rapidly progressed, though but little has been achieved in air navigation beyond some greater security, and the power of ascending and descending at pleasure.



AERIAL MACHINE INVENTED BY THE BROTHERS MONTGOLFIER.

MAN'S FAMILIAR COMPANION.

THE dog has been in all ages the acknowledged friend of man—his familiar and esteemed companion. Naturally courageous, powerful, and fierce, in a savage state he is one of the most formidable of animals; but, when domesticated, his sole ambition is to please. "He then lays his force, courage, and all his useful talents, at the feet of his master; he waits his orders, to which he pays implicit obedience; he is constant in his affections, friendly without interest, and grateful for the slightest favors; he is not easily driven off by unkindness, but licks the hand that has just been uplifted to strike him. He knows a beggar by his voice, his clothes, or his gestures, and forbids his approach. When at night the guardianship of the house is committed to his care, he seems proud of the charge; he continues a watchful sentinel, goes his rounds, scents strangers at a distance, and gives them warning of his being upon duty."

Thus he becomes identified with his master's pursuits and interests. He is "treated as one of the family;" with a marvelous sagacity, he recognizes the look, voice, and walk of his master; rejoices at his approach, and solicits his notice, while he bravely defends his person. His services are almost essential to civilization; and with his assistance man has obtained the conquest of the lower animals and peaceable possession of the earth. Surrounded by a number of these courageous animals, the traveler has been enabled, in climes abounding with ferocious beasts, to encamp at night in the dreary desert, and repose in comparative safety. The flock and herd obey the voice of the dog more readily than that of the shepherd; he conducts them, guards them, and keeps them from capriciously seeking danger, and considers their enemies his own.

The dog does not disdain to become the blind mendicant's assistant, conducting him through the streets of our cities and large towns, with the hat in his mouth, supplicating alms of the passers-by. We have seen the dog take portions of bread or even copper coin into his mouth, and place it in his master's hat; nor has the creature, though sometimes much tempted to do so, even tasted the bread till given to him by the hand of his employer.

Chambers, in his *Anecdotes of Dogs*, relates the following:—"An English officer, who was in Paris in 1815, mentioned the case of a dog belonging to a shoe-black, which brought customers to its master. This it did in a very ingenious, and scarcely honest, manner. The officer, having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously polished, dirtied by a poodle dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer, being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in

London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterward he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge."

The following instance of sagacity, which is well authenticated, reminds us of some of the companions of our childhood, who, when ill-treated, have threatened their oppressor with the vengeance of their "big brother." A gentleman in Staffordshire was in the habit of coming to town twice in the year, performing part of the journey on horseback, accompanied by his little terrier, which he usually left in the care of his landlady at St. Albans till his return. On one occasion, calling as usual for his little favorite, the lady appeared before him with a pitiful countenance. "Alas, sir," said she, "your terrier is lost! Our house-dog and he had a quarrel; and the poor terrier was so worried and bitten before we could part them, that I thought he could never have got the better of it. He however crawled out of the yard, and was not seen for almost a week. He then returned, bringing with him another dog larger by far than ours; and they both fell on our dog, and bit him so unmercifully that he has scarcely since been able to go about the yard, or to eat his meat. Your dog and his companion then disappeared, and have never since been seen at St. Albans." The gentleman, however, on arriving at home found his terrier; and, on inquiry, was informed that since he left for town the little creature had returned home, and had coaxed away the great house-dog, who, it seems, had, in consequence, followed him to St. Albans, and completely avenged his injury.

The dog, however, is not devoid of affection and sympathy for its fellows. Two dogs were in the practice of going out together to hunt squirrels on the mountain. One of them, in pursuit of some game, got his head fast between two rocks, from which he could not extricate himself; he remained in this situation eight days, during which time his associate fed him daily. Watch, for this was his name, was observed to whine, and show great uneasiness; he would seize every bone and bit of meat he could find, and hasten up the mountain, reserving for himself only the crumbs which were shaken from the table-cloth. He also went often to the master of his friend, and, by signs, endeavored to induce him to follow him. At length the master began to notice the conduct of the dog, and one day said to him, "Watch, do you know where poor Alonzo is?" The dog, appearing to understand him, sprang up to him with so much force as almost to throw him down, and, by other signs, induced him to follow him, and conducted him to his imprisoned companion. The poor dog was found to have suffered greatly; in addition to his being nearly starved, in his efforts to extricate himself he had worn the skin from his neck and shoulders. Fragments of the bones which Watch had brought him lay around.

The benevolence of dogs has excited universal admiration. But the Newfoundland dog particularly is justly celebrated for this quality. Children and adults have frequently been rescued from danger by these faithful animals. "In 1792, a gentleman went to the coast for the benefit of sea-bathing. He was conducted in one of the machines into the water; but, being unacquainted with the steepness of the shore, and no swimmer, he found himself, the instant he quitted the machine, nearly out of his depth. His alarm increased his danger; and, unnoticed by the attendant of the machine, he would unavoidably have been drowned had not a large Newfoundland dog, which providentially was standing on the shore, observed his distress, and plunged in to his assistance. The dog seized him by the hair, and conducted him safely to land; but it was some time before he recovered. The gentleman afterward purchased the dog at a high price, and preserved him as a precious treasure."

The eccentricities of some dogs are very remarkable. Perhaps none have excited more attention than "the firemen's dog," as he was called, who possessed a strange fancy for attending all the fires which occurred in London. He was the property of no individual, and was fed by the firemen generally; but he would stay with neither of them for any length of time. The "policeman's dog," as he has been named, may also often be seen following the officer on his beat in Paternoster-row. The writer daily, on his way to the city, sees a dog begging for his breakfast before the house of an inhabitant of the Blackfriars-road; and so well does he act the part of a mendicant, that the boys are often heard to say that he "is coming the 'old soldier.'"

This animal has frequently been sent on errands, which he has performed with fidelity and safety. A person who kept a turnpike near Stratford-on-Avon had one so trained, that he would go to the neighboring town for grocery or other articles of provision that were wanted, and return with them in safety. A memorandum of the things required was tied round his neck, and the articles were fastened in the same manner.

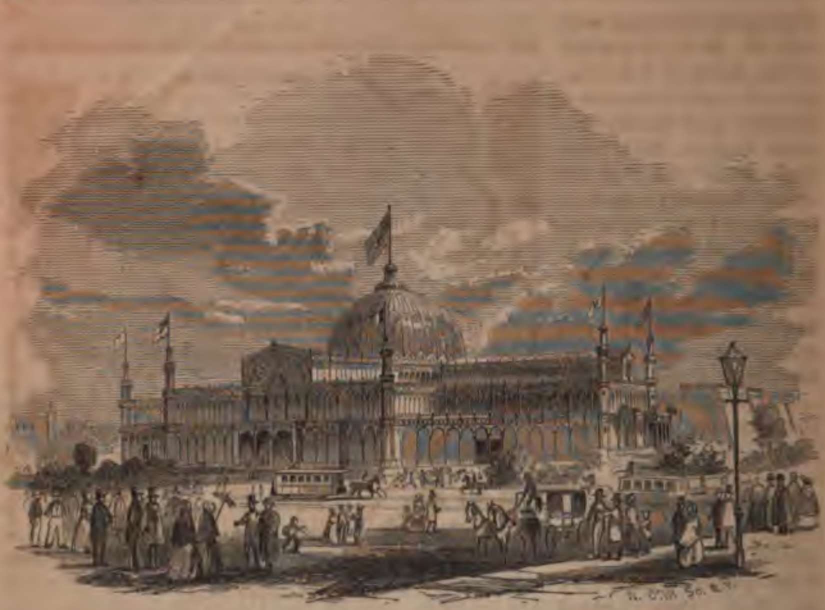
The Esquimaux dog performs the part of the horse, in drawing the Esquimaux in the sledge over the snow, and in pursuing the reindeer, the seal, or the bear.

The dogs of St. Bernard are sent out on errands of compassion, with provisions for the traveler benighted or endangered by the snow-storm. Some years ago a ship belonging to Newcastle was wrecked near Yarmouth, and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to the shore, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amid a number of people, several of whom in vain attempted to take from him his prize. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge, which, in all probability, was delivered to him by his perishing master, at length leaped fawningly against the breast of a man who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him.

Remarkable instances of sagacity are on record respecting this friend of man. Sometimes he has proved a defense to his keepers in a manner which could scarcely have been imagined. Take an example:—

"In 1781, a person went to a house in Deptford to take lodgings, under pretense that he had just arrived from the West Indies. Having agreed on the terms, he said he should send his trunk that night, and come himself the next day. About nine o'clock in the evening the trunk arrived, and was carried into his bedroom. As the family were retiring to bed, their little house-dog, deserting his usual station in the shop, placed himself close to the chamber-door where the chest was deposited, and kept up an incessant barking. The moment the chamber-door was opened the dog flew to the chest, against which it scratched and barked with redoubled fury. They attempted to get the dog out of the room, but in vain. Suspicion becoming very strong, they were induced to open the box, when, to their utter astonishment, they found in it their new lodger, who had been thus conveyed into the house with the intention of robbing it."

THE ESQUIMAUX DOG.



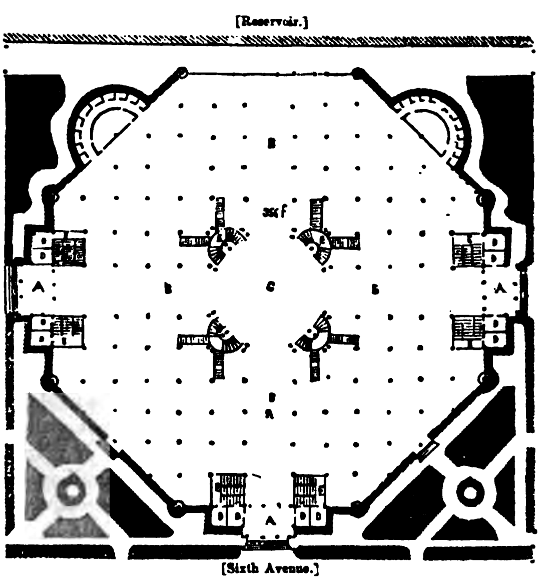
THE NEW-YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.

WE present our readers with original engravings of The New-York (it should be *The New-World*) Crystal Palace. The drawings have been furnished us by the architects themselves, and the cuts, done by one of our own artists, Mr. N. Orr, are the best views of the edifice yet given to the public.

The dimensions of this noble structure have already been published in detail by the Scientific American, and other prints; illustrated by our cuts, they will be readily comprehended by the reader. They are as follows:—The site of the building (guarantied to the association for five years) is on Reservoir Square; the general plan is a Greek cross, surmounted by a dome at the intersection; each diameter of the cross will be three hundred and sixty-five feet five inches long. There will be three similar entrances—one on the Sixth-avenue, one on Fortieth, and one on Forty-second-street. Each entrance will be forty-seven feet wide, and that on the Sixth-avenue will be approached by a flight of eight steps. Each arm of the cross is, on the ground-plan, one hundred and forty-nine feet broad. This is divided into a central nave and two aisles, one on each side: the nave forty-one feet wide; each aisle fifty-four feet wide. On each front is a large semicircular fanlight, forty-one feet broad and twenty-one feet high, answering to the arch of the nave. The central portion, or nave, is carried up to the height of sixty-seven feet; and the semicircular arch by which it is spanned is forty-one feet broad. There are thus, in effect, two arched naves, crossing each other at right angles, forty-one feet broad, sixty-seven feet high to the crown of the arch, and three hundred and sixty-five feet long; and on each side of these naves is an aisle fifty-four feet broad and forty-five feet high. The exterior of the ridgeway of the nave is seventy-one feet. The central dome is one hundred feet in diameter—sixty-eight feet inside from the floor to the spring of the arch, and one hundred and eighteen feet to the crown; and on the outside, with the lantern, one hundred and forty-nine feet. The exterior angles of the building are ingeniously filled up with a sort of lean-to, twenty-four feet high, which gives the ground plan an octagonal shape, each side or face being one hundred and forty-nine feet wide. At each angle is an octagonal tower, eight feet in diameter, and seventy-five feet high. Each aisle is covered by a gallery of its own width, and twenty-four feet from the floor. It will be the largest edifice ever put up in this country.

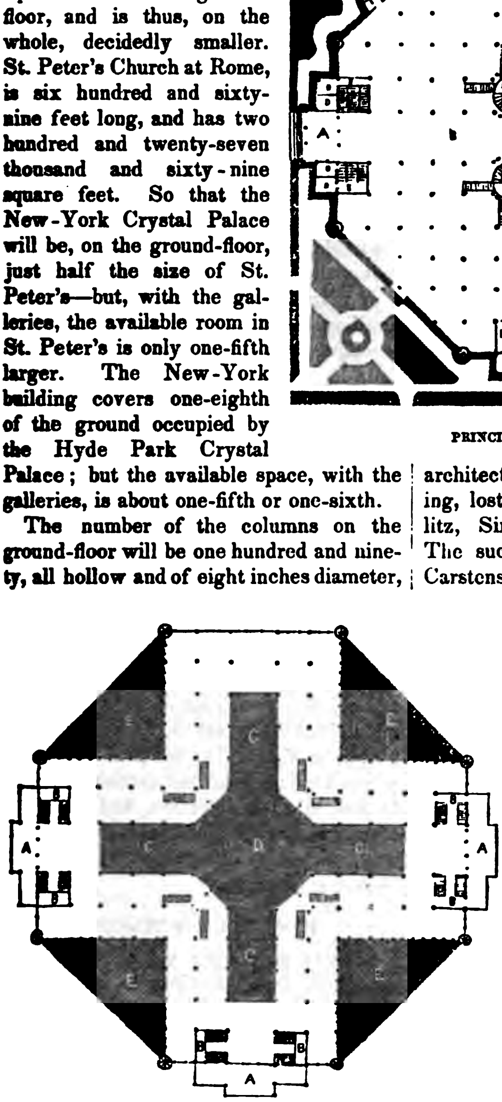
Now, to compare this building with some

of the great European wonders: St. Paul's, in London, is five hundred feet long, but has only eighty-four thousand and twenty-five square feet on its ground-floor, and is thus, on the whole, decidedly smaller. St. Peter's Church at Rome, is six hundred and sixty-nine feet long, and has two hundred and twenty-seven thousand and sixty-nine square feet. So that the New-York Crystal Palace will be, on the ground-floor, just half the size of St. Peter's—but, with the galleries, the available room in St. Peter's is only one-fifth larger. The New-York building covers one-eighth of the ground occupied by the Hyde Park Crystal Palace; but the available space, with the galleries, is about one-fifth or one-sixth.



PRINCIPAL STORY PLAN.[°]

The number of the columns on the ground-floor will be one hundred and ninety, all hollow and of eight inches diameter, and of different thicknesses from half-an-inch to one inch. On the gallery floor there will be one hundred and twenty-two columns, and the whole structure will be constructed of glass and iron. The plans have been selected from among several competitors, including Mr. Saeltzer, the architect of the Astor Library; Mr. Downing, lost in the *Henry Clay;* Mr. Eidlitz, Sir Joseph Paxton, and others. The successful competitors are Messrs. Carstensen and Gildemiester. Mr. Carstensen is the designer of the Tivoli and Casino of Copenhagen. "The directors," says an exchange paper, "have been fortunate in selecting a plan from this side of the water, and in not going to England for one."



GALLERY PLAN.

The beauty of the structure is manifest at a glance. It is an honor to the nation; and the more so, as it is not constructed from foreign designs. The work is now in rapid progress, and will be completed by next May; when it is hoped an industrial display will be made within its walls, such as shall be creditable not only to the country, but the age.

The ambition to succeed in this enterprise should be a national sentiment. It is rapidly becoming such.

[°] EXPLANATIONS.—*Principal Story Plan.*—AA. Entrance Halls; BB, Nave; C, Dome; DD, Offices; EE, Staircases.

Gallery Plan.—AA, Balconies; BB, Staircases; CC, Nave; D, Dome; EE, Roofs of First Story.

The dots indicate the principal columns; the smaller dots in the enclosure are smaller columns, between which the window-sashes are to be fastened.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES, BY HOOD.

A NEW LIFE-PRESERVER.

"Of hairbreadth 'scapes."—OTHELLO.

I HAVE read somewhere of a traveler, who carried with him a brace of pistols, a carbine, a cutlass, a dagger, and an umbrella, but was indebted for his preservation to the umbrella; it grappled with a bush, when he was rolling over a precipice. In like manner, my friend W——, though armed with a sword, rifle, and hunting-knife, owed his existence—to his wig!

He was specimen-hunting, (for W—— is a first-rate naturalist,) somewhere in the backwoods of America, when, happening to light upon a dense covert, there sprang out upon him,—not a panther or catamountain,—but, with a terrible whoop and yell, a wild Indian,—one of a tribe then hostile to our settlers. W——'s gun was mastered in a twinkling, himself stretched on the earth, the barbarous knife, destined to make him balder than Granby's celebrated Marquis, leaped eagerly from its sheath.

Conceive the horrible weapon making its preliminary flourishes and circumgyrations; the savage features, made savager by paint and ruddle, working themselves up to a demoniacal crisis of triumphant malignity; his red right-hand clutching the shearing-knife; his left the frizzle top-knot; and then the artificial scalp coming off in the Mohawk grasp!

W—— says, the Indian's catchpole was, for some moments, motionless with surprise; recovering, at last, he dragged his captive along, through brake and jungle, to the encampment. A peculiar whoop soon brought the whole horde to the spot. The Indian addressed them with vehement gestures, in the course of which W—— was again thrown down, the knife again performed its circuits, and the whole transaction was pantomimically described. All Indian sedateness and restraint was overcome. The assembly made every demonstration of wonder; and the wig was fitted on rightly, askew, and hind part before, by a hundred pair of red hands. Captain Gulliver's glove was not a greater puzzle to the Houhyhnms. From the men, it passed to the squaws, and from them down to the least of the urchins; W——'s head, in the meantime, frying in a midsummer sun. At length, the phenomenon returned into the hands of the chief—a venerable gray-beard: he examined it afresh, very attentively; and, after a long deliberation, maintained with true Indian silence and gravity, made a speech in his own tongue that procured for the anxious, trembling captive very unexpected honors. In fact, the whole tribe of women and warriors danced round him, with such unequivocal marks of homage, that even W—— comprehended that he was not intended for sacrifice. He was then carried in triumph to their wigwams; his body daubed with their body-colors of the most honorable patterns; and he was given to understand that he might choose any of their marriageable maidens for a squaw. Availing himself of this privilege, and so becoming, by degrees, more a proficient in their language, he learned the cause of this extraordinary respect. It was considered that he had been a great warrior; that he had, by mischance of war, been overcome and tufted; but that, whether by valor or stratagem, each equally estimable among the savages, he had recovered his liberty and his scalp.

As long as W—— kept his own counsel, he was safe; but, trusting his Indian Delilah with the secret of his locks, it soon got wind among the squaws, and from them became known to the warriors and chiefs. A solemn sitting was held at midnight by the chiefs, to consider the propriety of knocking the poor wig-owner on the head; but he had received a timely hint of their intention, and when the tomahawks sought for him, he was far on way, with his Life-preserver, toward a British settlement.

FANCIES ON A TEA-CUP.

I LOVE to pore upon old china—and to speculate, from the images, on Cathay. I can fancy that the Chinese manners betray themselves, like the drunkard's, in their cups.

How quaintly pranked and patterned is their vessel!—exquisitely outlandish, yet not barbarian. How daintily transparent! It should be no vulgar earth that produces that speculative ware, nor does it so seem in the enameled landscape.

There are beautiful birds; there, rich flowers and gorgeous butterflies, and a delicate clime, if we may credit the porcelain. There be also horrible monsters, dragons, with us obsolete, and reckoned fabulous; the main breed, doubtless, have followed Fohi in his wanderings thither from the Mount Ararat. But how does that impeach the loveliness of Cathay? There are such creatures even in Fairy-land.

I long often to loiter in those romantic paradises—studded with pretty temples—holiday pleasure-grounds—the true tea-gardens. I like those meandering waters, and the abounding little islands.

And here is a Chinese nurse-maid, Ho-Fi, chiding a fretful little Pekin child. The urchin hath just such another toy, at the end of a string, as might be purchased at our own Mr. Dunnett's. It argues an advanced stage of civilization where the children have many playthings; and the Chinese infants — witness their flying fishes and whirligigs, sold by the stray natives about our streets—are far gone in juvenile luxuries.

But here is a better token. The Chinese are a polite people; for they do not make household, much less husbandry, drudges of their wives. You may read the women's fortune in their tea-cups. In nine cases out of ten, the female is busy only in the lady-like toils of the toilette. Lo! here, how sedulously the blooming Hyson is penciling the mortal arches and curving the cross-bows of her eyebrows. A musical instrument, her secondary engagement, is at her almost invisible feet. Are such little extremities likely to be tasked with laborious offices? Marry, in kicking they must be ludicrously impotent,—but then she hath a formidable growth of nails.

By her side, the obsequious Hum is pouring his soft flatteries into her ear. When she walketh abroad, (here it is on another sample,) he shadeth her at two miles off with his umbrella. It is like an allegory of Love triumphing over space. The lady is walking upon one of those frequent petty islets, on a plain, as if of porcelain, without any herbage; only a solitary flower springs up, seemingly by enchantment, at her fairy-like foot. The watery space between the lovers is aptly left as a blank, excepting her adorable shadow, which is tending toward her slave.

How reverentially is yon urchin presenting his flowers to the Gray-Beard! So honorable is age considered in China! There would be some sense, *there*, in birthday celebrations.

Here, in another compartment, is a solitary scholar, apparently studying the elaborate didactics of Cos-Fuse-Ye.

The Chinese have, verily, the advantage of us upon earthen-ware! They trace themselves as lovers, contemplatists, philosophers: whereas, to judge from our jugs and mugs, we are nothing but sheepish piping shepherds and fox-hunters.

THE MORNING CALL.

I CANNOT conceive any prospect more agreeable to a weary traveler than the approach to *Bedfordshire*. Each valley reminds him of Sleepy Hollow; the fleecy clouds seem like blankets; the lakes and ponds are clean sheets; the setting sun looks like a warming-pan. He dreams of dreams to come. His traveling-cap transforms to a night-cap; the coach-lining feels softlier squabbed; the guard's horn plays "Lullaby." Every flower by the roadside is a poppy. Each jolt of the coach is but a drowsy stumble up-stairs. The lady opposite is the chamber-maid; the gentleman beside her is Boots. He slides into imaginary slippers; he winks and nods flirtingly at Sleep, so soon to be his own. Although the wheels may be rattling into vigilant Wakefield, it appears to him to be sleepy Ware, with its great Bed, a whole County of Down spread "all before him where to choose his place of rest."

It was in a similar mood, after a long, dusty, droughty, dog-day's journey, that I entered the Dolphin, at Bedhampton. I nodded in at the door, winked at the lights, blinked at the company in the coffee-room, surrendered my boots, clutched a candlestick, and blundered, slipshod, up the stairs to number nine.

Blessed be the man, says Sancho Panza, who first invented sleep; and a blessing is it that he did not take out a patent, and keep his discovery to himself. My clothes dropped off me: I saw through a drowsy haze the likeness of a four-poster: "Great Nature's second course" was spread before us; and I fell to without a long grace!

Here 's a body—there 's a bed!
There 's a pillow—here 's a head!
There 's a curtain—here 's a light!
There 's a puff—and so Good-Night!

It would have been gross improvidence to waste more words on the occasion; for I was to be roused up again at four o'clock the next morning, to proceed by the early coach. I determined, therefore, to do as much sleep within the interval as I could; and in a minute, short measure, I was with that mandarin, Morpheus, in his Land of Nod.

How intensely we sleep when we are fatigued! Some as sound as tops, others as fast as churches. For my own part, I must have slept as fast as a cathedral,—as fast as Young Rapid wished his father to slumber: nay, as fast as the French veteran who dreams over again the whole Russian campaign while dozing in his sentry-box. I must have slept as fast as a fast post-coach in my four-poster—or, rather, I must have slept "like winkin," for I seemed hardly to have closed my eyes, when a voice cried—"Sleep no more!"

It was that of Boots, calling and knocking at the door, while through the keyhole a ray of candle-light darted into my chamber.

"Who 's there?"

"It 's me, your honor; I humbly ax pardon—but somehow I've oversleeped myself, and the coach be gone by!"

"Then I have lost my place!"

"No, not exactly, your honor. She stops a bit at the Dragon, 'tother end of the town; and if your honor would n't object to a bit of a run—"

"That 's enough—come in. Put down the light—and take up that bag—my coat over your arm—and waistcoat with it—and that cravat."

Boots acted according to orders. I jumped out of bed—pocketed my night-cap—screwed on my stockings—plunged into my trowsers—rammed my feet into wrong right and left boots—tumbled down the back stairs—burst through a door, and found myself in the fresh air of the stable-yard, holding a lantern, which, in sheer haste, or spleen, I pitched into the horse-pond. Then began the race, during which I completed my toilet, running and firing a verbal volley at Boots, as often as I could spare breath for one.

"And you call this waking me up for the coach. My waistcoat! Why I could wake myself—too late—without being called. Now my cravat—and give me my coat! A nice road—for a run!—I suppose you keep it—on purpose. How many gentlemen—may you do a week?—I'll tell—you what. If I—run—a foot—farther—"

I paused for wind; while Boots had stopped of his own accord. We had turned a corner into a small square; and on the opposite side certainly stood an inn with the sign of The Dragon, but without any sign of a coach at the door. Boots stood beside me, aghast, and surveying the house from the top to the bottom; not a wreath of smoke came from a chimney; the curtains were closed over every window, and the door was closed and shuttered. I could hardly contain my indignation when I looked at the somnolent visage of the fellow, hardly yet broad awake—he kept rubbing his black-lead eyes with his hands, as if he would have rubbed them out.

"Yes, you may well look—you have overslept yourself with a vengeance. The coach must have passed an hour ago, and they have all gone to bed again!"

"No, there be no coach, sure enough," soliloquized Boots, slowly raising his eyes from the road, where he had been searching for the track of recent wheels, and fixing them with a deprecating expression on my face. "No, there 's no coach—I ax a thousand pardons, your honor—but you see, sir, what with waiting on her, and talking of her, and expecting of her, and giving notice of her, every night of my life, your honor—why I sometimes dreams of her—and that's the case as is now!"

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CALAMITIES OF THE IMAGINATION.

ADDISON, in treating on this subject, says:—"As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merrythought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail or a crooked pin shoots up into prodigies."

Editor's Table.

We continue to receive a superabundance of original *communications*. Many of them have genuine merit, but must be long delayed.

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While we return our thanks to *correspondents* for their favors, we must beg of them not to require their articles to be returned when not inserted. This demand would impose a somewhat troublesome task, and is contrary to the understood laws of the craft. Writers should keep copies of their articles if they value them enough to wish to preserve them.

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In the introductory remarks on the "*Chained Bible*," the reader will notice a blunder; in the phrase, "probably actually appeared," the word "probably" should be omitted.

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Our article on Bryant placed Cummington in Connecticut; it is in Massachusetts.

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We give in this number a very sensible article on Mesmerism, without indorsing, however, all its opinions. It presents, we think, a rational solution of the marvels of Biology, and is not without a lesson respecting the evil effects of its experiments. Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, from which we copy this paper, is the best popular authority extant on scientific subjects; we have already given numerous articles from it, and shall continue to avail ourselves of its interesting and instructive pages.

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The six numbers of the *National*, already issued, have been bound up in a substantial volume by our publishers. It can be found at 200 Mulberry-street, and our agencies generally.

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The lecture season has thus far been a very flourishing one in our city. The Popular Lectures at the Tabernacle, opened by Holmes in his best humor, have been sustained by some of our most practiced lecturers, especially from the East. The Roman Catholic, and also the Hebrew series have reported well. Mrs. Oakes Smith has held forth with determined purpose and no little ability, in spite of her novel views, at Hope Chapel. Thackeray's course before the Mercantile Library Associaton has, however, been the crowning attraction of these entertainments. He has been entirely successful. His actual appearance and effectiveness on the platform require of us some qualification of the estimate we quoted lately from an English print. He is a stanch-bodied Englishman, with a really good *personnel*, an elocution befitting the *lecture*, (using that word in its etymological sense,) and a richness of thought and sentiment which render his discourse one of the highest of intellectual entertainments.

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At the Tract House in this city are several interesting relics, among which is a chair of the "Dairyman's Daughter," and also of the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain." Recently another and most interesting addition has been made to the attractions of these rooms—the veritable London pulpit of George Whitefield. It is the one which was used by him in the open air, and it is adapted to be moved from place to place. It is fastened together by hooks and hinges, and its frame, light but strong, is about six feet high. It is a humble but notable monument —a battery from which thundered more powerful eloquence, if we may judge from its effects, than ever Demosthenes "fulmined over Greece," from amid the assemblies of Athens. George C. Smith, Esq., of London, has presented it to the society.

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The *British Quarterly Review*, in a critique on Margaret Fuller Ossoli's Memoirs, says some good things on the question of woman's rights, and concludes with the following original apologue. "The legend says,—we will not be so impertinent to our learned readers, or so ill-bred to our unlearned readers, as to say in what ancient author it is, or is not, to be found—but the legend says, that once on a time Selene complained to Zeus of the gross partiality which had allotted to her orb a light so much fainter than that of the god of day, and even that faint splendor ceasing and waning according to her relation to him. This inequality was a relic of chaos and barbarism, unworthy of an enlightened age. She spoke so eloquently of lunar rights and solar usurpations, solar arrogance and lunar degradation, that Zeus at length—*olli subridens*, as Maro hath it—with a lurking satire in his smile, nodded assent. The next day the new moon appeared, not as a timid, delicate crescent, but as a second sun, as bright, bold, and fiery as the god of day himself. When the first oddity of having two suns instead of one diminished, the difference was not much noticed; but as the month rolled on, and the cool summer nights were changed into burning summer days, by this novel development of moonshine, all the world was worked up to a pitch of wonderment. How astonishing! How wonderful! How delightful! said everybody. One or two ventured to add—How disagreeable! And, as the novelty wore off, it *was* disagreeable. Poets began to mourn for the loss of their ancient fountain of inspiration. Lovers no longer rambled together in the moonlight—they might as well walk out at noonday. Sailors mistook the tides, and shepherds lost count in their calendars, because it was always full moon. Philosophers grumbled at being disappointed of a predicted eclipse. Physicians and policemen thought these daylight nights a great improvement; but every one else soon voted them a bore. The plants began to wither under the unnatural excitement. The nightingale took to singing by day, and going to sleep at night, like other sensible birds. One or two temples were consecrated 'To the New Luminary,' but the old temples of Selene were all deserted, and no offerings laid on her altars. It was a great relief when, at the month's end, the moon rose and set by day, and in the cool dark night men looked at the far-off stars and thought of what moonlight used to be. At length Selene saw her mistake, and acknowledged that in her shortsighted ambition to share the empire of her brother, she had lost a fairer and sweeter one of her own. Zeus again heard her petitions, and from that time, over the weary toils and anxious, busy cares of life, the orb of day reigns supreme, and his sister only appears at times as a graceful crescent at his side; but when the time comes of rest, and of family gatherings, and of gentle soothing converse, and of heavenward musings, and of solemn, tearful, or prayerful vigils, and of fairy dreams, and healing slumbers, Selene shares the empire of night with the everlasting stars."

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The idiomatic phrases of a language are often elements of both its strength and its beauty. There is, however, in our own good old English, a whole brood of false phrases, which, from their habitual use, have come to be considered quite essentially idiomatic. They are, however, mere parasites on the ancient oak—verbal squatters on the soil, having no other right to it than what is derived from the fact, that "somehow or other" they have got a footing there. Dr. Curry, in a late review of Jacob Abbott's works, thus strikes at the whole brood at once, and a famous specimen in particular:—"One little phrase is often found in the works of some very respectable writers, like cockle among wheat. The natural history of that class of phrases would constitute an interesting study for some ingenious mind; and a just elucidation of the whole subject would be a valuable service rendered to the great commonwealth of letters. Of all this gipsy-race of phrases, 'as it were' holds the bad preëminence; and it seems to be about the most difficult to eradicate. One is at a loss to say what it means; and yet it has a meaning. It seems to serve a very useful purpose, when either the writer does not know his own meaning, or would cast dust into the reader's eyes. Its effect on a sentence full of good, strong common-sense, is perfectly paralytical. No matter what a concentration of meaning may have been compressed into an array of words, only place 'as it were' along side, and it means nothing."

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The Spirit-Rapping mania is as rife as ever in these regions, and seems to be spreading rapidly elsewhere. We have in this city not only "circles," meeting almost daily for "revelations," but a "spirited" newspaper as their organ, and the press recently announced public extempore lectures dictated entirely by "the spirits." The odd excitement is spreading all around us, and in sections of the West, even in remote "out-of-the-way" places, it is having all the prevalence of a new and violent form of sectarianism. We are accustomed to look back with self-complacent superiority to the days of our hard-headed Yankee forefathers, and pity or laugh at their "witchcraft," if not at their downright "orthodoxy" itself; but, considering their times, they were comparatively sensible men, and their delusions have, in contrast with ours, nobleness and even dignity. They were earnest, honest men, those forefathers of ours; they believed in the devil, and when he came across their path, as they thought, they met him with stout defiance; albeit they made sad havoc in the conflict sometimes. Their superstitions were not their own, however; they were the heritage of their times. But here, in our "glorious" age, when all men are tossing and brandishing torches of "light" before each other's eyes, so that the world seems sometimes in danger of being dazzled and "flurried" out of its vision and out of its wits, this amazing example of "progress" is presented with all the indisputable merit of *originality*. And what is most whimsical about it, is the fact that not the "credulous," the "religionists" of the times, are its high-priests, but men who have prided themselves on their superiority to "creeds and the Church," the "old superstitions" of Christianity.

We gave an article on the subject some time since, detailing many of the extraordinary pretensions of the "Rappers." They have made some progress since. Mere "rappings," uplifting of tables or of "live and kicking" men, have given way to real apparitions and outright, articulate speech. One of the most remarkable examples has been spread before the public by Mr. E. P. Fowler, and the learned orientalist, Professor Bush, has condescended to examine it critically. Dr. Bush's *New Church Repository* lies open before us at "this present writing," with an entire page of Hebrew, Bengalee, and Arabic passages, which Mr. Fowler found written by the spirits in his chamber. Here is Mr. Fowler's account of the marvel:—"On the night of the 21st of November, 1851, while sleeping alone in the third story of the house, I was awakened about one o'clock, by sounds of footsteps in my room. Looking up, I saw five men, some of them dressed in ancient costume, walking about and conversing together. Some of them spoke with me, and among other things told me not to be frightened, that they would not harm me, &c. I attempted to rise, however, to go down stairs, but found that my limbs were paralyzed. These strange visitants remained with me about three hours, and finally disappeared while going toward a window, and when within about two feet of it. They did not open the window. During the succeeding night, and at about the same hour, I was again awakened in a similar manner, and saw several persons in my room. Some of those who were there on the previous night were present with others whom I had never seen before. One of them had what appeared to be a box about eighteen inches square and some nine inches high; it seemed to contain electrical apparatus. They placed the box on the table, and then electrical emanations, like currents of light of different colors, were seen issuing from the box. One of the company placed a piece of paper, pen, and ink, on the lid of this box. The luminous currents now centered around the pen, which was immediately taken up and dipped in the ink, and, without the application of any other force or instrument, so far as I could perceive, the pen was made to move across the paper, and a communication was made which I have since learned was in the Hebrew language. This information I received from Professor Bush, to whom the writings were submitted for translation, and whose letter, addressed to you, will accompany this statement. Soon after three o'clock my companions left me as they had done the previous night, taking the box with them. During the time they were in my apartment, I was in possession of my natural senses, and not only saw *them*, but the furniture in the room, by means of the illumination which their presence caused; and I also heard the clock strike, and carriages passing in the street."

There seems to have been no upshot whatever from the first visit of these magi-looking characters, and no attempt is made to explain the wherefore of their meaningless intrusion. The second visit was, however, a notable one certainly. The electrical apparatus was a "feature" in it—a very interesting one. It is to be regretted that it was *boxed*—it might have afforded some invaluable hints to our electricians—especially as it had one power unknown to our own apparatus, that of developing "different colors" in its currents. But it is a trick with these invisibles—a most vexatious one—that while making profuse offers, now for these two or three years, of important aids to us groping mortals, and leading us by the nose on the marvelous margin of their *terra-incognita*, they have not yet given us a single important suggestion, no new scientific idea whatever.

Other similar visits to the chamber of Mr. Fowler took place, and the manuscripts left were submitted to Dr. Bush. He says:—"The first of these manuscripts was in Hebrew, containing a few verses from the last chapter of the Prophet Daniel. This was correctly written, with the exception of several apparently arbitrary omissions, and one rather violent transposition of a word from an upper to a lower line. The next was from the book of Joel, (chap. ii, 23–27,) and was very correctly written, with one or two trifling errors, of such a nature, however, as would be very unlikely to be made either by one who understood the language, or by one who should undertake to transcribe the passage mechanically from Hebrew. The other specimens were in the Hebrew, Arabic, and Bengalee languages, to which I may add a paragraph in French, written underneath the Bengalee, and apparently a translation of it. As this was from Joel ii, 28, 29, it could easily be verified by recurrence to a Bengalee version of the Scriptures in the Library of the American Bible Society. The sentences in the Arabic character were also ascertained to be mostly translations of a few verses from the Arabic portion of the Scriptures.

"One of them, however, I am informed, was alleged by the spirits to be a quotation or translation of some lines from Pope. But how this is to be understood I know not. The style of the manuscript is very peculiar. Whoever were the penmen, the act of writing seems to have been preceded by some preliminary flourishes of a very singular and zigzag appearance, commencing at or near the top of a page, and connecting with the first word of the script. In the case of one of the Arabic extracts, there were traces over the paper which indicated that the pen for some reason was not raised during the writing; besides which the lines run diagonally across the sheet, and were followed by an imperfect sentence in English, terminating in the Arabic word signifying *end*. Altogether the specimens are of an extraordinary character, such as I cannot well convey by any verbal description."

Mr. Fowler declares that he knows nothing of these languages. Dr. Bush calls the whole matter "Pseudo-Spiritualism,"—but while he denies "the intrinsic verity or worth of its communications," he believes in their "spiritual origin or causation," and is "satisfied that every other solution is utterly inadequate."

What is our solution of the facts stated? Just nothing at all, except the submission of them to the common-sense of the reader. The indefiniteness, the vagueness, the crotchety character of the whole affair is too obvious to need remark. If what is here said was done, then there was ability to do it with a more satisfactory, a more intelligible, and a more complete result. We must further remark that the case is one which must be admitted to be decisive one way or the other. Mr. Fowler affirms that he witnessed—saw, heard—the apparitions, and received from them the writings, &c. Both his friends and his opponents must agree, that either they are what he affirms, or that there is sheer imposture in the pretension. There is no other alternative that we can perceive. Admitting the alleged facts, we can see no solution of them besides that given by Dr. Bush, and sustained by Isaac Taylor's view of the freaks in the Wesleyan parsonage at Epworth. Many of the marvels connected with the "rappings" can be referred to magnetic agency alone; this case certainly cannot.

These "spirit" pretensions have evidently reached a "crisis;" their late forms are becoming tiresome; something new or more startling is necessary to keep up "an interest," and they are compelled to take more imposing shapes, which will soon determine them.

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Our article on *Hawthorne* will be found to contain some new facts and illustrations of that author. Mr. Hawthorne's position in our literature has become quite determinate, and will unquestionably be permanent. He has traits of originality and vigor which cannot fail to secure to him, in the future, the success he has already achieved. Occasional failures even can hereafter be no permanent detraction from the substantial merit of such a mind. They can be but incidental exceptions to its average power. With the prestige of his past decided success, the mature strength of life before him, and original and abundant resources within him, he stands forth *the* American author of his day. Such both foreign and domestic authorities pronounce him.

With these views of his merits and prospects, we cannot but regret some of his faults—faults which the personal partiality more perhaps than the critical opinions of our correspondent have inclined him to pass unnoticed. We have space here to notice but one of them, and that. to us, is the most serious one. We refer to the unhealthy tone of his works. They tend, as our critic asserts, to make the reader better. but they do so by a most ungenial process. Hawthorne shows a morbid propensity for morbid characters—bizarre anomalies of human nature. A strong predilection for this sort of writing seems to be developing itself in our national literature. Poe's best poems and his prose tales are rife with it. Some of Miss Cheesebro's volumes are sad examples of it. "Pierre, or the Ambiguities," the late miserable abortion of Melville, is another. In the name of all that is good or beautiful, why should art of any kind be prostituted to such moral deformities? As well might the sculptor reproduce thè horrors of Dupruytren's Pathological Museum. Dupruytren's specimens have their place and their uses unquestionably, but are fit only for the eyes of medical men. The morbid facts and characters of this kind of literature may be real, and have their appropriate place of record; but it is in the annals of crime, or, more frequently, in the annals of insanity, not in the productions of genius and beautiful letters—the common and health-giving food (as they should be) of the common mind. There are some exceptions, we admit, as in the higher tragedy; but the exceptions should be stringently limited. They cannot be allowed to characterize the whole genius of a man, and habitually reveal themselves through a whole school of literature. The ascetic, shadowy, gloomy spirit of Hawthorne's genius must be relieved by more frequent and healthy expressions of common, human geniality and joyousness, if ever he would wield its legitimate influence. "To us," says the Whig Review, in a late critique on his works, "it does not seem as if the fresh wind of morning blew across his track; we do not feel the strong pulse of nature throbbing beneath the turf he treads upon. When an author sits down to make a book, he should not alone consult the inclinations of his own genius regarding its purpose or its construction. If he should happen to be imbued with strange, saturnine doctrines, or be haunted by a morbid suspicion of human nature, in God's name let him not write one word. Better that all the beautiful, wild thoughts, with which his brain is teeming, should molder for ever in neglect and darkness, than that one soul be overshadowed by stern, uncongenial dogmas." "Mr. Hawthorne discards all idea of successful human progress. All his characters seem so weighed down with their own evilness of nature, that they can scarcely keep their balance, much less take their places in the universal march. It is a pity that Mr. Hawthorne should not have been originally imbued with more universal tenderness. It is a pity that he displays nature to us so shrouded and secluded, and that he should be afflicted with such a melancholy craving for human curiosities. His men are either vicious, crazed, or misanthropical, and his women are either unwomanly, unearthly, or unhappy. His books have no sunny side to them. They are unripe to the very core."

The criticism is, perhaps, too strongly expressed, but it is mainly just. Literary works of art—under which convenient classification come all Mr. Hawthorne's productions, "save and except" one, which most of our readers will recall by the aid of their political reminiscences—literary works of art, like all other artistic productions, are valuable not so much for their ultimate lesson or "moral," as for the incidental influence of their attributes. The myth of the Apollo, with whatever of allegory or moral pertains to it, is not what gives the statue of the Belvidere its value; the moral and artistic attributes of the work—its embodiment of noble and beautiful thought—give it its power and worth, and render it, as "a thing of beauty, a joy forever." The ultimate moral lessons of Hawthorne's writings are impressive and salutary, but the moral influence of the process through which the reader reaches them is anything but healthful—anything, therefore, but salutary. Let him come out into the sunlight more—let him catch the genial and even jovial moods of joyous nature and of healthy common humanity—let him write beneath the aurora or the midsun, and go to bed and snore, if he will, when the night is dreary and dripping—the better will it be infinitely for his own brightening reputation and the hearts and heads of his readers.

Mr. Hawthorne has received a hearty welcome from John Bull; no American writer has had in England a better reception. But the English critics, accustomed as they are to the multiform defects of some of their own fiction-writers, lament the fault we have mentioned, and deprecate its growth as a characteristic of American literature. The *London Atlas* says:—"It is a melancholy sign for the prospects of rising American literature that some of its most hopeful professors should have, in recent works of fiction, been evidently laying themselves out for that species of subtile psychological romance, first introduced to the reading world by such authors as Balzac and Sand. Abandoning the hearty and wholesome tone which has almost always characterized English literature—giving up the painting of real human manners and human actions—Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne and some others of his countrymen have adopted the style of a bastard French school, and set themselves to the analysis and dissection of diseased mind and unhealthy and distorted sentiment. Anything more sad and foul than this change it would be impossible to imagine. Instead of conveying to us on this side of the Atlantic a true idea of American society—society in the great seaboard city or in the far West settlement—instead of presenting us with stories, racy of the soil and instinct with its vigorous and aggressive theories, the misguided party in question select some half-dozen morbid phases of mind, bring before us three or four intellectual cripples or moral monsters—personages resembling in their spiritual natures the calves with two heads or the cats with five legs exhibited at fairs—and then proceed with the dryest minuteness to describe the pathology of the morbid structure, to trace and dissect the anatomy of the monstrous moral and intellectual abortion, and, instead of laying before us a wholesome story of natural character and motive, to let us into the secret turnings and windings of unhealthy and abnormal mental power and promptings."

A sad and even detestable mischief is this in our recent literature. From men of fourth-rate talent it might be expected as a *ruse* for the popular appetite; but a man of genuine talent should eschew it utterly. If his talents are successful they are so in spite of it, not by its aid. But more on this subject hereafter.

Book Notices.

Putnam, New-York, has issued, in his Semimonthly Series, Hood's "Whims and Oddities," a volume full of humorous ebullitions, in the very best style of that capital merry-maker. The cuts are numerous, and, though roughly done, are noticeably characteristic. Leigh Hunt's second series of "the Book for a Corner," full of gems from the best old English writers, has also been added to the series. This Semimonthly Library is the cheapest series of really superior works yet attempted in this country.

We noticed, some time since, *Woodbury's* "New Method with the German Language." The publishers have since sent us his "Shorter Course," which is an abridgment of the larger work. It is admirably condensed, direct, and simple; in fine, Mr. Woodbury's text-books, presenting in an enhanced form all the advantages of Ollendorff's method, will tend to render the German a familiar study among us, by relieving it of its most formidable difficulties. We should mention that, in addition to his grammatical works, he has issued an "Eclectic German Reader," containing specimens of the best German writers, and references to his text-books for idiomatic explanations.

We have received the first volume of "Critical and Exegetical Notes and Discourses on the Gospels," by *Rev. A. Carroll*. The style of the work is very direct and popular, and the author pauses not for any elaborate ornament. Besides theological students, he has designed to adapt himself to Bible-classes, families, &c. His notes are remarkable for their brevity, and a good deal so for their terse pertinence. They give the best thoughts of the best extant authorities. *Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati.*

"Philosophers and Actresses" is written in the brilliant dashing style of *Houssaye*, and, with the exception of the poetical passages, preserves well in the version the qualities of the Frenchman. By its bad moral tone, however, and its perversion of facts into brilliant fiction and persiflage, it becomes a mere *jeu-d'esprit*. It has little biographic truthfulness, and is, to say the best of it, a worthless affair.

The venerable *Dr. Nathan Bangs's Semi-Centennial Sermon* before the New-York East Conference has been published by Carlton and Phillips, 200 Mulberry-st. It presents an outline of the growth of Methodism during the present century—brief sketches of some of its prominent men—views of the causes of its success, and remarks on the peculiarities of its economy. It will be valuable as an historical authority in the denomination, and we commend it to every Methodist as a most interesting appeal from one of the most excellent and most prominent men of the American Church.

The author of "The Peep of Day"—so well known to juvenile readers—has produced two very attractive little volumes of "*Scripture Facts*"—narrating, in her inimitable style of simplicity and beauty, the most interesting incidents of the Bible. Carlton and Phillips, New-York, have issued them in very neat style and abundantly illustrated.

Delia's Doctors; or, a Glance behind the Scenes, by Hannah G. Creamer. A rambling, but clever little volume is this—the experiences of a "ratherish unwellish" lady whom the doctors fail to cure, but who, by her common sense and the counsels of a female friend, betakes herself to "right courses" in respect to diet, exercise, &c., and renews thereby her constitution. There are some successful sketches of character in the volume, some apt hits, much excellent advice, and some nonsense. (12mo., pp. 262. *Fowlers and Wells.*)

The *Macrocosm and Microcosm* is the title of an elaborate volume, embracing the first part of a new philosophy—the spiritual constitution of man in its relations to the material universe. It is one of those works which cannot well be indorsed by any cautious critic, for it would require days of hard study to appreciate critically its speculations; but this much we may say of it: it shows an earnest and manly spirit of inquiry, it abounds in the evidences of extensive learning, and its logic is close and keen. Having said thus much, we may remark that the central idea of the author—claimed by him as an original discovery—that the primordial degrees of creation correspond with those of the diatonic scale, appears to us as too hypothetical, if not whimsical, and that many of his collateral views are equally exceptionable. The work is a strong protest against the Pantheism and materialism of the times. (12mo., pp. 331. *Taylor, New-York.*)

The Beauty of Holiness and Sabbath Miscellany is the title of a new monthly, edited by preachers of the Pittsburgh Conference, and devoted to the discussion of subjects of personal religion, particularly in relation to Christian sanctification. The first number is beautifully got up, and contains an interesting list of contents, among which are three or four able original papers. ($1 per annum. *Weirick, Washington, Ohio.*)

A very able Address on the *Importance of Sunday Schools*, by Prof. Wheeler of Indiana Asbury University, has been issued by the Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati. It elaborately discusses the great capacities of this institution, and makes out a comprehensive and powerful argument for it. Mr. Wheeler estimates that there are two hundred thousand teachers, nearly one million scholars, and two million volumes in Sunday-school libraries, in the United States.

Our book notices are necessarily brief, but we endeavor to make them significant and to "the point." We should like much to deviate from our usual limits to express fully our estimate of Prof. Goodrich's volume of "*Select British Eloquence*," the best collection yet given in this country of the British Parliamentary oratory. It extends over the last two centuries, and is accompanied by first, a memoir of each orator; second, an historical introduction to each speech explaining its circumstances,

&c.; third, an analysis of each speech, in side notes, executed with much critical skill; fourth, numerous small notes bringing out minute facts and relations of parties; fifth, translations of quotations from other languages; sixth, concluding accounts of the result of the debates and votes; and many other excellences. This will suffice—the reader must perceive that this substantial octavo is an invaluable work. It is unquestionably the best of its class now extant. (*Harper and Brothers, New-York.*)

Japan and the Japanese, by Talbot Watts, M.D., from the press of *Neagle, New-York*, contains some documents relating to Japan, and several illustrative engravings tolerably well done; but the work, as a whole, is a "hodge podge," hardly worth the trouble of a reading.

The Works of Edgar A. Poe; Redfield, New-York, 1852.—A new and revised edition of the prose and poetry of Edgar Allan Poe, to whom the English reviewers have of late taken a fancy. What Savage was in his day, and Coleridge in his, has Poe been in ours—the ruined man of genius, and dying he left not his equal. As a poet, a writer of tales, and a critic, he is alike unique; not much to be commended for the direction of his taste, nor to be recommended as a model, but, in his way, admirable and worthy of profound study. His walk was narrow, but in it he was a master, and worked powerful spells; as "The Raven," among his poems, and "The Fall of the House of Usher," among his stories, bear witness. His criticism is keen and acute, often unjust, but always sharp and discriminating. Altogether, we consider him the most remarkable author America has yet produced, and in his life and works a psychological curiosity. He will appear in our series of American writers.

Reflections on Flowers, by Rev. James Hervey. This little work, by the author of the "Meditations among the Tombs," has been republished by Taylor of this city, in a neat and attractive form. It contains some dozen colored floral engravings, and is elegantly bound. It is always a favorite with juvenile readers, and, saving its meretricious style, deserves to be.

Messrs. Carlton & Phillips have issued "The Pocket Diary for 1853." Besides the usual Calendar, it contains valuable tables of religious statistics, blank leaves for daily memoranda, "minister's memoranda" adapted for Church accounts, general memoranda, &c., constituting an exceedingly convenient manual.

The historical series of *Messrs. Abbott* has been enriched by another entertaining volume, "The History of Romulus." Nothing is added to the well-authenticated facts of history in these volumes, but the peculiar style of the author throws over them many of the charms of fiction. The plates are numerous and attractive. (*Harper & Brothers, New-York.*)

Redfield, New-York, has issued a most entertaining and valuable contribution to American historical literature, under the title of "The Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley," &c., by John Gelmar Shea. Besides Mr. Shea's own articles—historical and bibliographical—the volume contains the original Narratives of Marquette, Alowez, Membre, Hennepin, and Anastase Douay. We have had in our own language Marquette's Voyage and Map, but the narrative has been an imperfect transcript of the original, and the map is especially inaccurate. Mr. Shea gives us both with minute correctness. There is genuine romance about these canoe voyages of the early French missionaries, and their value as historical data is inestimable. The volume is got up in a style highly creditable to the publishers.

"Daughters of Zion" is the title of a new series of Biblical characters, from the pen of *Rev. Mr. Burchard*. Its plates, which are well executed, we have seen before. Such sketches of Scripture personages are not favorites with us; they are becoming superabundant, and they are generally rhetorical perversions of the simple, but incomparable, portraitures of the Bible. Mr. Burchard has produced a work which compares well with others of its class.

Messrs. Harpers have issued "Cornelius Nepos," edited by Professor Anthon. We have several times given our opinion of Dr. Anthon's labors in classical literature, and need not repeat it here. The present volume will be valued by Latin teachers and students. Cornelius Nepos is an attractive text-book, but he was guilty of egregious blunders and some bad Latinity. Professor Anthon has critically rectified these defects. His notes are abundant, constituting more than half the volume.

A very interesting reprint, "Footsteps of our Fathers," has appeared from the press of *Gould & Lincoln, Boston*. It is a description of localities and events distinguished in English struggles for religious liberty, and gives a most impressive picture of "the phenomena of religious intolerance." Not only is the lesson of the book valuable, but its interest is profound. We can recommend it as one of the most entertaining books of the season. It contains some thirty-six engravings, the execution of which might be much improved.

Putnam has issued, as one of his Semi-monthly Series, "The Eagle Pass; or, Life on the Border," by Cora Montgomery—a work too hastily thrown off, but full of vigorous passages and entertaining incidents and descriptions of frontier life. The authoress lashes our national officials of the Texan frontier without mercy, and, indeed, deals out blows in all directions. She has some heretic doctrines on slavery, but her views of the Mexican peon system will be found of interest and value to the friends of humanity.

Professor Newman's "Regal Rome" has been published in very neat style by *Redfield, New-York*. It will be esteemed by students of Roman history an invaluable introduction to that study. Niebuhr has transformed the primeval aspects of the Roman history. Newman differs from him in many important respects, and should be read in connection with him. The present volume is short, but unusually comprehensive. It treats of Alban, Sabine, and Etrusco-Latin Rome, and especially attempts to assign to each people its relation to the great resultant whole.

Literary Record.

MR. BRYANT, of the *Post*, is now in Europe; he designs to make the usual tour of Egypt and the Holy Land. He still keeps up his connection with the *Post*, and his letters will be a treat to its readers.

The *Central Christian Advocate* (connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church) is about to be commenced at St. Louis under the editorial care of Rev. W. D. R. Trotter—a gentleman who wields a ready and spirited pen.

Rev. Dr. Clark, of Poughkeepsie, has been appointed editor of the *Ladies' Repository* of Cincinnati. Dr. Clark is a ripe thinker and able writer. The Repository has acquired a good reputation both for its literary and moral excellence. It is one of the very few periodicals for ladies in this country which really deserve their respect. The publishers announce that while they will maintain its literary merit, they will adapt it hereafter more particularly to its specific purpose as a publication for females. This is good policy, for by thus placing it on a special basis they will secure it against competition from more general works. There is, too, a large range of topics relating to the interests and duties of the sex—its peculiar literature, its fine biographies, the new questions of its "rights," &c., &c.—which cannot fail to afford abundant material.

The Rev. E. O. Haven, of this city, has been appointed to a professorial chair in the University of Michigan.

Rev. Dr. Robert Baird has been chosen President of Washington College, Pennsylvania. The Doctor has long been known as the zealous and able Secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union.

We learn, says *Norton's Literary Gazette*, that a biography of Humboldt, written by Professor Klencke, is about to be translated for publication in England; that W. J. Boone, D. D., Missionary Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States to China, is about to publish, in London, a treatise on the "Notions of the Chinese concerning God and Spirits;" that Mr. J. O. Halliwell proposes a new edition of Shakspeare, to be issued in twenty folio volumes, to be completed in six years, at a cost of forty guineas; only one hundred copies are to be printed; it will correspond in size to the first collected edition of 1623, and will contain numerous fac-similes from that imprint.

Mr. Finden, the great engraver, and the author of an illustrated work called "Finden's Byron Illustrations," and several others of a similar character, died September 20th.

Martin F. Tupper, Esq., has written a dirge on the death of the Duke of Wellington, of twenty-three stanzas in length. Fraser's Magazine slaughters poor Tupper without mercy.

Professor Ranke, author of the "Lives of the Popes," is at Brussels, engaged in writing a work on French History in the Seventeenth Century.

The *Boston Transcript* states that Mr. Bancroft has the fifth volume of his History of the United States in the hands of the stereotypers. Of the fourth volume, issued, the very large number of twenty thousand copies is said to have been already sold.

The report of Mr. Panizzi states that the *Library of the British Museum*, at the close of 1836, contained two hundred and thirty thousand volumes of printed books, and has since increased to four hundred and sixty-five thousand, showing an annual increase of sixteen thousand volumes. The amount of shelving at present provided is fifty-five thousand four hundred feet; and the trustees have now to provide room for the eighty thousand volumes which will be added to the library during the coming five years.

Joshua Bates, Esq., of the eminent house of Baring, Brothers & Co., has made the very liberal donation of fifty thousand dollars, for the purchase of books for the Boston Public Library.

Harvard College.—This ancient institution is at present in a flourishing condition. The catalogue shows the number of undergraduates to be three hundred and nineteen; professional students and resident graduates, three hundred and thirty; making a total of six hundred and forty-nine.

At a late meeting of the New-York Historical Society, a proposition was made to print the catalogues of printed books, manuscripts, maps and charts, portraits, prints, busts, coins, and medals, embracing the library and cabinet of the New-York Historical Society.

Genesee College, and the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, which are associated in their operations, constitute the largest literary institution, of the higher grade, on this continent. The college has about eighty in its regular classes, while over five hundred a year are taking irregular instruction in it; and the seminary, now twenty years old, will report for the past year between twelve and thirteen hundred students.

The Methodists in France recently held their first Annual Conference at Nismes. An alteration was made in their Church government, so that "each district will name two representatives, who, with the president and secretary of the Conference, will form the stationing committee."

It is said that the remains of Thomas Hood lie in Kensal Green Cemetery without even an inscription. Several gentlemen, members of the Whittington Club, have recently been endeavoring, by subscription, to raise a memorial over his grave. Among those who have already contributed, we notice the names of the Duke of Devonshire, Samuel Rogers, the poet, the Earl of Carlisle, and Lord Dudley Stuart.

Nathaniel Hawthorne has received from Chapman & Hall, London, $1,000, for the privilege of republishing in England his "Blithedale Romance."

A donation of $7,000 has been given to Dartmouth College, by George C. Shattuck, M. D., for the erection of an Observatory, on condition that the trustees will raise the sum of $3,000 for the purchase of instruments.

The *White Water Female College and Academy*, Centreville, Indiana, is prospering under the care of Rev. Cyrus Nutt and an effective faculty. The catalogue reports one hundred and ninety-one students for the last academic year.

One of the Paris journals has quoted largely from *Le Scarabée d'Or*, a correct translation of Edgar A. Poe's *Gold Bug*. A note informs readers that it is part of a complete translation of Poe's Works. This writer is a favorite with the French. Most of his horrible tales, rendered with more or less faithfulness, have already appeared in the different periodicals of Paris.

It has been proposed to place a memorial to the poet, Wordsworth, in the church now rebuilding at Cockermouth, England. It is the place of his birth; he received the first elements of his education in the endowed school adjoining the church-yard. His father, also, was buried near the chancel; and here, in his gray hairs and honors, he often stood and communed in spirit with his departed parent; but as yet no public testimony has been raised in a locality so much associated with the poet's personal history. It is intended to take advantage of the present opportunity, and that the great five-light east window of the chancel should be a "memorial window," filled with Scriptural subjects, and inscribed to the memory of Wordsworth.

Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. announce that they have in preparation a new work, by the author of "Sunnyside," and the first of a new series of volumes on the plan of "Chambers's Miscellany."

The writings and speeches of Senator Seward, which are to be published during the winter, include his letters written during a tour in Europe, papers on imprisonment for debt, speeches in the senate, a number of literary essays, etc.

A writer from France, in the *New-York Observer*, says: "As to German Universities, which enjoyed before so much liberty, they are now subjected to an inquisitorial watch. The professors of law, of sciences, of philosophy, history, theology even, have received orders to be *very circumspect, very reserved* in their lectures; that is to say, in plain terms, they must avoid, under penalty of being deposed from office, impugning the political views of the governments. Literature has also experienced the effects of this sad reaction. Independent poets are silent, and Roman Catholic poetry (what a connection of words!) gleams over the German horizon. There is a school of young authors, who, seconded by artful Jesuits, try to revive the laws, the creeds, the superstitions of the middle ages, and to lead back their fellow-citizens to the times of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. Luther's Reformation is cursed by these venal writers, as the source of pantheism, socialism, and demagoguism. Such is the position of Germany.

The *London Literary Gazette* says, that at the Asiatic Society, Mr. Norris read lately a paper on the so-called Median inscription of Behistun, which he trusted he could show to be in a Scythic dialect, analogous in many of its forms, and most of its grammatical structure, to the language called Ugrian, including the Magyar and Ostiak, and the several tongues still spoken on the banks of the Volga, more especially the Volga Finnish. In concluding the reading, he said that the only names of a people found on the rock, not immediately taken from the Persian original, was one that might be read Amardi or Avardi, and he thought that this was one of the tribes who spoke the language which he was engaged in investigating. He suggested also that the Avars, who were found upon the Volga, toward the decline of the Roman empire, might have been allied to the same race.

At a late meeting of the London Asiatic Society, there was a letter read from Dr. Royle, relative to internal evidence in the Vedas, derivable from natural history, which might bear on the locality of their origin. He stated that he had found none which was not Indian. The most curious of the substances he had looked at was the *soma* plant, which played so important a part in the religious ceremonies of the ancient Hindus.

A Paris bookseller advertises a production of the National printing office at Vienna, "The Antiquities of Peru," (in Spanish,) by de Rivere, and de Iscudi, directors of the National Museum of Lima. It is a quarto, with a folio atlas of fifty-eight colored plates. The work exhibits the archæological treasures of the ancient empire of the Incas. There is also advertised an "Essay on the Foundations of Human Knowledge, and the Characteristics of Critical Philosophy," by M. Cournot, an eminent geometrician and Inspector-General of Public Instruction; also a treatise "On the Faculties of the Soul," comprising a history of the principal psychological theories, by M. Adolphe Garnier, Professor of Philosophy in the Paris Faculty of Letters. Also a new edition of the translation of the Koran, from the Arab text, by Kasimetski, interpreter of the French Legation in Persia, and two volumes of the "History of Christian Theology in the Apostolical Age," by R. Reuss, Professor in the Faculty of Theology, and at the Protestant Seminary, in Strasburg.

Among new publications at Paris there is a translation of the tragedy of Gregory of Nazianzum "On the Passion and the Resurrection of Jesus Christ." It is in three acts. The first represents the Saviour's sufferings—the second, his burial—the third, his rising from the dead. The Virgin Mary figures in all three, and is made to bewail the woes of her blessed Son, in the most eloquent and affecting language. She and the other characters are responded to by choruses in the style of the ancient Greek dramas. We shall commence, in our next number, a series of papers on the Church Dramas of the Middle Ages, which will afford some entertaining illustrations of this section of Christian literature.

Religious Summary.

FROM the report of the visiting committee, we learn that one hundred and twenty ministers have already been regularly connected with the *Biblical Institute, Concord, N. H.* Four of this number are missionaries in distant fields of labor. It has a library of three thousand volumes, to which an addition of three hundred volumes was made by the late Bishop Hedding. The prospects of the Institution are highly encouraging, and the late anniversary was especially interesting. Addresses were delivered by Professor Dempster; the Rev. J. Cummings, of Boston; and the Rev. William Butler, of Shelburne Falls.

The Jesuits have again taken possession of Loyola, their ancient seat in Spain. Fifty to sixty fathers of the order will reside there in charge of the missions in the kingdom. The order has six houses in Spain, but no college for the instruction of youth.

The General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently decided on the following appropriations for the current year:—*Foreign Missions:* Africa, (Liberia,) $26,000; South America, $4,000; China, $10,000; Germany, $10,000; total, $50,000. *Domestic Missions:* Germans, $43,300; foreigners, (other than Germans,) $10,250; Indian Missions, $13,500; native population, $74,250; total, $141,300. *New Missions:* France, $2,500; Bulgaria, in Turkey, $5,000; India, $7,500; total, $15,000. *Special Appropriations:* For Missions in Norway and Sweden, $750; German Missions in California, $2,000; Sundries, $950. Total, $210,000.

It is stated that the Moravian missionaries in Greenland, suffer not a little from the intolerance of the Danish Government; they are not permitted to receive into their communion any additional converts from heathenism, but are directed to send them to the Danish ministers, who are mere mercenaries, that for want of character and qualifications are not suffered to remain in Denmark, but who, by serving a certain term of years in Greenland, and producing a certain number of names in their adult baptism list, are allowed to return from their exile, and enjoy a respectable living in their native land.

The inhabitants of Kidderminster are about raising a monument to the memory of *Richard Baxter.* There is not to be anything sectarian in the movement; and as a proof that such is the case, we may mention that the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Manchester have expressed their approval of it, and promised their assistance. One gentleman in the neighborhood of Kidderminster will give $500. The monument is to be placed in the parish church.

A meeting of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, was lately held in London, to hear from the Rev. Ben Oliel, a convert to Christianity, a statement of the condition of the Jewish population of Northern Africa. The Rev. Dr. Leifchild presided. The Rev. Ben Oliel, in describing his former brethren, assured the meeting that they were strict observers of the Talmud and all Rabbinical rites, and best described as Pharisees. They numbered nearly eight hundred thousand souls—a spacious field for missionary labors. They lived, however, in a district which had been sadly overlooked by Christendom; for, while the preachers of the gospel were busy on the other side of Africa in converting the savage population, no steps had been taken to place such a blessing within reach of the Jews of North Africa, through whom only the Mohammedans of that district could receive it. A tariff of fivepence per pound upon imported books was, he said, a great impediment to the progress of the gospel in Algiers, Fez, &c.; still his own experience in distributing copies of the Scriptures was full of lively hope. If he gave them away gratis, he might think that they would be cast aside unread; but, inasmuch as he sold them, he was sure that they were perused, and would, in time, bear fruit. The British Society had now nineteen agents employed in the district, and had seven under preparation for the same mission. He himself was about to proceed to Tunis, from whence he hoped to be able to send home favorable tidings.

One of the "Lectures to Young Men" to take place in London during the ensuing winter, is to be delivered by Sir David Brewster. The Church of England Young Men's Society have adopted a petition against legalizing Sabbath desecration by the proposed incorporation of the Crystal Palace, should the arrangement for its opening on the Lord's day be persevered in.

Accounts respecting British Wesleyan Methodism are highly flattering, and there is every prospect of permanent peace and prosperity. Ministers and members are closely united, and the congregations are serious, large and attentive.

Dr. E. P. Humphrey has declined the appointment of a professorship in Princeton Theological Seminary.

At the Twenty-Ninth Anniversary of the New-York Bible Society, the treasurer's report showed the total receipts for the year to be $36,635 65. From the General Report we learn that eighty-three thousand and eight families have been visited during the year. Twelve thousand six hundred and twenty-one were found destitute of the Scriptures. The gratuitous distribution of Bibles and Testaments during the year amounts to fifty thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven volumes; which shows an increase over that of any other year of ten thousand five hundred volumes.

From the report of the General Committee of the fund for educating the sons of the English Wesleyan preachers, we learn that the attendance during the year past at the Kingswood and Woodhouse-Grove schools, has been two hundred and sixty-four. The pupils enter at the age of eight or nine years, and remain six years, so as to leave the school at fourteen or fifteen respectively. The finances of the two schools named, we regret to state, are somewhat embarrassed.

The venerable pastor of the Argyle Church, Bath, England, *William Jay*, having been lately prevented from performing his ministerial duties by illness, has resigned his charge. Should Mr. Jay survive until the 30th of January, 1853, he will have been pastor over the Independent Church for sixty-three years.

We are indebted to an article in the Watchman and Reflector for the following facts, relative to the progress of the Baptists in the British empire. In the United Kingdom there are one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five churches, and one thousand three hundred and ninety-one of these churches embrace one hundred and forty thousand six hundred members. Three-fourths of them are in England, and one-fourth in Wales. Ireland has only thirty-one churches, fourteen of them having five hundred and twenty-one members. The Baptists have but few churches in Scotland. The one thousand three hundred and ninety-one churches from which returns were received, report a clear increase of four thousand eight hundred and seventy-five members; a great falling off from that of the preceding year—twelve thousand. The number of village stations reported, is one thousand four hundred and sixty-four, and of children in Sunday schools, one hundred and sixty-one thousand one hundred and ten.

In the reports of the *Boston Young Men's Methodist Missionary Society*, we find that the receipts for the year averaged one dollar for every Methodist in Boston.

The corps of instructors in the *Andover Theological Seminary* is again complete. Rev. Professor Barrows, lately of the theological department of Western Reserve College, is to be associated during the coming term with Rev. Dr. Stowe, who was recently inaugurated professor of Sacred Literature.

The foundation-stone of St. Andrew's, the first Presbyterian Church on the Rock of Gibraltar, was recently laid. Liberal donations have been made by his excellency the Governor, Lieutenant-General *Sir Robert Gardiner*.

There are twenty-five weekly Baptist papers in the United States; thirteen monthly publications, and the Quarterly Review. Of the twenty-five weekly papers only ten are in the Northern States; only two in Massachusetts. It is supposed that there are one hundred and fifty thousand copies of these publications circulated weekly.

In the town of Pembroke, England, stands a very fine elm-tree, beneath which, it is said, both John Wesley and Rowland Hill have preached. The tree is venerated by the inhabitants, and carefully preserved.

The late Miss Mary Saum, of Maryland, has left a legacy of about twenty thousand dollars to he Superannuated Fund Society of the Maryland onference of the Methodist Protestant Church.

he Protestant Episcopal Church, in the cese of Texas, numbers sixteen parishes and nine clergymen. Baptisms, (within a year,) one hundred and seventy-nine; confirmed, fifty-two; communicants added, seventy-eight; whole number, two hundred and sixty-one.

The St. Louis Christian Advocate says, there are four Churches of German Methodists in St. Louis, and one in St. Charles, Mo., all doing well and flourishing.

The German Catholics of Bromberg recently formed a procession, with their spiritual advisers at their head, and declared themselves converts to Protestantism.

In Nova Scotia and New-Brunswick the Baptists, in 1800, numbered nine hundred and twenty-four. At the present time they number over sixteen thousand.

At the Holston Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which was recently held, sixteen preachers were admitted on trial. The conference is composed of between eighty and ninety effective men, and has within its bounds a white membership of twenty thousand two hundred and thirty-four, and a colored, of two thousand nine hundred and forty-two.

Dr. Clarke, of the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*, in an able article on the Reformation in Ireland, says that "Irish Romanism is not only perishing in its native soil, but, transplanted to American soil, it seems to succeed no better. In sixteen years—that is, from 1828 to 1844—according to their own showing, the Catholic Church lost, from her Irish emigration in this country, about two millions! Though Romanists may affect to charge ignorance upon the abettors of Protestantism, it is quite clear that Popery cannot long exist where free inquiry is tolerated."

We learn through the editor of the *South-Western Baptist*, that about five thousand persons have been baptized and received into the Baptist Church, in Alabama, during the past twelve months.

There are nine regular missionaries, and from four to seven colporteurs supported by the American Society for Meliorating the Condition of the Jews, at an annual expense of $12,000.

It is said that there are about twenty presses and two hundred and fifty operatives employed in the manufacturing department of the American Tract Society. Gratuitous distributions of tracts and books are made annually, to the amount of $45,000. Besides this sum, $20,000 are appropriated, yearly, to the distribution of religious publications in foreign and heathen lands.

There are three hundred and ninety-four Sabbath schools within the bounds of the Cincinnati Conference, in which there have been four hundred and ninety-five conversions during the past conference year.

The Synod of the Associate Reformed Church of the West have received a donation of $500 from Mr. Samuel Barnett. It is to be expended in erecting suitable dwellings for the missionaries of that Church in Damascus, Palestine.

Art Intelligence.

We have heretofore recommended our readers to visit *Bryan's Gallery* of Christian Art. It is unquestionably one of the most valuable collections ever opened to the American public. The pretended examples of the old masters, with which our community have been too often "gulled," have excited no little suspiciousness, if not wariness, among our amateurs. We cannot vouch, of course, for every individual specimen in Mr. Bryan's collection, but we can assure the reader that he will find in it a larger number of genuine examples than he has ever before seen in this country. He will find among them the productions of Perugino, Corregio, Vandyke, Rubens, Giotto, Teniers, Sir Peter Lely, one by Hobberno, and two which Mr. Bryan attributes to the youth of Raphaell, besides an unusual number of others. There are in this gallery a score at least of specimens of the old Italian artists, composing a series from Guido of Sienna to Perugino. We shall have more to say of this noble collection hereafter.

It has been decided by the Court of Errors, in the State of New-York, that, according to the law which forbids "every lottery, game, or device of chance in the nature of a lottery," the Art Union cannot distribute its pictures by lot.

A Roman journal announces that the Pope has given orders for the continuation of the excavations commenced in the Roman forum,—among others, in the ruins of the Temple of Castor, and on the Capitoline Hill,—in order to ascertain if these remains are not those of the Basilica erected by Julius Cæsar under the name of *Julia*.

Besides a large addition of statues, bas-reliefs in marble, pottery, and articles of jewelry, the French explorers have been able to examine the whole of the palace of *Khorsabad* and its dependencies. They are said to have obtained proof that the Assyrians were not ignorant of any of the resources of architecture. M. Place has discovered a large gate, twelve feet high, which appears to have been one of the entrances to the city; several constructions in marble; two rows of columns apparently extending a considerable distance; and the cellar of the palace, still containing regular rows of wine jars. He has found monuments, tombs, jewelry, and some articles of gold and other metal, and in stone.

One of the greatest Russian painters, *Bruloff*, who painted the "Last Days of Pompeii," which was so admired at the Paris Exhibition of Paintings, died a short time ago, in the small town of Manciana, thirty miles from Rome, where he was buried, followed to the grave by all the artists then in that capital.

An English correspondent of the *Tribune* writes, that the *Crystal Palace* at Sydenham promises to be one of the greatest wonders of the age—not only for the sumptuousness, but also for the taste with which it is to be arranged. "For the first time, we shall get a complete series of plaster casts, illustrating the history of art from the Egyptians and Assyrians down to our days. Such a collection can easily be formed, at the cost of about $50,000; and yet no capital of Europe has such a museum, though it would be equally instructive for artists as for philosophers, for historians, and for all those who feel an interest in the development of taste. For the first time, we shall see in the Crystal Palace the casts arranged in chronological order, and as complete a series of them as it is possible to get."

At a meeting of the *Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, a communication was read by Alexander Christie, entitled "Remarks on the occurrence of ornamentation of a Byzantine character on weapons and carved wooden instruments, made by the natives of an African tribe on the coast of the Red Sea." Various specimens of native workmanship, including weapons and domestic implements recently brought from Aden, were exhibited. The most beautiful were a set of large wooden spoons, decorated with the same interlaced ornaments as are familiar to us on the sculptured Scottish standing stones, and on ecclesiastical relics of native workmanship, both in Scotland and Ireland, previous to the twelfth century. Mr. Christie also read an account of this African tribe from notices of a recent traveler, showing that they still retain among them the traces of a corrupt Christian creed, and expressed his belief that in the remarkable correspondence of the style of art still preserved and practiced among them, we have evidence of their descent from a branch of the ancient African Church planted by some of the early Christian fathers in Abyssinia, and along the coast of the Red Sea.

It appears from a paper recently read in the *Academy of Archæology*, at Rome, that father Secchi has found a new interpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which enables him to declare that most of them are not mere tombstone inscriptions, as is generally assumed, but poems. He has given several of his readings, which display great ingenuity, and he professes to be able to decipher the inscriptions on the obelisks of Luxor, at Paris.

At the London *Royal Society of Literature*, there was a letter read lately from Charles Newton, Esq., giving an account of the objects which he saw still preserved in Athens, and chiefly of the numerous fragments of the ancient Greek art cotemporary with and posterior to the time of Phidias, with lists of these fragments, and notices of the places in which they are at present preserved. Mr. Newton remarked that it would be difficult, without actually visiting the Acropolis, to form any idea of the interest and value of these fragments as a further illustration of the sculptures in the Elgin room, to which they are as essential as leaves torn out of a MS. are to the book itself.

Scientific Items.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has existed for some time past in the scientific world, in reference to certain experiments in chemistry, by which a *Mr. Crosse of Somersetshire*, in the West of England, was said to have produced a *new species of Insect*, which has been named the *Acarus Crossei*. A letter in the *National Intelligencer* from Mr. Ogden, the American Consul at Liverpool, gives an account of this curious development, for Mr. Crosse distinctly disclaims the idea of a "creation of animal life." We quote from Mr. Ogden's letter as follows:—

"Pure black flints and caustic soda, after being subjected to a white heat, are pulverized and melted into a glass, which is soluble in distilled water. In this solution no animal life can possibly exist, nor can there be any mercury. The whole was then placed upon a shelf for constant inspection. A gelatinous substance was first observed to have formed around the bottom of the positive wire. Then No. 1 made its appearance, gradually expanding into Nos. 2 and 3, when flexible filaments were observed. No. 4 began to show animal life, and after one hundred and forty days' watching through all its changes, the perfect living insect crawled up the wire!—not singly, but in sufficient numbers to dispel all doubt, if any could have existed—and prepared for another stage of life. Like our mosquitoes, that emerge from the element in which they are produced, and are drowned in it if they return, any unfortunate straggler that missed his hold immediately perished. The *Acarus Crossei* is now known as a distinct species."

M. Place, French Consul at Mosul, among his discoveries at Nineveh, found in the cellar of the palace at Khorsabad, rows of jars which had evidently been filled with wine—and at the bottom of which jars there is still a sort of deposit of violet color, and at Mattai and at a place called Barrian, bas-reliefs cut in solid rock, consisting of a number of colossal figures, and of a series of full-length portraits of the Kings of Assyria. M. Place has taken copies of his discoveries, by means of the photographic process. Colonel Rawlinson has authorized him to make diggings near the places which the English are engaged in examining.

A valuable paper furnished to the Horticulturist, by Dr. A. G. Hull, of Newburgh, states that the organic analysis of the strawberry, as given by a late German work, shows this fruit to be composed of citric and malic acid, and a large portion of mucous sugar, (*schleizucker*). It appears from experiments by Professor Mapes and others, that the plants experimentally treated with *tannic acid* preparation exceeded in quantity; those plants subject to absorption of the *citric acid* preparation, exceed in size; but that the *malic acid* treatment pro- strawberries of the sweetest and highest

tal Palace.—The grounds surrounding the rection of the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, (England,) exceeding two hundred and fifty acres, a proposal has been suggested to appropriate a portion of this space for the purpose of a zoological garden. Another proposition is to have a marine bathing establishment attached, the supply for which is to be brought in pipes from the sea at Brighton. By a simple extension of this plan, the water, once at Sydenham, could be distributed throughout the metropolis as a remedial agent and luxury in the principal residences, hospitals, &c. See our "Art Intelligence" for a notice of the Art provisions of the edifice.

A singular discovery was lately made by Mr. Herapath, of Bristol, (Eng.,) which proves that three thousand years ago the ladies of Egypt were in the habit of employing a marking ink of the same composition as that used by the ladies of the present day. In examining some of the linen wrappers of a mummy recently unrolled, Mr. Herapath observed a name written in metallic ink which, on analyzation, proved to be silver, and from the action on the flax fibre, there is very little doubt but *nitric acid* was used as the solvent.

The completion of the *Subterranean Telegraph* between Naples and Gaeta, may be regarded as a rare mark of progress in that part of Italy. The distance is about forty miles. The connection of the Switzerland lines with those of Sardinia, will afford uninterrupted communication between those countries and Germany, France and England.

The second part of Biela's comet, which separated under the eyes of the astronomers, in 1846, into two distinct bodies, has been discovered by Professor Secchi, of Rome, not far (apparently) from the larger comet; a fact which will, doubtless, be regarded as one of extraordinary astronomical interest.

Colored impressions by the *photographic process*, have been successfully accomplished by M. Niepce, of St. Victor's (Paris). By a simple but ingenious method M. Niepce is able to reproduce living models as well as the more fixed objects, in all their reliefs, proportions and hues.

Mr. Stokes, of Cambridge, is stated in the *Art Journal* to have been engaged in the investigation of a new light, which he terms "epipolized." It is of a blue color, and the formula for producing it simple but very interesting.

Some idea of that stupendous and massive edifice, the new *Palace of Westminster*, (England,) may be formed from the fact, that the *dial* of the *clock* lately erected is *thirty feet in diameter*.

The *chlorid of zinc* is now used in Paris for the preservation of anatomical specimens; a prize of 2,000 francs has been awarded to M. Sucquet, the inventor.

Pearls have been found in the Guadalquiver, and a company formed for the promotion of the fishery.

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WHITTIER.

THE character of every man partakes more or less of the character of his ancestors, and his own individual history is in most cases but a repetition of their history, modified somewhat by the circumstances of his life and the age in which he lives. We inherit more than name and estate, or the lack of both, from our forefathers, and more than their mere forms and features—even the qualities of their souls, and the elements of the past in which they moved. Not only have we family likenesses, but family thoughts; and, therefore, to know a man thoroughly, especially a poet, one should know something of his family before him, and something of the opinions or want of opinions which they handed down to him. But more than this is necessary, viz.: some knowledge of the land in which he was born, and the natural scenery which surrounded his early years; the traditions and institutions of both, and, above all, a knowledge—the more of this the better—of the different phases of the life of the man himself. Given this, the product can be determined to a fraction; for in this we hold the key of the man's life and thoughts. Let us see how far this applies to Whittier, and how far not.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born in the year 1808, in the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts, on a spot of ground inhabited by his family for four or five generations. The first of his family were Quakers, and underwent many persecutions from the early colonists. One would naturally think that a body of men who had been forced to leave their native land for liberty of conscience would be ready to grant liberty of conscience to others; but experience proved, and still proves, the reverse; tolerance is seldom the growth of intolerance, or pity the fruit of suffering. The most tyrannical are frequently those who have been the most tyrannized over. At any rate it was so with our New-England fathers, and they were no sooner free to worship God in their own way, than they made it criminal to worship him in any other; Anabaptists and Quakers, among the latter the family of Whittier, came in for their share of suffering, not to mention the hard names with which they were rebaptized by the old Puritan divines. "Vessels of wrath," "God-abandoned wretches," "devil-driven heretics," and such-like goodly phrases were showered like hail upon them. As men are only men, especially when they are in the minority, the Puritan persecutions were not calculated to make the Friends over friendly. A very natural bitterness sprang up in many of their hearts, and continued for generations. The Whittier of to-day has the old ancestral feeling yet clinging to him: not in bitterness or revenge indeed, but a sleepless memory, and a fiery indignation against all intolerance and wrong. Of Whittier's early life we have no particular accounts further than that it was passed in the district schools—for this piece of information we are indebted to Griswold—and in helping his father on the farm. What need of other employment with his long array of broad-brim ancestry, and the green fields of New-England everywhere around him? In one of his poems he speaks of

"Following his plow on Merrimack's green
shore."

"The Indians," says Sieur De Monts, writing in 1604, "the Indians speak of a beautiful river far to the South, which they call the Merrimack." The scenery on the banks of the Merrimack, and in fact almost anywhere in New-England, is beautiful enough to make all her children poets, and it seems to have always made a deep impression on the mind of John. Innumerable are the allusions to it in his writings, and delicious his frequent glimpses of its scenery. The country around his birth-place, Haverhill, and the town of Haverhill itself, were famous in the early annals of Massachusetts—the former for the various Indian tribes who then peopled it, and the latter, the town itself, from its having been twice attacked by them, once in 1697, when the heroine, Hannah Dunstan, was taken prisoner; and again in 1708, when it was sacked by the combined forces of the Indians and the French, under the command of Des Chaillons. Old Cotton Mather wrote of the first in the 25th article of his Magnalia, and of the last Whittier has himself written in the legendary poem "Pentucket." In fact, the whole region about is alive with Indian memories, which must have delighted the poet in his youth, so often has he since referred to them, both in verse and prose.

His nineteenth year—we follow Griswold's Life—was spent in a Latin school, and in his twentieth, in 1828, he went to Boston to conduct "The American Manufacturer," a protective tariff paper. Previous to this time, however, he had won considerable reputation by his contributions to the papers of his native town and Newburyport. In 1830, he went to Hartford and took charge of "The New-England Weekly Review." Here he remained about two years, during which he was a strong politician of what was then called the National Republican party, and devoted but little attention to literature. He published, however, in this period, his "Legends of New-England," a collection of poems and prose sketches founded on events in the early history of the colony; wrote the memoir prefixed to the poems of his friend John G. Brainard, who had preceded him in Hartford editorial life, and several poems of his own which appeared in the Review. Politics, memoir-writing, and poetry—these are rather incongruous employments for one man to be engaged in. There is an old adage about too many irons in the fire; perhaps its truth came home to Whittier on this occasion. Be this as it may, he gave up the Review in 1831, and returned to Haverhill, where he was for five or six years engaged in farming. During this period he found time to write his Indian poem "Mogg Megone," and to represent his native town in the legislature in the sessions of 1835 and '36. What success he met with as a legislator we have never heard. Generally the literary class are more noted for law-breaking than law-making. Byron's one or two printed speeches are not *quite* equal to "Childe Harold;" nor was Lamartine's few months in the presidency equal to his "Voyage in the Orient." Whittier, however, may have done better than both these illustrious Solons. "Mogg Megone" was published in 1836—but of that by-and-by—and in the same year Whittier was elected one of the Secretaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society, of which he is, we believe, still a member. Of the latter years of his life we know but little, save that he has contributed largely to the various anti-slavery and reform newspapers, more latterly to "The National Era," published in Washington—and occasionally published a volume of verse and prose; for instance, "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal" in 1849, and "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," and the "Songs of Labor" in 1850. Whittier is one of the few American poets read in England, an edition of his works having been published there several years ago. The first and only complete edition of his poems, a large octavo volume, illustrated by fine steel engravings, was issued in 1850 from the press of Muzzy & Co., Boston. At this present writing he announces a new volume of poems, "The Chapel of the Hermits," from the press of Ticknor, Reed & Fields. Whittier's present residence is at Amesbury, Massachusetts, where he resides with his mother and sisters.

Glancing over this slight sketch of Whittier's life, the reader will notice four points therein, all of which are prominent in his writings. First, Quakerism; second, Indianism; third, politics; and fourth, anti-slavery; to which should perhaps be added—for it is the embalming atmosphere of all—a deep and beautiful religious feeling. Quakerism lives and breathes in the glorious legendary poem "Cassandra Southwick," the ballad of "The Exiles," and "Barclay of Ury," and more than all in "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal;" Indianism in "Mogg Megone," "The Bridal of Pennacook," and various of his smaller poems; and politics and anti-slavery in the "Voices of Freedom," and the bulk of his poetry generally. Take from Whittier these four points, let him stand upon his merits as a poet alone, judge him only by what is poetical, purely poetical in his volume, and he has not accomplished much: that is, judged by the highest standard of excellence. Judged by the day-standard, the age-standard, he is well enough; in many points equal to, and in many points superior, to the average.

Understand us thoroughly; when we say that Whittier has not accomplished much, we by no means deny the excellence of much that he has written, but only its being excellent *poetry*. In short, his subjects are not of themselves *poetical*; their purpose and power are quite another matter. We believe, as who does not? that persecution, sectarianism, &c., are evils which should be done away with immediately; but we do not believe—and this is the chief point upon which we differ from Whittier—we do not believe that poetry is ever to be the means of that effect. Poetry is neither abolition, political economy, nor even religion. It may embody each and all of these, but that is the least part of the matter, the dimmest of its many phases of brightness; the life, the soul of all is a spiritual essence of the beautiful, which wraps and folds it in its embraces, and animates and pervades every part of it, as the air animates and pervades the sky.

The fault—(we speak now in accordance with our own peculiar taste, and not for others—*chacun à son gout;* besides, the question, What constitutes poetry? has never been, and probably never will be, settled to anything like general satisfaction)—the fault, we say, of Whittier's poetry is not so much an over-predominance of religion, abolition, &c., as a lack of the poetical element itself. It is not poetry in the abstract, but politics and reform in verse—in passionate, powerful verse, but not poetic verse.

Great poets make everything poetical. The lesser make nothing so, not even the poetical itself. "The Advice to a Young Friend," and the "Man's a Man for a' that," of Burns, are not only—the former a piece of wisdom worthy of Solomon, and the latter, the finest and most manly protest for freedom the world over, but remarkable poems besides; full of the poetical element, the quintessence of that class of writing; poetical, in fact, because they are its quintessence. They not only say something, but they say that something in the best possible manner.

So when Coleridge writes a love poem, "Genevieve;" Wordsworth a metaphysical ode, "The Intimations of Immortality;" Shelley a "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty;" and Tennyson a protest against worldliness and aristocratic pride, as in "Locksley-Hall" and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," they all produce remarkable poems, because they do their and poetry's *best*, and because they find out the heart of the mystery, and show us that alone. Herein do they differ from Whittier, who rarely goes below the surface. True, he generally makes his mark as with a whip of steel, and sometimes cuts into his subject till its blood spouts; but, for the most part, he is too furious and passionate to see what he is doing, and to do his work well; his brain whirls with indignation, and his eyes are blind with tears. He lacks repose, the first essential of greatness. He does not say much that is quotable and rememberable; nothing that "refuses to be forgotten." Men of much less real ability have accomplished much more because they have been calmer, and have blotted and corrected more. Whittier does not blot and correct enough, does not concentrate and crystallize his thoughts, but gives them to the world just as they flow from his own mind. Not that he writes incorrectly, or that he does not finish his compositions in a certain way; but rather that he gives them to us in the first draft. He is too great a master of the technicalities of writing, too fine a rhetorician, not to write well at first. However bold and free they may otherwise be, his thoughts are always trammeled with rhetoric; there is a certain kind of finish about them which stands instead of the true artistic finish.

Take any of Whittier's poems, select one at random, and find if you can its proper beginning, middle, and end. Stanzas might change places with each other, or be omitted altogether; the order of the thoughts might be reversed—his strongest and best thoughts often come first—the whole poem, in fact, might stand upon its head and be as good as ever.

In common with many other of our native authors, Whittier has endeavored to create an American literature, and has, comparatively speaking, failed, or at least led in his most ambitious efforts. His erican poems, those which embody the ly legends and traditions of the country, are not among his happiest, especially those on Indian subjects. "Mogg Megone," the longest, he himself considers only a framework for sketches of the scenery of New-England and of its early settlers. In portraying the Indian character he has followed the delineations of Church, Mayhew, Charlevoix, and Roger Williams, and, in so doing, has discarded the romance which poets and novelists have thrown around the ill-fated red man. And this, in our opinion, is the cause of his failure. Selecting subjects not of themselves poetical—subjects which only a great poet could make poetical by first making them beautiful and romantic—he at once proceeds to strip them of any little romance or beauty which may have gathered around them from tradition or age, and shows them to us in their naked truth and deformity. To be true to nature he is essentially false to art, forgetting the golden rule—

> "What would offend the eye in a good picture
> The painter casts discreetly in the shade."

Volume after volume of Indian poetry has been written in this country, and no single one has yet made its mark. There is the "Yamoyden" of Sands and his friend Eastman, the "Powhattan" of Seba Smith, the "Tecumseh" of Colton, the "Frontenac" of Street—not to mention Hosmer, and a thousand other nameless scribblers with their forgotten absurdities. Hardly a year passes without adding to the heap of rubbish. For our part we do not believe that there is naturally any poetry around the North American Indians. Pathless forests, full of savage beasts and still more savage men—the former howling and roaring in their dens and caves, the latter shouting war-whoops and brandishing tomahawks, making war upon each other for pastime, scalping the wounded, mangling the slain, and torturing the living enemy by slow fires, and such like savage cruelties, diversifying their enjoyments by beating the helpless squaws and innocent papoose, and, of late years, by drinking fire-water till they become idiotic or crazed—there is not, we say, much poetry around such barbarity and darkness.

Again, what poetry is there in the Indian names with which our poets disfigure their rhymes? Where is the beauty or fitness of such uncouth words as Winnipisseogee, Agioochook, Ammonoosuck, Pemigewasset, Umbagog, Uncanoonuc, Sachekantacket, Babboosuc, Sondagordee, Squamscott, Piscataquog, and others equally barbarous, in "Mogg Megone" and "The Bridal of Pennacook." And yet these poems are not without merit, and that of no ordinary kind; their language is strong and rhetorical, their descriptions of natural scenery fresh and in keeping, while the human picturesqueness, if we may use the phrase, is admirable. How distinct, and yet how soft and poetical the following picture:—

"Shooting around the winding shores
Of narrow capes, and isles which lie
Slumbering to Ocean's lullaby,
With birchen bark and glancing oars
The red men to their fishing go;
While from their planting-ground is borne
The treasure of the golden corn
By laughing girls, whose dark eyes glow
Wild through the locks that o'er them flow.
The wrinkled squaw, whose toil is done,
Sits on her bearskin in the sun,
Watching the huskers with a smile
For each full ear which swells the pile;
And the old chief, who never more
May bend the bow or pull the oar,
Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,
Or stoutly shapes, with ax of stone,
The arrow-head from flint and bone."

But even better than this is the murder of Mogg Megone, at the close of the first canto of that poem:—

"Ruth starts erect—with bloodshot eye,
And lips drawn tight across her teeth,
Showing their lock'd embrace beneath
In the red fire-light—'Mogg must die!
Give me the knife!' The outlaw turns,
Shuddering in heart and limb, away—
But fitfully there the hearth-fire burns
And he sees on the wall strange shadows play;
A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,
Are dimly pictured in light and shade,
Plunging down in the darkness! Hark, that cry!
Again and again he sees it fall,
That shadowy arm down the lighted wall!
He hears quick footsteps, a shape flits by!
The door on its rusted hinges creaks;—
'Ruth, daughter Ruth!' the outlaw shrieks,
But no sound comes back; he is standing alone
By the mangled corpse of Mogg Megone!"

In the lines italicized Whittier held the key of the mystery, and had he been aware of the fact, and capable of using it, he had been from that moment qualified to write a true Indian poem. Not the murder itself, but the shadow about the murder made the tragedy; and not the Indians, but the shadow around the Indians makes the poem. Tennyson could write a fine Indian poem because he could give it the requisite shadow. Witness "The Lotos Eaters:"—

"And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed, melancholy Lotos Eaters came."

There is nothing "mild-eyed" or "melancholy" about our book-Indians; no paling of dark faces, and no rosy flames; but rather extra coats of lamp-black, and a background of darkness, only lighted by burning towns and villages. None of our writers, save Bryant, know how to deal with them; for while all the others place them in their foregrounds, sharp and distinct, he removes them into his background, and into dimness and obscurity. And herein he is wise; for the more they recede from us the more poetical do they become, the mist of distance becoming a halo around them. What was common, and even repulsive, when near, becomes grand and sublime when remote and obscure; for remoteness and obscurity are the essential elements of the sublime.

But whatever might be the poetical merits of "Mogg Megone" and "The Bridal of Pennacock," the measure in which they are written—the octosyllabic measure of Scott and Byron's romances—would at last prove fatal to them, as it has already to nearly every poem written in it. The facility, the "fatal facility," with which it can be written, is proof positive that it is not the measure for either a great or beautiful poem.

Something different from either of these two poems, though partaking of the elements of both, as far as prose can,—and far superior to both, if not to any book of the class to which it belongs,—is the "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal." The foundation of this school of literary forgeries, viz., the supposed finding of antique journals and other private memoranda, illustrating the past, was begun by the publication of "The Diary of Lady Willoughby," and followed up by "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," relating to the life and character of Milton, and "The Household of Sir Thomas More," relating to the life and death of Henry the Eighth's famous Lord Chancellor. The name of the author or authors of this series we know not, nor whether they preceded Margaret Smith. Be this as it may, they are not a whit superior, exquisite as they certainly are, to our dear New-England maid, and her simple and earnest delineation of men and manners in the ancient province of Massachusetts Bay. To have acquired the knowledge requisite for the making of such a book, Whittier must have pored over many dusty and worm-eaten volumes, both for the information they contain, and the style in which they are written; for in matters of mere style, and seemingly authentic information, the journal is a fine antique. Indians, Quakers, and Puritans; the wrongs and sufferings of the first, the persecution and forbearance of the second, and the intolerance and ill-will of the last, were never more faithfully and more tenderly delineated. Maintaining the cause of the early Quakers, Whittier is neither blind to the defects of many of them, nor to the many excellent traits of the opposing Puritans—sympathizing to a certain extent with both, and the great-little age in which they lived; the partisan of neither, but the faithful historian of both. In its description of natural scenery, the journal is fresh, beautiful, and truthful, and richer than anything of the kind in Whittier's poetry; while its pure and unaffected piety, and its air of simplicity and quaintness, commend it to the heart, and make it one of those few books which we love to read again and again.

But it is not in poetry, in mere poetry, that Whittier's strength and excellence lies. Verse with him is always secondary,—humanity, justice, truth, God first,—he seeks first these things, and the others are added unto him. He is a sincere, brave man in a world of falsehood and cowardice; and his voice is heard above its din, like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Over the moral wilderness of society—the arid waste of life—his spirit walks in sorrow and exultation, wailing and shouting alternately; shouting the new order of things,—"Peace on earth! good-will to men!" and wailing the old, the gigantic wrongs of the past, and the specious falsehoods of the present. A wrong done to the least man, woman, or child, is a wrong done to Whittier himself; while a cup of cold water given to the least is to him a cup of wine, a beaker of divinest nectar, which makes him drunken with joy.

"He seems in some of his lyrics," says Whipple, "to pour out his blood with his lines. There is a rush of passion in his verse which carries everything along with i. His fancy and imagination can hardly keep pace with their fiery companion. His vehement sensibilities will not allow the inventive faculties fully to complete what they may have commenced. The stormy qualities of his mind, acting at the suggestions of conscience, produce a kind of military morality, which uses all the deadly arms of verbal warfare. When well entrenched in abstract right, he assumes a hostile attitude toward the champions and exponents of abstract wrong. He aims to give his song 'a rude, martial tone—a blow in every thought.' His invective is merciless and undistinguishing; he almost screams with rage and indignation." But he seems to be quite as well aware of his peculiarities as any of his critics. In the proem to the complete edition of his works, after speaking of the love he bears Spenser, Sidney, and "the old melodious lays," and how he tries in vain to breathe their marvelous notes, he says:—

"The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
  The jarring words of one whose rhyme
  Beat often labor's hurried time,
Or duty's rugged march through storm and strife are here.

"Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
  Unskill'd the subtle lines to trace,
  Or softer shades of nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

"Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and wrong is shown;
  A hate of tyranny intense,
  And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own."

Whittier is one of the few real men in the world who do their duty, or what they consider duty, regardless of consequences: one of the few sincere and noble souls who dare to be honest, when dishonesty would pay better; and who uplift their voices against what they deem wrong, when every word is sure to subject them to the obloquy of states and nations—which who can bear? and the lesser evils of the gag, the rack, the cell. Let us for a moment dwell in thought on these brave souls—the Whittiers and Elliotts of the age—and realize their beauty and greatness. No matter whether they are successful or not, they are alike great and beautiful. For any man who dares to tell the world it lies, when it does lie,—this false old world!—and who dares to withstand it singly, if no man will help him, regardless of wealth and fame, and all other private considerations—such a man, we say, is a great man; great in victory, and great in defeat. Many fine things could be said in his praise; we ourselves could round off florid rhetorical paragraphs, and fill up the proper adjectives, but we decline so doing; the idea is best in its bare simplicity,—

"And is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

What Whittier has accomplished in matters of reform, it is impossible to say. All human words and actions are merely seed; the harvest is not yet; but it will come by-and-by, however stony the soil. As for what he has attempted to accomplish, to give even a tolerable idea of it—its name is legion—would require more space than our limits allow. Briefly, he has warred against evil in whatever disguise he has seen it—in the form of old persecution, as in the case of the Puritans and Quakers; in the form of slavery, the world over, but more especially here in America; in the form of sectarianism, arraying creed against creed, and setting creed itself above man; in the form of capital punishment, and all kinds of revenge, and we know not what else, in the shape of politics, and other miscellaneous trifles. Be sure Whittier has not seen an evil without warring against it with all his might; fighting in verse and prose, and in a noble life—the last the best of all.

Whittier's last volume of poems, "The Songs of Labor," is, in our opinion, his best. It contains fewer faults and greater excellences; is in a higher and purer school of art, and much nearer our ideal of what poetry should be. Not, indeed, of the highest order, but bearing the same relation to it that the master-pieces of the Flemish school of painting do to the master-pieces of the Italian. Selecting commonplace themes, such as ship-building, shoemaking, cattle-driving, fishing, husking corn, and the felling and towing of timber, he makes them poetical by the fertility of their clustering associations, and the condensed picturesqueness of his imagination. Never before—so far as we can remember in the mass of our poetic memories—did poet stoop so low and rise so high. The Flemish fidelity of Crabbe, the master of this species of writing, is dull and tame in comparison; for he rarely gives anything but detail, while Whittier, giving us the same detail, gives us something with it—a softened and mellowed light, and an autumnal richness of coloring. Not the mere fact of ship-building and cattle-driving is so poetical, but the associations which cluster around them:—

"From far-off hills the panting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axman's stroke
In forests old and still,—
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down the hill.

* * *

"Day after day our way has been
O'er many a hill and hollow;
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,
Our stately drove we follow.
Through dust-clouds, rising thick and dim
As smoke of battle o'er us,
Their white horns glisten in the sun,
Like plumes and crests before us.

"We see them slowly climb the hill,
Or slow behind it sinking;
Or thronging close, from roadside rill,
Or sunny lakelet drinking.
Now crowding on the narrow road,
In thick and struggling masses,
They glare upon the teamster's load
Or rattling coach that passes.

"Anon with top of horn and tail,
And paw of hoof and bellow,
They leap some farmer's broken pale,
O'er meadow-close, or fallow:
Forth comes the startled good-man; forth
Wife, children, house-dog, sally,
Till once more on their dusty path
The baffled truants rally."

But, perhaps, the two best poems in the volume are that addressed to Pius the Ninth, and that on the death of Ebenezer Elliott. As we have already remarked, the satire of Whittier is merciless; in the poem to Pius it seems to have reached its height, and is in the best taste—strong, nervous, and classical. The funeral dirge of Elliott is very noble and beautiful, full of fire and tears. So should a man like Elliott be mourned, and by one who so much resembles him—the Elliott of America—John Greenleaf Whittier.

PRAISE AND PRACTICE.—One of the greatest evils of the world is, men praise rather than practice virtue. The praise of honest industry is on every tongue, but it is very rare that the worker is respected more than the drone.

THE COTTAGE HOME.

Mine be a cot beside a hill:
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe mine ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from the clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal—a welcome guest.

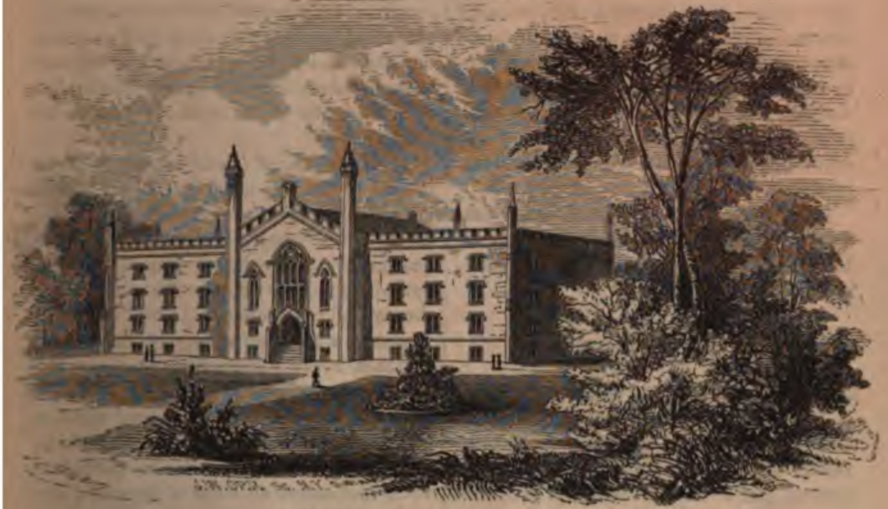
Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.—*Rogers.*

[For the National Magazine.]

IN MEMORIAM—E. A. B.

My heart aches while, to win relief,
I weave an idyl for my grief.
I feel her near me, yet I know
The leaves crept o'er her long ago.
I cannot think of a fair thing
Unless some hint of her it bring;
Each silver dream and form of grace
Is soften'd by her tender face.
That face was very fair to see,
So lustrous with her purity.
It had no roses—but the hue
Of lilies, brighten'd with their dew,
You saw the warm thought flushing through!
Her heart did Nature nurse and teach
With soothing scenes and tender speech.
The holy sky bent near to her;
She saw a spirit in the stir
Of dewy woods. The rills that beat
Their mosses with voluptuous feet,
Went dripping music through her thought.
Sweet impulse came to her unsought
From graceful things—and beauty took
A holy meaning in her look.
As angels wander, so went she
In quiet and humility.
The casual gazer could not guess
Of half her vailed loveliness.
The tenderness and sympathy,
The beauty of sincerity,
Quaint thoughts, that nestled fresh and sweet
Where only love's responses beat.
True woman was she day by day,
In toil, and hope, and victory.
But best of all, her Saviour led
Her into ways love-garlanded.
Her life was hid with things unseen,
By faith made holy and serene.
She knew what only they can know,
Who *live* above, but *dwell* below.
The days are long—we wait and wait,
Patient, but very desolate:
Yet know the good Lord did the best
In giving our belovèd rest.

New-York, 1852.



THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

THERE is evil enough here in New-York, and suffering enough too, to appal Beelzebub himself—the commixture of all nations nearly, so many thousands of people constantly *in transitu*, the great ingress of criminals and paupers, the very *débris* of European populations, and not a little suffering from the usual misfortunes of life among our own people, make of this vast community a strange, phantasmagoric picture of life. Over the huge aggregate of evil, however, play many benign, relieving lights. No city in this country—and that is equivalent to saying no city in the world—provides more abundantly, in proportion to its magnitude, for the claims of the poor. We mean literally what we say. The pauper appropriations of the city are unparalleled; a gigantic system of voluntary charity, with agents in every ward, and almost every street, provides for the worthy poor during the worst of the winter; nearly every Church has its charitable provisions; and the name of nearly every nation of Europe is borne by some humane organization, founded by its children who reside among us.

Besides these beneficent provisions, our metropolis is adorned by numerous charitable edifices, the monuments of a noble liberality, and the refuge of much suffering. We design to give, from time to time, engravings of some of these structures, with brief accounts of them.

Our present cut represents the *Orphan Asylum*. It looks down very picturesquely upon the Hudson, from a commanding site, between seventy-third and seventy-fourth streets, at the distance of about five miles from the City Hall. The grounds reach from the Bloomingdale-road to the river, and comprise about fifteen acres. The structure is Gothic, one hundred and twenty feet in length and fifty feet in breadth, and its beauty cannot fail to attract the attention of travelers on the boats from the North.

This institution is one of the oldest, most noted, and most useful in the series of our city charities. Distinguished names are associated with it. It sprung from the "Society for the Relief of poor Widows with small Children," which was founded in 1797, by the generous labors of Isabella Graham. In 1806, the widow of Alexander Hamilton, and the daughter of Mrs. Graham, (Joanna Bethune, the wife of Dr. Bethune,) with others, organized, in connection with that society, the "Orphan Asylum;" it was incorporated some time in the next year. During a number of years its building was on Bank-street. In 1836 it was enabled to enlarge its operations, and erect its present spacious "Asylum."

The Orphan Asylum is sustained by subscription and bequests. These have thus far been generous, and most providently and usefully applied. Not far from two hundred children, from two to twelve years of age, are sheltered in this beautiful sanctuary, receiving every necessary comfort of life, good food and clothing, protection from the corruptions of the world without, and excellent training in physical, intellectual, and moral education. No sectarianism corrupts their religious instruction.

Stages from the City Hall carry passengers to the asylum for twelve-and-a-half cents. Visitors are admitted daily, except Sundays.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE.

IT is impossible! said some, when Peter the Great determined on a voyage of discovery, and the cold and uninhabited region over which he reigned furnished nothing but some larch-trees to construct vessels. But though the iron, the cordage, the sails, and all that was necessary, except the provisions for victualing them, were to be carried through the immense deserts of Siberia—down rivers of difficult navigation, and along roads almost impassable—*the thing was done;* for the command of the sovereign and the perseverance of the people surmounted every obstacle.

It is impossible! said some, as soon as they heard of a scheme of Oberlin's. To rescue his parishioners from a half-savage state, he determined to open a communication with the high road to Strasbourg, so that the productions of the Ban de la Roche might find a market. Having assembled the people, he proposed that they should blast the rocks, and convey a sufficient quantity of enormous masses to construct a wall for a road, about a mile and a half in length, along the banks of the river Bruche, and build a bridge across it. The peasants were astonished at his proposition, and pronounced it impracticable; and every one excused himself on the ground of private business. He, however, reasoned with them, and added the offer of his own example. No sooner had he pronounced these words, than, with a pickax on his shoulder, he proceeded to the spot, while the astonished peasants, animated by his example, forgot their excuses, and hastened with one consent to fetch their tools to follow him. At length every obstacle was surmounted — walls were erected to support the earth, which appeared ready to give way—mountain torrents, which had hitherto inundated the meadows, were diverted into courses, or received into beds sufficient to contain them—*and the thing was done.* The bridge still bears the name of the "Bridge of Charity."

It is impossible! said some, as they looked at the impenetrable forests which covered the rugged flanks and deep gorges of Mount Pilatus, in Switzerland, and hearkened to the daring plan of a man named Rapp,—to convey the pines from the top of the mountain to the Lake of Lucerne, a distance of nearly nine miles. Without being discouraged by their exclamations, he formed a slide or trough of twenty-four thousand pine-trees, six feet broad, and from three to six feet deep; and this slide, which was completed in 1812, and called the slide of Alpnach, was kept moist. Its length was forty-four thousand English feet. It had to be conducted over rocks, or along their sides, or under ground, or over deep places where it was sustained by scaffoldings; and yet skill and perseverance overcame every obstacle—*and the thing was done.* The trees rolled down from the mountain into the lake with wonderful rapidity. The larger pines, which were about a hundred feet long, ran through the space of eight miles and a third in about six minutes. A gentleman who saw this great work says, that "such was the speed with which a tree of the largest size passed any given point, that he could only strike it once with a stick as it rushed by, however quickly he attempted to repeat the blow."

Say not hastily, then, *It is impossible!* It may be so to do a thing in an hour, a day, or a week; or by thoughtlessness, carelessness, or indolence; but to act with wisdom, energy, and perseverance, is to insure success. "Time and patience," says a Spanish author, "make the mulberry-leaf satin;" and another remarks, that "care and industry do everything."—*Rev. C. Williams.*

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TIME, THE CHEAT OF HUMAN BLISS.—"We live," says an able writer, "in an age of disenchantments; and many a good old prejudice and pleasant fiction have we seen die, that made our fathers very happy."

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNSON.

IF the accession of ten guineas to Johnson's purse, by his "London," and the attainment of a reputation above that of a "bookseller's hack" might seem to offer him inducements to persevere in his endeavors to reach a comfortable independence in the metropolis, they also, by affording the means of removing, and by promising a more eligible provision elsewhere, seemed to indicate this as the fittest time to attempt such an improvement in his fortunes. The offer of a school at Appleby in Leicestershire, which promised him a moderate competence, notwithstanding his dislike of the business, induced him to accept it. A single condition stood in the way of an immediate consummation of the arrangement; the statutes of the school required that the master should be of the degree of Master of Arts. Accordingly Dr. Adams, then master of Pembroke College, was applied to by a common friend, as to the possibility of procuring that degree from Oxford, *but it was esteemed too great a favor to be asked.* Next, interest was made for him by Mr. Pope, with Lord Gower, who kindly wrote to Dean Swift, through a mutual friend, earnestly asking, as a special favor, that the University of Dublin would relieve the difficulty by admitting Johnson to the requisite degree. Why the application was unsuccessful is not ascertained; that it failed is known, however, and the anticipated escape of the heart-sick prisoner of the hated town, resulted only in disappointment. It is well known that Johnson always seemed to entertain some untold dislike to Swift, and also in a mitigated degree to Lord Gower, and by some this affair has been thought to have been not remotely connected with these antipathies; though, perhaps the hopes that were then disappointed were more confident than were justified by circumstances.

Disappointed in one attempt to escape from the ill-paid drudgery of authorship, he presently turned to another expedient for relief. He now wrote to Dr. Adams, to ascertain through him whether a person might be permitted to practice as an advocate, without the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, confessing at the same time that he was "a total stranger to these studies," but adding with a modest confidence that "a profession that maintains numbers must be within the reach of common abilities, and some degree of industry." If great intellectual force, and the power to defend a cause with even consummate abilities were alone sufficient to render one a successful professional advocate, there can be no question that Johnson would have been eminently successful as a lawyer. But when it is recollected that a pertinacious application to whatever is taken in hand, and a patient wading through the dullest details, as well as an habitual observance of order and arrangement, and especially a rigid punctuality in everything, are essential to the professional success of an advocate, it may well be doubted whether he was capable of succeeding in that profession. But the experiment was not made. The answer was again unfavorable, and so the want of a degree effectually hindered his emancipation. Defeated at every point in his attempts to better his condition, Johnson now found himself thrown back upon his present condition and course of duties. He continued to write for Mr. Cave, and to aid him in the management of the Magazine, and also undertake the translation of Sarpi's History of the Council of Trent, already referred to, which Cave now undertook to bring out. But this enterprise was likewise destined to fail, through a rather curious set of coincidences. At the same time that Cave proposed to issue a new translation of that celebrated history, from the pen of *Samuel Johnson*, the same thing was proposed by Dr. Zachary Pearce, afterward Bishop of Rochester—his also to be translated by *Samuel Johnson*, who was curate of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Both editions had advanced somewhat before the coincidence was discovered, when, after some skirmishing between the two interests, both were given up, and the work never appeared. The loss in this case fell upon Cave, who paid Johnson for the work he did in small sums amounting in all to nearly fifty pounds.

Though compelled to occupy for the time the humble place of a "bookseller's hack," Johnson did not for a moment surrender his independence of thought and action. On more than one occasion the political sentiments that found expression in his "London," were afterwards more fully presented in his prose writings.

Two inconsiderable political pamphlets were written by him in the course of the year 1739. One of these, entitled "Marmor Norfolciense," was an essay on a pretended prophetical inscription, in Monkish rhyme, feigned to have been found at Lynn, in Norfolk—the county of Sir Robert Walpole, the obnoxious Whig Prime Minister—inveighing against the Brunswick succession and the measures of the administration, the commentary of the essayist making each pretended prophetic expression apply to the present public affairs. The other was an ironical defense of the licensers of the stage against the attacks of one whose production they had suppressed. A tragedy written by a Mr. Brooke, entitled "Gustavus Vasa," and intended to bear against the administration and the Hanoverian dynasty, had been somewhat extensively circulated in manuscript before its publication, and so coming to the knowledge of the ministry, the license for its presentation on the stage was refused. This interference was viewed by the author, and all the Jacobite party, who now by a strange mutation had become the special advocates of the largest liberty, as an invasion of the natural rights of man. The tragedy was soon after printed, having been called for in that form by nearly a thousand subscribers before it went to the press. On the occasion of its publication, Johnson was applied to to write in its defense, which he did by making this feigned "vindication," in which he presents the usual political slang of the opposition party of that time, with the usual amount of the demagogue's zeal for liberty and the rights of man. Neither of those productions added anything valuable to their author's reputation.

Two motives conspired to induce Johnson to write these two pamphlets. In the first place writing was his calling, by which he obtained his subsistence, and, so far as consistent with other considerations, he was ready to work for any who would pay. But he was not indifferent as to what he wrote, nor could any price have induced him to propagate falsehood, and to defend what in his conscience he believed to be the wrong. To oppose Walpole's administration was a work quite to his taste; and he only uttered what was with him more than an opinion, when he intimated that the succession to the crown had been illegally interrupted, and that the nation could not expect the ends of government to be accomplished by a Whig administration. One may indeed smile at his prejudices, and even pity his infatuation; but it is only justice to confess that his powers were never prostituted to purposes that his heart did not approve.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

As an illustration of the steadiness as well as the intensity of Johnson's political opinions, the following anecdote, though relating to a transaction that occurred several years later, may be properly introduced in this place. He had then become a frequent visitor at the house of Richardson, the novelist. While there one day, Hogarth, between whom and Johnson there was then no acquaintance, called and engaged in conversation with Richardson, while Johnson was occupied in another part of the room. The conversation turned on the then recent execution of Dr. Cameron—brother of the renowned Lochiel—for having taken arms in the cause of the Pretender, some eight or nine years before; and as Hogarth was a warm partisan of George II., he insisted that there must have been some very unfavorable circumstances in that case, not generally known, as the cause of this unusual severity, which otherwise would seem like a murder in cold blood, and altogether unlike his majesty's usual clemency. While engaged in the conversation, his attention was attracted by the

JOHNSON, HOGARTH, AND RICHARDSON.

strange figure and motion of Johnson, who was standing at the window. Hogarth concluded that he must be some idiot or insane person, who had been intrusted to the care of Richardson. But to his surprise, at the height of their conversation, this supposed idiot came forward and taking up the subject, launched out in an invective against the king, as habitually vindictive and unrelenting, citing numerous examples to prove his assertion, which at once silenced and confounded his unknown antagonist. Hogarth declared that for the moment he fancied that the idiot was seized with a momentary inspiration. Strange to tell, after this abrupt interview these two distinguished strangers parted without an introduction.

During the years 1740–41, Johnson continued his labors for Cave on the Magazine. Beside a great amount of merely editorial labor, of which no account can be made, and a number of merely fugitive contributions, he wrote for the Magazine the Lives of Admiral Blake, of Sir Francis Drake, and of Philip Barretier. The Life of Boerhaave was printed in 1739. But the work that most fully taxed his powers, during these years, and probably did most to develop the masculine energies of his mind, was the Parliamentary Debates. At that time, the debates of the two Houses were not spread before the public as at present. In the absence of authentic reports, the public curiosity was gratified with certain fictitious or surreptitious debates in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the title of the "Senate of Lilliput," in which the real debates of the Parliament were caricatured with just enough of truth to cause them to be readily recognized, and the names of the speakers so given in anagrams, and other fanciful disguises, as to be easily interpreted. For some years this work was performed by Mr. Guthrie, author of a History of England; but after the accession of Johnson to a share in the editorship of the Magazine, much of the care of the debates fell upon him. Guthrie had been accustomed to gain admission to the Houses for himself and others, and then write out from memory what had been heard; but Johnson relied less on reports, and often knew nothing more of the real addresses of which he gave his fancied reproductions, than the names of the several speakers, and the part each had taken in the debate. This, of course, left him much more at liberty to exercise his powers of invention, and to arrange the parts of the discussion in the more perfect order, and though the speeches may have been, in their details, less true than they would have been made by relying upon reports, the whole was probably not only better in style, but also more truthful in their general character.

"In the perusal of these Debates," remarks Sir John Hawkins, "we cannot but wonder at the powers that produced them. The author had never passed those gradations that lead to a knowledge of men and business. Born to a narrow fortune, of no profession, conversant chiefly with books, unacquainted with the style of any other than academical disputations, and so great a stranger to senatorial manners that he never [seldom] was within the walls of either House of Parliament, —that a man under these disadvantages, should be able to frame a system of debate, compose speeches of such excellence, both in matter and form, as scarcely to be equaled by those of the most able and experienced statesmen, is matter of astonishment, and a proof of talents that qualified him for a speaker in the most august assembly on earth."

Cave had no very exalted opinion of the debates, but considered them of the nature of dead matter, useful chiefly to fill up the monthly pages of his pamphlet, which he supposed was sought for principally for the sake of those parts that he himself directed,—abridgments from the weekly papers, especially their attacks on the ministry, and a medley of pastorals, elegies, songs, and epigrams, gathered from all sources, selected without taste, and arranged without order. But he was not insensible of their effect upon his finances, however blind to their merits, when the circulation of the Magazine suddenly increased from ten to fifteen thousand a month above its former sales, and enabled him to buy "an old coach and an old pair of horses," and to emblazon his livery with a picture of St. John's Gate, instead of a family coat-of-arms. Johnson was rewarded not only by the pecuniary recompense that his labors brought him, but more especially by the applause bestowed on his labors by those whose opinions he prized most highly; though few, if indeed any but himself, was then aware of the extent of his claim to whatever was valuable in the reported debates. The pleasure, however, that success afforded him was not unalloyed; his conscience was not at ease as to the propriety of the deceit he was practicing upon the nation, which became more and more a matter of importance to him as the debates attracted an increased measure of public interest, and were generally thought to be substantially the veritable speeches of those to whom they were ascribed. When at length he ascertained that such was the generally received opinion, he determined to write no more of them, declaring that "he would not be accessory to the propagation of falsehood." His objection was not to fictions as such, for many of his subsequent productions, which he most highly valued, were of that species of writing; but it was to him a matter of deep regret as long as he lived, that he had been the author of fictions that were palmed upon the public as realities.

"In the mean time," continues Sir John Hawkins, "it was curious to observe how the deceit operated. Johnson had the art to give different colors to the several speeches, so that some appear to be declamatory and energetic, resembling the orations of Demosthenes; others, like those of Cicero, calm and persuasive; others, more particularly those attributed to such country gentlemen, merchants and seamen, as had seats in parliament, bear the characteristic of plainness, bluntness, and unaffected honesty, as opposed to the plausibility of such as were understood or suspected to be courtiers. The artifice had its effect. Voltaire was betrayed by it into a declaration, 'that the eloquence of ancient Greece and Rome was revived in the British Senate,' and a speech of the late Earl of Chatham, (then Mr. Pitt,) in opposition to one of Mr. Horace Walpole, [beginning, 'The atrocious crime of being a young man,' etc.,] received the highest applause, and was, by all that read it, taken to be genuine."

The period of the production of the Debates, marks an era in Johnson's history. He had remained in London, and in the employment of Mr. Cave, because he found no way of escape; and his necessities compelled him to be diligent in opposition to the natural indolence of his disposition. Industry removed his most painful embarrassments, and thus enabled his spirit to rise out of the despondency into which he had been sinking, and to give new life to the mighty, but hitherto undeveloped genius that lay within him. The Debates opened to his mind a field of thought and discussion well adapted to its character, while the covert of fiction allowed him a freedom of thought, as well as required a versatility of style and manner, well calculated to discipline him to that elevated but varied composition for which he was afterward so justly celebrated. The exercise was also a valuable lesson to himself. Though not greatly disposed to doubt his own ability, he nevertheless needed a fuller confirmation of the correctness of his own estimate of himself by the great public—that awful arbiter, whose decisions the most hardy and self-confident respect—than he had yet received. This he now obtained—not as a compliment to himself, but in the spontaneous and indirect commendation of his productions, when their authorship was unknown. Another result was probably not less valuable. He was constitutionally dogmatical, and disinclined to believe that opinions which differed from his own were either logically or morally defensible; but here he was compelled to argue both sides of the same question, and to state, with at least an appearance of fairness, the arguments both for and against his own cherished views and opinions. It would indeed have been strange if such an exercise had not suggested to him the thought that something may be urged on both sides of nearly every question; and though he always was strong in his own notions, no doubt that tendency of his mind was mitigated by this exercise.

The secret of the authorship of the Debates did not transpire till several years afterward; and as the story of the disclosure forms a somewhat interesting incident in this curious piece of literary history, it is inserted here, though anticipating the order of time, as stated by Mr. Murphy, who was himself one of the company to whom it was made:—"Mr. Wedderburne, (now Lord Loughborough,) [afterward Earl of Roslyn,] Dr. Johnson, Dr. Francis, (the translator of Horace,) myself, and others, dined with the late Mr. Foote. An important debate toward the end of Sir Robert Walpole's administration being mentioned, Dr. Francis observed, 'that Mr. Pitt's speech on that occasion was the best he had ever read.' He added, 'that he had employed eight years of his life in the study of Demosthenes, and finished a translation of that celebrated orator, with all the decorations of style and language within the reach of his capacity; but he had met with nothing equal to that speech.' Many of the company remembered the debate; and some passages were cited with the approbation and applause of all present. During the ardor of conversation Johnson remained silent. As soon as the warmth of praise subsided, he opened with these words:—'That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter-street.' The company was struck with astonishment. After staring at each other in silent amaze, Dr. Francis asked, 'How that speech could be written by him?' 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'I wrote it in Exeter-street. I never had been in the gallery of the House of Commons but once. Cave had an interest with the door-keepers. He, and the persons employed under him, gained admittance; they brought away the subject of discussion, the names of the speakers, the side they took, and the order in which they rose, together with notes of the arguments advanced in the course of the debates. The whole was afterward communicated to me, and I composed the speeches in the form which they now have in the Parliamentary Debates.' To this discovery Dr. Francis made answer:—'Then, Sir, you have exceeded Demosthenes himself; for, to say you have exceeded Francis's Demosthenes would be saying nothing!' The rest of the company bestowed lavished encomiums on Johnson; one, in particular, praised his impartiality; observing that he dealt out reason and eloquence with an equal hand to both parties. 'That is not quite true,' said Johnson; 'I saved appearances tolerably well, but I took care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it.'"

This remarkable scene and its revelations, though highly flattering to Johnson, aroused him anew to the dangerous tendency of the debates to falsify history; as it was thus made evident to him that even in learned circles they were received as genuine. He therefore from this time availed himself of every favorable opportunity to undeceive the public in that matter; and when Smollet was preparing his History of England, Johnson cautioned him against relying at all on the debates found in the Gentleman's Magazine, as they were, except as to their general import, the creatures of his own imagination.

Besides the labor of preparing the Debates, and some minor, though not inconsiderable contributions to the Magazine, Johnson also, during the years 1741–42, assisted his school-fellow, Dr. James, in the preparation of his "Medical Dictionary," for which he wrote several of the articles, and also the proposals for the publication and the dedication to Dr. Mead. He had a special favor for the science of medicine, and probably was as much influenced in this matter by his tastes, as by any other consideration.

Of Johnson's private and domestic affairs, during the former part of his residence in London, very little is known. That he was poor, even to distress, is sufficiently ascertained; but with a commendable delicacy he has effectually concealed from the inquisitive gaze of idle curiosity, the sacred though painful scenes of his household. At his first coming to the metropolis with Mrs. Johnson, they took lodgings in Woodstock-street, near Hanover-square, and soon after we find him in Castle-street, near Cavendish-square. At different times in the course of the next ten years he is found at Boswell Court, on the Strand, in Bow-street, Holborn, and Fetter-lane; and if he wrote the celebrated speech of Mr. Pitt in Exeter-street, it seems that in 1741, the date of that production, he either lodged or occupied an office there. An expression used in subscribing a letter to Cave in 1738, "yours *impransus*," has been taken as an evidence of extreme want, and though, from other sources of proof, we are compelled to believe that he was greatly embarrassed in his affairs, yet we cannot agree with Mr. Boswell in understanding this as "a fair confession that he had not a dinner." Many other reasons than sheer necessity may be supposed, any one of which may have kept him fasting, and with one whose life was so devoid of system as was Johnson's, it would not be strange, even if crowned with plenty, to find him without having breakfasted long after the hour appropriated to that meal. But in the depression of his own affairs he was not unmindful of his aged mother, who still survived at the old homestead in Lichfield, in which she had a life-interest and he the reversionary title. He regarded with peculiar attachment this scene of his early days.

As the property was under a mortgage, the interest of which was not always punctually paid by the occupant, Johnson himself became responsible in his own name for its payment, that his mother might not be disquieted by the presentation of claims that she was unable to meet.

HOMESTEAD OF DR. JOHNSON.

Here we must, for the present, take leave of our subject, toiling incessantly for daily subsistence, and enduring many most humiliating hardships, yet pressing steadily forward in his manly course, and occasionally catching some glimpses of better days to come. But as yet these were distant, and their prospect indistinct.

* * *

English Conversation.—The superficiality and insipidity of nearly all the conversations to which I have listened, or in which I have joined, is really depressing. As far as I hear, little is said about politics, which is a good thing, much better than our German mania for going beyond our depth on such subjects; but, that narrative and commonplaces form the whole staple of conversation, from which all philosophy is excluded,—that enthusiasm and loftiness of expression are entirely wanting, depresses me more than any personal neglect of which, as a stranger, I might have to complain; for of this my share is not large, and I bear it easily.—*Niebuhr's Life and Letters.*

REV. HEMAN HUMPHREY, D.D.

THE venerable Ex-President of Amherst College has long stood as a memorable exemplar of the success which the sons of our republic are able to win in life, against all disadvantages of birth and fortune. Heman Humphrey was born in the town of Simsbury, Connecticut, in the month of March, in the year 1779. Being deprived of his father at an early period, and being without wealthy friends to aid him, it was impossible he should enjoy any advantages of education except those which were afforded by the district-schools of the mountainous and then thinly-settled region of his birth. He was, however, soon distinguished among his fellows for the quickness and accuracy with which he mastered the common branches of study that were within his reach; insomuch that, when he was only sixteen years of age, he began to be employed as a teacher of others. His life for several years was divided, as has been the case of thousands of young farmers in New-England, between the labors of agriculture in summer, and the business of keeping a district-school in winter—not more than three months being commonly devoted to the latter employment. His industry, intelligence, and good character, procured him in summer what was deemed an eligible situation for a young farmer, in the service of the Hon. John Treadwell, of Farmington, afterward Governor of Connecticut. Here he saw books and educated men, and met good examples and influences, which at once inflamed his desire for knowledge, and produced the determination that whatever advantages he might acquire should all be consecrated to the service of Christ.

For several years the settled purpose had been cherished, of endeavoring at least to obtain a liberal education, with the hope of being able to preach the gospel of salvation. His earnings were carefully husbanded for this purpose, as he had no human help to look to for resources. He also procured Latin books, and began to study by himself at leisure;

but he had finished his twenty-first year before he ventured to relinquish his laborious life as a farmer and set himself systematically to a course of study. Having at length mastered the required studies, he was admitted a member of Yale College, in advanced standing, where he soon gained distinction by his diligence and accuracy of scholarship, and was graduated with honor in 1805. He had accustomed himself in some degree, before he went to college, to the practice of English composition; and had already acquired a facility and a fondness for writing which has continued to form a prominent trait in his character. The turn of his mind for giving a practical direction to his thoughts, leading to present results, was exemplified in a series of essays which he wrote while in college, and published in a newspaper in New-Haven, on the system of common schools in Connecticut, showing the defects which generally prevailed, and pointing out the means of improvement. The pieces attracted much attention for the clearness and point with which they were written, and the sound judgment which pervaded them.

There were no theological seminaries in those days, but the custom was for young men after their graduation to spend a moderate period of time under the tuition of some well-known minister, by whose recommendation they were afterward put on trial as preachers and candidates for the pastoral office. Young Humphrey placed himself for this purpose under the direction of the Rev. Asahel Hooker, of Goshen, Connecticut, one of the most acceptable theological tutors of the time. In about a year he commenced preaching, and was ordained pastor of the First Congregational Church in Fairfield, Connecticut.

This was, in several respects, a pleasant field of labor, especially for the literary associations with which he was surrounded, and to which his own cultivated tastes made him so desirable an acquisition. But the towns along the shore were then deeply deluged with intemperance, and Mr. Humphrey was one of the first to become impressed with a conviction that there was but little hope of effecting a reformation of morals until the prevailing [illegible] iversal indulgence in the use [illegible] ng drinks could be broken up. [illegible] true yoke-fellow and fellow-laborer in this work in his neighbor and friend, the Rev. Roswell R. Swan, of Norwalk, a model pastor and minister of that day, whose early removal by death is still a subject of mourning among the people of his charge. The late Rev. William Bonney, of New-Canaan, was also a faithful supporter of the cause; and a systematic movement was set on foot in the western district of Fairfield County, in the year 1813, which ought, perhaps, to be set down as one of the first decisive steps in the grand temperance reformation which has since so greatly blessed our land. An address was issued, written chiefly by Mr. Humphrey, in which the prevalence of intemperate habits was traced to the almost universal practice of social drinking. "The ravages of intemperance are only streams—habitual drinking is the fountain; and while the fountain remains the hope of stopping the streams is vain." The position was taken that "ardent spirits are useless: yet more, that they are noxious to the healthy in almost every possible case," and that "drinking spirit is a gradual descent, where every inch increases the declivity and quickens the progress." And the remedy was distinctly proposed—"a total abstinence from the use of all intoxicating liquors," and "a voluntary agreement, in neighborhoods and friendly circles, not to use ardent spirits in their families or provide them for their laborers." Those who bore an active part in the organization of the great national temperance movement in 1826, do not need to be reminded of the help they found as the fruits of those labors in Fairfield County in 1813.

In the year 1816, Mr. Humphrey was appointed to preach the annual sermon before the General Association of the ministers of Connecticut, sitting at New-Haven. The same discriminating view of the nature of existing evils, their causes and remedies, and the same bold fidelity in proclaiming the naked truth, were evinced both in the choice of his subject and in the manner of treating it. At that time a large number of the Congregational clergy of Connecticut were quite too much immersed in worldly cares. Many of them devoted their time to the business of teaching, preparing young men for college, or training those who had been rusticated for misconduct. Many were skillful, and, of course, thriving farmers; some gained wealth by trading in farms, horses, cattle, or merchandise; some were men of laborious toil in the field, of whom it used to be said, in their towns, that they were the first at work on Monday morning, and the last to leave off on Saturday night. The consequences may well be imagined; while the shepherd grew rich in worldly goods, the flock grew poor in Christian graces, and few came to the house of God to hear sermons prepared at such disadvantage.

Mr. Humphrey met this evil boldly, by preaching on "The duties of ministers and people," from 1 Timothy iv, 15: "Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear unto all." He showed, from the arduousness of the work of the ministry, that it was impossible for a preacher to do justice to his themes without diligent study, deep meditation, close attention, and contrivance how to make the truth most influential, by the most skillful adaption of it to the cases of the people. That to this end it is required that a man should "be in" his business, and give himself wholly to it, without distraction or diversion. "He must not neglect his holy calling to enjoy the luxury of scientific pursuits, nor leave his study to consume his time and waste his strength in manual labor." He urged that ministers of the gospel were not at liberty to argue, as worldly men argue, about the duty of caring for their own families; but must resolve to do their duty, in the undoubting belief that, so doing, their Master will give his children bread; and that this was the very way to make the people willing to give the ministry an adequate support.

"I speak with great deference, but under a firm persuasion that if this subject were duly attended to, if we could all devote ourselves wholly to our proper work, the good effects of it would everywhere be seen and felt: weak societies would gradually gain strength; revivals of religion would, it can scarcely be doubted, become more frequent and extensive; ministers would have more influence, would be better and more cheerfully maintained; and the best interests of the state and nation would, by the blessing of God, be greatly promoted."

Strong representations were also made to the people, in regard to their duty in the premises, showing the criminal injustice, as well as the miserable economy, of starving the ministry. In the appendix were some calculations showing how inadequate was the support often given to pastors by congregations. It cannot be doubted that the publication of this able discourse was a word in season for the Churches of Connecticut, and was one of the leading causes of a general reform which followed among the clergy, in breaking up the prevailing worldliness and thrift which they were pursuing to the sacrifice of their proper work. Its faithful exhortations and brotherly rebukes took strong hold of both ministers and people, and in a short time there was a striking change observed. Ministers were more devoted, and congregations were more just; and as a proper consequence, not only was the progress of decay in parishes arrested, but successful measures were adopted to recover the old waste places of the State by a system of home missionary operations, still in progress.

The next year, 1817, he removed to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and became pastor of the church in that place, then just reunited in one, after a long period of dissension and strife. The conviction was forced upon him at once, that religion could not recover its proper ascendency, except through a powerful work of the Holy Spirit in a revival of religion. This he set himself to seek, by earnest prayer to God, by engaging the best Christians of the place in special and agonizing supplications for the blessing, and in a diligent use of every effort that promised to be of use for the end. And at length it came! God visited the place in a marvelous manner. In a few weeks the very face of society was changed. The town had been our army rendezvous during the war of 1812–'15; and sin and vice were sadly prevalent, especially in the more fashionable portions of society. But another aspect was seen in a short time, the blessed effects of which have not yet ceased to be manifest. The interesting narrative of this work of grace, which was published by the pastor, was widely circulated by the press, and contributed greatly to strengthen the hands of those who were then engaged in the promotion of religious revivals. In it he bore a frank and manly testimony to the good services of the Rev. Asahel Nettleton, a young evangelist whose name, shortly afterward, became widely known and honored in connection with similar labors.

The establishment of the *Christian Spectator*, at New-Haven, in 1819, planned after the *Christian Observer*, of London, then in the height of its vigor, brought Mr. Humphrey more to the notice of literary men as a pointed and polished writer. Some of the reviews which he wrote for that work were, in that day, quite models in their way—particularly the review of a volume of poems by Percival, and the review of a novel by Miss Sedgwick. His firmness and integrity of character, simple but dignified deportment, and effective energy in everything he undertook, also contributed to make him prominent and honored among his brethren, and soon placed him in the distinguished and responsible post of President of Amherst College. But, to understand the case, we must first glance at the history of the college.

About forty years ago, the people of Amherst, then a small village standing back from the thoroughfare along Connecticut River, established an academy, at a cost of effort and means which was very great for that day. It soon became the chief place of resort for the hill towns on both sides of the valley of the Connecticut. Soon after the close of the war of 1812, there was a general awakening to the importance of more vigorous efforts to bring forward young men for the ministry, and to provide the means for giving them the advantages of a liberal education. The trustees of Amherst Academy projected a plan for educating a number of young men on a reduced scale; meetings were called to consider the matter, which were attended by zealous ministers and others of the surrounding country, some of them from a distance of twenty or thirty miles; and at length, in the month of November, 1817, it was resolved to raise a fund of ten thousand dollars, the income of which should be applied in aid of indigent young men preparing for the ministry, who should pursue a course of classical study in Amherst Academy. A committee was appointed to superintend the matter, and Colonel Graves was constituted the agent to obtain the subscriptions, which were conditioned to be void unless the entire sum should be made up within a year.

At the end of the year, although the agent was indefatigable, it was found that no part of the fund had been raised. The meeting which had been called to consider the matter, seemed at first prepared to conclude that the whole project had failed and must be given up. A few, however, were not disheartened; they had the sagacity to see, that ten thousand dollars was too small a sum to effect the object in view, and that the very proposition to commence with so small a sum was a confession of incompetency for the attainment of their object, which alone must prevent the people from giving their money. They rightly judged, that for a great object it would be more practicable to raise a large sum than a small one. They therefore resolved to raise fifty thousand in one year, and reappointed their committee and their agent; who now went again over the same ground, chiefly among the farmers of those hills and mountains, and by the end of the year completed the subscription of fifty thousand dollars. It was then resolved to found a college. Negotiations for the removal of Williams College to Amherst occupied some time; but on the 9th of August, 1820, the corner-stone of the first building was laid with religious solemnities—"the residue of the stones for the building being then in the mountains, the clay for the brick and the stone for the lime in the earth, and the timber in the forest." And yet, so great was the zeal and so general the coöperation, that by the 7th of November the building was roofed, and all the expenses provided for by voluntary efforts, except one thousand three hundred dollars. The building itself was completed by the end of September, 1821. On the 18th of that month, Rev. Dr. Moore, who had for several years presided over Williams College, was inaugurated president of the new institution, with several excellent professors; and the next day forty-seven students were admitted, and four collegiate classes regularly organized. Another building was now required and built—a subscription of thirty thousand dollars being raised to cover this and other necessary expenses. The number of students the second year increased to one hundred. A great revival of religion took place also, by which nearly every student who was not already pious was brought to experience the saving power of God. While all was thus bright and prosperous, President Moore was suddenly smitten down by the hand of death, on the 30th of June, 1823. It was a severe blow; and the trustees, after due deliberation and inquiry, came to the unanimous conclusion that there was no man to whose care the infant college could be so safely intrusted as to the well-trained, practical, energetic, and scholarly pastor of the Church in Pittsfield. Dr. Humphrey was inaugurated on the 15th of October, 1823; and "Governor Treadwell's hired man became president of a college."

The expectations which were formed in regard to the qualifications of the new president, were not disappointed in the result. A difficulty had already occurred, to prevent the institution from obtaining a charter. Through the combined influence of sectarian prejudice, jealousy on the part of the friends of other colleges, and some local ill-will, two successive legislatures refused to grant a charter. The second went so far as to appoint a special commission to visit the college, and scrutinize every transaction and sift every charge connected with its origin and proceedings. The investigation caused the integrity and patriotism of the founders to stand out so transparently that it was impossible again to refuse a charter. The act was passed on the 21st of February, 1825, and the new board of trustees organized as a college April 13th—the number of students having increased to nearly one hundred and twenty. This continued influx of students created a continual demand for increased accommodations. The chapel building, containing also apartments for several other objects, was finished in February, 1827, at which time there were one hundred and seventy students, making the infant college the fourth in point of numbers in the whole country.

Such a measure of success had no parallel among our literary institutions. But this very prosperity at length caused a great embarrassment, from the necessity which it imposed on the trustees of making expenditures far beyond their means, in order to furnish the requisite accommodations, apparatus, and means of instruction for such a host of students. An alarming and crushing debt at length made it necessary for the president himself to assume the functions of financial agent, and to spend much time in the solicitation of funds, negotiation of loans, and other labors connected with the pecuniary concerns of the college. These extraordinary efforts were indeed crowned with a good degree of success; but, in the end, it was found here, as it has been found in other cases, that when the president of a college is compelled to spend ten or a dozen of his best years in financiering, he loses the indescribable something which is necessary to his complete success in his proper sphere. In the year 1845, before old age had properly disqualified him for full service in any line of duty, President Humphrey resigned his office, and retired to strictly private life, enjoying the warm affections of a large number of pupils scattered all over the country, and many of them occuping and adorning the highest stations of usefulness and honor. For his twenty years' service in carrying Amherst College through the trials of its infancy and the dangers of its youth to a state of full-grown strength and stability, he deserves, as he receives, the highest respect from the friends of an educated ministry and of liberal science. He has found a delightful home at Pittsfield, in the midst of the people who were formerly his attached parishioners, and there enjoys the dignity and quiet of a serene old age. By preaching, writing for the public press, and an active participation in every measure of public utility or benevolence, he keeps his powers bright and his heart warm, as in middle life.

Dr. Humphrey is happy also and honored in his sons. The eldest, Rev. Edward Porter Humphrey, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Louisville, Ky., was Moderator of the Old School General Assembly last year, and has since been elected to a professorship in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, as the successor of the venerated Dr. Archibald Alexander, deceased; another of his sons is a highly respectable counselor-at-law in the city of New-York; a third is a useful pastor of a Congregational Church in Illinois; and a fourth is pastor of a Presbyterian Church at Binghamton, N. Y.

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A French writer breaks his article up into short sentences, of two or three lines, sometimes containing only two or three words, or even one. An Englishman marches his sentences up almost in solid column. An American's are neither as short as the one nor as long as the other.

ADVENTURES WITH THE SPIRITS IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TIME.

DRS. JOHN DEE and Edward Kelly claim to be mentioned together in the history of alchemy, having been so long associated in the same pursuits, and undergone so many strange vicissitudes in each other's society. Dee was altogether a wonderful man, and had he lived in an age when folly and superstition were less rife, he would, with the same powers which he enjoyed, have left behind him a bright and enduring reputation. He was born in London in the year 1527, and very early manifested a love for study. At the age of fifteen he was sent to Cambridge, and delighted so much in his books, that he passed regularly eighteen hours every day among them. Of the other six, he devoted four to sleep, and two for refreshment. Such intense application did not injure his health, and could not fail to make him one of the first scholars of his time. Unfortunately, however, he quitted the mathematics and the pursuits of true philosophy, to indulge in the unprofitable reveries of the occult sciences. He studied alchemy, astrology, and magic, and thereby rendered himself obnoxious to the authorities of Cambridge. To avoid persecution, he was at last obliged to retire to the University of Louvain; the rumors of sorcery that were current respecting him, rendering his longer stay in England not altogether without danger. He found at Louvain many kindred spirits, who had known Cornelius Agrippa while he resided among them, and by whom he was constantly entertained with the wondrous deeds of that great master of the hermetic mysteries. From their conversation he received much encouragement to continue the search for the philosopher's stone, which soon began to occupy nearly all his thoughts.

DR. DEE.

He did not long remain on the Continent, but returned to England in 1551, being at that time in the twenty-fourth year of his age. By the influence of his friend Sir John Cheek, he was kindly received at the court of King Edward VI., and rewarded (it is difficult to say for what) with a pension of one hundred crowns. He continued for several years to practice in London as an astrologer: casting nativities, telling fortunes, and pointing out lucky and unlucky days. During the reign of Queen Mary he got into trouble, being suspected of heresy, and charged with attempting Mary's life by means of enchantments. He was tried for the latter offense, and acquitted; but was retained in prison on the former charge, and left to the tender mercies of Bishop Bonner. He had a very narrow escape from being burned in Smithfield; but he somehow or other contrived to persuade that fierce bigot that his orthodoxy was unimpeachable, and was set at liberty in 1555.

On the accession of Elizabeth a brighter day dawned upon him. During her retirement at Woodstock, her servants appear to have consulted him as to the time of Mary's death, which circumstance no doubt first gave rise to the serious charge for which he was brought to trial. They now came to consult him more openly as to the fortunes of their mistress; and Robert Dudley, the celebrated Earl of Leicester, was sent by command of the Queen herself, to know the most auspicious day for her coronation. So great was the favor he enjoyed, that, some years afterward, Elizabeth condescended to pay him a visit at his house in Mortlake, to view his museum of curiosities; and when he was ill, sent her own physician to attend upon him.

Astrology was the means whereby he lived, and he continued to practice it with great assiduity; but his heart was in alchemy. The philosopher's stone and the elixir of life haunted his daily thoughts and his nightly dreams. The Talmudic mysteries, which he had also deeply studied, impressed him with the belief, that he might hold converse with spirits and angels, and learn from them all the mysteries of the universe. Holding the same idea as the then obscure sect of the Rosicrucians, some of whom he had perhaps encountered in his travels in Germany, he imagined that, by means of the philosopher's stone, he could summon these kindly spirits at his will. By dint of continually brooding upon the subject, his imagination became so diseased, that he at last persuaded himself that an angel appeared to him, and promised to be his friend and companion as long as he lived. He relates that, one day in November, 1582, while he was engaged in fervent prayer, the window of his museum looking toward the west suddenly glowed with a dazzling light, in the midst of which, in all his glory, stood the great angel Uriel. Awe and wonder rendered him speechless; but the angel smiling graciously upon him, gave him a crystal of a convex form, and told him that whenever he wished to hold converse with the beings of another sphere, he had only to gaze intently upon it, and they would appear in the crystal, and unvail to him all the secrets of futurity.[*]

DEE'S SHOW-STONE, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Thus saying, the angel disappeared. Dee found from experience of the crystal, that it was necessary that all the faculties of the soul should be concentrated upon it, otherwise the spirits did not appear. He also found that he could never recollect the conversations he had with the angels. He therefore determined to communicate the secret to another person, who might converse with the spirits while he (Dee) sat in another part of the room, and took down in writing the revelations which they made.

He had at this time in his service, as his assistant, one Edward Kelly, who, like himself, was crazy upon the subject of the philosopher's stone. There was this difference, however, between them, that while Dee was more of an enthusiast than an impostor, Kelly was more of an impostor than an enthusiast. In early life he was a notary, and had the misfortune to lose both his ears for forgery. This mutilation, degrading enough in any man, was destructive to a philosopher; Kelly, therefore, lest his wisdom should suffer in the world's opinion, wore a black skull-cap, which, fitting close to his head, and descending over both his cheeks, not only concealed his loss, but gave him a very solemn and oracular appearance. So well did he keep his secret, that even Dee, with whom he lived so many years, appears never to have discovered it. Kelly, with this character, was just the man to carry on any piece of roguery for his own advantage, or to nurture the delusions of his master for the same purpose. No sooner did Dee inform him of the visit he had received from the glorious Uriel, than Kelly expressed such a fervor of belief, that Dee's heart glowed with delight. He set about consulting his crystal forthwith; and on the 2d of December, 1581, the spirits appeared, and held a very extraordinary discourse with Kelly, which Dee took down in writing. This farrago of nonsense is among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum.[*] The later consultations were published in a folio volume, in 1659, by Dr. Meric Casaubon, under the title of *A true and faithful Relation of what passed between Dr. John Dee and some Spirits; tending, had it succeeded,*

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[*] The "crystal" alluded to appears to have been a black stone, or piece of polished coal. The following account of it is given in the supplement to Granger's *Biographical History*: "The black stone into which Dee used to call his spirits was in the collection of the Earls of Peterborough, from whence it came to Lady Elizabeth Germaine. It was next the property of the late Duke of Argyle, and is now Mr. Walpole's. It appears upon examination to be nothing more than a polished piece of cannel coal; but this is what Butler means when he says,—

"'Kelly did all his feats upon
The devil's looking-glass—a stone.'"

[*] Lilly the astrologer, in his *Life*, written by himself, frequently tells of prophecies delivered by the angels in a manner similar to the angels of Dr. Dee. He says, "The prophecies were not given vocally by the angels, but by inspection of the crystal in types and figures, or by apparition the circular way; where, at some distance, the angels appear, representing by forms, shapes, and creatures, what is demanded. It is very rare, yea even in our days," quoth that wiseacre, "for any operator or master to hear the angels speak articulately; when they do speak, *it is like the Irish, much in the throat!*"

to a general alteration of most States and Kingdoms in the World.

The fame of these wondrous colloquies soon spread over England, and even reached the Continent. Dee at the same time pretended to be in possession of the *elixir vitæ*, which he stated he had found among the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, in Somersetshire. People flocked from far and near to his house at Mortlake, to have their nativities cast, in preference to visiting astrologers of less renown. They also longed to see a man who, according to his own account, would never die. Altogether, he carried on a very profitable trade; but spent so much in drugs and metals, to work out some peculiar process of transmutation, that he never became rich.

About this time there appeared in England a wealthy Polish nobleman, named Albert Laski, Count Palatine of Siradz. His object was principally, he said, to visit the court of Queen Elizabeth, the fame of whose glory and magnificence had reached him in distant Poland. Elizabeth received this flattering stranger with the most splendid hospitality, and appointed her favorite Leicester to show him all that was worth seeing in England. He visited all the curiosities of London and Westminster, and from thence proceeded to Oxford and Cambridge, that he might converse with some of the great scholars whose writings shed lustre upon the land of their birth. He was very much disappointed at not finding Dr. Dee among them, and told the Earl of Leicester that he would not have gone to Oxford if he had known that Dee was not there. The earl promised to introduce him to the great alchemist on their return to London, and the Pole was satisfied. A few days afterward, the Earl and Laski being in the ante-chamber of the Queen, awaiting an audience of her majesty, Dr. Dee arrived on the same errand, and was introduced to the Pole. An interesting conversation ensued, which ended by the stranger inviting himself to dine with the astrologer at his house at Mortlake. Dee returned home in some tribulation; for he found he had not money enough, without pawning his plate, to entertain Count Laski and his retinue in a manner becoming their dignity. In this emergency he sent off an express to the Earl of Leicester, stating frankly the embarrassment he labored under, and praying his good offices in representing the matter to her majesty. Elizabeth immediately sent him a present of twenty pounds.

On the appointed day Count Laski came, attended by a numerous retinue, and expressed such open and warm admiration of the wonderful attainments of his host, that Dee turned over in his own mind how he could bind irretrievably to his interests a man who seemed so well inclined to become his friend. Long acquaintance with Kelly had imbued him with all the roguery of that personage, and he resolved to make the Pole pay dearly for his dinner. He found out before many days that he possessed great estates in his own country, as well as great influence, but that an extravagant disposition had reduced him to temporary embarrassment. He also discovered that he was a firm believer in the philosopher's stone and the water of life. He was therefore just the man upon whom an adventurer might fasten himself. Kelly thought so too; and both of them set to work to weave a web, in the meshes of which they might firmly entangle the rich incredulous stranger.

In this manner they prophesied to the Pole that he should become the fortunate possessor of the philosopher's stone; that he should live for centuries, and be chosen King of Poland, in which capacity he should gain many great victories over the Saracens, and make his name illustrious over all the earth. For this purpose it was necessary, however, that Laski should leave England, and take them with him, together with their wives and families; that he should treat them all sumptuously, and allow them to want for nothing. Laski at once consented; and very shortly afterward they were all on the road to Poland.

It took them upward of four months to reach the Count's estates in the neighborhood of Cracow. In the meantime they led a pleasant life, and spent money with an unsparing hand. When once established in the Count's palace, they commenced the great hermetic operation of transmuting iron into gold. Laski provided them with all necessary materials, and aided them himself with his knowledge of alchemy; but, somehow or other, the experiment always failed at the very moment it ought to have succeeded, and they were obliged to recommence operations on a grander scale. But the hopes of Laski were not easily extinguished. Already, in idea, the possessor of countless millions, he was not to be cast down for fear of present expenses. He thus continued from day to day, and from month to month, till he was at last obliged to sell a portion of his deeply-mortgaged estates to find aliment for the hungry crucibles of Dee and Kelly, and the no less hungry stomachs of their wives and families. It was not till ruin stared him in the face that he awoke from his dream of infatuation, too happy, even then, to find that he had escaped utter beggary. Thus restored to his senses, he soon rid himself of his expensive visitors.

Not knowing well whither to direct their steps, they resolved to return to Cracow, where they had still a few friends; but, by this time, the funds they had drawn from Laski were almost exhausted, and they were many days obliged to go dinnerless and supperless. They still gained a little by casting nativities, and kept starvation at arm's length, till a new dupe, rich enough for their purposes, dropped into their toils, in the shape of a royal personage. Having procured an introduction to Stephen, king of Poland, they predicted to him that the Emperor Rudolph would shortly be assassinated, and that the Germans would look to Poland for his successor. As this prediction was not precise enough to satisfy the king, they tried their crystal again, and a spirit appeared who told them that the new sovereign of Germany would be Stephen of Poland. Stephen was credulous enough to believe them, and was once present when Kelly held his mystic conversations with the shadows of his crystal. He also appears to have furnished them with money to carry on their experiments in alchemy; but he grew tired, at last, of their broken promises and their constant drains upon his pocket, and was on the point of discarding them with disgrace when they met with another dupe, to whom they eagerly transferred their services. This was Count Rosenberg, a nobleman of large estates at Trebona, in Bohemia. So comfortable did they find themselves in the palace of this munificent patron, that they remained nearly four years with him, faring sumptuously, and having an almost unlimited command of his money.

But now, while fortune smiled upon them, while they reveled in the rewards of successful villany, retributive justice came upon them in a shape they had not anticipated. Jealousy and mistrust sprang up between the two confederates, and led to such violent and frequent quarrels, that Dee was in constant fear of exposure. As their quarrels every day became more and more frequent, Dee wrote letters to Queen Elizabeth, to secure a favorable reception on his return to England, whither he intended to proceed if Kelly forsook him. He also sent her a round piece of silver, which he pretended he had made of a portion of brass cut out of a warming-pan. He afterward sent her the warming-pan also, that she might convince herself that the piece of silver corresponded exactly with the hole which was cut into the brass. While thus preparing for the worst, his chief desire was to remain in Bohemia with Count Rosenberg, who treated him well, and reposed much confidence in him. Neither had Kelly any great objection to remain; but a new passion had taken possession of his breast, and he was laying deep schemes to gratify it. His own wife was ill-favored and ill-natured; Dee's was comely and agreeable; and he longed to make an exchange of partners without exciting the jealousy or shocking the morality of Dee. This was a difficult matter; but to a man like Kelly, who was as deficient in rectitude and right feeling as he was full of impudence and ingenuity, the difficulty was not insurmountable. He had also deeply studied the character and the foibles of Dee, and he took his measures accordingly. The next time they consulted the spirits, Kelly pretended to be shocked at their language, and refused to tell Dee what they had said. Dee insisted, and was informed that they were henceforth to have their wives in common. Dee, a little startled, inquired whether the spirits might not mean that they were to live in common harmony and good-will? Kelly tried again, with apparent reluctance, and said the spirits insisted upon the literal interpretation. The poor fanatic Dee resigned himself to their will; but it suited Kelly's purpose to appear coy a little longer. He declared that the spirits must be spirits not of good, but of evil; and refused to consult them any more. He thereupon took his departure, saying that he would never return.

Dee, thus left to himself, was in sore

trouble and distress of mind. He knew not on whom to fix as the successor of Kelly for consulting the spirits; but at last chose his son Arthur, a boy of eight years of age. He consecrated him to this service with great ceremony, and impressed upon the child's mind the dignified and awful nature of the duties he was called upon to perform; but the poor boy had neither the imagination, the faith, nor the artifice of Kelly. He looked intently upon the crystal as he was told; but could see nothing and hear nothing. At last, when his eyes ached, he said he could see a vague, indistinct shadow, but nothing more. Dee was in despair. The deception had been carried on so long, that he was never so happy as when he fancied he was holding converse with superior beings; and he cursed the day that had put estrangement between him and his dear friend Kelly. This was exactly what Kelly had foreseen; and when he thought the doctor had grieved sufficiently for his absence, he returned unexpectedly, and entered the room where the little Arthur was in vain endeavoring to distinguish something in the crystal. Dee, in entering this circumstance in his journal, ascribes this sudden return to a "miraculous fortune," and a "divine fate;" and goes on to tell that Kelly immediately saw the spirits which had remained invisible to little Arthur. One of these spirits reiterated the previous command, that they should have their wives in common. Kelly bowed his head and submitted; and Dee, in all humility, consented to the arrangement.

This was the extreme depth of the wretched man's degradation. In this manner they continued to live for three or four months, when, new quarrels breaking out, they separated once more. This time their separation was final. Kelly, taking the *elixir* which he had found in Glastonbury Abbey, proceeded to Prague, forgetful of the abrupt mode in which he had previously been expelled from that city. Almost immediately after his arrival he was seized by order of the Emperor Rudolph, and thrown into prison. He was released after some months' confinement, and continued for five years to lead a vagabond life in Germany, telling fortunes at one place, and pretending to make gold at another. He was a second time thrown into prison, on a charge of heresy and sorcery: and he then resolved, if ever he obtained his liberty, to return to England. He soon discovered that there was no prospect of this, and that his imprisonment was likely to be for life. He twisted his bed-clothes into a rope, one stormy night in February 1595, and let himself down from the window of his dungeon, situated at the top of a very high tower. Being a corpulent man, the rope gave way, and he was precipitated to the ground. He broke two of his ribs, and both his legs; and was otherwise so much injured, that he expired a few days afterward.

Dee, for a while, had more prosperous fortune. The warming-pan he had sent to Queen Elizabeth was not without effect. He was rewarded soon after Kelly had left him with an invitation to return to England. His pride, which had been sorely humbled, sprang up again to its pristine dimensions, and he set out from Bohemia with a train of attendants becoming an ambassador. How he procured the money does not appear, unless from the liberality of the rich Bohemian, Rosenberg; or perhaps from his plunder. He traveled with three coaches for himself and family, and three wagons to carry his baggage. Each coach had four horses; and the whole train was protected by a guard of four-and-twenty soldiers. This statement may be doubted; but it is on the authority of Dee himself, who made it on oath before the commissioners appointed by Elizabeth to inquire into his circumstances. On his arrival in England he had an audience of the Queen, who received him kindly.

Thrown thus unexpectedly upon his own resources, Dee began in earnest the search for the philosopher's stone. He worked incessantly among his furnaces, retorts, and crucibles; and almost poisoned himself with deleterious fumes. He also consulted his miraculous crystal; but the spirits appeared not to him. He tried one Bartholomew to supply the place of the invaluable Kelly; but he being a man of some little probity, and of no imagination at all, the spirits would not hold any communication with him. Dee then tried another pretender to philosophy, of the name of Hickman, but had no better fortune. The crystal had lost its power since the departure of its great high priest. From this quarter, then, Dee could get no information on the stone or elixir of the al-chemists, and all his efforts to discover them by other means were not only fruitless but expensive. He was soon reduced to great distress, and wrote piteous letters to the Queen praying relief. He represented that, after he left England with Count Laski, the mob had pillaged his house at Mortlake, accusing him of being a necromancer and a wizard; and had broken all his furniture, burned his library, consisting of four thousand rare volumes, and destroyed all the philosophical instruments and curiosities in his museum. For this damage he claimed compensation; and furthermore stated, that, as he had come to England by the Queen's command, she ought to pay the expenses of his journey. Elizabeth sent him small sums of money at various times; but Dee still continuing his complaints, a commission was appointed to inquire into his circumstances. He finally obtained a small appointment as Chancellor of St. Paul's cathedral, which he exchanged, in 1595, for the wardenship of the college at Manchester. He remained in this capacity till 1602 or 1603, when, his strength and intellect beginning to fail him, he was compelled to resign. He retired to his old dwelling at Mortlake, in a state not far removed from actual want, supporting himself as a common fortune-teller, and being often obliged to sell or pawn his books to procure a dinner. James I. was often applied to on his behalf, but he refused to do anything for him. It may be said, to the discredit of this king, that the only reward he would grant the indefatigable Stowe, in his days of old age and want, was the royal permission to beg; but no one will blame him for neglecting such a quack as John Dee. He died in 1608, in the eighty-first year of his age, and was buried at Mortlake.

[For the National Magazine.]

DIES IRÆ.

THE article in your November number on Latin Hymns, suggested the propriety of sending the annexed translation of the *Dies Iræ*. It is taken from Churton's History of the Early Anglican Church, an English work of considerable repute. In connection with the life of Thurston, Archbishop of York, in the twelfth century, (who is said to have chanted its lines just before his death,) Mr. Thurston gives it as the translation of the Rev. Isaac Williams, of Trinity College, Oxford. Its truthfulness to the original and impressive solemnity may afford additional interest to the readers of the article referred to.

Very respectfully,
John B. Henry.

Philadelphia, *November*, 1852.

Day of wrath! the dreadful day
Shall the banner'd cross display,
Earth in ashes melt away!

Who can paint the agony,
When His coming shall be nigh
Who shall all things judge and try?

When the trumpet's thrilling tone,
Through the tomb of ages gone,
Summons all before the throne?

Death and time shall stand aghast,
And creation at the blast
Rise to answer for the past:

Then the volume shall be spread,
And the writing shall be read,
Which shall judge the quick and dead.

Then the judge shall sit; O, then
All that's hid shall be made plain,
Unrequited naught remain.

Wo is me! what shall *I* plead?
Who for me shall intercede,
When the righteous scarce is freed?

King, of dreadful majesty,
Saving souls in mercy free,
Fount of pity, save thou me!

Weary, seeking me, wast thou,
And for me in death didst bow,—
Let thy pain avail me now!

Thou didst set the adulteress free,—
Heardst the thief upon the tree,—
Hope vouchsafing e'en to me.

Naught of thee my prayers can claim,
Save in thy free mercy's name;
Save me from the undying flame!

With thy sheep my place assign,
Separate from the accursed line;
Set me on thy right with thine!

When the lost, to silence driven,
To devouring flames are given,
Call me with the blest to heaven!

Suppliant, lo! to earth I bend,
My bruised heart to ashes rend;
Care thou, Lord, for my last end.

Derivation of Honeymoon.—It was the custom of a higher order of Teutones, a people who inhabited the northern part of Europe, to drink mead, or metheglin, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding. From this custom comes the expression, "to spend the honeymoon."

THE DEVIL IN LITERATURE.

> “THE Cincinnati *Atlas* states that the West is flooded with trash in the shape of cheap blood-and-thunder stories, and it expresses the hope that the press throughout the country will help to wage a war of extermination against the nefarious traffic. This obscene and revolting literature is hawked about by agents, who insinuate themselves into every dwelling, office, and public place, and by their misrepresentations induce thousands to buy their demoralizing publications, thus diffusing the poison through the community. Are there no means, asks our Cincinnati cotemporary, to stay the torrent of impurity? None, we fear, but in cultivating a purer taste in the community, which would lead them to reject, as they would garbage, the vile stuff offered for their mental diet. It is positively amazing the number of writers, male and female, of trashy tales that have sprung up in this country during the last ten years. Many of our weekly papers are laden with their contributions; and Heaven spare the digestive apparatus that can receive and assimilate them! It is almost enough to disgust one with fiction to see the quantity of rubbish that these scribblers have the capacity of giving forth ‘in one wishy-washy, everlasting flood.’ Let the public discourage the publication of these stories by refusing to buy them, and the evil may be gradually corrected, and a more salutary taste be substituted.”

Thus speaks the *Boston Transcript*. The extract is a good text for some additions to the article we gave in our last on *Satanic Literature*. The *Cincinnati Atlas* is the western paper we referred to in that article; the western editor but expresses what every traveler, not only in the West, but in the Puritan East, knows to be a fact, as the *Transcript* virtually acknowledges. The land is whelmed with this infernal literature, and perhaps no more potent means of moral corruption, especially among the young, could be devised.

Last month we made some unstinted remarks on the moral enormity of this evil. We wish not to return to a subject so thoroughly repulsive in its nature, but to consider briefly one which is closely related to it—the bad tendencies of our novel literature in general.

We believe that from our ordinary novel literature springs the specific and corrupt class of fictions above referred to—the authorship of them and the appetite for them. We have no fanatical anathema to utter here against all novels. That we know would be preposterous. In the first article of the first number of this Magazine we said otherwise. The qualification demanded by the subject is not a very casuistical one. Evidently there are characters and scenes of life which are as legitimate subjects of fictitious writing as the aspects of natural scenery are of ideal combinations in painting, or of imaginative descriptions in poetry. The mischief with our fictitious literature is its disproportionate, its overwhelming abundance, and chiefly its moral characteristics.

Its abundance is such that we may literally pronounce it the predominating department of modern literature. It must be remembered that only about a century has elapsed since the introduction, by Richardson and Madame D'Arblay, of the modern novel—the novel as a distinct type of literature—a picture of character and society. The old romances which preceded it—tales of chivalry or gallantry, reflections from the middle ages—were a class by themselves—poems in prose, and comparatively few and comparatively little read, for the “people” were not then readers. In this brief period how immense has been the growth of our novel literature! Like the ivy—the poisonous ivy on the oak—it has ascended and overgrown the whole tree, spread out upon every bough, and woven itself with almost every stem and leaf. It is, in fact, the most ostensible form of modern letters. The highest genius exhausts itself in it. The largest, though certainly not the most lasting, reputations are made by it. The best recompenses are earned by it. Fortunes, almost the only ones made in literature, are suddenly reaped by the modern novelist. Poetry, the old and divine form of fiction—that which has been dear and sacred to all ages and all nations—what are its pecuniary rewards compared with those of the modern novel? The poet still retains, however, one reward, his old guerdon, and nothing shows more manifestly the general consciousness of the comparative and inherent worthlessness of the novel; the poet has yet “immortality” to aspire after—the novelist, however successful, can hardly expect to survive an age or two. There are essential differences in the two kinds of literature which lead to this distinction, and which no genius of the novelist can countervail—unless by changing him into a poet as Goethe in his “Faust” and Scott in his metrical romances.

The novelist takes precedence of the poet, and, indeed, of all other writers, not only in remuneration and immediate effectiveness, but, as the condition of these, in breadth of circulation. No other works pass through such rapid editions, and are scattered so widely. All the popular periodicals, except such as are specifically religious, teem with them. The newspapers, even in the remotest retirements of the country, must insert them. The leading political sheets of Paris pay enormous prices to the reigning novelists for serial tales, and place them in parallel columns with elaborate dissertations on public economics. Fictions, fictions are what the people everywhere hunger and thirst after.

Now it cannot be otherwise than that this universal sway of the novel should have a profound effect on the whole *morale* of the public mind. It is a sort of mental mania. Salutary as the occasional reading of a novel might be, this, its engrossing influence upon the reading world, cannot but be pernicious, and even disastrous. We believe there are moral and even pathological phenomena of modern life which have no slight relation to it. Especially do we think that the thirst for a more and more degenerate literature is an effect of it. The pampered appetite cannot be satisfied but by more stimulating condiments; the "Satanic literature" is the result. Among us, notwithstanding its universal prevalence, it has as yet a low rank in authorship; but in France it has enlisted, under slight disguises, the best talent. Even France, however, has come to us for specimens, and the *bizarre* and horrific prose tales of Poe have been detailed in the columns of her newspapers.

While the general prevalence of light reading tends thus to the creation of a morbid taste and a demoralized literature, the moral character of not merely the "Satanic" fictions, but of our ordinary novel literature, enhances greatly this tendency. Much of the latter, if not expressly impure, is exaggerated, over-stimulated, and, therefore, enervating to both the faculties and sensibilities; and the mind, gorged with the modern excess of such aliment, must inevitably degenerate. Novelists themselves have acknowledged this evil. Walter Scott would not allow his daughters to read his own novels. Goldsmith, in a letter of advice to his brother on the education of his child, says:—"Above all, never let your son touch a novel or romance. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the young to sigh after beauty and happiness which never existed, and to despise the little good that fortune has mixed in our cup by expecting more than she ever gave; and in general—take the word of a man who has seen the world and studied it more by experience than by precept—take my word for it, I say, that such books teach us very little of the world."

Such was his opinion of not the real immoralities of novels, but of the influence of their mere idealism. And the opinion is just in even this limited view, much more so in view of the debasing morals often taught and exemplified in fictitious productions. A much more philosophical thinker, Isaac Taylor, has expressed the same thought with something of its solution. He says:—

> "Every one knows that an artificial excitement of all the kind and tender emotions of our nature may take place through the medium of the imagination. Hence the power of poetry and the drama. But every one must also know that these feelings, however vivid, and seemingly pure and salutary they may be, and however nearly they may resemble the genuine workings of the soul, are so far from producing the same softening effect upon the character, that they tend rather to indurate the heart. Whenever excitements of any kind are regarded distinctly as a source of luxurious pleasure, then, instead of expanding the bosom with beneficent energy, instead of dispelling the sinister purposes of selfishness, instead of shedding the softness and warmth of generous love through the moral system, they become a pressing center of solitary and unsocial indulgence, and at length displace every emotion that deserves to be called virtuous. No cloak of selfishness is in fact more impenetrable than that which usually envelops a pampered imagination. The reality of wo is the very circumstance that paralyzes sympathy; and the eyes that can pour forth their floods of commiseration for the sorrows of the romance or the drama, grudge a tear to the substantial wretchedness of the unhappy. Much more often than not, this kind of luxurious sensitiveness to fiction is conjoined with a callousness that enables the subject of it to pass through the affecting occasions of domestic life in immovable apathy; the heart has become like that of leviathan, 'firm as a stone, yea, hard as a piece of the nether millstone.'"

It is in this manner that the jaded appetite becomes unnatural, demands more exciting nutriment, and gives rise to the enormous corruptions of literature; corruptions which, we think, may justly be said to be unequaled in any other sphere of genius.

Even when works of fiction are not

morbidly sentimental nor expressly licentious, yet too often are they downrightly anti-religious, and thus, by perverting the moral sense, of the young especially, prepare them for more corrupt tastes. There is among a certain class of literary and semi-literary minds, a "liberality" toward such defects, which we deem the very essence of squeamishness—a squeamishness for their favorite authors, and for the assumed liberty of the pen, which will not allow them to tolerate moral animadversions on men of genius. To them a demand for moral purity, and especially for religious respectfulness, not to say reverence, in a work of literature is "prudery," "Puritanism;" and the religious critic, who makes the claim in behalf of the best interests of his race, is the "Tartuffe" of the times. Tartuffes in religion are abhorrent enough, Heaven knows; but in these days there are many more of them in literature than in religion. If anything was ever contemptibly hollow-hearted, and flippantly pretentious, it is the drawling, puling sentimentalism and pseudo-humanitarianism of that class of modern literary *dilettante*, especially in America, who "cant" against "orthodoxy;" to whom the sublime faith of Paul and John, of Locke and Newton, of Bacon and Washington, is a childish tradition, not to be thought of by the rampant muse; and flings at which, from men of genius, as in a work of fiction, are evidences of smartness and of freedom from "fanaticism." Preposterous and puerile folly!

If we have no right to demand that the highest virtues and highest duties of humanity—those of religion—shall be respected in literature, we have the right to demand that they shall not be treated with disrespect. But is it not the case that even our best works of fiction do disparage religion? We know that to bring the charge against such writers as Scott and Dickens, would be considered exceedingly fastidious, but it is not the less a tenable charge. Mr. Dickens is especially distinguished for the humanity of his aims, the healthfulness of his humor, and his uniform sympathy for homely life and the "suffering classes." We admire these excellences, and it is with deep reluctance that we speak a word against a man of such genius and such noble devotion to good ends; but we are compelled by the truth to say that the worst, because most plausible, and therefore most effectual caricatures of religion put forth in modern times, are from his pen. Religious characters are often introduced among his *dramatis personæ*, but scarcely one which is distinctively such, except as a caricature. All his characters of this kind may deserve the satire aimed at them; but why are there no instances of religious sincerity ever placed in contrast with them? Are the innumerable examples of saintly purity, divine nobleness, devotion, long-suffering, heroism, martyrdom, which crowd the annals of religion, and illustrate even our own times, spurious? Is there no recognition for them on the part of genius? Are the rascalities which simulate them the only congenial material for the productions of men who professedly sympathize with our common humanity, and professedly labor for its redemption?

One of our exchanges, in speaking of "religion in the best novels," says:—

> "By common consent, Dickens and Scott would probably be selected as novelists, the moral influence of whose writings is the most unexceptionable. Dickens is even commended as a public benefactor, on account of the healthy stimulus which his writings are supposed to give the best sympathies of the heart. The object of this article is to direct attention to the representations which these writers make of religion. In 'David Copperfield,' Dickens introduces to us a man named Murdstone, who married for property, and by sternness and morose severity, aided by the same characteristics in a maiden sister, to whom he gives the rule of the house, breaks the hearts and destroys the lives of two wives in succession. He also treats David, his wife's son, with cruelty, and after his mother's death puts him to a low business, washing bottles. This man and his sister are described as professedly pious persons, and their sternness is explicitly declared to be the result of their religion. By this man, David was sent to a school to a master, who combined all that was tyrannical to his scholars, with unfaithfulness as a teacher, and unscrupulous cupidity. This schoolmaster, also, is described as a pious man. Later in the story, David finds him the warden of a penitentiary, diligently engaged in imparting religious instruction to the prisoners; and two of the most consummate of villains, who had figured largely in the story, are described as his converts. In a word, all the characters in the story that are so painted as to awaken the abhorrence of the reader, are described as professors of religion. Let us turn to Scott, the other boasted author of novels of unexceptionable moral character. In 'Rob Roy,' the hero's father is a merchant, having no ideas beyond his ledger, stern, and void of the common feelings of humanity. His son, on his return from France, expresses disinclination to engage in mercantile pursuits; the father coldly tells the son that he may have

> a month to decide, and if he persists in his refusal, shall be turned out of doors, and his cousin, a Papist, established in his place. During this time, the father says nothing to the son, shows no affection, moves before him in distant coldness; the son expresses no change of purpose, and the threat is executed to the letter. The father is described as a Dissenter, and his conduct is declared to be the result of his religion. The son afterward engages a Scotch servant, Andrew Fairservice, a most rigorous Presbyterian, a sanctimonious reader of the Bible, and observer of the Sabbath, but supremely covetous, and never letting slip an opportunity to steal from and defraud his master. Afterward, through the frauds of the young Papist whom he had taken into his service, the father becomes embarrassed, and is expected to fail. We are then introduced to a merchant in Glasgow, who had been the most fawning and obsequious of his customers, who, at the first insinuation, imprisons his agent, and proceeds with the utmost rigor. This Glasgow merchant is described as an elder in the Kirk, and his zeal in religion and his attendance at Church are very fully described. The story of 'Kenilworth' is founded on the tradition that the Earl of Leicester, in the hope of wedding Queen Elizabeth, imprisoned his wife in a country house, under the care of Anthony Foster, and finally caused her to be murdered. This Foster is described in the novel as a crabbed, mean-spirited scoundrel, void of all taste for literature and elegance, burning a whole library for kindlings, sordidly avaricious, and, for money, aiding in the lady's murder. He also is described as a strict Presbyterian, constant in all the worship, and exercised in all the religious experience of the sect. Those are the specimens of the manner in which Scott and Dickens usually exhibit Puritanism, Presbyterianism, in short all experimental religion. They associate it with the lack of all the genial affections of humanity, with avarice and meanness: and all this odiousness they exhibit as a usual concomitant and result of religion. There is little hazard in asserting that these three novels have done more to undermine the belief in the reality of a change of heart and spiritual communion with God, and to destroy reverence for the Bible, than has been done within the same period by Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason.'"[°]

There is too much truth, we repeat, in these views. We are reluctant to admit it; we know how many of the admirers of these authors (and what genial minds are not admirers of them?) will revolt at the charge. We cannot help it; we acknowledge all their excellences, but the charge of irreligion is a valid one; it is also a fundamental one; in the estimation of a right mind it is a fatal one.

Now what we affirm is, that the deluging of the reading world with a literature of such tendencies cannot fail to spread moral degeneracy through the popular mind, and to prepare the way for worse forms of literary and other corruption. This is the actual process which we are now witnessing throughout the enlightened world. Qualify, evade the conclusion as you please, the argument is irrefragable, and the truly Christian mind cannot escape it.

Besides these pernicious tendencies of the modern novel, there are traits belonging to a more recent, but growing class of fiction writers, which threaten greatly to exasperate the evils of which we speak. We refer to a new school of novelists, who delight in exhibiting the morbid moral anatomy of poor human nature, whose most notable characters are anomalies if not monsters. This school is insatiably fond of psychological and even physiological peculiarities. It is its study to produce effect, by appealing to that subtile and diseased sensitiveness which at times is felt by almost every man—the result of vice, of an overwrought mind, or, in most instances, perhaps, of an abused epigastrium. In our late editorial remarks on Hawthorne, we spoke plainly enough of this most reprehensible style of writing. It is intolerable. No brilliancy of genius should redeem it from utter reprobation. The *London Atlas*, in commenting on American literature, has the following observations on the subject:—

> "Fashions of this kind are, no doubt, common in literature. They come out like blotches and pimples upon the fair body of the Republic of Letters. Byron inoculated it for a crop, and straightway every individual of the tribe of poetasters presented himself to the world as a melancholy, a moody, a misanthropic, and a maddened man. True, in private life the juvenile Manfred might well chance to be a very jovial personage. He turned down his shirt collars, to be sure, which was the true and unmistakable sign of lofty melancholy; and he rolled his eyes occasionally, which meant that his soul, created for another and grander sphere, was wandering here companionless and forlorn—but for all that, he had a very good appetite at dinner, and a reasonable taste for comforting liquors after it; he could fling off his melancholy to dance at an evening party, to flirt at a pic-nic, or to smoke a quiet cigar, and he never allowed misanthropy to cheat him out of his night's sleep. The whole semblance was a mere literary fashion which beset a tribe of young verse-grinders. The infection was about, and they took it as they had taken the measles and the chicken-pox, and they got over the poetic rash without more damage than the physical one. The question is, whether the present tendency of the Young American fiction-

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[°] *The Puritan*, Boston.

> ists to the morbidly singular and abnormal in mental character, and to tracing metaphysically the currents and springs of motive and thought, instead of leaving these to be developed by the actions of the personages—the question is, whether this fashion is likely permanently to influence and to clog the advance of the transatlantic school of fiction? We are happy in being able to express our own conviction that, by all literary and philosophic precedent, nothing so repugnant to healthy mental feeling, and so foreign to every tendency of true art, can be anything else but a passing epidemic. It is, no doubt, the business of the writer of fiction to describe life-like character—to analyze and set before us mind—as it is that of the artist to present us with beauty in the physical form not incompatible with the development of the race. But what should we say to an artist who habitually selects abnormal and monstrous forms for representation; and, not content even with that, changes his part for that of the anatomist, and proceeds to "demonstrate" every fiber and fold of the diseased and abhorrent structure? Yet such is the school of the Balzacs and the Sands, and such is the school favored at present in America. There are different phases of the tendency to be observed in transatlantic literature. Sometimes, as in the case of Ik Marvel, the writing, although far too psychologic in its nature, is not lavished upon unwholesome personages. Pathos, the anatomy, the physiology, and the pathology of pathos, are what is aimed at in the "Reveries of a Bachelor," and there can be no doubt that the dissection is very curious and complete. As we have hinted, however, all the American writers do not content themselves with such insipid fare, and, accordingly, they conjure up, as in the case of the novel before us, a group of ugly and fantastic shadows, without a wholesome touch of nature about them—a species of vampires, who exist upon the blood of good taste and common sense, and whose erratic and morbid impulses must be tracked and puzzled out, and exhibited, thread by thread and fiber by fiber, for the display of the demonstrator's vast acuteness."

Who needs to be told the moral effect of such works? They are demoniacal. We read of demoniacal possessions, under forms of disease, in the old times. The devils are more self-conceited nowadays; they take a more brilliant fashion of "possession." Our *litterateurs* are becoming the modern "demoniacs." The spirits pass into the "herd of swine," and plunge with them "down the steep" into the abyss of corruption and destruction.

These morbid books spread demoralization and madness in their course. They should be cast out of your home as rattlesnakes. They are the last step of the better class of novels downward to the grade of the genuine Satanic fictions. The young especially, if they read them much, will soon find all healthful books to pall on the taste and will seek more exciting moral drugs.

We have thus expressed ourselves outrightly on this subject, one of the gravest we believe connected with literature and morals. These views have guided us in the use of fiction in this Magazine. We are not, we repeat, fanatics on the subject; brief and befitting fictitious illustrations of truth or life have been admitted into our columns, but we have not felt at liberty to admit here the common modern novel, however attractive by traits of genius or moral aims. Our scruples do not go so far as to interdict the occasional reading of even such works by adult persons; but, what you, as a parent, might do, with no harm to yourself, might be exceedingly hurtful to the best sentiments of your child. Were we to furnish in these pages prolonged novels, we would thereby be educating your children, month after month, to the love of light literature. Such articles would be the first to engage their attention. The monthly instalment would, in many instances, be all their general reading for the month; and, thus doled out to them continuously, their tastes would soon be inevitably conformed to such stimulating food, and reject all better nourishment. A habit of this kind, formed in childhood and youth, will affect them through all time.

The remedy, then, of the vile literature of the day must be, as the quotation from the *Transcript* at the head of this article says, "in cultivating a purer taste in the community, which would lead them to reject, as they would garbage, the vile stuff offered for their mental diet." Keep the "vile stuff" out of your homes; keep out, likewise, its precursors, the insidious, though not vile fictions, which tend to unhealthy and especially to irreligious tastes. You know, perhaps, by experience, the fascination of novel reading in adult years; what, then, must it be in youth? And remember, further, that a taste formed in early life for wholesome reading, like an appetite for healthy diet, will find sufficient pleasure in substantial literature. It will loathe the putrid excesses of fiction. No novel reader finds, in the excitement of his meretricious books, entertainment and pleasure equal to those of the well-trained mind in books of reality—histories, travels, biographies, the sciences, &c.

[For the National Magazine.]

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

THE minor incidents of war, such as history seldom condescends to record, often afford the truest illustrations of its enormity, and of the times. I send you a few of my personal recollections of the kind, which may prove not uninteresting to the readers of the *National Magazine*.

When about nine years of age I was a witness of the pursuit of the American army, by the British, through Eastchester to White Plains, where Washington set up some defenses, and held them at bay till evening. The Americans encamped in sight of the British, and, by keeping up their fires in the night, escaped them, and crossed the Hudson. The British, chagrined and fatigued, retraced their steps to Eastchester, and encamped on Hunt's Hill. Some of the officers pitched their tents in our orchard. They treated us kindly, and generally paid for what they wanted. On one occasion, however, a certain light-horseman, having bargained for a fine dressed pig, took it before him on the saddle, and said—"Send that little fellow with me to the camp, and I will give him the money." When about half way, he drew out his sword, and said—"Run home, you little ———, or I will cut your head off." I stayed not to parley nor contend for my right, but hastened home, believing soberly in Falstaff's maxim, that, in that case at least, "discretion was the better part of valor."

Before long the English army retired to Kingsbridge, and made that their permanent stand-point, while Colonel Delancey's troops were stationed in Morrisania and Fordham. His men were mostly Americans, called "Refugees," or "Tories;" among them was my uncle, my father's only brother, Lieutenant Colonel Hunt. We were now left between the lines, in a most equivocal and unpleasant situation. Colonel Joseph Drake, my mother's brother, on the American side, made an effort to move us, by sending two continental wagons to our assistance. The British got knowledge of the design, and pursued us so closely that the teamsters thought proper to disburden themselves of their load, and left us at Mr. Crawford's, near the Plains. Mr. Crawford was the father of the late Rev. John Crawford, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and, being with the party that night, was killed, with a number of others, for there was considerable fighting at what was called "Ward's House." The next morning I went to see them deposit the slain in a large grave, without coffin or shroud.

Our only alternative now was to get back again to our own old home and make the best of our condition. We were often visited by those who were called "skinners," (as they were always in quest of clothing,) a set of hangers-on of the "Continental Army," acting as spies, &c. While Delancey's "Refugees" often made excursions to get fresh beef, and hence were called "Cow-boys."

In some instances both parties called on us in the course of twenty-four hours. Once they met near the house and exchanged shots, when I was returning from school. Samuel Tucker, a refugee, ran to a thicket of bushes, pursued by "Tom" Colbert, who shot Tucker through the head, at some ten rods distance. I stood by while he stripped off the clothes of his victim. Such is the personal degradation of war. On another occasion, a considerable body of "continental troops," and "skinners" as guides, came down as far as Williamsbridge. The British rallied and pursued them. The Americans fought retreating, and soon brought our school-house between the contending parties. Our school was kept in a vacated dwelling-house; some balls pierced the house, but we took shelter in the cellar. After the battle, we went out to see them bury the dead in a large grave without grave-clothes.

The most tragical scene occurred *after* the declaration of peace. While the British were preparing to evacuate New-York, Washington's army encamped near Williamsbridge, ready to march into the city when the English left. Some of the refugees finding they must then leave their country, made several desperate excursions into various parts to rob and steal. The first night they came to our house the doors were so barred that they could not enter; they fired in and left us.

Supposing they would come again, we made some preparations for defense; but they reappeared between sundown and dark, before the doors were secured. I was then driving cows toward the house; a man from under the fence seized me, and bound my hands behind my back, ordering me to the house. A continental soldier was shoemaking for us on the piazza; they knocked him down and bound him. They bound the hands of my step-father behind him, and fastened his feet together. My mother and sisters they shut up in a bedroom, with a sentinel at the door. Making up a good fire, and placing the shovel in it, till the iron was red-hot, they presented the instrument of torture to the old gentleman, and demanded one thousand dollars as the condition of his release; otherwise, they declared, they would torment him to death. He told them there was one hundred dollars in a certain drawer. This only seemed to excite their rage for more. He had a thousand dollars or more buried in the field; of this they seemed suspicious. They now broke out a glass over the door, and placing a rope round his neck hung him up a minute or two: letting him down, they demanded the money. He still refused; they applied the red-hot shovel to his naked flesh. Meanwhile one drew the rope tighter round his neck, to prevent his noise. Relieving him again, they again demanded the money, but to no effect. They repeated the hanging and burning process too furiously to gain their purpose; for he was soon unable to give them any information. They then turned to me. I was sitting in the corner, with my hands tied behind me. They charged me with knowing where the money was, and threatened to burn me to death if I did not tell; they brought the red-hot shovel so near to my face that I sensibly felt the heat. Begging and crying, I assured them I would tell if I knew. The next thing was to bring my mother out; they threatened to torment her in like manner if she did not give up the money. But she stood before them without weeping, and said:—"You have murdered my husband, and have us in your power; but, remember, God Almighty will bring you into judgment for these things." One that kept a little out of sight said, using an oath, "Let her go." There were four or five in the gang, and some of them we doubtless should have known if they had not been disguised.

In order to prevent our giving an alarm, we were all put down into the cellar, and the doors secured. A young man passing at the time, they arrested, robbed, and bound him, putting him in the cellar with us. At first we thought him to be one of their party—a spy. He however soon applied to me to untie him; my mother taking a knife from my pocket cut me loose, and she attending to the old gentleman, I liberated the young man and the soldier. Hearing our enemies above, searching the house, and fearful they would burn the building over our heads, we set about loosing the underpinning. But soon all was silent, and we obtained our liberty. The young man, the soldier, and myself, (then in my fourteenth year,) each seized a loaded gun, kept for self-defense, (for once I felt like doing battle;) we searched the premises, but in vain—they had gone.

Mr. Thomas Shute, my kind step-father, did not recover from the effects of this cruel treatment for a long time. Indeed, he never enjoyed health after it, though he lived some years.

Such, Mr. Editor, are the painful recollections of an individual witness of those desperate times. They are, I suppose, but a specimen of the common sufferings of our people throughout the war. They are not without interest and significance. Dearly were our liberties and other national blessings bought by our fathers; dearly should they be prized by their happier children.

INTELLIGENCE.

THE divine gift of intelligence was bestowed for higher uses than bodily labor—than to make hewers of wood, drawers of water, plowmen, or servants. Every being, so gifted, is intended to acquaint himself with God and his works, and to perform wisely and disinterestedly the duties of life. Accordingly, when we see the multitude of men beginning to thirst for knowledge, for intellectual action, for something more than animal life, we see the great design of nature about to be accomplished; and society, having received this impulse, will never rest till it shall have taken such form as will place within every man's reach the means of intellectual culture. This is the revolution to which we are tending; and without this, all outward political changes would be but childrens' play, leaving the great work of society yet to be done.

[For the National Magazine.]

ROBERT HALL.

We devote a few pages to the more striking points in the life and character of this eminent minister—perhaps the most celebrated preacher of his age, certainly the most eloquent in that branch of the Church to which he belonged.

HIS CHILDHOOD AND EARLY EDUCATION.

Robert Hall was the youngest of fourteen children, and from his birth exceedingly delicate. It was thought, indeed, impossible that he could survive the perils of infancy, and to the unwearied care of a devoted nurse the world is indebted for the preservation of that flickering light which afterward filled so large a space in the moral heavens. In the arms of this nurse he acquired the rudiments of education. She was wont to carry him into a neighboring grave-yard, where, from the inscriptions upon tombstones, he learned the alphabet, and acquired the mystery of spelling. Afterward, when a school-boy, he was in the habit of stealing away to "meditate among the tombs," making the place his study; and, in the solitude and silence of these receptacles for the dead, it was his delight to spend many an hour in reading such volumes as fell in his way. His choice of books, at this early age, evinced the peculiar structure of his mind. The abstruse writings of Jonathan Edwards, including his "Treatise on the Affections" and on "The Will," were especial favorites; and "Butler's Analogy" had been repeatedly perused by him before reaching the tenth year of his age. It seems scarcely credible, yet the fact is stated on reliable authority, that such a child should read understandingly volumes of this character, or that he should have taken any pleasure in their perusal. At the same age, too, he wrote, it is said, essays upon various metaphysical and theological subjects. He acquired, with great ease, the lessons given him by his schoolmaster, who, when the boy was but eleven, informed his father that he could teach him nothing more. He was accordingly sent to a school of a higher grade, and, under the tuition and care of the celebrated Dr. Ryland, at Northampton, with whom he remained a year and a half, he made great proficiency in the mathematics, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

HIS INTRODUCTION TO THE MINISTRY.

From a very early age an impression seems to have rested on his mind that he should be, like his father, a preacher of the gospel. He was in the habit of gathering his brothers and sisters in a room by themselves, to hear him preach,—a kind of play not uncommon among children,—yet it seems there was something remarkably precocious in Robert's exhibitions of this kind. A friend of the family, with whom the child was spending a few weeks, would occasionally invite the neighbors, grown men and women, to hear the young orator. His vanity, of course, was flattered by their presence, and it is only remarkable that he was not utterly ruined by the absurd exhibitions in which he was thus made the prominent actor. "Conceive, if you can," he says, in telling this part of his early history, "the egregious impropriety of setting a boy of eleven to preach to a company of grave gentlemen, full half of whom wore wigs. I never call the circumstance to mind but with grief at the vanity it inspired; nor when I think of such mistakes of good men am I inclined to question the correctness of Baxter's language, strong as it is, where he says:—'Nor should men turn preachers as the river Nilus breeds frogs, when one half *moveth* before the other is *made*, and while *it is yet plain mud*.'"

In his fifteenth year, having given satisfactory evidences of piety, and professing a strong desire for the ministerial office, he was admitted into the Bristol Institution, a theological seminary, then under the presidency of the Rev. Hugh Evans. Here he pursued his studies with great ardor, appearing, however, to place his main reliance upon mere intellectual attainments. Nor is this to be wondered at. He had been flattered and caressed by injudicious friends, and he could not be ignorant of his superiority to his fellow-students. A severe, but salutary, mortification awaited him. After being at the seminary a season he was appointed to preach, on a week evening, in the vestry of the Baptist church. The president of the seminary and the professors were there, as well as his class-mates, and the ordinary congregation. The young candidate for pulpit honors conducted the initial services with great propriety. He announced his text. His introductory remarks were appropriate and gracefully delivered, and his auditors shared in the evident complacency of the speaker. Ten minutes, perhaps, elapsed, when suddenly the halo of light which beamed from the pulpit was totally eclipsed. A dense fog settled upon the preacher. Memory failed him and self-possession; covering his face with his hands, he exclaimed, "I have lost all my ideas," and sat down. Disappointed and mortified as were his instructors, they endeavored to soothe and to encourage the young man; but it was one of those cases in which the more sympathy is evinced the greater the chagrin of the subject. They prevailed upon him, however, to try again. Unwisely for the object they had in view, but happily as it turned out for Hall, he was appointed to preach the week following from the same text, and before the same hearers. The immediate result was more painful to his congregation than the first attempt, and more mortifying to himself. He again broke down, lost all his ideas, and, rushing to his room, exclaimed—"If this does not humble me, the devil *must* have me." The lesson thus taught him was never forgotten; and, in after life, when at the zenith of his fame, Robert Hall was not more remarkable for his overwhelming eloquence than for a graceful humility which distrusted self, and ever sought to magnify the grace of God.

The Church of which his father was pastor, after due examination, being satisfied with the evidences of his divine call, and of his qualifications for the ministry, set him apart for that work, he being now but a few months more than sixteen years of age. His father preached what may be called the ordination* sermon from the words of the apostle to Timothy: "Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus;" and in the afternoon of the same day Robert occupied his father's pulpit, and preached his first sermon as an accredited minister of the gospel.

HIS VARIOUS FIELDS OF MINISTERIAL LABOR.

Having spent little more than two years as a divinity student at King's College in Aberdeen, he accepted a call as assistant minister of the Broadmead Church, Bristol. His senior associate was a man of talents, but weak-minded. Whether from jealousy of young Hall's exceeding popularity, or for some other cause not now to be ascertained, he quarreled with his youthful colleague. The Church was divided in opinion as to the merits or demerits of their two pastors. They became partisans, and all attempts at reconciliation proved abortive. It was indeed a melancholy spectacle—a Church divided against itself, its members ranged under opposing banners, its joint pastors, the ambassadors of the Prince of Peace, at enmity with each other. This state of things continued for two years, and peace was not restored to the society at Broadmead until the removal of Hall to another Church, and the death, soon afterward, of his associate. Cambridge was the next scene of his ministerial labors. He was called to succeed an eloquent and exceedingly popular preacher, who had passed from orthodox opinions to the very borders of infidelity, and had led his flock with him. "Vain speculation"—such is the testimony of one well acquainted with the facts—"was substituted for knowledge, faith, and experience; confession and prayer seldom made a part of the public worship which he, Hall's immediate predecessor, conducted, his effusions before sermon consisting almost altogether of ascriptions of praise; and the congregation became so transformed and deteriorated in consequence, that among the more intelligent classes, with only two or three exceptions, he was esteemed the best Christian who was most skilled in disputation, not he who evinced most of the spirit of Christ." Upon this unpromising field Mr. Hall entered with resolute determination to labor faithfully, and, if possible, to transform it into a fruitful garden. He chose for the theme of his first discourse after assuming the pastoral office, the doctrine of the atonement made by the Lord Jesus; presenting it as the only ground of hope for the sinner, and insisting upon the necessity of its acceptance. As might have been expected, the sermon gave offense to many of his hearers. "This preaching," said one, "wont do for us; it will only suit a congregation of old women." "Do you mean," asked the preacher, "my sermon, sir, or the doctrine?" "Your doctrine." "Why is it that the doctrine is fit only for old women?" "Because it may suit the musings of people tottering upon the brink of the grave, and who are eagerly seeking comfort." "Thank you, sir, for your concession. The doctrine will not suit people of any age unless it be true; and if it be true it is equally important *at every age*." The objector was not satisfied with this reasoning. He withdrew from the Church, and, with some five and twenty others, formed an independent congregation, with an avowed Socinian for their pastor. Mr. Hall continued in the course marked out by himself, unterrified by open opposition, unseduced by secret flattery. He preached what he believed to be truth, pointedly, powerfully, perseveringly. The result more than met his highest expectations. The Church grew in grace and numbers. His congregations were increasingly large, and, what was uncommon in those days, many of the students and fellows of the university were in the constant habit of sanctioning by their presence at his "meeting-house" what was deemed one of the worst forms of "*dissent*." This excited some alarm among the "heads of houses," and a meeting was called to devise means for putting a stop to it, which was found, however, to be impracticable, as the head master of Trinity declared that but for his official relation he himself would be a constant listener to the eloquent Baptist preacher.

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* He was never, in the technical sense of the word, ordained. Being asked, in after life, why not? he replied, "Because I was a fool, sir."

Leaving Cambridge, for a reason to be presently indicated, Mr. Hall assumed the pastoral charge of a small Church at Leicester which was formerly ministered unto by Dr. Carey, the celebrated missionary, but at this time extremely feeble. Here he spent the larger portion of his ministerial life, a period of nearly twenty years, and here he saw the most fruit of his labors. At his settlement in this place his membership numbered seventy-six, and their place of worship would accommodate scarcely four hundred persons. The building was twice enlarged during his ministry until it would comfortably seat a thousand, and the membership was proportionally increased.

From Leicester Mr. Hall, in his sixty-second year, removed to Bristol, where he again took charge of the Broadmead congregation, the scene of his first pastoral duties, and here, after a successful ministry of about five years, on the twenty-first of February, 1831, he finished a life of usefulness and honor—a life characterized by unwearied zeal in the service of his Master.

HIS THEOLOGICAL SENTIMENTS.

In the earlier part of his ministry, Mr. Hall was charged with *Socinianism*, for no other reason, that we are able to discover, than an enlarged Christian charity, which prompted to the expression of a hope, rather than the belief, that some who denied the supreme divinity of Christ might nevertheless be saved. He was taken to task severely by his old friend and preceptor, Dr. Ryland, for having thrown out an intimation that Dr. Priestley, being confessedly a man zealous of good works, but Unitarian in his creed, might possibly find mercy of the Lord in "that day." "I would wish to feel in my inmost soul," says his mentor, "the tenderest pity for the most erroneous men in the world, and to show all proper respect for men of science and men who are regular in their outward conduct; nor should I at all approve of violent or harsh language, or like to speak my opinion of the state of individuals; but at the same time I cannot but think that the lusts of the *mind* may as effectually ruin a man as the lusts of the *flesh*, and I must go a good way toward Socinianism myself before I have any strong hope that a Socinian, living and dying such, will see the kingdom of God. When the merciful Jesus declared, 'He that believeth shall be saved,' &c., I cannot believe that he meant simply that he shall be saved who believes that *Jesus was not an impostor*, and who believes *the doctrine of the resurrection*. But these two articles are, I believe, the whole of Dr. Priestley's Christianity; and if once I were to think this Christianity enough to carry a man to heaven, I should not, I fear, be very strenuous in my endeavors to convince men of the danger of self-righteousness, and the necessity of a reliance on the atonement. O! my dear friend, can I conceive that your mind was deeply impressed with a sense of the divine purity and the justice of God's law when you could utter so vain and vile a speech as this!" Mr. Hall replied to this harsh reproof, called forth doubtless by honest fears for the young man's orthodoxy, in terms of gentleness, and with thanks for the anxiety manifested for his welfare.

He justifies himself in the sentiment he had advanced, and at the same time disavows any tendency toward the adoption of the doctrinal error charged upon him. He was unable, as we confess ourselves unable, to perceive the necessity or even danger of *embracing* those sentiments the holding of which, in the judgment of that charity which hopeth all things, may not absolutely preclude the possibility of final salvation.

Tested by the doctrinal formularies of the two great divisions of the Christian Church, Mr. Hall was neither a Calvinist nor an Arminian. He aimed to steer a middle course between what he called the rigidity of the one and the laxity of the other. On the *extent* of the atonement made by the Lord Jesus, his views were decidedly Arminian. He held firmly, and preached powerfully, what is called general redemption, declaring it "the only basis that can support the universal offer of the gospel." It was his opinion that, in pleading with sinners, evangelical Arminians have greatly the advantage of Calvinists; and that the latter, "fettered by their system, have by no means gone so far in encouraging and urging sinners to the use of prayer, reading the Scriptures, self-examination, &c., as the Scriptures justify." At the same time, it must be added, he held to what is called the doctrine of election. A quotation from a letter to a brother clergyman, throws light upon his manner of dealing with the subject:—"As the doctrine of election occupies but a small part of the New Testament revelation, it should not, in my opinion, be made a prominent point in the Christian ministry. It is well to reserve it for the contemplation of Christians, as matter of humiliation and of awful joy; but, in addressing an audience on the general topics of religion, it is best, perhaps, to speak in a general strain. The gospel affords ample encouragement to all; its generous spirit, and large invitations, should not be cramped and fettered by the scrupulosity of system."

For many years he was a *materialist*, believing the nature of man to be simple and uniform, and that at death he passes into a state of unconsciousness, until the resurrection. This fallacy, however, he abandoned and repudiated, having buried his materialism, as he expressed it, in his father's grave.

On the peculiar tenet of the denomination to which he belonged, Mr. Hall was firm, consistent, and unwavering. He held that immersion was the only proper and Scriptural mode of baptism; at the same time—and here he incurred the odium of many of his own brethren—he contended that *sprinkling* does not deprive the ordinance of its essential validity. On this topic he wrote largely, aiming to show that "strict communion," as held by the mass of his own denomination, was unfavorable to their prosperity, opposed to brotherly love, promotive of schism, and contrary to the Scriptures. He brought all the resources of his powerful intellect to bear upon this subject; and whatever may have been the impression he made upon the minds of those who held the opposite sentiments, they could not but admit that his writings evince closeness of argument, depth of research, and evident love for truth.

But most especially do these controversial writings display what was Mr. Hall's distinguishing characteristic,—an enlarged catholic spirit, that overleaped the hedges of sectarianism, and loved the Saviour's image wherever visible. He looked at the heart rather than the head: and always and everywhere contended for union of affection, even where there could not be unity of sentiment. "I have just been reading," he says, in a letter to a friend; and we quote the passage, as evincing at once his candor and abhorrence of Christian strife,—alas that such an adjective should be appropriate to such a noun!—"I have just been reading Dr. Whitehead's Life of Mr. Wesley; it has given me a much more enlarged idea of the virtues and labors of that extraordinary man than I ever had before. I would not incur the guilt of that virulent abuse which Toplady cast upon him—for points merely speculative, and of very little importance—for ten thousand worlds. When will the Christian world cease disputing about religion, and begin to enter into its spirit, and practice its precepts?"

HIS PRIVATE LIFE AND DOMESTIC HABITS.

One of the most striking traits in Mr. Hall's character was cheerfulness. When free from bodily pain no one seemed to enjoy life with greater zest: enjoyment, indeed, was the law of his existence. He delighted to spend his evenings at the house of some one or other of the members of his Church, in social conversation, in which he had few equals. He always returned from these visits with expressions of thankfulness; and if any one of his family complained that the evening had been dull, he would reply: "I don't think so. It was very pleasant. I enjoyed it. I enjoy everything." On one occasion, at a friend's house, he was suddenly seized with a paroxysm of pain, so violent as to threaten instant dissolution. He was obliged to be carried into another apartment, where, by the use of the usual means, the pain abated, and he soon after returned, and took his share in the conversation, contributing largely to the pleasure of the evening. In early life he was an imitator of Dr. Johnson, whom in several traits of character he resembled. They were both great tea-drinkers,—Mr. Hall occasionally dispatching as much as thirty cups of an evening,—both fond of a debate, and sometimes argued for victory rather than for truth. Like Johnson, Mr. Hall would frequently silence an opponent by an unanswerable retort,—was occasionally impetuous, and sometimes overbearing. There was a similarity, too, in the structure of their minds: and in the earlier writing of Mr. Hall an imitation of the Johnsonian periods may be distinctly traced. "Yes, sir," he said, "I aped Johnson, and I preached Johnson, and I am afraid with little more of evangelical sentiment than is to be found in his essays; but it was youthful folly, and very great folly. I might as well have attempted to dance a hornpipe in the cumbrous costume of Gog and Magog. My puny thoughts could not sustain the load of words in which I tried to clothe them."

Occasionally—but this was very seldom in his late years—he lost his temper, and became heated in conversation. Such occurrences were invariably succeeded by humiliation, and not unfrequently by apologies to the parties with whom he had been engaged. "Lamb of God!" was his ejaculation on occasions of this kind,—"Lamb of God, calm my perturbed spirit!"

The keenness of his retorts to arrogance and insolence was sometimes terribly severe. A gentleman who held Socinian tenets, and with whom Mr. Hall endeavored to agree in sentiment as far as conscience would permit, ventured to tap him upon the shoulder, exclaiming, "We shall have *you* among us soon, I see!" "Me among you, sir!" was the startling reply,—"*me* among *you!* Why, if that were ever the case, I should deserve to be tied to the tail of the great red dragon, and whipped round the nethermost regions to all eternity." Being indelicately pressed by a vain clergyman for an opinion of the sermon he had just preached, Mr. Hall endeavored to evade the subject and to change the conversation. Conceited self-complacency was not to be put off so easily. Wearied and disgusted, Hall at length said, "There was one very fine passage." "I am rejoiced to hear you say so. Pray, sir, what was it?" "Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit into the vestry." The strong language he used with reference to ardent spirits has been often quoted. The circumstances are not so well known. A well-beneficed clergyman of the English Church, a "gentleman parson," as he was called, was in the habit of frequently visiting the celebrated "dissenter," during his residence at Cambridge. "As he grew old," says Mr. Hall, "his animal spirits flagged, and his stories became defective in variety; he therefore took to brandy and water, weak enough, it is true, at first; but soon nearly half-and-half. Ere long he indulged the habit in a morning; and when he came to Cambridge he would call upon me, and before he was with me five minutes ask for a little brandy and water,—which was, of course, to give him artificial spirits, to render him agreeable in his visits to others. I felt great difficulty, for he, you know, was much older than I was; yet, being persuaded that the ruin of his character, if not his place, was inevitable, unless something was done, I resolved upon one strong effort for his rescue. So the next time that he called, and, as usual, said, 'Friend Hall, I will thank you for a glass of brandy and water,' I replied, 'Call things by their right names, and you shall have as much as you please.' 'Why, don't I employ the right name? I ask for a glass of brandy and water.' 'That is the current, but not the appropriate name. Ask for a *glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation*, and you shall have a gallon.' Poor man, he turned pale, and for a moment seemed struggling with anger; but knowing that I did not mean to insult him, he stretched out his hand, and said, 'Brother Hall, I thank you from the bottom of my heart.' From that time he ceased to take brandy and water."

In the bosom of his family, and in his pastoral visits, the amiable traits in his character shone forth with a steady uniformity; and the poorest members of his flock equally with the most wealthy and well-educated were made glad by his presence. He was, by nature, generous, and, from principle, benevolent and charitable. Oppressed at times with sentiments of thankfulness from those he had assisted, he was wont to remind them that there is a more noble sentiment than even gratitude; directing their thoughts from the mere almoners of God's bounty to HIM whose stewards they were. He cherished always a low estimate of himself, of his talents, and more especially of his piety. The empty honor of the doctorate, tendered to him by one of the universities, he declined from conscientious scruples; and while at the zenith of his popularity as a preacher and an author, beloved and flattered on every side, he evinced to all the meekness and lowliness, the humility and self-abasement of one who gloried only in the cross of Christ, and esteemed it his highest honor to be known as a sinner saved by grace. This leads us to dwell briefly on that without which our sketch would be sadly deficient. We mean

HIS ENDURANCE OF PHYSICAL SUFFERING.

In that intimate communion which the weeping prophet enjoyed with his God, he is represented as asking, "Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper?"—a question which naturally occurs at beholding the ordinary course of Providence, and to which the only satisfactory answer must be deduced from revelation. A similar question, or rather its correlative, arises from the sufferings of the good man in the present life. Why is physical pain not merely permitted to visit *his* dwelling as a transient guest, but to take up its abode there, and revel amid his agony day and night? Philosophy has no answer: and what is called natural religion gazes in eloquent silence upon the spectacle. That silence proclaims her to be a physician of no value, and bids us look elsewhere for a solution of the mystery. The subject of this sketch endured as much bodily pain as perhaps ever falls to the lot of a mortal in this vale of tears. He *endured* it, we say; and there is a fullness of meaning in that word. It implies not only non-resistance, but patience, submission, victory; as saith the apostle, "Behold, we count them happy that *endure*." He had within him what was not inaptly called "an apparatus of torture," arising from some occult affection or derangement of the spinal marrow. Even in the days of his boyhood his sufferings from this source were dreadful. On his way to and from school, he was frequently obliged to lie down by the road-side; and, partially recovering from the attack, to be carried by his companions. At college—it is the testimony of Sir James Mackintosh, his most intimate and endeared friend—he often suffered from paroxysms of pain, during which he would roll about on the carpet in the utmost agony; but no sooner had his pain subsided than he would resume his part in conversation with as much cheerfulness and vivacity as before he had been thus interrupted. With advancing years these attacks increased in frequency and intensity; and during his residence at Cambridge they appeared, for a season, to have gained the victory. This towering intellect lost its equilibrium, reason was dethroned; and from being a subject of almost universal admiration he became an object of a sympathy no less extensive and sincere—the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

Under careful medical treatment, in a few months his mental health was restored; but it was deemed right for him to resign his pastoral connection with the Church at Cambridge, and for a season to desist from preaching. He was reserved for further efforts in the service of the Church, and for further sufferings. During the latter twenty years of his life, he was never able to pass a whole night in bed, although opiates were freely resorted to, and his nightly doses of laudanum were increased to the enormous amount of a thousand drops. These produced a few hours repose, when he was obliged to rise, and, in a peculiar posture, on three chairs, to seek a cessation of the intensity of his pain. And now the closing scene drew near. His last public religious service was a prayer at a Church meeting, on Wednesday, the 9th of February, 1831. The following Saturday night was one of extreme suffering. He was compelled, as slowly the hours passed on, to multiply the doses of his anodyne, until he had taken the equivalent of nearly four ounces of laudanum. A week of agony ensued, in comparison with which the tortures of martyrdom, as inflicted by the most virulent persecution, were tame and evanescent. Not a murmur escaped his lips; and in the intervals of ease, which became shorter and more infrequent, his lips were vocal with praises. Angels gaze seldom on a scene more gloriously illustrating the grace vouchsafed to those unto whom they are sent forth to minister by their Creator and ours. "God," said he, "has been very kind, very merciful. I have not complained,—have I, sir?—and I won't complain. What are my sufferings to the sufferings of Christ?"

To a friend who was with him in this hour of his triumph, he recommended a contemplation of the Redeemer's agony and passion as the best antidote for impatience under any affliction, or in the severity of any bodily anguish. He had himself proved the efficacy of his prescription,—and here, upon his death-bed, exemplified its power.

[For the National Magazine.]

BENNETT'S POETRY.

AMONG the late growth of young English poets, we know of none more genial and fresh than Mr. W. C. Bennett, whose relishable volume now lies before us. It is full of sweet and beautiful things, rare and fine in diction, and quaint and delicate in sentiment. Mr. Bennett belongs to the school of Hunt and Keats, with a leaning toward Herrick and the older poets, whose love of nature he inherits. A feeling of Spring breathes through all his poetry: numberless are his allusions to May and June. Here are a couple of pleasant poems radiant with the rural feeling; if there be any truth in the lines of the poet—

> "Summer never shines so bright
> As thought of in a winter's night,"

they are just the thing for our present number.

"A MAY-DAY SONG.

"Out from cities haste away:
This is earth's great holiday;
Who can labor while the hours
In with songs are bringing May,
Through the gaze of buds and flowers,
Through the golden pomp of day!
Haste, O, haste;
'Tis sin to waste
In dull work so sweet a time;
Joy and song
Of right belong
To the hours of Spring's sweet prime;
Golden beams and shadows brown,
Where the roofs of knotted trees
Fling a pleasant coolness down,
Footing it, the young May sees;
In their dance, the breezes now
Dimple every pond you pass;
Shades of leaves from every bough
Leaping, beat the dappled grass;
Birds are noisy—bees are humming
All because the May's a coming;
All the tongues of nature shout,
Out from towns—from cities out;
Out from every busy street;
Out from every darken'd court;
Through the field-paths, let your feet
Lingering go, in pleasant thought;
Out through dells the violet's haunting;
Out where golden rivers run;
Where the wallflower's gaily flaunting
In the livery of the sun;
Trip it through the shadows hiding
Down in hollow winding lanes;
Where through leaves the sunshine gliding,
Deep with gold the woodland stains;
Where in all her pomp of weeds,
Nature, asking but the thanks
Of our pleasure, richly pranks
Painted heaths and wayside banks,
Smooth-mown lawns and green deep meads;
Leave the noisy bustling town
For still glade and breezy down;
Haste away
To meet the May;
This is earth's great holiday."

"SPRING SONG.

"Now the fields are full of flowers;
Now in every country lane,
Making mirth and gladness ours,
Wild-flowers nod and blush again;
Now they stain
Heath and lane,
Longed-for lost ones come again.

"Now the mower, on his scythe
Leaning, wipes his furrow'd brow;
Many a song the milkmaid blithe
Carols through the morning now;
Clear and strong
Goes her song
With the clanking pail along.

"Blithely lusty Roger now
Through the furrows plods along,
Singing to the creaking plow
Many a quaint old country song;
Morning rings,
As he sings,
With the praise of other Springs.

"Children now in every school
Wish away the weary hours;
Doubly now they feel the rule
Barring them from buds and flowers;
How they shout,
Bounding out,
Lanes and fields to race about.

"Now with shrill and wondering shout,
As some new-found prize they pull,
Prattlers range the fields about,
Till their laps with flowers are full;
Seated round
On the ground,
Now they sort the wonders found.

"Now do those in cities pent,
Laboring life away, confess,
Spite of all, that life was meant
One to be with happiness;
Hark! they sing,
Pleasant Spring
Joy to all was meant to bring.

"Poets now in sunshine dream;
Now their eyes such visions see
That the golden ages seem
Times that yet again might be.
Hark! they sing,
Years shall bring
Golden ages—endless Spring."

Very like the dainty lyrics of Barry Cornwall are the following Epitaphs for Infants. To slightly alter the saying of Shelley, in speaking of Keats's burial-place, it might almost make one in love with death to have so sweet a funeral rhyme.

"EPITAPHS FOR INFANTS.

I.

"Here the gusts of wild March blow
But in murmurs faint and low;
Ever here, when Spring is green,
Be the brightest verdure seen—
And when June's in field and glade,
Here be ever freshest shade;
Here hued Autumn latest stay,
Latest call the flowers away;
And when Winter's shrilling by,
Here its snows the warmest lie;
For a little life is here,
Hid in earth, forever dear,
And this grassy heap above
Sorrow broods and weeping love.

II.

"On this little grassy mound
Never be the darnel found;
Ne'er be venom'd nettle seen
On this little heap of green;
For the little lost one here
Was too sweet for aught of fear,
Aught of harm to harbor nigh
This green spot where she must lie;
So be naught but sweetness found
On this little grassy mound.

III.

"Here in gentle pity, Spring,
Let thy sweetest voices sing;
Nightingale, be here thy song
Charm'd by grief to linger long—
Here the thrush with longest stay
Pipe its speckled song to-day—
And the blackbird warble shrill
All its passion latest still;
Still the old gray tower above
Her smart nest, the swallow love,
And through all June's honey'd hours
Booming bees hum in its flowers,
And when comes the eve's cold gray
Murmuring gnats unresting play
Weave, while round the beetle's flight
Drones across the shadowing night;
For the sweetness dreaming here
Was a gladness to the year,
And the sad months all should bring
Dirges o'er her sleep to sing.

IV.

"Haunter of the opening year,
Ever be the primrose here;
Whitest daisies deck the spot,
Pansies and forget-me-not,
Fairest things that earliest fly,
Sweetness blooming but to die;
For this blossom, o'er whose fall
Sorrow sighs, was fair as all,
But, alas, as frail as they,
All as quickly fled away."

Of another stamp is the sonnet to Miss Mitford. Seldom, we fancy, has "Our Village" had so appreciative and poetical a reader.

"Out have I been this morning—out—away,
Far from the bustling carefulness of towns,
Through April gleams and showers—on windy downs,
By rushy meadow-streams with willows gray;
In thick-leaf'd woods have hid me from the day
Sultry with June—and where the windmill crowns
The hills' green height, the landscape that renowns
Thy own green country, have I, as I lay
Crushing the sweetness of the flowering thyme,
Track'd through the misty distance. Village greens
All shout and cheerfulness in cricket time,
Red winter firesides—autumn cornfield scenes,
All have I seen, ere I my chair forsook,
Thanks to the magic of thy breezy book."

But the sweetest poem in the volume is that written upon his child May. It is sure to be a favorite with all fathers and mothers. Miss Mitford thus speaks of it in her "Recollections of a Literary Life:"—

> "Of all writers, the one who has best understood, best painted, best felt infant nature, is my dear and valued friend Mr. Bennett. We see at once that it is not only a charming and richly-gifted poet who is describing childish beauty, but a young father, writing from his heart. So young, indeed, is he in reality and appearance, that he was forced to produce a shoemaker's bill for certain little blue kid slippers before he could convince an incredulous critic (I believe poor Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymer,) that Baby May was really his own child, and not an imaginary personage invented for the nonce; and yet Greenwich can tell how much this young ardent mind, aided by kindred spirits, has done in the way of baths and wash-houses, and schools, and lectures, and

libraries, and mechanics' institutes to further the great cause of progress, mental and bodily. So well do strength and tenderness of character go together, and so fine a thing is the union of activity with thought.

"'Baby May' is among the most popular of Mr. Bennett's lyrics, and among the most original, as that which is perfectly true to nature can hardly fail to be.

"BABY MAY.

"Cheeks as soft as July peaches—
Lips whose velvet scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness—round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise—
Minutes fill'd with shadeless gladness—
Minutes just as brimm'd with sadness—
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on wind-swept Autumn corn,
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion,
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings,
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under,
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning,
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,
Pullings off of all that 's able
To be caught from tray or table,
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing,
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we 'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we 'd always have thee waking.
Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure,
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care—delight in sadness,
Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be,
That's May Bennett—that's my baby."

We are certain that our readers thank us for copying these poems, and that they desire to know more of their author. They shall, in some future number, and of the other young authors of England. In the meantime let them ponder on what they have read, and remember W. C. Bennett,—an author who will be better known to our children than to ourselves.

R. H. STODDARD.

NEW-YORK, January, 1853.

THE FESTIVAL OF ALL-SAINTS'-DAY:

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

IN the south of Germany the old and venerable custom of adorning the graves in the burying-grounds on the first and second day of November with garlands and lamps, is still kept up. It is an affecting festival which the survivers prepare for their deceased relations and friends. On those days the whole population of the town assemble in the church-yard, and gaze with melancholy recollection, or joyful confidence in the future, on the adorned death-feast, and pray, while the priest, using the requisite forms, draws from the holy well the sacred flood with which he is to sprinkle the graves in order to consecrate them. Death, then garlanded with flowers, becomes a friendly teacher; the lamps and tapers are images of the everlasting light, and the passing from the joys of summer and autumn to the quiet advent time, involves a very peculiar preparation.

This festival is celebrated nowhere so beautifully as at Munich. On the morning of All-Saints'-Day, the families greet each other over the resting-places of those they loved, arranging, adorning, and praying in faithful hope, or weeping in sad remembrance.

There are but few signs of mourning to be seen. Light and life reign everywhere; the loveliest flowers and plants bloom on the graves; cypresses and weeping-willows wave and rustle in the breeze; and, if anything reminds us of the chillness of death, or the gloom that we dread, it is the lifeless forms of the hired male and female grave-watchers, who stand near the mounds, to tend the lamps and flowers, mechanically repeating their rosary, contemplating sullenly and indifferently the imposing spectacle around them, and longing for the evening, when the reward which has been promised them is to be paid. In the evening these repugnant figures leave the garden, but they take away with them the flowers and lights, and the feast is at an end. The variegated lamps are hung up again in the rooms, and the flowers and plants are taken to the gardeners' hot-houses, to the milliner's shop-counter, or to the boudoir of some lovely maiden.

Such is life!

Speaking of this festival, a story occurs to me. I was once at this death-feast, and had just turned from a mound watered by the tears of a numerous family, to go into the more desolate parts of the grounds, where the watchers are more thinly scattered, and where only individual mourners are to be seen. Suddenly I stood before a friend whom I had not seen for many years. With a pale countenance and hollow eyes, he leaned upon an urn, and he shuddered like a criminal when I addressed him. My greeting was short but sincere; and my next question was,—"What is the matter with you: does your bride sleep here?" He shook his head and said, "A maiden rests here, who, in the bloom of her youth, sank into the grave, swept away by the drunken spirit of the dance. A maiden whom I never knew, and yet a bitter enemy, has robbed me of all my peace. Place yourself beside me on this hillock, and listen:—

"Many years ago business led me through this town, at this very time of the year, and I saw the festival that they are celebrating to-day. At that time this grave was newly made, and as abundantly adorned with flowers as it is now destitute of them. This was natural, for the love and grief of a mother had adorned it with roses and branches; but love and grief soon laid the fond mother by the side of her only daughter. Now no one cares for the beautiful dead as they did at that time, when all the town spoke of her, and I, a stranger, was curious to see her grave, and was tempted, in remembrance of her early departed charms, to take one of the roses which bloomed on her place of rest. I stole the flower, and hastened to the gates, bearing it on my heart. There I perceived an inscription, affecting, simple, and touching. It ran thus:—'Respect the property of the dead!' I trembled involuntarily, conscious of my robbery; and the pious belief of my childish years was so strong, that I was on the point of returning the rose to the place whence I had taken it. O that I had done so! but false shame was triumphant, and a species of free-thinking overcame the pure childish emotion. I returned home, indulged myself for some minutes with the rare beauty of the lovely flower, which did not appear to have grown in a hot-house, but in the fields by the Arno. I then placed it carefully in a glass of water, and left the inn to seek a friend.

"The evening passed merrily; I returned to my lodgings late, and quickly yielded myself to sleep, in which jovial toasts and cheerful jests seemed to sport around me. But these pleasant dreams soon disappeared, and softly and awfully the spectacle of the death-festival passed before me as in a magic-lantern: the grave on which I had stood; the field of flowers, as though vailed in black, all rose before me; and in my dream I again stole the rose, escaped from the grounds pursued by owls, and, on reaching home again, threw myself exhausted on the bed. Suddenly the door opened, and a lovely form, enveloped in a linen shroud, passed through, glided up to my bed, and I shudderingly recognized it as the form of her whose property I had violated. I trembled with horror. 'Where is my rose?' asked the form with unspeakable sadness, and her features, in spite of her beauty, were anxious and threatening. 'What have I done to thee, that thou shouldst rob me? Is it thus thou honorest the dead? Where is my rose?' Incapable of speaking a word, I stretched out my arm, and pointed to the window where the rose was in water. The figure motioned for me to rise. I was involuntarily, but violently, drawn to the rose, which I seized, and the spirit flew with me through the window, into the cold night air, far over the town, to the cemetery, to her grave. All around was desolate; not a human sound was to be heard; but from all the graves colored flowers were nodding; lights and torches streamed in sparkling abundance, and from every mound the dead were rising and bathing their heads in the brightness of the consecrated flames, in the fragrance of the flowers, and in the blessed dew that falls at midnight from heaven.

"The maiden's grave alone was dark and forsaken, and no flower blossomed on it.

"At a sign from the shadow, I scratched up the dry earth with my fingers, and planted the rose. Instantly the hill around flamed with the most burning colors, and the stars rocked themselves in the newly-sprung flowers. 'So, it is well,' said the figure, in a hollow voice; 'but now thou art mine!' The hill opened, the grave yawned on me, and the corpse, sinking like a light flake of snow, drew me irresistibly down with her. The whole weight of the earth rushed upon me. Oppressed by the clods of earth, choked by the embraces of the ghost, I lost all consciousness—and I awoke, and found myself in bed, the bright sun shining full upon me, and, with a sigh of relief, I set the past down entirely as a dream. But as this dream seemed to become more and more impressed on my memory, I rose to convince myself that I had really only dreamed, but, on going to the window to look at my rose, and to breathe its fragrance, it had disappeared. The glass was empty; the window was firmly closed, and the door was bolted. All inquiries after the flower were in vain. No one had seen it, no one had taken it, and I was obliged to conceal my anguish, in order not to be laughed at by the irreligious, or shunned by the religious. But since that time my rest is gone, and from hour to hour I await the irreconcilable enemy who will take me away to punish me for the violence I practiced on her grave."

Of course I said everything I could to assuage his melancholy—to banish his fear; but rooted prejudices are not easily taken from the mind. In vain I proposed to him to accompany me to a merry company; he had been to none for years he said. I wished to carry him to a concert; it disgusted him. At length I recollected that I had been invited to a little party which was to be given that evening by an acquaintance of mine, who some days previously had married a young girl of obscure rank, but honest, pious, and industrious, and who, therefore, appeared likely to make my honest Werner happy. He had frequently shown me a variety of kind offices, and appeared sincerely attached to me.

My friend accompanied me to the frugal repast of these good people, and, at their patriarchal table, at which Werner's aged mother presided, like a household goddess, the mourner enjoyed an hour's peace; but the evil spirit came over him again, and, scarcely bidding the company farewell, he flew to his lodging, again to bury himself with his melancholy.

Werner and his family naturally asked the cause of this mournful frame of mind, and I answered, "It is because it is so mournful that I would not willingly disturb the joys of this marriage festival by relating its cause:" and, in order to divert all curiosity from the subject, Werner begged his young wife to show me the beautiful bridal garland she had worn at her wedding. She brought out the box, and, with a blush of pleasure, she showed me the ornament, woven of fresh myrtle and artificial orange-blossoms.

Deeply and securely buried among the trembling leaves and stalks, I soon detected a flower, unusual in a bridal garland—a rose. Werner smiled, as I pointed it out, and said, "That is a whim of my own. This faded flower, which has been preserved for years, is the foundation of our domestic happiness, the first pledge of our love; and therefore I took it from my pocket-book, and placed it, like a religious relic, in the bridal wreath. It is just five years ago to-day, when my Anna, who was then a poor servant-maid in the inn opposite, entered my shop. I had often seen the charming girl, but had never ventured to say how much I was attached to her. But on that evening she wore in her bosom this rose, almost shaming the blushes on her cheeks; and with this rose I opened my conversation. I spoke with courage and fire, confessed my affection, obtained Anna's in return, and received from her, as a pledge of it, this rose. Heaven be praised! it was a talisman which constantly bound us together, and has united us at last at the altar."

"It is most curious," said I; "as a rose has caused your happiness, so also a rose has caused my friend's misery."

I then related his story, and I remarked the lovely Anna first became red, then pale, and at last she interrupted me—"I recollect your friend now, and I acknowledge, with repentance, that my indiscretion has, perhaps, been the cause of his misfortunes. He lived in our inn; and in his room, which I arranged very late on the evening of All-Saints'-Day, I found this magnificent flower, which allured and tempted me so much that I took it away, convinced that the young gentleman would not think much about a rose which he had plucked the day before. It turned out differently. The landlady questioned us all severely about the lost flower; but could I confess its fate, without at the same time confessing my little theft, and my love to Werner?"

I started up, embraced Werner and Anna, and that very night I brought back my friend, who suddenly saw his anguish fall from him, like scales from the eyes; and, becoming instantly a new man, he thoroughly enjoyed the social hilarities of the evening.

THE WIFE OF GUIZOT:

HER LIFE AND WRITINGS.

THE wife of Guizot, Elizabeth Charlotte Pauline de Meulan, was born at Paris, on the 2d November, 1773. Her parents had all the feelings and tastes which distinguished good society at the end of the last century. They took advantage of their large fortune and position in the world, to open their house to a brilliant and literary society, that made conversation its only occupation and its primary amusement. This liberality of mind, then so common in the Parisian world, gave them some leaning toward the new opinions, which they adopted with confidence, but not with zeal; and among the distinguished men of the time they preferred those of the moderate party. It was one of those families of which M. Neckar was the minister; that is to say, who prepared the way for the Revolution, without either desiring or foreseeing it.

Madame de Meulan showed an early and marked partiality for her daughter, and lavished on her all the cares which a weak and sickly childhood required. From her earliest years she manifested a lively sensibility, a perfect integrity, and, when her education commenced, an extreme facility in learning. Her mind, however, still appeared inactive, tractable, and thoughtful; she gave herself up to the employments of her age, without taking any interest in them; her lessons neither wearied her nor gave her pleasure. She went through her duties because she liked order; and it was more easy to obey than to resist. When, between ten and fourteen years of age, the quickness of her understanding struck the attention of her masters, and excited the hopes of her family, she still continued to carry but little spirit or taste into her studies. She sometimes composed fables and little dramas, as many children do who never afterward excel. These essays, destitute of originality and invention, were only remarkable for singular correctness, and here and there some happy strokes of feeling; but there was nothing that indicated either that energy or that independence which were one day to rank high in the qualities of her disposition and her mind. Thoughtful and silent, she seemed to be waiting for that external cause which was to give her the impulse that she wanted. It is seldom that the stimulating power of circumstances can be dispensed with in the development of the mind, more especially that of a female, of even the most distinguished talents. Called by nature to hold, in a certain degree, a position of dependence, and her own instinctive modesty keeping her talents in the shade, a woman's mind is never fully known, even to herself, till some powerful cause arises, and calls forth the latent powers of her mind, and shows her what she is. She quietly awaits a voice to say, "Arise and walk."

As Mademoiselle de Meulan began to advance from childhood, she felt a vague necessity of finding some employment for her faculties, though she was conscious of her inability to bring them herself into play. She has described this feeling in a letter dated 1822. She says—"At that period (1787) I was exactly at the age when I began to take some interest in life, when, after a childhood to which no one knew how to give the impetus that I had not strength to find in myself, I began to feel the energy of existence. I was coming out of the clouds, and awoke as on a fine day in Spring. This is the remembrance that I have of that age."

She was nearly sixteen when the revolution broke out. She lived in the midst of every opinion, but held none of them. It was not long before discontent and disturbance were spread around her, and, though she judged of the events of this time with severity, yet she enjoyed the liberty, the excitement, it occasioned. She always preserved a very lively recollection of the society of that period, and of the two sittings of the National Assembly, at which she had been present. From that time a strong leaning toward equality took possession of her mind; therefore it was not through the changes introduced into the social system that the revolution wounded her; the violence and injustice, the readiness to sacrifice right to power, the taste for licentiousness and disorder,—in short, all the evils unhappily inseparable from civil strife, struck her so forcibly, that she retained through life a kind of resentment against the revolution, for having caused her so much suffering. Such was the impression it left on her, that she was not able to speak of it with calmness thirty years afterward; and it required all the influence of her reason to appreciate that period with the impartiality due to history. She herself distrusted her own remembrances, and, with a candor by no means common, did not make them the rule of her judgment.

To public misfortunes, there were soon to be added private ones to her. The fortune of her family had gone; the health of her father became impaired, and he died in 1790, leaving his family in poverty and affliction; her mother, suddenly taken from a state of ease and opulence, struggled painfully against the difficulties of a situation so new and so severe; her friends, dispersed or persecuted, could give her neither advice nor assistance.

In despair about the future prospects of her three brothers, and a sister whom she passionately loved, sympathy, devotedness, and grief, absorbed all the faculties of her mind. Becoming more and more a stranger to public events, of which she only heard by report, she used all the power and influence she possessed in consoling and encouraging her family—in suggesting the courageous part, so difficult to practice by those who have long been accustomed to prosperity, but which alone can put an end to the vexations occasioned by a total overthrow of fortune or position.

In 1794 a general law exiled her family from Paris. Retired into profound solitude in the country, she found some repose, and was able to reflect with more freedom upon the strong or painful emotions which so many causes had excited in her. Thus she became accustomed to unite solitary meditation with penetrating emotion, and sometimes to place them in opposition to each other. Cruelly forced to feel, she learned to think. It was in her distant retreat of Passy that she became, as it were, intimately acquainted with herself. She could almost remember the day when, occupied in drawing, the idea first struck her that she might have some genius. This discovery gave her great joy; she seemed from that time to feel less alone in the world, and to have a certainty of never being destitute; she had just discovered a friend. Genius is perhaps one of the few benefits that can be possessed without mixture; joined to virtue, it leaves no regret after it.

From the time she became conscious of her abilities, her energy redoubled, and her interest in life increased. A great moral force, which was productive of extreme mental and bodily activity, became the predominating feature of her character, and her chief resource against misfortune and vexation. By a happy privilege of nature, the development of her mind, the taste she had acquired for meditation, for the study of herself, and for her inquiries after truth, did not in any degree lessen her devotedness to the positive duties of life; on the contrary, she became more vigorous, more decided, more stirring, if I may so speak, in the interest of those whom she considered as confided to her charge. She acquired an ever-increasing influence in the direction of the family affairs, and took upon herself all the labors and difficulties attending them. She learned to struggle against every obstacle, and from that time she conceived the fondness, the admiration which she ever afterward preserved, for persevering activity, in contending with the difficulties of life. Confiding in her youth and strength, she accustomed herself never to be disheartened, never to give up as long as a single resource remained; and became firmly fixed in the opinion that the only endurance which does not proceed from weakness is that which does not yield till resistance has been exhausted. "It is this stubborn vigor," she herself says, "that has been the prop and support of my youth."

From 1795, to the end of the last century, if liberty was not complete and secure, still there was liberty; and spectators were able to participate in the movement of public affairs otherwise than by pity or detestation. Every one could form and advance an opinion, apply himself to some cause, be concerned in a plan: in short, pursue an honorable course with prospect of success. The revolution had encroached so much upon civil liberty, that it re-acted against the revolution itself; there was a struggle, a struggle perhaps unforeseen, but not hopeless. For the first time Mademoiselle de Meulan took an interest in political events; she ardently wished success to those who fought against the revolution, for it had been oppressive, and her sympathy naturally turned to the side of the opposition. What she hated in the revolution was its violence; what she admired in some of its adversaries was independence in misfortune. At the same time, she was endeavoring to enlarge her mind by new studies. Her taste drew her toward moral theories and metaphysical inquiries. She began some books, and tried to initiate herself into the theories of the philosophy of the eighteenth century; she did not [illegible] them. Her mind was so free, so spontaneous, so active in itself, that it could not yield without reluctance to the subjugation which an examination of the ideas of others imposes; it preferred directly attacking realities than searching without an interpreter the mysterious meaning of the enigmas with which our reason is surrounded.

The best and most serious books were to her but subjects for meditation, either to make the ideas she met with her own by a deeper research, or to arrive by her own single strength at ideas which she held not in common with any one. Thus she studied more than she read, and gave herself the habit of writing a great deal, but only in order to regulate her thoughts, or give account of her meditations. What is written, in fact, fixes and elucidates all, and makes us, in some way, be present at the display of our own mind.

It was at this time that two friends of her father's, Monsieur Suard and Monsieur Devaines, suggested to Mademoiselle de Meulan that she might take advantage of her talents, not only to extend the circle of her activity, but also to lighten the burden which weighed upon her family. Thus what had been her solace in retirement, became her resource in misfortune; and from this time labor, either from necessity or choice, became the constant occupation of her life. Her first work, *Les Contradictions*, which displays keen wit and a great facility of style, appeared in 1800, and obtained such success as made her name known to the world, and excited a great interest in her situation. Society was beginning to amend; it eagerly encouraged a young person, whose misfortunes had been their own, and who opposed her talents to her destiny.

La Chapelle d'Ayton was published soon after, and modestly presented as a translation from the English; it is not even an imitation, the general idea is all that Mademoiselle de Meulan had borrowed. Most of the events, the unfolding of the characters, the form of the recital, in short the sentiments and the expressions, are her own. Few novels are more engaging, though it contains neither exaggerated sentiments, nor unnatural scenes; it is, however, a narrative which pierces the heart, and carries our compassion even to pain. The source of its interest is derived from one of those cruel mistakes which have given so many affecting works to our stage, and of which the tragedy of Tancrède is perhaps the finest and the most pathetic example.

In *La Chapelle d'Ayton*, the sensibility of the author is entirely displayed, and even with that excess which belongs only to youth—to that age, when the emotions, whatever they may be, go not beyond their strength; when imagination softens their bitterness, and often even lends them an inexpressible charm: at a later period they are too painful.

Whatever may be the affecting interest which pervades *La Chapelle d'Ayton*, it is remarkable that the work offers but few traces of that indulgence for passion, that sentimental theory which sacrifices judgment to feeling, and flatters the bewitching fantasies of an exalted imagination, at the expense of conscience and of truth. Few works are more free from what can be called romantic morality. I insist upon this observation, because it is characteristic.

At the time Mademoiselle de Meulan wrote, there was a happy singularity in preserving one's self from the opinions which prevailed in literature and in society with regard to duty and affection. It was the time when sympathy explained everything, when devotedness excused everything, when the heart knew no rule but affection, no virtue but fidelity. Mademoiselle de Meulan was far from having reflected on all things with such serious impartiality as she has since done; she did not then know, as she did at a later period, that there is something higher than sensibility itself, which consecrates by regulating it. But, in default of principles, her native good sense taught her that what weakens the character, what wastes time, and blunts the feelings, could not be the real vocation of human nature; and that everything, even the ability to love, has been bestowed upon us for a higher end than our gratification.

Mental Subjection.—The most important, but one of the most difficult things for a powerful mind, is to be its own master; a pond may lie quiet in a plain, but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it in.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE MARTYR OF ERROMANGA.

THE history of missions for the last fifty years forms one of the noblest pages in the world's annals. Such schemes, with such results, are without parallel in the records of the past, excepting, perhaps, the apostolic times. Fair and fertile islands, vast continents, peopled by the most savage of our race, have received the glad tidings of mercy, accompanied by all the blessings of Christian civilization. This is the work of God; yet we cannot but feel a deep interest in the history of those whom he has chosen as his instruments. Few have been thus more largely favored than the "Martyr Williams," whose career we propose briefly to sketch.

Mr. Williams was descended from a pious ancestry, old inhabitants of London, where he himself was born on the 29th June, 1796. His early education was defective, as his destination was commercial, and the instructions which he received were given with that view. In these, however, he excelled, and early evinced a restless desire to investigate other subjects than those to which his pursuit was limited. It is said that the boy, however, exhibited none of that extraordinary mechanical genius which distinguished the man.

When Mr. Williams had become of sufficient age he was articled as an apprentice to an iron-monger. No situation could have been better chosen with regard to his future usefulness, as the history of the missionary's achievements among the isles of the Pacific will abundantly show. Still, the most valuable portion of the knowledge thus acquired resulted rather from the inquisitive turn of his own mind than from the duties of his situation. His employer engaged to teach him the commercial part of the business only. With its mechanical department the young apprentice commenced a voluntary acquaintance, employing the hours of meals and recreation at the bench and the forge, until he became a more skillful workman than many whose lives had been spent at the business, and was frequently requested by his employer to execute delicate and difficult commissions. So fond was he of these occupations that, far from considering himself degraded by them, he would frequently request employment out of doors, and was never happier than when sallying forth with working-apron and tools.

During all this time, although faithful to every trust, and honest and upright, John Williams was without experimental knowledge of religion. In his eighteenth year he underwent a change in this respect, which determined the whole course of his future life. The interest on the subject of missions was at that time very great among English Christians, and the cause was everywhere presented with much earnestness and frequency. Williams caught its spirit. Duty was with him a law, and he felt this work to be not only a duty, but a privilege. With this conviction, he offered himself as a candidate to the London Missionary Society. Having successfully passed the customary examination, he was unanimously received, and, after a short and busy season of preparation, set sail with eight other missionaries, five of whom were destined for South Africa, the rest for Tahiti and the adjacent islands. The intelligence from those islands was of the most cheering nature, for the long night of missionary toil had passed, and the morning was breaking upon the benighted islanders of the South. The harvest was now ready, but the laborers indeed were few. The schools and habitations of the missionaries were crowded from morning till night with anxious inquirers.

The missionary ship touched at New-Zealand on the 4th September, 1817, and here Mr. Williams first came in contact with the race to whom his life was henceforth to be devoted. This contact could hardly have been agreeable, for immediately on the landing of the vessel swarms of rude and filthy savages covered her decks, anxious to testify their good will by rubbing noses! But the voyagers received a pleasanter welcome from missionaries of the Church of England, recently arrived there.

In exactly twelve months from the date of embarkation they reached Eimeo, Tahiti. To the charms of such scenery as is presented to the eye in these beautiful isles Mr. Williams could not have been insensible; but the object nearest his heart soon engaged his exclusive attention. His observing mind took notice of everything connected with the work upon which he was about to engage. Three days after landing, the new-comers attended a service in the native chapel, and were much moved by the sight of eight hundred people engaged in prayer and praise, who, not five years before, were wallowing in wickedness and idolatry. The females were dressed in native white cloth, their heads ornamented with flowers and plaited cocoa-nut leaves; they surrounded the preacher, who stood in the center. "Can these be they," asked our missionary, "who murdered their own children, for whom they have now the greatest affection? Are these the people who once offered human sacrifices to appease the anger of their deities? Behold, they are pleading the blood of Jesus for the pardon of their sins!"

Mr. Williams's mechanical talent was called almost immediately into requisition. The missionaries had, prior to his arrival, attempted to build a small vessel in order to promote the commercial interests of the island. Various difficulties presented, and the vessel would never have been completed had not the energetic young missionary arrived to undertake the task. It was finished in eight or ten days, and a great concourse was gathered to behold the launching, including Pomare, the queen. The natives, however, mismanaged the ropes, and the ship fell upon her side. The air was filled with lamentations, and Pomare went away discouraged. The missionaries, nothing daunted, gave another trial, and this time she went off beautifully amid the shouts of the people. "While this was passing," wrote Mr. Williams, "there was an old warrior, called by the natives, (being interpreted,) 'he who puts energy for war into the people,' who stood on an eminence exerting himself to animate the men at the ropes. I was near him, and he did, in reality, put life into them. His action was most inspiriting. There seemed not a fiber of his frame that he did not exert; and from merely looking at the old man I felt as though I were in the very act of pulling."

After some months stay at Eimeo Mr. Williams, with others, proceeded on a new mission to Huahine and other leeward isles. Solicited by Tamatoa, the king, they determined to make a settlement at Raiatea, the largest and most beautiful of the Society Islands. This island was the source and focus of all the abominations of Polynesian idolatry. Hither hecatombs of human victims had been brought from all the surrounding shores.

The missionaries were received with great cordiality, evinced in the preparation of a feast and the giving of presents. The new-comers were somewhat amused at specimens of Polynesian etiquette—one of which was, that visitors were considered as strangers until fed, and then as "*taata tabu*," or neighbors. Mr. Williams, while passing a house where they were eating, saw his attendant slip in, and, without uttering a syllable, snatch some food out of the hand of an eater, and come out. This he found to be a common custom, which gave no offense.

But although much pleased with their reception, the missionaries soon discovered that the moral state of the people was abominable—almost indescribable. Their indolence seemed incurable. In addition to this they were so widely scattered in a region so difficult to travel that it seemed impossible to accomplish anything until all the inhabitants should form one settlement, which was finally agreed to by king and people. And now the work had become great indeed. Mr. Williams meanwhile was diligently acquiring the language, not by consulting glossaries and translations at home, but by mingling among the natives, hearing and asking them questions; and he made, in this manner, such remarkable progress in the language as to be able to preach his first sermon in ten months from his arrival, performing, as one of his senior brethren remarked, the labor of three years in that time.

When finally settled, Mr. Williams commenced erecting a house, and this he considered an important measure. He wished to furnish a model for the natives, to excite them, if possible, to construct more commodious and substantial tenements, which would, he was confident, materially advance the cause of virtue and civilization. The house, which, although almost entirely constructed by Mr. Williams's own hands, would have done honor to an English village, filled the natives with astonishment. It afforded them a higher standard of comfort and convenience, and this was not in vain.

The effects of Mr. Williams's exhortations against idleness were gradually becoming apparent. When he came to the island there were but two native habitations, and about twelve months after he writes of a range of houses extending along the beach, in which a thousand of the natives resided, many very neatly built. A printing-press was set up at Huahine, and soon eight hundred copies of the Gospels came to Raiatea, and were received with joy. So general was the attendance of adults that an exception was an occasion of surprise.

The establishing of an auxiliary Missionary Society was a great event for Raiatea. The place of worship was thronged to its utmost, even the sick, lame, and blind being borne thither by their friends; until finally a cry was raised: "Take out the sides of the house, that we may see our teachers and hear their voice." And in a short time this was actually done. A forest of naked arms ratified the establishment of the society, and various native chieftains arose to express their delight with the new institution.

With sanguine hopes Mr. Williams commenced his second year at Raiatea, beginning at the same time, with his own peculiar energy, a new church of large dimensions; it was one hundred and ninety-one feet by forty-four, and was completed in the spring of 1820, when more than two thousand four hundred persons assembled within its walls for the noble purpose of giving a code of righteous laws to this once savage island. These were modeled after the laws of civilized nations and the requirements of the Scriptures, and worked admirably, although at first the missionaries were sometimes obliged to interfere, as in the instance of a native judge, who, on the first trial by jury, having heard the evidence for and against the accused, was proceeding to pass sentence, entirely forgetting the twelve honest jurors! Soon after the opening of the chapel the first annual meeting of the Raiatean Missionary Society was held there; the contributions, given in cocoanut oil, amounted to about $2,500. This was perfectly voluntary, and the more singular as the year had been one of great outlay to the people upon the chapel and settlement.

With all that Mr. Williams was accomplishing here he could not be satisfied. For an ordinary mind it were sufficient; but mightier plans were demanded by his restless soul. Not merely a single reef, but the wide Southern Ocean, was the object of his desires. Not contented with so limited a sphere of action, he petitioned the directors for a wider one; but his request was not at that time granted. An unexpected event, however, caused a change in Mr. Williams's mind, so that he was led to view Raiatea, not as the circle, but as the center, of his missionary operations. Some native teachers who visited Ruvutu for the purpose of presenting the gospel there, had been successful, and in a few weeks returned, bearing in triumph the idol which had hitherto held the islanders enchained. This success, with intelligence which our missionary received of many and unknown islands to the southward, and among them Raratonga, suggested the idea of the *missionary ship*, which he never relinquished till the purpose was finally accomplished. In pursuance of this idea a small schooner was purchased in Sydney, which the natives called the "Beginning." This Mr. Williams was forced to procure partially at his own expense and upon his own responsibility, as the agent of the society at Sydney refused to take any part in so extraordinary a movement. The vessel was freighted with whatever could be promotive of the cause of civilization among the natives, the advancement of which was Mr. Williams's constant aim. This ship, affording to the Raiateans a market for the products of their labor, was a great blessing to the island, both in the promotion of industry and of intercourse with other tribes. One hundred and fifty large plantations were prepared by the natives, who also commenced learning to cure tobacco and boil sugar and salt. But Mr. Williams's great desire was, that this vessel should become a means of promulgating the gospel, and he seized an early opportunity for the purpose. From the chiefs of Aitutaki had come this cheering message: "Tell biriamu (Williams) that if he will visit us we will burn our idols, destroy our maraes, and receive the word of the true God." It was also reported that at this island were several Raratongans anxious to carry the gospel to their own island. These good tidings affected the missionary deeply, and he made no delay. The Aitutakians he characterized as the wildest people he ever saw; but was astonished to find their idols already cast away, and much progress made in every respect. The most wonderful feature of God's work in the South Seas is the unprecedented celerity with which changes were wrought from barbarism to civilization, from pagan darkness to Christian light.

The discovery of Raratonga was the final result of this voyage—a discovery of which the boldest adventurer of the days of Columbus might have been proud. But the emotions of the humble missionary were not those of the successful navigator. Raratonga was not to him merely a new dot upon the chart of the inhabited world, nor a fruitful field of commerce or scientific discovery; it was to him a new field of labor, a theater of immortal souls. And when the Raratongans received Christianity, he watched over them with paternal solicitude; cherishing their interests with jealous care. Their condition, at that time, was inexpressibly debased and degraded. They were given up to the lowest species of vice, and cannibalism was an everyday occurrence. The transformation which has been wrought among that people is one at which all human wisdom stands astonished and confounded, for it is the work of God himself.

But while Mr. Williams was entertaining high hopes of useful results from these voyages, his cherished purposes were suddenly frustrated: in the first place, by the intelligence that the island commerce had been destroyed through the influence of Sydney merchants, who had procured the imposition of burdensome duties upon Polynesian produce; and again, by a communication received from the directors, in which the whole movement was condemned. This blow was felt very deeply by the ardent missionary, yet he did not despair of finally accomplishing the object which lay near his heart—the procuring of a missionary ship. Impressed with the incalculable advantages which this movement would bring to the cause of missions, he never ceased urging it upon the directors as a necessity and duty. "We could supply," said he, "fifty native teachers from our various Churches, and extend our labors tenfold if we had the opportunity. How are we cramped! Here are missionaries laboring within narrow spheres, with thousands on every side waiting, ready to receive the gospel." Mr. Williams, however, while he longed for a wider field of usefulness, did not relax in the least his efforts for the good of those around him. He found it necessary to be constantly engaged in inventing new expedients to employ the natives, that they might not fall back into their old habits of vice-breeding slothfulness. To this end, he himself learned the manufacture of rope, that he might be able to teach it, and discovered a substitute for flax in the fibrous husk of the cocoa-nut and stalks of the banana. This subsequently afforded very lucrative employment to the islanders.

Three years had elasped before Mr. Williams was permitted to make a second visit to Raratonga. In that time a wonderful change had been wrought; for darkness had changed to light, and cannibalism to civilization. The missionary was cordially received by a great multitude, who had assembled to witness his landing. The removal of the settlement for a few miles distant took place on the week following. The ludicrous scene then witnessed greatly delighted Mr. Williams, than whom few men were ever more keenly alive to the humorous; and surely if ever there was a "time to laugh," it was when, from the elevation of "herculean shoulders delighted with their occupation," he saw hundreds of natives full of glee and gladness, wading through roads almost impassable, "one carrying the tea-kettle, another the frying-pan, some a box, others a bed-post;" many of them holding their precious burdens high in the air, to challenge universal admiration; and the king himself especially enamored of an article of earthenware, and bearing it with an air of supreme satisfaction, and without the smallest damage to his royal dignity, by the side of the missionary. A chapel was soon commenced, some of the rafters of which were ornamented with cloths which formerly encased the *varua kinos*, or evil spirits. The success of the next movement of Mr. Williams exhibits in the clearest manner the extent of his influence upon the native mind. This was the recommendation of an entirely new code of laws, similar to the Raiatean, and the proposition, although it struck at the root of the mass of ancient established customs and despotisms, was nevertheless acceded to. Another man could not have effected this, but the confidence of the natives in him was unbounded. His influence was personal, procured by unreserved and familiar intercourse, cheerfulness, and courtesy.

About this time, Mr. Williams, despairing of any encouragement or assistance from home in his darling project, commenced and completed one of the most remarkable achievements of his life—the building of the "Messenger of Peace." This was a vessel of seventy or eighty tons, constructed entirely by the hands of the missionary, with such assistance only as could be afforded by the natives. The obstacles surmounted in the prosecution of the work were almost incredible. The want of tools, as well as materials, would have rendered the undertaking preposterous to the view of an ordinary man, but it was not so to Williams. If in need of a tool, it was soon supplied by his fertile invention; the anchors and other iron-work were made from a pickax, an adz, and a hoe; the cordage, pitch, oakum, &c., were manufactured from products of the island; the turning-lathe, a machine for spinning rope, a forge, bellows, &c., were Mr. Williams's own handiwork, and in four months the craft was finished. Our missionary, doubtless, hailed her completion with no ordinary emotions—for the ship was his own, and the word of God was no longer bound.

Embarking shortly after, he returned to Raiatea, leaving the Raratongans in great sorrow at his departure. In the cool of the evening the natives would collect under a stately banana, and sing, expressive of their grief at separation. Having now complete control of a ship, Mr. Williams was at liberty to pursue his plan of carrying the gospel to all the islands, and, with this intent, commenced a voyage which was productive of the most satisfactory results. Manga, Atui, and Raratonga were visited, in which places good effects were becoming more and more apparent. At Savage Island the missionaries dared not land. After leaving Tonzutabu and Lifuga, they beheld, with joy, the island of Savai, the largest of the Samoan group, which Mr. Williams had long desired to visit. Here they were received in a highly gratifying manner. As it was dark when they landed, the natives had kindled an immense blazing beacon, and a great crowd stood upon the beach, provided with torches, and the missionaries were borne in triumph to the house of Malicton. The branches of the cocoa-nut and the palm were loaded with natives, all eager to catch a glance at the wonderful strangers. A song, in honor of "the two great English chiefs," was then sung by the united voice of the people, with an accompaniment of instruments indescribable. Mr. Williams was very much pleased with the personal appearance of these people, whom he declared to be by far the most handsome and polished in manners of any of the South Sea tribes. His own description is worth transcribing:—"Picture to yourself a fine well-grown Indian, with a dark, sparkling eye, a smooth skin, glistening from the head to the hips with sweet-scented oil, and tastefully tattooed from the hips to the knees; with a bandage of red leaves, oiled and shining also, a head-dress of the nantitus shell, and a string of small white shells around each arm, and you have a Samoan gentleman in full dress; and, thus dressed, he thinks as much of himself, and the ladies think as much of him, as would be the case with an English beau fitted out in the highest style of fashion. A Samoan lady, in full dress for a ball, wears a beautifully white silky-looking mat around her waist, with one corner tucked up, a wreath of sweet-smelling flowers around her head, a row or two of large blue beads around her neck, her skin shining with sweet-scented oil, and the upper part of her person deeply tinged with turmeric rouge. They are not tattooed like the men, but many of them are spotted all over." Idolatry had not so firm a hold upon this tribe as upon many others, and the new religion was soon introduced in form. After visiting a few other islands, the voyagers returned to Raiatea. Mr. Williams, however, was deeply impressed with the importance of Samoa as a missionary station, and, anxious to learn the success of the native teachers whom he had left there, soon made a second visit, when he was welcomed with the most cheering intelligence. Idols had been cast away and burned, and heathens, whom the progress of the gospel at first filled with rage, had now submitted to its power.

A short time after this second voyage, Mr. Williams was called to England by the directors of the Missionary Society, to relate the story of his toils and triumphs to the Christian public, in hopes of exciting a new interest for the missions. In this new field of action he met with the same success which had attended his other undertakings. The facts which he presented, in his own earnest and stirring manner, wrought wonders among every class of people. Although, before Mr. Williams's arrival in England, his name had been little known beyond the circle who were more particularly interested in his operations, in a very short time he acquired extraordinary popularity, and became a welcome guest of nobles and the exalted of the land. From the time of his arrival to that of his departure he fulfilled five and six public engagements weekly. The great facts which filled his heart the missionary never tired of repeating, and these statements produced everywhere the most striking effects. An especial instance is related by Dr. Campbell, of Mr. Williams's preaching in Bristol: "When, in the course of his sermon, he was detailing modestly and fervently the wonderful works of Providence and grace, in connection with his personal history and agency in the islands of the South, so stupendous were the events detailed, so surprising the changes wrought, so evidently and gloriously was the arm of the Lord displayed throughout, that the vast assembly, filled with delight and admiration, became unable to resist the overpowering excess of their emotions, and, in an instant, broke forth into a simultaneous burst of approbation!"

Out of the pulpit our missionary was no less attractive. His manner and communications charmed and interested every one who heard him.

Mr. W. was eminently social in his disposition, and was never happier than during his brief intercourse with friends while visiting England. On such occasions the conversation would generally turn upon the missionary's favorite topic—his own great work; and, for purposes of illustration, cases of Polynesian curiosities would be produced, and the table covered with idols, ornaments, and implements of every description. "Frequently Mr. Williams arrayed his own person in the native tiputa and mat, fixed a spear by his side, and adorned his head with the towering cap of many colors worn on high days by the chiefs; and, as he marched up and down his parlor, he was as happy as any one of the guests whose cheerful mirth he had thus excited."

One result of his visit to the mother country, was the production of his "Missionary Enterprises," a work which for romantic and thrilling interest is not surpassed by the world-renowned work of Defoe. Before he left, the effect of his appeals was very sensibly felt in the augmentation of missionary funds; and, in answer to these appeals, a large missionary ship was procured, every way sea-worthy and serviceable, so that the desire of his heart was finally and fully accomplished. The enterprise in which he then embarked was one of no ordinary extent. He returned with the intention of surveying the whole field, and preparing it for future laborers; not of any single society, but of every institution willing to aid in the evangelization of Polynesia. But his useful life was drawing toward its sad close—a few scenes more remained.

At Samoa he determined to tarry for a while, to the great joy of the people. His temporary home was at Apia; and a singular instance of the general attachment to his person was manifested on the occasion of his removal to another district—Fasetootai. On a mere intimation of the possibility of such a removal to the people of Fasetootai, about five hundred natives of that district started for Apia, a distance of twenty miles, and seizing every parcel or package pertaining to the missionary, they returned in single file,—shouting, laughing, and dancing, and singing songs composed for the occasion; the chorus of which was,—

> "Williams is coming, is coming, is coming;
> He is bringing the *lotu* to Fasetootai."

Mr. Williams left Samoa with forebodings for which he could not account, but which were soon, alas, fully realized! The shores of Erromanga were the next that met his view; and here he fell a martyr to the blood-thirsty rage of the savages, for whose salvation he would have given his life a thousand times. The intelligence came upon the missionary stations like a thunderbolt. The natives for whom he had toiled and prayed felt his worth, and loved him as a father. No less was the sorrow of Mr. Williams's large circle of English friends, and the friends of the missionary cause generally,—for truly a mighty man had fallen! A life of such extended usefulness is worthy of noble mention in the pages of history; for the mind of man can never estimate the value of such achievements.

SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USELESS KNOWLEDGE.

THE Annual Meeting of the Society for the Diffusion of Useless Knowledge and the General Confusion of the Human Understanding, was held on Monday last; the President, the Hon. Dr. Bubble, took the chair precisely at seven o'clock, assisted by the Hon. Mr. Fudgefield, and Timothy Tinshins, Esq., Vice-Presidents. The President delivered an introductory discourse on the usefulness of useless knowledge, and the advantages of confusion in the understanding, which elicited the greatest applause from a thronged and delighted audience. The following is an abridged copy of the sapient president's address:—

"*Gentlemen of the Useless Knowledge Association*,—

"I have the honor of congratulating you on this anniversary meeting. We are engaged, gentlemen, in a stupendous effort. The object of our endeavors is to place the foundations of the intellectual universe on the highest state of moral elevation. There is a great truth, gentlemen, in the exaggeration, that the intense application of the human intellect in infinitesimal quantities to the analytical pursuit of psychological investigation, leads to the surest mathematical discrimination of moral idiosyncrasies. The human mind, gentlemen, I consider as composed of two qualities—ratiocination and immaterial recipiency. Facts are imbibed by the inductive process of mental recipiency, and, being rationally ratiocinated, lead to reason. This we denominate the march of intellect; and intellect hath three branches, namely, logic, metaphysics, and dogmatics, which, being synthetically combined, constitute man a reasoning animal. As the Stagirite remarks, concerning the method of philosophical induction, '*Omnis ratio de ratione, rationans, rationare facit rationaliter rationando omnes homines rationantes*,' an axiom which, I apprehend, no one will deny. In the unenlightened mind, all attempts at reasoning are in the highest degree unreasonable, just as in the dark all cats are gray. Gentlemen, we live in an enlightened age; Peter Parley and the printing-press have effected a moral and hypercritical revolution; all men can read the Pandects, the Novum Organum, and Poor Polly Jenkins. Instead of the spelling-book and the primer our children have Cudworth's Intellectual System and Adelung's Mithridates. Modern intellect may be compared to a magnificent toad-stool, which shoots out its head on all sides the moment it gets an inch above ground. Sometimes it has been compared to an overgrown pumpkin-vine, sprouting right and left, and grasping at more than it can hold; but this is a misrepresentation; the mind will hold any quantity of knowledge since the invention of lyceums and enclycopædias; and there is no difficulty in the present day in getting a quart into a pint pot. Gentlemen, I say to you, Go on. Let useless knowledge flourish. The world is growing wise. Man is tall in intellectual stature; his heels are on the earth, but his head is in the clouds." (Tremendous applause.)

The following report of the Standing Committee was then read:—

REPORT.

The Standing Committee of the Society for the Diffusion of Useless Knowledge and the General Confusion of the Human Understanding, beg leave to report, that the affairs of the Society were never in a more prosperous and desirable condition. They have great pleasure in congratulating the Society upon the encouraging prospects which the present state of the country holds out to them. Useless knowledge was never more highly prized or more eagerly sought after; and mortal understandings were never in a more admirable confusion than at present. Your Committee beg leave to call the attention of the Society to sundry circumstances which, in their opinion, have had the most powerful effect in bringing about these desirable results.

Your Committee feel bound to distinguish, with the most pointed and laudatory regard, the efforts of the newspaper editors, who, in the course of the past year, have labored with the most disinterested zeal in forwarding the objects of the Society; they have constantly shown themselves friends of useless knowledge, and confounders of the brains and understandings of mankind. Your Committee would particularly call to your approving notice, the unwearied industry of these gentlemen in discovering mares' nests, fighting windmills, basting dead cats, bottling moonshine, catching sea-serpents, peeping through millstones, swallowing earthquakes, and gobbling down piracies. Your Committee recommend that each newspaper editor be presented with an elegant leather medal, bearing the inscription, "*Ex fumo dare lucem*," in allusion to their wonderful sagacity in sometimes distinguishing smoke from fire.

Your Committee would further point out to the notice of the Society the various quack doctors, and in particular the Vegetable Diet Sawdust Live-for-ever Starvation tribe. Useless knowledge is under infinite obligations to these individuals, though their reward and encouragement would seem rather to belong to that enlightened association, the Society for the Extinction of the Human Species. Nevertheless, considering the immense amount of useless knowledge they have propagated, and its effects in producing confusion not only in the understandings, but in the bodies of men, your Committee do not feel at liberty to pass them by without some adequate notice. They therefore recommend that each of these persons be presented with a medal of the purest and hardest brass, bearing the inscription, "*Stultorum infinitus est numerus*," in allusion to the very wide field which exists for their praiseworthy and philanthropic labors.

Your Committee further recommend to the favorable regard of the Society that distinguished individual, Dr. Humm, the ingenious reviver of animal magnetism, whose labors in the cause of the Society deserve the highest commendation. Dr. Humm has not only been instrumental in extending knowledge useless, and more than useless, but he has thrown the understandings of many human beings into confusion worse confounded. His success in this particular has been most brilliant; and many individuals under his influence are so far gone in their intellectuals, that they do not show the least glimmer of common sense. Your Committee beg to lay before the Society a brief relation of the brilliant and astonishing experiment in animal magnetism performed by Dr. Humm, upon the person of a full-grown, intelligent, and respectable cat, in the presence of a large number of citizens of the first talent and respectability.

"All things being prepared, the cat was brought into the room, and placed in an armchair. The cat was a gray tabby, with a black and yellow tail, and sea-green eyes, of a mild and ingenuous expression of countenance, and appeared to be about four years old. Doctor Humm assured us there was no sort of private understanding between him and the cat, as had been suspected by some skeptical persons. Indeed the cat appeared perfectly innocent, and everybody was quite convinced of her honesty. She stared round at the company with wondering eyes, as if not comprehending the cause of the assemblage, but could not escape from the chair, because she was held down by her paws and tail by five of the gentlemen present. Dr. Humm then began the magnetic operation by placing the fore and middle finger of his left hand over her eyes, so as to keep them shut close, and drawing the fore finger of his right hand in a direct line from the cat's nose across her bosom, down to the extremity of her left paw. The magnetic effect was immediately apparent. Her tail began to wag, so much so that the Hon. Mr. Fogbrain, who was holding on by that limb, immediately let it go in order to witness the result of this strange phenomenon. In thirteen seconds there was a sensible vibration of the cat's tail, which waved from side to side, describing twenty-seven degrees of the segment of a circle. A general murmur ran throughout the assembly. 'It wags, it wags!' exclaimed every one—there was no longer any room for doubt; the most skeptical among the spectators was thoroughly convinced that the tail was wagging, and even that arch unbeliever, Simon Sly, was heard to declare he had no doubt of the waggery.

"Dr. Humm now changed his operation, and commencing as before at the cat's nose, he passed his two fingers up the skull bone between the ears, down the occiput, round under the neck to the tip of the shoulder-blade, and thence in a straight line down to the left paw. After thirty-one magnetical touches in this manner, the wagging of the tail increased to such a degree as to describe almost a semicircle, and Dr. Humm declared the animal was sound asleep. As the cat gave no evidence to the contrary, except by the wagging, there was no doubt of the fact—for the doctor assured us that magnetized cats always wagged their tails when sleeping. The cat was therefore declared to be in a fit state for experiments, and Doctor Humm began by willing the cat's tail to tie itself up in a bow-knot; the tail immediately twisted itself round, and described the figure of a bow-knot in the air. This was witnessed with astonishment by every one in the room. Mr. Noddy, seeing the wonderful effect of the experiment, signified a wish to bear a part in the operation, to which Dr. Humm very politely consented. Mr. Noddy therefore proceeded to magnetize the cat from the tip to the lower jaw, under the chin, across the trachea and thorax, down to the heel of the right paw; the cat immediately gave a loud *mew*, which in a sleeping cat must have been a sure sign that something ailed her. Mr. Noddy then willed her nose to be a rat-hole, which took immediate effect by the cat's snapping sharply at his fore finger. This astonished the company a second time; and Dr. Humm made a third experiment, by willing the cat to be thrown souse into Frog Pond. The Hon. Mr. Fogbrain immediately let go her fore paws; and, strange to say, they began pad, padding, as if attempting to swim. The murmurs of admiration that ran round the company at this wonderful sight are not to be described. 'She swims! she swims!' exclaimed every one; the proof was complete; most of the spectators could hear the splashing of the water in the pond; and some even imagined they could see the boys chucking stones at her. After this had been displayed to the full satisfaction of the company, Dr. Humm willed her to come safe ashore: notwithstanding, her paws continued to paddle; but this was easily accounted for, as the doctor assured us she would stand perfectly still as soon as she got her land-legs on.

"Various other experiments followed, which we have not space to describe in detail. Dr. Scantiwit willed the cat to be in a mustard-pot, whereupon she immediately gave a loud sneeze, and made an immensely wry face. Mr. Milksop willed her to be lapping cream, on which she gave a hearty purr, and licked her chops three times. Mr. Dryasdust willed her to scratch his wig, and at the same moment felt a sharp tingling under his skull-bone, by which he was convinced he had something there," &c.

Your Committee, having laid before the Society these wonderful experiments, recommend that Dr. Humm, and each of the individuals who assisted as above, be presented with the Freedom of the Corporation of Fools' Paradise.

Your Committee would recommend to the respectful notice of the Society the various public lecturers on recondite subjects; and, in particular, those who treat of German metaphysics, Coleridgeism, optimism, and similar ultramundane exaltations of the human intellect. Your Committee suggest that a prize be proposed the ensuing year for the best dissertation on the following subject: "The influence of transcendental Metaphysics on the growth of Cabbages." They recommend that each transcendentalist be presented with a broomstick of black walnut, and a parachute of paramatta, for the purpose of enabling them to fly through the air.

Your Committee would trespass too far upon the time of the Society, were they to enumerate at length all the matters which deserve their attention. They are obliged reluctantly, therefore, to pass over, with a bare mention, the great number of old women, quidnuncs, schemers, dreamers, steamers, system-mongers, method-mongers, improvers-of-society, &c., who are now exercising so vast an influence over the minds of the weak and the unlearned. They recommend that a medal be struck, emblematical of the whole of this enlightened community; the said medal to bear on one side the figure of a toad just ready to jump, with the legend, "*Sedet, æternumque sedebit*," in allusion to the march of intellect; and on the reverse, the figure of a cornstalk monument, with the words "*Ære perennius*," in allusion to the lasting fame of all march-of-intellect people.

MUSIC—ITS HISTORY AND INFLUENCE.

THERE is no record of the exact period of time when music first stepped forth upon the earth to enchain the senses of man with the magic of her voice.

In the early chapters of the Bible mention is made of Jubal, the son of Lamech, who played upon the lyre. Josephus remarks, "that from Jubal not improbably came Jobel, the trumpet of jobel or jubilee, that large and loud instrument used in proclaiming liberty at the year of the jubilee." One of the oldest songs of which we have any record, is that which Miriam sung after the passage of the Red Sea. As we proceed with Sacred History, we find, among the Hebrews, the character of poet and singer united in the same individual. David, also, not only wrote psalms and hymns, but made instruments of music. His viol had ten strings, played with a bow. The psaltery had twelve musical notes, and was played upon by the fingers. The cymbals were broad and large instruments, made of brass. With these he taught the Levites to perform hymns to God on the Sabbath-day and other festivals. At the captivity of the two tribes, the singers and the musicians were carried to Babylon, where they outlived their imprisonment, and returned again with their instruments. Jesus, the son of Sirach, says, "that at the temple, in his days, the singers sang praises with their voice; with great variety of sounds was there made sweet melody." In the gorgeous processions of that period, whether sacred or warlike, no doubt music took a prominent part; in every age she has spoken a language to be understood by the most barbarous and uncultivated tribes, as well as by the most civilized. In the tomb of Osymandus, near Thebes, musical instruments have been found, and it has been concluded that the Egyptians were acquainted with their use two thousand years before the birth of Christ. Pythagoras is said to have learned music from an Egyptian priest.

From the provinces of Asia Minor the different modes of Greek music are derived. Mythological accounts invariably give the praise to Greece, where the art was first acquired and perfected.

It is supposed, and very naturally, that music owes her origin to some lone shepherd, who, while watching his flock upon the hills, imitated with a reed the various changes of the wind as it swept with a whispering sound through the thick forests, or howled down the deep ravines, awakening with its call the tone of the torrents, and desolating the valleys with its strength. One can fancy the unutterable solace such a discovery would be to the solitary man, and how the dear ones of his homestead would gather around him when the sheep were in the fold, and listen with strange delight to the melody issuing from his Pandean pipe. A beautiful myth lies concealed in the story of Orpheus, who, by his divine music, moved mountains and stones to follow him wherever he played. Losing by death his beloved Eurydice, he followed her to the entrance of hades, when, striking a chord in unison with his feelings, its tenderness softened the stern divinities to compassion, and the thrilling tones of his voice suspended all the torments of Tartarus, and Orpheus gained consent to conduct Eurydice back to earth on one condition,—that he was not to look behind him; but in a narrow part of the gloomy road only one could proceed at a time, and, though he still played on to lull the jealous furies, he looked back to see if his beloved was safe, and lost her forever from his want of FAITH in the power which had carried him safely through so many dangers.

In the Justinian palace is a statue of Apollo, holding a knife in one hand and a human skin in the other; and there is also preserved, by the noble family of the Marchese Sotta, of Modena, a painting of Correggio's, representing the punishment of Marsyas, to whom is attributed the invention of the flute. This famous musician, as classic history informs us, resided at Celene, a city of Phrygia, of which it was once the capital, and, as he was one day wandering alone near a lake, he observed a musical instrument, which bore some resemblance to a pipe, floating on the water; this was a flute, which had been manufactured by Minerva out of the leg-bone of a stag which she had one day found in her path, and on which she played with great skill. It is the quality of hard substances to sink in water, but this particular bone might have acquired its floating property from the divine touch of the Goddess of Wisdom, who, after all the pleasure this flute had given her, threw it away in disgust, when she saw by reflection in a glassy pool the frightful grimaces she made, and the manner her mouth was distorted when playing. As she flung it from her hand she denounced a miserable death on the person who should find it, and this denunciation was verified in the fate of the unfortunate Marsyas, who seized the instrument with much avidity, and drew forth such melodious sounds in his hymns dedicated to the immortal gods, that the Fauns, Satyrs, Nymphs, and Dryads followed him wherever he went. Puffed up with vanity at the praises which assailed him on every hand, he at last challenged Apollo to competition, who accepted the challenge on the express condition that the vanquished should be at the mercy of the vanquisher. The decision was in favor of Apollo, who had the cruelty to flay his rival alive. The tears shed for the death of poor Marsyas formed the source of a river which bears his name, which rises a short distance from the site of the ancient city of Celene, which was destroyed by an earthquake.

Poetry and painting require refined and educated minds to appreciate their respective beauties; but music declares herself in a language common to the general ear of humanity. There are but few who are impervious to her influence; and those few are half ashamed to own that they are deaf to "the voice of the charmer." It is well understood that among the humblest hearers of a concert are some of the keenest judges of a true melody or false intonation. Many a humble mechanic goes away from such places of amusement with the chambers of his memory well stored with the richest gems of the composer: exquisite snatches of melody, which ever and anon gush forth unbidden from his lips, lessening the fatigue of labor, and flinging around him a charm which makes his society courted by his rustic circle of neighbors when evening brings the toil of day to its conclusion. The coldest heart could scarcely remain unmoved at the beautiful ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," with its plaintive minor breathing forth the deep sorrow of the old man's wife, who no longer dares to love the object of her first affection. The tenderness of the music here expresses as much pathos as the poetry. But change the tune to "Drops of Brandy," and see what a change also passes over the faces of the listeners: those who sat so mute and motionless, with tearful eyes, to that true-love ditty, can scarcely constrain themselves; even the aged cripple loves to start up and dance to the joyful measure.

The delirious effect which is produced by the tarantella on the Italian peasants is well known. A man, to this species of music, will dance for hours, with a succession of partners, until he falls prostrated with fatigue upon the ground. No doubt associations have much to do with all our enjoyments: and fine and energetic as is the music of our national anthem, the words help the effect, inspiring us with love, reverence, and loyalty for the ruler of our land, by that one sentence of "God save the Queen." The "Ranz des Vaches" was prohibited from being played in the French army, when it was found to produce such dangerous consequences to the men, many of the Swiss soldiers having deserted under its influence. When they heard the strains that brought back vivid recollections of their native homes, their vast mountains and their peaceful chalets rose up before them, and in their mad desire to be once more with their families, they forgot the duty they owed to their commanders, and either fled or became so broken-spirited that they had no longer energy to act as became men. No one can form an idea of the magic of this pastoral music, unless they hear it echoed from hill to hill amid the sublime scenery of Switzerland.

The first writer who treated the doctrine of sounds mathematically was Euclid, who lived two hundred and twenty seven years before Christ. The Romans received the music which they used at sacrifices and other religious ceremonies from the Etruscans; but that performed on the stage was from the Greeks; they made use of capital letters for notes. In public the song was accompanied with flutes, playing, it is supposed, simple concords, supporting and heightening the voice as the subject required.

Dr. Moseley has written a most ingenious paper on Greek Music, in which he considers that the Greek chorus, like that of the Russian horn-band of the present day, might probably have been performed on the principle of a note to each person. However this may be, it is quite certain that melody to the Greeks was quite unknown. The progress of music for many centuries remained in darkness; but little knowledge of how she existed has been handed down to posterity. It was in the year 1022, that Guido, called in France Guy d'Arreze, a Benedictine monk in the monastery of Pomposa, first invented the gamut as it now stands; but it was not till the beginning of the seventeenth century that *time* was introduced. This division of bars has brought notes of great value into disuse, and the round and maxim are no longer known except by the musical antiquary; and it would puzzle him to understand the "Virginal Book" of Queen Elizabeth, published in 1578.

To the troubadours of the fourteenth century music owes her release from the trammels of crude theories invented by the ancient composers, who vailed her sweet voice in complex and discordant sounds. Under her new masters all false doctrines were cast forth; she was made to imitate the gentle sounds of nature, and caught fresh inspirations from murmuring brooks and gushing springs, until she inundated the valleys of France with a flood of melody. The romance of that period is still hovering in many a fair damsel's soul, as she sings to her harp the song of the minstrel of Navarre, "*et pleurs, et plains et soupirs.*" To these charming *chansons* were added in time the art of measure, modulation, and grace.

It was in 1590, that a schoolmaster in Lombardy, Charles Monteverde, invented the harmony of the dominant, and was the first to use the seventh and even the ninth of the dominant; he likewise employed the minor fifth as a consonance, which had always before been used as a dissonance. Thus the tonal harmony became known, and his principles being once admitted, all its consequences were naturally deduced, and musicians arrived almost insensibly at the conclusion that only three essential harmonies were to be acknowledged, namely, that of the tonic, the dominant, and sub-dominant, which are all that should be placed on either, direct or inverted on those notes, and on those comprised in their harmony. He also introduced with composition double dissonances, which were soon succeeded by treble dissonances, and diminished and altered chords. Cotemporary with Charles Monteverde, Viadana lived, and was the first person who formed the idea of giving to the instrumental bass a different melody from that of the vocal, to which it had hitherto strictly adhered. He further proposed to make this new bass reign through the piece, and to consider it as the basis of the whole composition, representing by figures the chord it was to carry.

These innovations excited the indignation of composers attached to the ancient rule, but experience overcame their vague and abstract reasonings, and by degrees the new method found favor in their sight; but the Church then, as now, ever alive to the loss of power, by permitting alterations, retained long after the death of Monteverde its expressionless chants.

We shall pursue the subject in a future number.

SILENT LOVE.

"AN illiterate female," said Dr. Chalmers, "in humble life, applied for admission to the sacrament; but, at the customary examination, could not frame one articulate reply to a single question that was put to her. It was in vain to ask her of the offices or mediation of Christ, or of the purpose of his death. Not one word could be drawn out of her; and yet there was a certain air of intelligent seriousness, and the manifestations of right and appropriate feeling—a heart and a tenderness indicated, not by one syllable of utterance, but by the natural signs of emotion which fitly responded to the topics of the clergyman, whether she was spoken to of the sin that condemned her, or of the Saviour who atoned for it. Still, as she could make no distinct reply to any of his questions, he refused to enroll her as a communicant; when she, on retiring, called out, in the fullness of her heart, 'I cannot speak for him; but I could die for him!' The minister, overpowered, handed to her a sacramental token; and with good reason, although not a reason fell in utterance from her."

THE SINGER OF EISENACH.

IT was a winter evening in the year 1498. The hoar frost lay white on plain and forest, and a heavy mist was rolling down from the Thuringian mountains on the ancient town of Eisenach, while the broad red sun, now low in the west, gleamed fitfully on the homes and churches of the little city. There were few passengers in its narrow streets, but the firelight flashed brightly from door and window. The din of loom and hammer, mingled with the sounds of domestic preparation, came from every dwelling; for the good wives of Eisenach were getting ready their German supper, and the rest of its industrious population were hasting to finish the work of the day. All that machinery now accomplishes, and much that commerce brings ready-made to European doors, was there executed by the hands of the craftsman or the labor of the household; Eisenach, like other old-country burghs, had therefore few idlers among its people in those days. Even in the great square of St. George, where the richest families lived, there was not a looker-out to be seen at the windows, except Dame Ursula, the wife of Conrad Cotta, master of the guild of woolen weavers.

Dame Ursula was the admiration and envy of many a neighbor, for the blessings of this world which seemed showered upon her. She was the only daughter of a distinguished burgomaster,—well-beloved, richly-endowed, and wedded to the husband of her choice, a just and kindly man, who was, moreover, the wealthiest citizen of Eisenach. She had health, beauty, and fair fame; and was then a young wife, happy in her pleasant home, with her infant son and her loving husband. Dame Ursula was also somewhat vain of the damask kirtle and vail of Flemish lace, in which she heard mass or vespers; of the scarlet gown and golden chain in which her husband led the guild in holiday and festival processions; and of the workshop with twenty looms, which occupied almost the whole of the lower story of that large timber house, wherein four generations of Cottas had lived and died. Conrad usually presided there; but that evening he sat in council with the chiefs of the guild, on a point of dispute between them and the woolcombers' company, which threatened the peace of the city; and his wife expected him home with two of his latest and wealthiest friends,—Hans Gortland, the burgomaster, and Doctor Ambrosius, the dean,—who were to sup with the Cottas.

Matters were fully arranged for the reception of those important guests, and great was the display of domestic magnificence. The venison pasty was baked and the ale spiced; the great gilt tankard, the silver-rimmed drinking-horns, and the plates of English pewter, stood forth in fair array on the long table of walnut-wood, with carved stools ranged on each side of it; a bright wood fire blazed in the ample chimney, and shone on the tapestried walls and floor of polished oak; for the room in which Dame Ursula stood was her best parlor.

The narrow window of thin horn, interspersed with diminutive squares of glass, afforded but an uncertain view in the gathering darkness. Dame Ursula opened it, and looked over the quiet square. There was no trace of her husband or his friends; but through the deepening twilight came a clear young voice, singing a German version of the forty-sixth psalm, "God is our refuge." Ursula had heard it sung in many a church, but she thought never so sweetly; and, as the singer came nearer, she perceived that he was one of the poor scholars from the neighboring Augustine convent, who were accustomed to sing every evening in the streets of Eisenach for what the charitable or pious were disposed to give. In most cases this was their only means of subsistence. The convent afforded them lodging and education in return for all manner of domestic service, but they were expected to find their own bread; and being generally the sons of poor parents, who lived far away in the country, they had no resource but that of singing hymns and carols in the streets of the nearest town. The same causes which led to the large increase of monasteries, had latterly augmented the numbers and diminished the good repute of the poor scholars. Even charitable people remarked that they learned importunate begging and vagrant ways. The magistrates and city guards looked on them as so many nuisances, while wise and observing men saw in them only a growing harvest of those mendicant friars by whom all Europe was overrun at the period.

Ursula remarked that the boy seemed

a new-comer, and looked more poverty-stricken than the other scholars of the convent. He was thinly clad, and scarcely fifteen; but there was an air of rustic respectability and diffidence about him, ill calculated to succeed in his present vocation. He had approached the first house in the square; it was that of Doctor Ambrosius, the dean, and stood opposite the parish church. The door was open, and having sung a few verses, the dame, still bending from her window, heard him ask, in a timid broken voice, for some bread or beer to help the poor scholar. Old Gretchen, the housekeeper, had that day lost her cat, and got into bad temper; so that scarcely was the humble request uttered than she slammed the door in the poor boy's face, ordering him to be gone with his psalms and begging, for there were too many of his sort in Eisenach.

The boy staggered back at her rude repulse. It was the third he had met with that evening—for two hours he had sung in the streets, but obtained nothing; and now the worn-out child moved silently away, and leaned against the porch of the church. Dame Ursula's house had been grievously pestered by the poor scholars. In common with most of the good wives of the city, she would have felt thankful if tempers like that of old Gretchen had driven them completely from the town; but as the firelight from the cheerful homes around him shone on the boy's face, it had a desolate, hungry look, that smote upon her heart. She thought of her own infant son, now fast asleep in his cradle. Might not he also be poor, and a stranger in some far-off town; there were tales of as great reverses; and, rising hastily, the young mother filled up a pewter flagon of the warm ale, took a small loaf from the supper bread, and hurried down to the door of the hall, or great kitchen.

"Come, child," said she, stepping out with that welcome present; "here is some supper for you. Come in, and eat it by the fire,—and you will sing us a psalm before you go home to the convent."

The boy took the loaf and flagon from her hands. He tried to speak; but Dame Ursula saw that the tears were gathering in his large blue eyes, and led him in to the stone bench by the great kitchen fire, which blazed and crackled on the broad hearth. The servants who had assembled for supper, and the weavers who poured in from the workshop—for, in the fashion of those times, all whom Conrad Cotta employed formed part of his household—were surprised to see their mistress give such countenance to a poor scholar; but they gathered round to hear what news or gossip he could tell—the boys of the convent being famous for knowing all that happened in the principality. To their many inquiries, the boy, who had by this time recovered himself, answered that he was a stranger; that his parents lived far away, and were poor miners; that his name was Martin, and he had come to the convent with his father and mother's blessing, hoping to be made a scholar and a good priest some day. The weavers laughed loudly at the last of his expectations, and Peterkin, the wit of the workshop, inquired if he "would n't rather be an archbishop?" But Dame Ursula, who ruled her husband's household discreetly, notwithstanding her youth, commanded them to be silent and civil when a stranger sat by the fire, and give thanks for their supper.

"A sound advice, wife; and one we are right ready to take," said the deep but cheerful voice of Conrad Cotta, as he bustled into his own dwelling, followed by the dean and burgomaster, at a pace befitting their superior rank. The only entrance to the tapestried chamber, or best parlor, of a wealthy citizen, in those days, was through the great kitchen, where ordinary meals and sundry domestic operations were conducted; and his men and maids, now taking their places at the long table, which almost bent under the weight of barley-cakes, cheese, and strong beer, did reverence to their master and his guests. The burgomaster nodded solemnly in reply to their salutations; Doctor Ambrosius muttered a Latin benediction; and Conrad said, "A good supper to ye, children;" but as the poor scholar's modest bow caught his eye, a frown darkened on the good man's face.

"You are one of these convent boys who trouble the town, and have given us such a job with the woolcombers," cried he, in sudden anger; for Conrad's temper was quicker than his judgment at times. "Sirrah, was it you who stole old Jasper's cards and combs, and laid the blame on our weaver boys, with your fine stories?"

"Husband, the boy is a stranger," said

Ursula, "and too modest to be guilty of such things."

"Ay, they're all modest when they get into good honest houses, I'll warrant," interrupted the burgomaster; "but one of them shall not be suffered to sing in the town for a twelvemonth; and, dame," he added, with an admonishing look, "it might be well that they were less encouraged."

"I never stole cards or combs," said the boy, setting down his flagon, with a crimson cheek and a flashing eye; "I never told tales of any one. My father is an honest miner: though we were poor, he brought me up like a Christian, and I would never sing at doors if I were not hungry."

"A proud boy, indeed!" said Doctor Ambrosius, smiling. "Don't be too hard with him, Conrad: he may come to a cardinal's hat yet. Pope John, they say, begged in his time." And with a laugh at the dean's joke, in which even the grave burgomaster joined, Conrad and his guests went up to their supper room; while Ursula gently bid the boy finish his supper, saying she was sure he had stolen nothing, and there would always be some bread and beer for him when he sang at their door. Cheered by her kindly words, more than by the supper she had given him, the poor scholar drained the flagon, deposited a remnant of the loaf in his wallet for the benefit of less successful schoolfellows, and took his way to vespers at the convent. Ever after, in the cold evenings, Ursula had a welcome and a supper for the stranger boy. At first he came seldom, and only when he could obtain bread at no other house; but the dame knew his voice in the square, and beckoned to him from her window, or called him in at the door. Conrad, too, began to perceive that there was a difference between the miner's son and the rest of the convent boys, against whom the burgomaster's threat was not yet put into execution. He would never think of taxing him with a stolen utensil, or a street disturbance. Even with the rude weavers and servants the poor scholar grew popular. There was not a better singer in the monastery, nor one more thoroughly versed in the old hymns and carols; and, though modest and pious, he had a ready wit and a species of learning which delighted those rustic minds. Many a morality and saint's tale had he related for their edification; when, one evening, at the beginning of summer, young Martin stepped in to say that he was going to learn greater things in a distant convent. All the household, including Peterkin the wit, hoped he would do well, and come to be a good priest yet, which the older men said was a thing not over plentiful just then in the country. Dame Ursula gave him many good advices, besides a loaf and a groschen. Conrad bestowed upon him an old woolen gown, with a declaration that the other scholars should be sent out of town as soon as he was gone; and singing, at the special desire of these good friends, the old Thuringian carol of "We are Pilgrims all," with the twenty-third psalm in Latin, the poor scholar departed from Eisenach.

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Twenty-three years never pass without change over house or head, city or people; and so many springs and harvests had passed over the peaceful old German burgh, carrying its story far into another century; for it was a Sabbath morning in the winter of 1521. Since the poor scholar sung in the square of St. George, strong men had grown gray and stooping, girls that once were fair had turned staid and substantial matrons, infants had become tall youths and maidens; but greater changes had been brought upon the land. A light, unknown to their fathers, had flashed on the homes and Churches of Germany; doubts long working in the minds of thoughtful men at length spoke out, making priests and princes hear. The vail of awful mystery, which for ages had covered papal palace and cloister cell, had been rent, giving to the people sights of corruption and iniquity never to be forgotten. Cities cast away their creeds, and universities their learning. The miracle play and the holiday procession were neglected by the populace; for young and old crowded to hear the preachers of the new doctrines; and everywhere prince, scholar, and peasant talked of nothing but an ancient book called the Bible, and one who had brought it to light among them, whom they named Martin Luther. It was he—the leader of that mighty movement; the man who had questioned the faith of centuries, and set the authority of Christendom at naught; solemnly excommunicated by the whole

Roman Church, and now on his way from the great Diet of Worms, under the ban of the German empire as a contumacious heretic—it was he who that day proposed to preach in the parish church of Eisenach.

Never had the old Gothic pile been so well filled: peasants with their wives and children had poured in from the surrounding hamlets, and nobles with their trains from the mountain castles; rich citizens were there with their dames, humble artisans with their hard-working helpmates, and mendicant friars, half-concealed among the crowd, which thronged gallery, nave, and aisle. The chiefs of all the guilds sat in their accustomed places, but Conrad Cotta was not among them. Hans Gortland, the burgomaster, occupied his wonted seat of honor. Sadly deaf and dull had he grown with years; but still mindful that John Frederick, the elector, then lord paramount of Eisenach, favored the new religion. Close behind a pillar, which sheltered him from public gaze, sat Doctor Ambrosius, the dean, now white-haired, and bending on a staff, but curious to hear the popular heretic, and wondering much what things would come to pass with the clergy. He had employed his clerk that morning in writing out a declaration for the satisfaction of his spiritual superior, to the effect that he could not help Luther's preaching in the church.

At length the Reformer entered; and all eyes were turned upon the face that had not blanched before prince and prelate, cardinal and kaiser, when they stood in hostile array against the Wirtemberg doctor. It was that of a still young man, strong to work and will: traces of early care and great thought-conflicts were on it; but these were over, and the calm brow and fearless glance seemed brightened by the full assurance of faith. As the preacher took his place, a poor and way-worn pair, whom nobody knew or regarded, moved slowly forward, and seated themselves on the steps of the pulpit. Their attire was that of the humblest peasants; their hands were hard with toil; and none could recognize in the aged and weather-beaten faces the once prosperous Conrad Cotta and his fair wife Ursula. Both had grown old before their time; for strange and sad were the changes wrought upon their fortunes since that first evening of our story, when the dame looked out for her husband and his friends. The infant son had died in fair and promising childhood. Two others had come and grown up, only to squander much of their father's well-won wealth in sin and folly, and at length enlist in the emperor's army. A quarrel with the burgomaster brought on a ruinous lawsuit, which utterly impoverished them; an accidental fire consumed the goodly mansion of the Cottas, from workshop to tapestried chamber; and a charge of heresy by Dr. Ambrosius, who took part with the burgomaster, obliged them to fly from the city. Of all their possessions nothing remained to the desolate pair but a poor cottage and a field, which Conrad had purchased in a small hamlet among the Thuringian mountains. Thither they retired; friends forgot and old neighbors lost sight of them, and they labored for their daily bread like the poor peasants around. The seasons were adverse, Conrad's strength was failing fast, and Ursula's heart was broken; for tidings had reached them some months before that their two sons had fallen in the Italian wars. They had hoped that the boys might return to support and comfort their old age. They had thought too, with a lingering of former pride, that their sons might redeem the family rank by rising in the military profession, and they might live to hear them called great captains; but all these hopes were stricken down, and their souls had no anchor. Conrad and his wife had been always piously inclined, according to the creed of their fathers. Willingly would they have sought comfort in religion; but the only faith they knew offered none of its highest consolations to the poor. No convent would receive them; they could bring neither rank nor riches. It was not in their power to make pilgrimages to any of the shrines; for, being poor and honest, they thought it right to journey on their own charges,—and it was their greatest grief that they had no money to pay for masses to benefit their lost sons.

"All things are for the rich," said Ursula. "Even the holy Church keeps her blessings for them. Yet I have heard say that Christ was poor! What can this new doctor be who speaks so much of him?"

"Our priest says he wants to bring back paganism," said Conrad. "But I hear he preaches much against the covetousness of the clergy. That's true, I'm sure, though it was for saying so that Doctor Ambrosius called me a heretic. They also tell me he talks wonderfully concerning somewhat called free grace; and that it is to be had without money and without price."

"That would answer us, husband," said Ursula. "They say this doctor will preach next Sunday in Eisenach, and as our good elector has forbidden all search after heretics, let us go and try to hear him."

So the pair went a weary journey, and sat them down on the steps of the pulpit. They had occupied higher places, and been saluted by many a non-forgetful neighbor; but these things were forgotten in the wondrous tidings unfolded by the preacher. He told them of the worthlessness of mass, penance, and pilgrimage, and of one mighty to save, who said, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." That sermon was like dew on the dry ground to their souls. Each thought, "Surely this is truth; we will go home and grieve no more, but trust in the only Saviour, and seek for the city that hath foundations." Their memories had grown faint and confused over many losses, and the name which floated highest on the grand controversy had not been recognized; but when the preacher's voice rose in the psalm, old scenes and days came back upon Ursula, and she knew that the miner's son who had sung long ago in the streets was the same Martin Luther whom the Pope excommunicated and the people blessed. It was the psalm too that she had heard through the misty evening. He had sung it with his friends before setting out to meet the threatening Diet; and now, through all the desolations of their latter days, it came to the aged pair like a voice of faith and comfort—"God is our refuge!"

The multitude departed, wondering and talking of what they had heard. Conrad and his wife also turned homeward; but in the porch of the church a hand was laid on Ursula's worn cloak, and turning they saw the preacher.

"Friends," said Luther, "your faces seem familiar, and yet changed to my remembrance. Tell me, if it be not too bold to ask, what are your names?"

"We are the Cottas," said Conrad, "who lived, long ago, where yonder tavern now stands, in the good house of our fathers. We have become poor, and our neighbors have forgotten us."

"Alas, friends!" said Luther, "that I have nothing wherewith to return the kindness you showed my youth. Were it not for the charity of those who bear my charges, I might want in this war. The Lord repay them and you also."

"He has repayed us a hundredfold," said Ursula, "and his ways are wonderful; for we divided to you the bread of this world, but you have broken this day the bread of life to us."

So the three parted: Luther went his way only to be shut up in the castle of Wartburg, where he translated the Bible; Conrad and Ursula returned to the cottage, where their neighbors said they never grieved after, nor came to want—for somehow Luther's friend, the elector, heard of them. The bread given to the singing-boy of Eisenach was returned a hundredfold. Luther broke to them the bread of life—his princely friend the bread that perisheth.

GOOD LISTENERS.

THERE are few good listeners in the world who make all the use they might make of the understandings of others, in the conduct of their own. The use made of the great instrument of conversation is the display of superiority, not the gaining of those materials on which superiority may rightly and justly be founded. Every man takes a different view of a question as he is influenced by constitution, circumstances, age, and a thousand other peculiarities; and no individual ingenuity can sift and examine a subject with as much variety and success, as the minds of many men, put in motion by many causes, and affected by an endless variety of accidents. Nothing, in my humble opinion, would bring an understanding so forward as this habit of ascertaining and weighing the opinions of others; a point in which almost all men of abilities are deficient, whose first impulse, if they are young, is too often to contradict; or, if the manners of the world have cured them of that, to listen only with attentive ears, but with most obdurate and unconquerable entrails. I may be very wrong, and probably am so; but, in the whole course of my life, I do not know that I ever saw a man of considerable understanding respect the understandings of others as much as he might have done for his own improvement, and as it was just that he should do.—*Sydney Smith.*

AN UNEXPECTED INTERVIEW WITH ROYALTY.

THE queen and princesses were very fond of sea-bathing, and also sailing about in the yacht, so that, excepting during very boisterous or rainy weather, they daily indulged in one or even both of those diversions. The royal family were called from their beds every morning at five o'clock, in order that they might be out by six. It will be readily imagined that such early hours at Gloucester Lodge produced equally early movements throughout the population of Weymouth, and the shops were opened very regularly at half-past five o'clock; for by six the streets were as thronged with all the fashionables at court, and also by those who were anxious to be thought so, as Regent-street is at present from three till six in the afternoon.

The great attraction was to see the queen and princesses walking from Gloucester Lodge to their bathing-machines, or to cheer them on their embarkation with the king and a select party on board of the royal yacht. These water-excursions occurred generally three or four days in every week; and the king in particular was so much attached to them that the royal family, when embarked, usually passed the whole of the day in sailing about at sea, sometimes at a distance of eight or ten miles from the land, but always within a chain of frigates to protect the yacht from being surprised by the enemy's cruisers.

Although I had not been hitherto in the constant habit of being set out at six o'clock, yet here I immediately fell into a practice so general, and out I went accordingly, with all the fashionables of Weymouth. Thus, on the second morning, after a whole night of heavy rain, I sallied forth to walk on the esplanade, in the hope of seeing the queen and princesses on their way to bathe. In proceeding along a cross street, my steps were for a few moments arrested to look into the window of a caricature shop, where among those prints were several of the royal family, but particularly some of the king, and others of the queen (Charlotte). I had not been standing there many minutes, intermixed with several other persons, when I heard from behind me a voice repeating, "The queen, the queen!" which induced me to search with increased diligence throughout the caricatures in the window for one of the queen, to which I had thought the voice from behind me had alluded, but in which I was unsuccessful. At this moment, the various clocks beginning to strike six, reminded me that unless I hastened forward I should be too late to see the royal ladies proceeding to their bathing-machines. I immediately began to move on, still, nevertheless, keeping my eyes fixed upon the window in search of the queen. I had not, however, taken two steps in that way without looking before me, when I felt that I had come in contact with a female, whom, to save her and myself from falling, I encircled with my arms; and at the same moment, having observed that the person whom I had so embraced was a little old woman, with a small black silk bonnet, exactly similar to those now commonly worn by poor and aged females, and the remainder of her person was covered by a short, plain, scarlet cloth cloak, I exclaimed, "Halloo, old lady, I very nearly had you down." In an instant I felt the old lady push me from her with energy and indignation, and I was seized by a great number of persons, who grasped me tightly by the arms and shoulders, while a tall stout fellow, in a scarlet livery, stood close before my face, sharply striking the pavement with the heavy ferule of a long golden-headed cane, his eyes flashing fire, and loudly repeating: "The queen—the queen—the queen, sir!"

"Where?—where?—where?"—I loudly retorted, greatly perplexed and even irritated, as I anxiously cast an inquisitive look about me, among the thirty or forty persons by whom I was surrounded.

"I am the queen!" sharply exclaimed the old lady.

I instantly perceived the voice proceeded from the little old lady whom I had so unceremoniously embraced, and had addressed with such impertinent familiarity.

On this discovery, I did not totally lose my presence of mind; for without the delay of a moment I fell on my knee, and seizing the hem of the queen's dress, was about to apply it to my lips, after the German fashion, stammering out at the same time the best apology I was able to put together on so short a notice; when the queen, although I believe much offended, and certainly not without cause, softened her irritated features, and said, as she held out to me the back of her right hand:—

"No, no, no, you may kiss my hant. We forgiff; you must pee more careful: fery rute—fery rute, inteet; we forgiff; there, you may go."—*Recollections of Col. Landmann.*

[For the National Magazine.]

THE INDIAN SPIRIT GATHERING.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Darkly, darkly in the valley,
In each dim secluded alley,
Countless shades at twilight rally,
Misty forms each glade explore;.
Shadows all around are flying,
Spirit tone to tone replying,
And the night winds softly sighing
Greet the "mighty dead of yore."

Village maidens pass undaunted
Through the forest thickly haunted,
Haunted by the gloomy spirits
Of a nation known no more;
And the young heart gaily dances,
All unconscious in its fancies,
That it meets the spectral glances
Of the "mighty dead of yore."

Phantom forms, forever changing,
In the silent woods are ranging,
Or upon the hill-brow pausing
Scan the vista spread before;
One, the eagle plume is wearing,
Stern his look and proud his bearing,
Fierce the chieftain's eye is glaring
O'er the land he ruled of yore.

Doth the wooded, sloping mountain,
Gushing rill, or sparkling fountain,
Wear the wild exquisite beauty
That so long ago it wore?
Forest groves are rent and broken,
Where the warrior's love was spoken
And their glorious primal beauty
Human art can ne'er restore.

When the dusky twilight falleth,
Spirit unto spirit calleth,
In the silence, in the darkness,
Chanting their mysterious lore;
Hovering o'er the silent river,
They are moaning sadly ever,
And the glassy wavelets quiver
As they pass from shore to shore.

When the pallid moon is waning,
And the night owl is complaining,
When with wild and fitful swelling
Hoarsely shrieks the tempest's roar,
Then the traveler, benighted,
Listens, fearful and affrighted,
To the spirit voices telling
Of the "mighty dead of yore."

Connecticut, 1852.

ELEMENTS OF THE SUCCESS OF METHODISM.

UNDER the title of "the Substance of Methodism," Mr. Taylor attempts to analyze the elements of its success. The first was the awakening of the souls of men to a consciousness of their personal relation to the Almighty. The same religious truths had been preached dogmatically, sentimentally, æsthetically. The hearers had been convinced, but not impressed. Their sensibilities had been pleasurably excited; but their consciences had not been made active. Their tastes had been gratified; but the introspective faculty had not been set at work. Previous religious teaching had dealt mainly with the comprehensive aspects and relations of Christianity; Methodism shut up the individual soul to a heart-probing interview with the Author of its being. The contrast is happily drawn in the following extract:—

"Taking an ordinary instance as sufficient for our purpose, let it be asked what it is that a Christian minister may believe that he sees before him on a Sunday? He may be sure that there is always much of the diffused and salutary influence of Christian doctrine within the compass of his stated congregation. With a few exceptions (probably) he addresses those who, whether in the way of a passive acquiescence, or, as the result of reading and reflection, have come sincerely to accept Christianity as true: they *do* 'unfeignedly believe the holy gospel.' They *do* 'look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come.' In this pulpit-prospect there is therefore a wide range for charitable hope, and ground enough on which the pastor's consolation may rest, that he has not altogether 'labored in vain.'

"Or, to vary the instance, we can many of us recall the recollection of those over-crowding times when a preacher of unmatched power and grace—a perfect orator—used to fix every eye upon himself, through his hour of fluent and affluent sublimities. How did all faces gleam with an intensity of intellectual enjoyment, longing to vent itself in loud acclamations at every pause! And when that hour of fascination was over, what looks of gratulation were exchanged among friends from pew to pew! what shaking of hands, and how many smiles and nods passed to and fro, among the delighted people!

"But now all these pleasurable indications must be dismissed, for it is a Methodist of Wesley's or of Whitefield's order that is in this same pulpit. As a preacher, he is not more sincere or right-minded than the last; and as an orator, he is far less highly gifted; he is not so accomplished a theologian, nor in any sense is he rather to be chosen than the other, as to his dispositions, or endowments, or as to his creed: but he is a Methodist, and his words sink into the hearts of those that hear. While he speaks a suppressed anxiety rules the spirits of the crowd, and this feeling breaks forth into sighs on every side: the preacher's style is not, in itself, oratorically affecting, and yet many weep, and an expression, not to be simulated, of anguish and of dread, marks many faces. What is it, then, that has taken place? It is this, that a sense, deep-seated in the structure of human nature, but which hitherto has slumbered, has suddenly woke up. There is a tumult in the soul, while a power irresistible is claiming its rights over both body and soul. Instead of that interchange of smiles which lately had pervaded the congregation, while the orator was doing his part, now every man feels himself, for the hour, alone in that crowd. Even the preacher is almost forgotten; for an immortal and guilty spirit has come into the presence of Eternal Justice. Within the dismayed heart it is as if the moral condition, hitherto unheeded, were spread abroad for strictest scrutiny. Quite gone from the thoughts are all those accessories of religious feeling which so often in times past had been the source of agreeable devout excitement. It is a dread of the supreme rectitude that now holds the mind and heart."—Pp. 142, 143.

Methodism, in the second place, carried the individualizing process into every department of the spiritual life. Not only in its thunder-tones of alarm, but in its persuasive, pathetic appeals, it addressed, not multitudes, but every soul in the multitude. Its Saviour was not the benefactor of the race, but the personal friend of the isolated sinner, bearing his name "engraven on the palms of his hands and on his heart," making atonement for him on Calvary, ever living to intercede for him—sure to have done and suffered all in his behalf, even had he been the only lost sheep to be borne back to the fold.

A third element in the success of Methodism was its proclamation of entire and immediate salvation as the result of an effort of the will, an unreserved self-surrender to the divine mercy. In one aspect, indeed, the formation of the religious character is gradual and slow. Only step by step, and by prolonged and reiterated self-discipline, can the distance between a selfish, worldly life and entire self-consecration be overpassed. Yet there must be an epoch of choice and resolution—a moment when the soul, in the omnipotence of a God-strengthened will, says, "I am henceforth not my own, but Christ's." This epoch must be reached in order to render spiritual growth possible. The preaching which dwells mainly on the necessity and means of improvement, will leave a large proportion of the better class of its hearers under the control of those moral influences which involve no power of progressive goodness—respectably undevout and decently non-religious. The preaching that shuts up its hearers to a day, a moment, of conversion, can hardly fail so to concentrate the forces of evangelical truth as to multiply converts; and, though it may multiply apostates also, there will be a large residuum of spiritual life, too vivid, too earnest, not to abide, and grow, and culminate. Then, too, the idea of entire salvation, of full pardon, acts at once on every noble and generous element of the soul, and makes obedience and purity the dictate of honor and gratitude to infinite mercy. The sentence, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," alone can give speed and power to the mandate, "Go, and sin no more."

But, under all these conditions, Methodism owed its success mainly to its having been, in its inception, and at every stage of its progress, an enterprise of pure evangelical philanthropy. Its vital principle was diffusion, propagation. Its pervading spirit was the missionary spirit. Its apostles attested their sincerity by every possible form of self-sacrifice. They spoke that language of sacrifice, which alone can convey the assurance and accomplish the work of love—the language which the mother perpetually utters to her child, the patriot to his country, the reformer to the objects of his benevolent interpositions—nay, which God in Christ uttered upon Calvary to the whole human race.

Genius and Mediocrity.—Corneille did not speak correctly the language of which he was such a master. Descartes was silent in mixed society. Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute, said—"I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village into a great city." Addison was unable to converse in company. Virgil was heavy colloquially. La Fontaine was coarse and stupid when surrounded by men. The Countess of Pembroke had been often heard to say of Chaucer, that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation. Socrates, celebrated for his written orations, was so timid that he never ventured to speak in public. Dryden said that he was unfit for company. Hence it has been remarked, "Mediocrity can *talk*; it is for genius to *observe*."

THE SIGN-PAINTER—THE TRIUMPH OF GENIUS.

ABSORBED in the contemplation of the picture that he was on the point of completing, Ribera, the painter, stood before his easel. Once more he seemed intent on scrutinizing its every line; then, suddenly stepping back a few paces, "Yes," he exclaimed, in the self-complacent pride of the artist—"yes, indeed, it is a master-piece; it beats Caravaggio himself, and not a touch more will I add to it!" So saying, he dashed aside both pencil and palette with such thoughtless vehemence as to throw down the half-finished portrait of a lady that stood in the corner of his studio. Ribera, however, was too deeply engaged in the contemplation of his work to notice the unfortunate result of his rashness. With folded arms he continued standing before the picture, recapitulating with a well-satisfied air, and the most off-hand humor, the several beauties that his self-love discovered. Scarcely ever have the creations of Raphael's pencil been so richly rewarded with encomium, and a cicerone, showing some lover of art a master-piece that had been the admiration of centuries, however voluble he might be of tongue, would scarcely have chanced upon a strain of commendation equal to that which our painter now lavished so profusely on himself. At moments he would stay the course of his criticism, but only for the purpose of favoring himself with eulogiums that told of anything but modesty.

"I knew well enough," said he, with his hand upon his brow, "that there was no lack of genius here. I might now lay me down at once and die, and my name would be rescued forever from oblivion. But I hope God will still lengthen the span of my days. It surely cannot be his will that the secret of painting well, which he revealed to me in the cradle, should be prematurely buried with me in the grave; but he will rather let me gladden myself with my fame. Bitter enough has been the struggle for it; for, ere attaining to it, I have had to conquer self-distrust, and misery, and pain. How often have I had no other place of refuge in which to lay my head than the porch of the church, or the cavern in the mountain! How often have I been without the morsel of bread that would have satisfied hunger; or, destitute even of a shred of canvas, have traced my pictures with my finger in the sand upon the shore, for the wind to sweep them away! or, when I have shaped forth my budding fancies on the city walls or the palaces of the great, how often have the servants come, at the behest of their masters, to blur them out, without one of them understanding that they were the work of an artist—of an artist, too, in the need of alms! But I murmur not at these hard trials before thee, my God. Thou hast granted me, in the fairest period of my life, to reach the goal of my aspirations. Thou hast given me strength for the struggle, and faith to sustain me; for all those who are destined by thee to soar above the vulgar throng, must first, like thine own Son, our Saviour, wear the crown of thorns."

He was still in the full glow of enthusiasm, when the door of his studio opened, and a little wrinkle-faced old dame shuffled in; it was the venerable Beatrix. She brought in a wooden trencher, with a very spare meal upon it, and laid it down on one side; but finding that the painter took no sort of notice of her, she at last endeavored to make him conscious of her presence.

"When I heard you talking so loud, as I came up-stairs," she said, "I thought I should find the real *old gentleman* himself with you, that you are so familiar with. What were you screaming about in that manner? You must either have been dreaming aloud or been talking to the Wicked One in bodily form. A fine acquaintance that, forsooth! It was he, I trow, that gave you the idea of that horrible picture there, that makes my hair stand on end every time I look at it; a thing you have been laboring at, and nothing else, for three whole months. How can you wonder at our good viceroy, the Count of Monterei, giving you no employment, if you waste your time on such unsightly things as these? How can you expect any one to take up with such a hideous picture? Why, the very women would be before their time at the sight of it!"

"It is truly lamentable, good Beatrix, that it does not please thee," said Ribera, patting her gently on the shoulder.

"It is much more lamentable to think that you are minded to die of hunger," replied the old dame; "and, scanty as your dinner is to-day, I only wish you may have the like of it to-morrow; but before that can happen you must give me the means, for mine are all gone,—and yet you will always keep saying you could be rich if you liked. Why have not you finished the Countess of Venuttas's portrait—a lady who would fairly have covered the canvas with gold for you, and procured you the patronage of the viceroy himself? It might have been the making of you! But no; whenever she came you always behaved as foolishly as you could, or even told me to tell her downright that you were not at home. God knows what it cost me to utter such lies as those! Go and be wiser!"

"Don't talk to me of that woman, Beatrix," said Ribera, "with her shilly-shally face and her passionless eye. Why, I would have made her uglier than she really is! Ah! if I had had the young girl to copy from whom I met about three months ago, and purposely avoided seeing again, lest the remembrance of so lovely an image should disturb me in my retirement—Ah! I would have painted her with rapture!"

Beatrix was a listener no longer. As soon as Ribera began to excuse his own idleness by the ugliness of the Countess, she had pitifully shrugged her shoulders; and, turning her back on him, she now beheld that ill-fated portrait upon the ground. She immediately hastened to raise it.

"Heavens! what is this?" said she. "How wonderful! Of a truth the devil hath been keeping holiday with you, and put out one of the countess's eyes by way of pastime."

"Pshaw!" replied the artist, with a laugh, as he remembered by what mischance it had happened. "Sooth, never was my arm directed to better purpose; and I only wish that the same palette which flew by chance into this eye had done as much for that of the original. Then I should be quit of this wearisome countess, or should at least be able to find many a prettier profile."

"You are a fool!" said Beatrix; "happily for you, your friends have not lost their wits, but have been thinking more of your welfare than you yourself have. Dress yourself now, and go and find out Christophoro Panolfo; he is waiting for you."

"Who is this man?"

"One of the richest merchants in Naples."

"I know him not."

"But he knows you. They have been talking to him about you; he has a good opinion of your talents, and wants to order a picture of you. Now, this is as good as ready money; will you reject this, too, as well as the rest?

"No, certainly not," said Ribera. "If this Panolfo is a judge, and will take the trouble to come to me, he will, beyond all doubt, set a respectable price on this master-piece before us."

"What! you will not even call upon him?"

At this question Ribera shrugged his shoulders, and began to whistle.

"No? this is past all bearing!" cried Beatrix, with the greatest indignation, while she planted herself before him with an almost threatening air. "I tell you plainly, you must go to Panolfo, if I have to drag you by the collar to his door."

Ribera merely shook his head.

"What will you bet me," continued she, "that I do not bring you to obedience? Fie! shame on you: this shows a bad heart, Ribera. Are you alone in the world, that you act thus? Our holy father, the Pope himself, has given me a dispensation from fasting in consideration of my age, and you condemn me to it. If you are to die of hunger, do you think that *I* will eat? Forward, child!" continued the old woman, assuming a milder tone—forward at once, "for I know you love me, on account of the friendship I bear to you. Though just at first I made you angry by speaking ill of your painting, yet you must pardon me now, and go to Panolfo. Here is your sword, and here your cocked hat, which becomes you vastly when you just perch it a little on one side in this way, over the left ear; you may hide your jerkin beneath your mantle, for it is a little too shabby to be seen in open daylight. Ah! just so; head up, my child; eyes well open, and the mustache brought nicely to point. Heaven help me, if you look not as proud and grand as the Emperor Charles V. in his own mighty person! If you find any gentlewoman at Panolfo's, show them your handsome face, and look tenderly on them; I, too, once was young, and I know what I am talking about."

Still chattering on, as if she would never cease, Beatrix waited only till the artist had finished attiring himself,—and then, thrusting him out of the room, she gave him one more volley of encouragement as he descended the stairs.

"When you get to the other end of the town, ask for the merchant Panolfo. Mind you do not forget his name; he lives in the grand square, nearly opposite the palace of the viceroy. Fare ye well, fare ye well,—and bring me all the good news you can."

Not yet fully resolved whether he should go in search of the merchant or not, Ribera was sauntering on through the streets, when, a few hundred yards from his own door, he met one of his friends, the young Octavio, who, less by his talent than by a supple and intriguing character, had gained the notice of the viceroy, and was recognized as one of his privileged favorites. Octavio approached him, and expressed no little astonishment at seeing him again.

"What have you been about?" said he; "it is an eternity since I saw you last."

"I have been hard at work in the meantime," answered Ribera; and thereupon he reminded him of his repeated promises of saying a word for him to Count Monterei.

"Ah!" cried Octavio, "not a day passes but what I mention your name to him. But what is it you want? You are nowhere to be found. If the count could but see a picture by you!"

"Do you really think he would be inclined to lend me a helping hand?"

"Not a moment's doubt of it. Such talents as yours,—they need only be known to be valued. Besides, you know, I am always at hand to exclaim, at the sight of your performances—Admirable! excellent! sublime!"

"Nothing could be more opportune," returned Ribera, "for I have just finished a picture, than which, without any vanity, I may say I never did a better. If you would like to form your judgment upon it, perhaps you will step back with me now."

"Not just now," said Octavio, "I have an appointment that makes it impossible; but to-morrow, or the day after. You are right—nothing could be more opportune, and I will speak to the count about you. Farewell, my good fellow,—fare you well." So saying, he turned on his heel, and was soon out of sight.

"Now I will go to the merchant," said Ribera; "it may well be that the patronage of a stranger, though he looks down upon me with contempt, will avail me more than the hypocritical grimaces of officious and pretended friendship. Yes, yes, look well to the post you have won so craftily. Keep an eye on the portals of the palace—guard well its entrances; for when once I have set foot across the threshold, I will drive ye out, as our Saviour did the dealers from the Temple. What! ye are jealous of me, ye limners! ye are afraid of me! and so to lull me to sleep ye accord me your patronage! But may I be one of the daubers that ye are, my fine fellows, if I do not find the means of rising without you!"

At length Ribera arrived at Panolfo's house. Two of the servants conducted him into a richly-furnished apartment, which afforded a magnificent view of the spacious garden adjoining it, and of the azure sea in the distance. A middle-aged man, duly favored with corpulence, with a dull and vulgar cast of features, and a mouth continually opened to its utmost width, paced, gaping, up and down the room. At the open window sat a young girl, with her head resting on her hand, eagerly inspiring the perfume of the orange grove and the aromatic odors wafted on the breeze from the sea. Ribera made his salutation on entering; but the moment his eye rested on the young maiden's face, he turned red as fire, and quite lost his self-command, for he at once recognized the beautiful creature of whom he had been talking to Beatrix but an hour before, and it was with difficulty that he now faltered forth his name. Laura, indeed, was of extraordinary beauty. There Ribera stood in utter embarrassment, twirling his hat round between his fingers, and totally incapable of speech. The merchant, who, at his entrance, had checked his peregrinations about his room, attributed Ribera's embarrassment to his ignorance of the world, and awkwardly endeavored to inspire him with courage. This blunt condescension aroused the painter from his fit of transport, and restored him to the full influence of his native pride. Rising to his full height, he answered thus: "Neither wealth nor power, nor aught that is wont to inspire others with awe, could humble me or fix my gaze on the earth—through beauty alone God manifests to me his majesty; and if you beheld me in embarrassment, it was from no other cause than my admiration of his most beautiful master-piece." His eye met Laura's, and it could not escape him that Panolfo's daughter participated in his feelings. The spell-work of enchantment, as it were, had taken both of them captive; and, before they had exchanged a single word, the mute language of the eye had told them that they loved. Panolfo it was who unconsciously contributed most to further the quick flame of affection; for the more he played the patron before the artist, the more sympathizing grew Laura's glances, and the more eager she seemed to compensate him for the pain of humiliation.

"They tell me, sir," began the merchant, "that you are not wanting in talent,"—Ribera bowed,—"but that you are poor and in need of work. I have always taken pleasure in promoting the arts. We will see whether you deserve one's patronage."

Ribera frowned and bit his lip, lest he should be tempted to repay such insolence in kind. Laura noticed this involuntary play of his features, and, seeking to calm the rising storm, "You are a stranger here, sir?" said she.

Her voice seemed to vibrate on the painter's heart. His brow grew smooth again, and he replied, "I was born in Spain, signora, in Xativa, near Valencia. But I left my home and family as a child, and have never seen them since; and, setting aside the time that I have passed in your native country, I am the more entitled to consider myself a scion of Italy, since the bloom of youth is over with me, and now particular ties attach me to the soil. I have been in Rome, Venice, Florence, and Parma. In every corner of the land I have left traces of me behind me; wherever the art of painting flourishes, I have gathered, like the bee, the down off the blossom, and prepared my honey. I am now settled at Naples, and never think of leaving it again."

"What induces you, Sir Painter, to give this city the flattering preference?" said the merchant. Ribera felt his blood ready to rise again: he collected himself, however, and "That is a secret, signor," he replied.

"You are too curious, father," said Laura, throwing in a word of conciliation. "Signor Ribera will, perhaps, give you to understand that he *loves*."

"Yes, signora," returned Ribera, "he loves, and with an ardor that will last for his life." Now it was Laura's time to blush, and Ribera became more confused than before, when he saw her, too, incapable of concealing her embarrassment.

"A truce to that!" cried Panolfo: "you reproach me with curiosity, Laura, and you are a hundred times more curious than I. Come, good sir, and let us talk of business. Are you inclined to earn five-and-twenty ducats? But, first of all, what branch of the art do you pursue?"

"Tell me only," said Ribera, "what you think of ordering."

"A SIGN FOR MY WAREROOMS."

Ribera moved as if to rise, but an imploring look from Laura restrained him: his excitement, however, was so great that he could not find words to say whether he refused or accepted the proposal.

"Are you not inclined for it?" continued Panolfo. "Why, it would be the finest possible opportunity of making yourself known; and, if you have any talent, you could have no better way of exhibiting it to the public. Do something decent for me, and all my fellow-merchants will give you commissions forthwith."

"Will you intrust the choice of the subject to me?" said Ribera. "Only on condition that I am allowed to paint you something of my own free choosing, can I accept your proposal."

"Well," returned the merchant, "I have confidence in you: do what you like for me."

"And what price do you stipulate for?" continued Ribera, with a smile of bitterness.

"As I told you before, five-and-twenty ducats; and *that*, according to my notions, is paying the thing well. You need only make a beginning; and, if I am satisfied, I will let you paint my portrait too, and double the amount. You see I know how to do things."

"My thanks to you," cried Ribera, rising to his full height. "However, had you left it to me to fix the price, I should have demanded five hundred ducats; but I will make a proposition to you that may lead to an agreement between us. I only ask permission of you to fix the picture that you have ordered of me, for one single day, over the door of your house, and it shall not cost you a farthing. You are right—I must make myself known, and I now seize the opportunity that presents itself. You may give out publicly, signor, that you have concluded a good bargain with the first painter in Naples. In a short time we shall meet again. Farewell, signora."

Laura softly opened on him her beautiful eyes, that seemed to say to him, "Be really what thou believest thyself to be, and Laura's hand be the reward of thy talent."

Ribera withdrew. Slowly he descended the stairway; and when, on his way through the garden, he passed beneath the window of the apartment which he had but just quitted, a purse fell at his feet. It contained five hundred ducats, and a slip of paper, on which was written, "My hand and fortune for the first painter in Naples."

A fortnight after the incident just related, with the dawn of day a large crowd of people was seen assembled before Panolfo's house. Every one was pointing toward it, or clapping his hands, and asking the name of the painter who had erected as a sign the magnificent picture of the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, which had been fixed to the balcony overnight, and denuded of its covering with the approach of daylight. The enthusiasm of the throng now manifested itself in vehement clamor, and now in still admiration, mingled with a feeling of the deepest horror. The saint was depicted lying on his left side. His feet were tied together, and held by one of his executioners; his right arm, which was drawn up perpendicularly to his head, had already received a gash, and the other torturer, with a Satanic smile in his bloodthirsty visage, thrust his hand with as much callous composure into the wound, between the bleeding flesh and the lacerated skin, as a butcher that has seized the animal he is going to slay: while the face of the victim expressed, in a wonderful manner, his resignation and his faith in the eternal reward promised to the martyr, and his silent conquest thereby over pain and torture. Never had such a subject found such an expounder; never did pencil attain in so high a degree to expression and power.

The news had soon spread over the whole town; and the crowd assembled in the grand square grew so large at last, that the viceroy himself became anxious to know the reason of the concourse. Accompanied, therefore, by Octavio and other favorites, he repaired to the spot opposite the merchant's house, and, seized with astonishment and admiration at the sight, "Who painted this master-piece?" he cried. No one was quick in answering him. "Why does the artist conceal himself?" continued Monterei. "Let him show himself, and depend upon my protection. All the painters of Naples shall go and be schooled by him. Once more, whose master-work is this?"

"Mine," cried Ribera, stepping forth from the crowd.

"Who art thou?"

"My name is Ribera; I am here unknown, and only wait to be that which it may please your highness to make me."

"What reward dost thou require?

"The title of First Painter to the Viceroy of Naples."

"Be it so. How much hast thou received for this picture?"

"Sire, the merchant Panolfo offered me twenty-five ducats for it, but I rejected them. However, he can content me another way: I love his daughter Laura."

"To-morrow ye shall be united."

The union of the two lovers took place on the following day. Ribera, better known by the name of Espagnioletta, in a short time became the most celebrated painter in Naples; and soon eclipsed all those who, jealous of the Count of Monterei's favor, or fearful of their rival's superiority, had so long obstructed his path to fortune and to fame. But Panolfo, who had most cordially given his consent to his daughter's union with Ribera, never let a day pass without boasting that he had been the first to recognize the genius of his son-in-law.

The Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew now forms part of the Parisian collection of the paintings of the Spanish school. Mr. Taylor's passionate love of the fine arts deprived the cabinets of Spain of this magnificent gem, in order to confer it upon France. Every one may there convince himself that the praise which we have lavished on the picture, far from being exaggerative, is really less than its real merits demand; and the Parisian public has already expressed its enthusiastic admiration of the work in similar terms to the acclaim of Naples two hundred years before.

* * *

ENNUI.—Some people like occasionally to take refuge in a gentle shade of misanthropy, and to feel ill-used when there is nothing to amuse them.

THE FIVE POINTS.

A STRANGER, taking his position in Broadway, near the City Hospital, would find himself at one of the central points of the wealth, the fashion, and the commerce of the largest and most influential city of the Union. The Hospital, of massive stone, surrounded by fine trees and spacious grassplots, which present a beautiful oasis amid the desert of brick and sand that encompasses its outer railing, tells loudly that active benevolence has here its sphere, and Christian charity its appropriate work. Elegant stores, crowded with merchandise of the most costly description; carts bending beneath the pressure of valuable loads; handsome carriages, containing fair occupants, whose rich attire bespeaks an utter disregard of the value of money; well-dressed hundreds, crowding the innumerable omnibuses, or passing with rapid steps through this great thoroughfare of fashion and of business; everything betokens progress, wealth, and happiness.

"But there is just behind a drearier scene;
The peopled haunts another aspect wear;
Midst wealth and splendor, wasted forms are seen,
Victims of ceaseless toil, and want, and care;
And there the sterner nature that will dare
To live, though life be bought with infamy;
There guilt's bold emissaries spread their snare,
Who law, or human or divine, defy,
And live but to perpetuate crime and misery."

One minute's walk from that Broadway-point of wealth, commerce, and enjoyment, will place him in another world of vision, thought, and feeling. Passing down Anthony-street but two squares, a scene will be presented, forming so entire a contrast to that he has just left, that imagination would never have pictured, nor can language in its utmost strength successfully portray it. Standing at the lower end of Anthony-street, a large area, covering about an acre, will open before him. Into this, five streets, viz., Little-Water, Cross, Anthony, Orange, and Mulberry, enter, as rivers emptying themselves into a bay. In the center of this area is a small triangular space known as "Paradise-square," surrounded by a wooden paling, generally disfigured by old garments hung upon it to dry. Opposite this little park stands, or rather stood, the "Old Brewery," so famed in song and story. Miserable-looking buildings, liquor-stores innumerable, neglected children by scores, playing in rags and dirt, squalid-looking women, brutal men with black eyes and disfigured faces, proclaiming drunken brawls and fearful violence, complete the general picture.

Gaze on it mentally, fair reader, and realize, if you can, while sauntering down Broadway, rejoicing in all the refinements and luxuries of life, that *one minute's* walk would place you in a scene like this. Gaze on it, men of thought, when treading the steps of the City Hall or the Hall of Justice, where laws are framed, and our city's interests discussed and cared for—*one minute's* walk would place you in this central point of misery and sin. Gaze on it, ye men of business and of wealth, and calculate anew the amount of taxation for police restraints and support, made necessary by the existence of a place like this. And gaze on it, Christian men, with tearful eyes—tears of regret and shame—that long ere now the Christian Church has not combined its moral influences, and tested their utmost strength to purge a place so foul; for this, reader, is the "Five Points!"—a name known throughout the Union, in England, and on the continent of Europe. The "Five Points!"—a name which has hitherto been banished from the vocabulary of the refined and sensitive, or whispered with a blush, because of its painful and degrading associations. The "Five Points!" What does that name import? It is the synonym for ignorance the most entire, for misery the most abject, for crime of the darkest dye, for degradation so deep that human nature cannot sink below it. We hear it, and visions of sorrow—of irremediable misery—flit before our mental vision. Infancy and childhood, without a mother's care or a father's protection: born in sin, nurtured in crime; the young mind sullied in its first bloom, the young heart crushed before its tiny call for affection has met one answering response. Girlhood is there; not ingenuous, blushing, confiding youth, but reckless, hardened, shameless effrontery, from which the spectator turns away to weep. Woman is there; but she has forgotten how to blush, and creates oblivion of her innocent childhood's home, and of the home of riper years, with its associations of fond parental love and paternal sympathies, by the incessant use of ardent spirits. Men are there—whose only occupation is thieving, and sensuality in every form, of every grade, and who know of no restraint, except the fear of the strong police, who hover continually about these precincts. And boys are there by scores, so fearfully mature in all that is vicious and degrading, that soon, O how soon, they will be fit only for the prison and the gallows.

This fearful spot—this concentration of moral evil—this heathendom without the full excuse of ignorance so entire as creates a hope for foreign lands—why do we portray it? Why dwell for a moment upon scenes at which even a casual glance causes the warm blood to mantle to the cheek, and sends it rushing through the heart, until it quivers and aches with intensest sorrow? Why? Because we believe the time for action, the most wise, the most earnest, the most vigorously sustained, is fully come. The voice of benevolence has sounded there, and has been echoed, not faintly, not equivocally, but by a cry deep, agonized, impassioned. The wail of infancy, the moan of neglected childhood, the groan of mature years sick of sin, yet almost despairing of rescue, have united, and the cry has reached the ear of Christian kindness, and Christian hearts have responded to that call, and are now united to prove, as far as they may be enabled, the utmost power of redeeming grace to raise the fallen and to save the lost.

For several years the New-York Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church had been anxious to include this point within the sphere of their operations. Their report of 1848 contains this language:—"We intend to make a new point in Centre or Elm-streets, in the vicinity of the Tombs. The deepest interest was manifested by the Board respecting this effort. Several ladies pledged their personal labors to the Sunday school, and all feel that this is emphatically '*mission ground.*' We plead for the children—for we commence with the Sabbath school—the children, because through them we hope to reach the parents—the children, because ere long they will hold the destiny of our city within their hands. We expect to employ a missionary there, *who will avail himself of every providential opening for usefulness.*" Urged by such feelings, the Board selected a committee of intelligent and judicious gentlemen, to survey the field and select a place for action. After a careful survey, the committee reported that a suitable room could not be found, and therefore the ladies must defer their hopes and plans. The point was sadly yielded, but never for a moment forgotten; and, before the Annual Conference of 1850, it was resolved "to apply for a missionary, in full faith that a way would be made plain for him to act efficiently and profitably." It was done, and most cheerfully responded to by the Bishops, and the Rev. L. M. Pease was appointed.

The ladies, feeling the difficulties that beset them in a field like this, and encouraged by the expressed interest of husbands, brothers, and friends, selected a number of gentlemen of the highest respectability and standing, who were formed into an "Advisory Committee" to the Board, and were empowered, in conjunction with the missionary, to find a suitable place and make all necessary arrangements for the opening of the Sabbath school. Obstacles seemed to vanish before them. A room was found, the corner of Little-Water and Cross-streets, some twenty by forty feet, thoroughly cleaned and seated, and thus

MISSION ROOM.

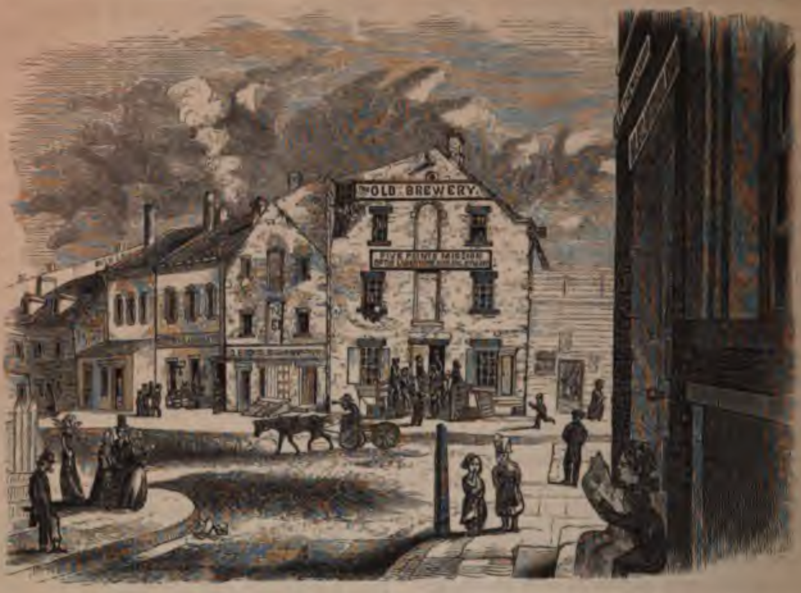
made capable of accommodating about two hundred persons. The first Sabbath it was filled. By whom? By what? A friend described it as "a more vivid representation of hell than she had ever imagined." Neglected childhood, hardened, reckless maturity, encased in filth and rags. But, through the power of grace, there were those there who had moral and physical nerve to bear the sight—the sound. They sang, and prayed, and exhorted, explained their motives and designs, and urged the importance of cleanliness upon their wretched listeners. The school opened with seventy scholars. The first few Sabbaths the children were rather unruly. The boys would throw somersets, and knock each other down, or follow any other inclination which arose. Indeed, the entire want of self-restraint was one of the most painful features of the scene, for who could repress the anxious question, "To what will all this lead?" But soon the school was perfectly organized, and each succeeding Sabbath witnessed its increase and improvement.

Immediately upon the establishment of the mission, the necessity of a day-school became apparent; it was found that weekly impressions were too evanescent to be of much benefit to children who, during the other six days, were exposed to influences which ever rest upon those residing there. Preparations were made for its organization; donations of books, maps, and slates were received, a teacher selected with the approval of the entire Board, and the ladies were rejoicing in the prospect of the fulfillment of their most cherished plan, when, in its initiatory stage, adverse influences intervened, which, by placing the school in other hands, removed it entirely from the control of the society, and, of course, in a degree from the direct influences of the mission.

Intemperance prevailed so fearfully in this region that all immediately realized that nothing could be effected until this tide could be stayed. Preaching fell on besotted ears in vain; all moral truth was wasted; it was "casting pearls before swine." Temperance-meetings were instituted, and held almost weekly in the mission-room. The friends of the cause rallied there, sang temperance-songs, and made earnest speeches. In the first year one thousand had signed the pledge, including some of the very worst of the inhabitants. Since then there has been a steady increase, and the closest scrutiny reports that in the large majority of cases the pledge has been fully kept.

Next to intemperance, the missionary found the greatest hinderance to consist in the want of steady employment for the surrounding poor. The majority were vicious, and unused to work; many were anxious for employment, but could not get it, because the large establishments which give slop-work to the poor would not trust their material in the Five Points; and yet they were obliged to remain there because of the cheapness of the rents. The missionary, by becoming responsible, found one house willing to coöperate in his design. After many experiments and many difficulties a regular establishment was formed in which fifty or sixty men and women found constant employment, and boarded in the house of the missionary. The inmates generally attended the religious services of the mission, the children came to the Sabbath school, and the Society regarded it as a valuable adjunct to their undertaking. At the end of the first year the same adverse influence which had already removed the day-school from the control of the Board also operated here; and although they have been successful in obtaining employment for numbers, yet the want of sufficient room has prevented their efforts in this line from being apparent to casual visitors.

The second conference year opened with the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Luckey (late chaplain to the Sing-Sing State-prison) to that field of labor. His influence among the convicts of Sing-Sing was a good preparation for the work which now devolved upon him. He and his devoted wife have penetrated its dark alleys, and have explored every avenue of Cow-Bay and the Old Brewery. The wretched inhabitants of cellars and garrets have had their word of counsel and their cheering aid; their utmost influence has been exerted to induce the children to attend a day-school supported by various benevolent individuals; they have visited the sick, and directed the dying to Him who could save to the uttermost; and through them, aided by ladies and gentlemen connected with the mission, a moral influence has been exerted which is felt throughout that entire community. Nor



THE OLD BREWERY.[○]

have they rested here; scores of men and women have through them been supplied with work; children have been placed in the "Home of the Friendless," or in responsible families; and they have spared neither time nor trouble to effect these objects.

During the year the mission-room became so crowded with children and adult listeners, who also flocked to the weekly means of grace, that the necessity of a larger place was painfully felt. While somewhat anxiously debating about ways and means to accomplish this, a path entirely unexpected opened before the Board. Mr. Harding, lessee of Metropolitan Hall, (the largest and most beautiful place in the city for a public meeting,) offered it to the Society for one evening free of expense. The Hutchinsons and Alleghanians, being apprized of this, volunteered to sing gratuitously, and the Rev. Messrs. Beecher and Wakely consented to speak on the occasion. This association of circumstances induced the Board, with the approval of their Advisory Committee, to hold a public meeting, and call upon all interested in the object to aid in the renovation of a spot which for years had been a by-word for all that was degraded in human character and extreme in human misery. The house was filled to overflowing; the interest manifested was great; and $4,000 were contributed toward that mission. Thus encouraged, the ladies called upon their Advisory Committee to redeem a former promise, viz.: that if, after two years' trial, the success should warrant the outlay, they would aid them in obtaining a more commodious place. After a thorough survey they concluded that the "Old Brewery" was the most eligible point. This place, celebrated for years as the stronghold for crime in that dark region, whose avenues were familiarly known as "Murderer's Alley" and the "Den of Thieves," was inhabited at the time by at least three hundred wretched immortal beings. No language can exaggerate its filth or the degradation of its inmates; and the cleansing of this alone we deem missionary work. Believing that the renovation of a place like this, in the very heart of our great city, would prove a general benefit, the Society called upon the public to aid them still further in the arduous work. Promptly and nobly was that call responded to; ere six months had passed $13,000 were subscribed; and, although $3,000 of the

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[○] The drawings of this article have been made under the care, and, so far as accuracy and general execution are concerned, on the responsibility of the ladies of the Home Missionary Society.

required sum was yet needed, the committee felt emboldened to make the purchase, and thus enabled the ladies' achievement to realize their warmest hopes. This unexpected feat aroused the public interest to a great degree, and the remaining sum was soon raised by contributions from every quarter. We must reserve to another number the history of the "Old Brewery" and many circumstances connected with its purchase and demolition, and in this connection close by saying that the Ladies' Home Missionary Society have had the privilege of demonstrating to the city that the "Five Points" are perfectly accessible to moral influences. They believed that,

"However deep may be the shade of sin,
There is in every human heart a way
By which the light of truth may enter in.
What though the spirit seem to shun the ray,
And cling to evil?—faith and patience may
The dark suggestions of despair refute:
Night seemeth deepest ere the dawn of day;
The wither'd plant may quicken at the root;
How many sow the seed who may not see the fruit?"

And in accordance with these sentiments they have contended with difficulties, met opposition, and patiently and prayerfully pursued their onward course. In view of the wasted intellect, the perverted feelings, the deadened sensibilities, and the fearful retribution of the adults by whom they were surrounded; in view of the redemption purchased for and proffered to them; in view of the hundreds of children exposed to every evil influence, who yet might be snatched from the mäelstrom on whose verge they were standing, the ladies acted. In view of this fearful desolation, which year after year had deterred both the philanthropic and the Christian from strong, *systematic* effort there, they said:—

"These are the thoughts that make us watch and weep
Over the children of depravity,
And feel it is a glorious work to keep
One falling mind from ruin."

Even though the results should prove small, the effort would be accepted; how far they exceeded their most sanguine hopes will be portrayed in another chapter.

Donations should be directed to the Ladies' Home Missionary Society, care of Carlton and Phillips, No. 200 Mulberry-street.

THE SPINNING-MAIDEN'S CROSS.

BY REV. PROFESSOR WHEWELL.

Beneath Vienna's ancient wall
Lie level plains of sand,
And there the pathway runs of all
That seek the Holy Land.

And from the wall a little space,
And by the trodden line,
Stands, seen from many a distant place,
A tall and slender shrine.[*]

It seems, so standing there alone,
To those who come and go,
No pile of dull unconscious stone,
But touch'd with joy or woe;

Seems to the stranger on his way,
A friend that forth hath set,
The parting moment to delay,
And stands and lingers yet.

While to the long-gone traveler
Returning to his home,
It seems with doubtful greeting there
Of joy and sorrow come.

Smiles have been there of beaming joy,
And tears of bitter loss,
As friends have met and parted, by
The Spinning-Maiden's Cross.

Young Margaret had the gentlest heart
Of all the maidens there,
Nor ever fail'd her constant part
Of daily toil and prayer.

But when the festal morn had smiled,
And early prayer was o'er,
Then Margaret, gentle, still, and mild,
Had happiness in store.

For then with Wenzel side by side
In calm delight she stray'd,
Amid the Prater's flowery pride,
Or in the Augarten's shade.

"Gretchen belovèd! Gretchen dear!
Bright days we soon shall see;
My master, lord of Löwethier,
Will link my lot with thee.

"And there, upon the Kahlen's swell,
Where distant Donau shines,
He gives a cot where we shall dwell,
And tend his spreading vines."

Though joy through Margaret sent a thrill,
And at her eyes ran o'er,
Few words she spoke for good or ill,
Nor Wenzel needed more.

But when again the festal bell
Had struck on Wenzel's ear,
A sadder tale had he to tell,
And Margaret to hear.

"Gretchen belovèd! Gretchen dear!
Joy yet;—but patience now;
My master, lord of Löwethier,
Has bound him with a vow;

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[*] A Gothic cross of the architecture of the thirteenth century stands at a little distance outside the city of Vienna, and is commonly called "Die Spinnerinn am Kreuz."

"And he must to the Holy Land,
Our Saviour's tomb to free;
And I and all his faithful band
Must with him o'er the sea."

A swelling heart did Margaret press,
But calm was she to view;
Meekly she bore her happiness,
Her sorrow meekly too.

Her solitary Sabbaths brought
A prayer, a patient sigh,
As on the Holy Land she thought,
Where saints did live and die.

But from the Holy Land soon came,
Returning pilgrims there,
And heavy tidings brought with them
For Margaret's anxious ear.

For Wenzel is a captive made
In Paynim dungeon cold,
And there must lie till ransom paid
A hundred coins of gold.

Alas for Margaret! should she spin,
And all her store be sold,
In one long year she scarce could win
A single piece of gold.

Yet love can hope through good and ill,
When other hope is gone;
Shall she who loves so well be still,
And he in prison groan?

She felt within her inmost heart
A strange bewilder'd swell,
Too soft to break with sudden start,
Too gentle to rebel.

And what she hoped or thought to earn
Poor Margaret never knew,
But on her distaff oft she'd turn
A thoughtful, hopeful view.

And by the stone where last they met,
Each day she took her stand;
And twirl'd the thread till daylight set,
With unremitting hand.

Her little store upon the stone
She spread to passers-by;
And oft they paused and gazed upon
Her meek and mournful eye.

And e'en from those who had but few,
Full oft a coin she won,
And faster far her treasure grew
Than e'er her hopes had done.

But all in vain it grew, alas!
Her destined ransom store;
For from the Holy Land there pass
The travelers once more.

And when to her their news they said,
All cheer and hope were gone;
For Wenzel is in prison dead,
His captive sorrows done.

Then on her face what woe was set;
Yet still she spun and spun,
As if her hands could not forget
The work they had begun.

Through shine and rain, through heat and snow,
Her daily task she plied;
And wrought for two long twelvemonths so,
And then she gently died.

They took the treasure she had won,
Full many a varied coin,
And o'er the stone where she had spun
They raised that shapely shrine.

And still Vienna's maids recall
Her meekly suffer'd loss,
And point the fane beneath the wall—
The Spinning-Maiden's Cross.

THE HARPER

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play;
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said, (while the sorrow was big at her heart,)
O, remember your Sheelah, when far, far away,
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray!
And he lick'd me for kindness, my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I play'd a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
Can I find no one to guide me so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

CAMPBELL.

CHEER UP.

Never go gloomily, man with a mind,
Hope is a better companion than fear;
Providence, ever benignant and kind,
Gives with a smile what you take with a tear;
All will be right,
Look to the light:
Morning was ever the daughter of night;
All that was black will be all that is bright,
Cheerily, cheerily, then, cheer up.

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,
Many a trouble a blessing most true,
Helping the heart to be happy and wise,
With love ever precious, and joys ever new!
Stand in the van,
Strive like a man!
This is the bravest and cleverest plan;
Trusting in God while you do what you can.
Cheerily, cheerily, then, cheer up.

NATURE THE SCHOOL OF ART.*

THE first quality with which the observer must be struck, is the infinite *variety* of form which pervades creation. On attempting to reason concerning it, he perceives its dependence upon the functions of each object, and what the component parts of each object are ordained to fulfill; hence he will at once recognize the fact, that form is in every case, if not dependent on, at least coincident with, structural *fitness*. When the complex flower is submitted to the test of a scientific botanical examination, no particles are found to be adventitious,—all are concerned in fulfilling the appointed functions of vegetable physiology. As those functions vary with the growth of the plant, so in every case does its form—changing from tender bud to blooming flower, and from blooming flower to reproductive seed-pod, as each successive change of purpose progresses. Infinite *variety* and unerring *fitness* thus appear to govern all form in nature.

While the former of these properties demonstrates her infinite power of complexity, the latter restrains the former, and binds all in beautiful *simplicity*. In every case ornament appears the offspring of necessity alone, and wherever structural necessity permits, the simplest lines in every case consistent with the variety of uses of the object are adapted. Thus, the principal forest trees, which spring erect and hardy from the ground, in their normal state, uninfluenced by special conditions of light or heat, shoot straight aloft, with boughs equally balanced on all sides, growing so symmetrically, that a regular cone or oviform would, in most instances, precisely define their outline; and thus the climbing plants, from their first appearance, creep along the ground in weak and wayward lines, until they reach something stronger and more erect than themselves; to this they cling, and from it hang either vertically or in the most graceful festoons; to each its character of form as of purpose—to each the simplest line consistent with its appointed function and propriety of expression.

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While a consideration of the quantity of *fitness* binds us to *simplicity*, that of variety, as if in counterbalance, conducts us to a just recognition of the value of *contrast* throughout the works of creation. Simplicity becomes appreciable only when opposed to complexity, while complexity itself will, on analysis, be found to consist only of the combination of parts, individually, of extreme simplicity. Mr. Owen Jones will, doubtless, have much to tell us respecting the beautiful laws of the simultaneous contrast of colors; so we may for the present content ourself with noticing the parallel effects produced in obedience to the laws of "simultaneous contrast of form." The researches of Mr. Penrose have lately developed many of these most interesting phenomena; and have not only demonstrated the fact of the scientific acquaintance of the Greeks with their peculiarities, but have shown how essential an attempt to apply such knowledge has been to the production of those exquisite monuments which, from the first moment of their creation to the present time, have maintained a position of unquestionable supremacy over every other work which human art has yet produced. The general result of Mr. Penrose's investigations tends to the assumption that no two lines can come in contrast with one another, either in nature or in art, without the direction of the one acting, either attractively or repulsively, upon the other, and tending to diminish or exaggerate the mutual divergence of both lines, *i. e.*, to increase or lessen to the eye the angle at which they meet. Thus, if to a perfectly horizontal line another be drawn, meeting it at an angle of six degrees (about half the angle at which the inclined sides of the best Greek pediments leave the surface of the cornice), it will be difficult to convince the eye, as it traces the direction of each line, that the angle has not been materially increased by an apparent deflection of the base line, and an apparent elevation of that with which it actually forms an angle of six degrees only. In order to remedy this apparent distortion in their monuments, the Greeks have given entasis, or swelling, to their columns, inclination of the axes of their pillars toward a central line, a tendency outward to their antæ, and exquisite convex curves to the horizontal lines of their cornices and stylobates, which would otherwise have appeared bent and crooked.

Nature, in working out her harmonies of

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* From an admirable lecture by M. Digby Wyatt, Esq., "On the Principles which should determine Form in the Decorative Arts," delivered at the Society of Arts, London.

contrast, abounds with similar optical corrections. The infinitely gentle convexity of her water sky line is precisely corrected into perfect apparent horizontality by contrast with any line at right angles to a tangent to its curve. It is by attention to the optical effects produced by the impact of lines upon one another in nature, that the artist can alone store his mind with the most graceful varieties of delicate contrast. Thus it is alone that he can appreciate the extreme beauty of her constant, minute, and generally inappreciable divergence from the precise mathematical figures, in approximation to which simplicity demands, as we have already shown, that her leading forms should be modeled.

TOO MUCH BRAIN WORK.

LAMAN BLANCHARD—KIRKE WHITE.

PERHAPS among the modern victims of overwork Samuel Laman Blanchard merits special notice. Like Byron, Laman Blanchard had a predisposition to cerebral disorder. At an early age he experienced a paroxysm of suicidal excitement; in the earlier part of his life he abstained wholly from animal food—an undoubted mark of eccentricity to the eye of the physician, whatever vegetarians may say or think; and it was during an acute attack of cerebral irritation that he perished. It was ushered in, however, with the usual warnings. When eking out his income by "a constant waste of intellect and strength," his wife was seized with paralysis, and became subject to fits. His vivacity now failed him, and he became subject to deep depression of spirits. "His friends, on calling suddenly at his house, have found him giving way to tears and vehement grief, without apparent cause. In mixed society he would strive to rally; sometimes with success—sometimes utterly in vain. He has been obliged to quit the room to give way to emotions which seemed to arise spontaneously, unexcited by what passed around him, except as it jarred, undetected by others, upon the irritable chords within. In short, the nerves, so long overtasked, were giving way. In the long and gallant struggle with circumstances, the work of toil told when the hour of grief came." Amid all this, his constant thought was of fresh literary enterprises; a "limèd soul" he was, yet not struggling to be free. So long had he toiled that the image of toil literally dogged him. He chalked out schemes more numerous, and even more ambitious, than any in which he had before indulged. Among the rest he meditated "a work upon the boyhood and youth of eminent men," (we quote his biographer,) "on which he wrote to consult me, and for which I ransacked my memory to supply him with anecdotes and illustrations. He passed whole days—even weeks—without stirring abroad, writing and grieving as it were together."

In this short sketch, how clearly the psychiatric practitioner recognizes the premonitory symptoms of cerebral congestion—how deeply he grieves that no warning voice was raised, no helping hand stretched forth to snatch him from the abyss, upon the verge of which he evidently stood. The rest followed quickly. Intolerance of light—an attack of hemiplegia—imperfection of vision—spectral illusions—terrible forebodings of some undefined calamity—violent delirium—suicidal impulse—and then the act itself.

We once more quote his biographer—because some apology is due to our readers for this harrowing history—for the moral. "Thus, at the early age of forty-one, broken in mind and body, perished this industrious, versatile, and distinguished man of letters. And if excuse be needful for dwelling so long upon details of a painful nature, it may be found in the deep interest which science takes in the pathology of such sufferers, and in the warnings they may suggest to the laborers of the brain when the first ominous symptoms of over-toil come on, and while yet repose is not prescribed too late."

Laman Blanchard was the biographer of a kindred sufferer—L. E. L. *Her* history, also, is not without an emphatic warning; but we forbear to dwell longer upon this painful subject. There is one other result of mental labor which, however, deserves notice—namely, that in which the horrors of confirmed *hypochondriasis* afflict the toiler. This shows itself, not merely in the common form of weak fancies as to the bodily health, or in unaccountable gloom, but also in a less understood form, in which the judgment is weakened, and the individual gets committed to some intellectual folly in science and literature, religion or politics. The man is not actually insane, or, if insane, there is method in his madness; but his feelings are easily acted upon, his credulity is unbounded, and his actions consequently unworthy his reputation or his intellect. We feel that this is delicate ground, and we therefore avoid specifying particular instances, not desiring to hurt conscientious convictions, whether in science or religion, although they are only held and expressed after (as we think) the mind is weakened by overwork. We may, however, quote here a medical review of high authority, without risk of offense. The remarks are made in reference to the disease termed "cerebropathy" by some, by others "nervousness," and by others "brain-fag," treated very successfully by certain empirics:—"A disease of literary, political, and professional men—of men who have changed night into day, either in the pursuit of science, literature, or pleasure, and robbed the brain of the repose necessary to its vigorous action. In such, a hypochondriacal condition verging upon insanity is the real state; the brain is enfeebled, the mind is in a degree imbecile, the imagination predominant. It is with this disease upon them, that men of refinement, of genius, of learning, of high station in their respective walks, fall a prey to quacks, religious and medical, and become the subjects of homœopathic, hydriatic, and mesmeric treatment; or, still worse, abandon friends, and the healthy, useful employments of vigorous manhood, for the pursuit of ecclesiastical phantoms or the rigor of an ascetic 'retreat.'"

Perhaps the *overworked student* is as familiar an instance of the fearful results which follow on excessive mental culture, as the overworked literary man. The universities and colleges afford numerous examples, and it is somewhat difficult to select one from the number. It is of importance to remember that the glaring instances (such as that of Henry Kirke White) are not the most instructive or the most frequent. For one victim who sinks down in the heat of the battle, amid the sympathies of an admiring public, two or three are doomed to a life of dull mediocrity or intellectual imbecility. The violent effort may not have induced insanity, or any obvious disease of the intellect, yet, from the time that it was accomplished the student ceases to labor as was his wont, and the early promise of talent and usefulness is effectually defeated. It was the fate of Southey to suffer at the close of his career from the same causes which arrested the course of the two brother poets whose sufferings he related, namely, Chatterton and Kirke White. Chatterton was an illustration of the indigent *littérateur* perishing by his own hand; White of the student ambitious for academical honors, perishing at the moment of victory. While still an articled clerk at the age of eighteen, we are informed by his biographer that, after the ordinary duties of the day, he "allowed himself no time for relaxation, little for his meals, and scarcely any for sleep. He would read till one, two, three o'clock in the morning; then throw himself on the bed, and rise again to his work at five, at the call of a *larum*, which he had fixed to a Dutch clock in his chamber. Many nights he never lay down at all. It was in vain that his mother used every possible means to dissuade him from this destructive application." His health soon sunk under these habits; and his constitution experienced a shock which it never recovered. During his first term at Cambridge he had to try for a university scholarship, as well as to pass the general examination. "Once more he exerted himself [for the latter] beyond what his shattered health would bear, and he went to his tutor, Mr. Catton, with tears in his eyes, and told him that he could not go into the hall to be examined. Mr. Catton, however, thought his success here of so much importance, that he exhorted him with all possible earnestness to hold out the six days of the examination. Strong medicines were given him to enable him to support it; and he was pronounced the first man of his year. But life was the price which he was to pay for such honors as this; and Henry is not the first young man to whom such honors have proved fatal. He said to his intimate friend, almost the last time he saw him, that were he to paint a picture of Fame crowning a distinguished under-graduate after the senate-house examination, he *would represent her as concealing a death's head under a mask of beauty*." In his letters, Kirke White gives sad glimpses of the state of his mind while at Cambridge. He was overwhelmed, previously to his examination, with melancholy. "I wandered up and down," he writes at the close of 1805, "from one man's room to another, and from one college to another, imploring society, a little conversation, and a little relief of the burthen which pressed upon my spirits." In February following (1806) he says, "The state of my health is really miserable; I am well and lively in the morning, and overwhelmed with nervous horrors in the evening. I do not know how to proceed with regard to my studies—a very slight overstretch of the mind in the daytime occasions me not only a sleepless night, but a night of *gloom* and horror. The systole and diastole of my heart seem to be playing at ball—the stake my life." How significant these premonitory phenomena—how vivid the warnings to him who could read them aright! The next stage (of congestion) our readers will be prepared for. "Last Saturday morning," (we quote again from one of his letters, dated July, 1806,) "I rose early, and got up some rather abstruse problems in mechanics for my tutor, spent an hour with him, between eight and nine got my breakfast, and read the Greek history (*at breakfast*) till ten, then sat down to decipher some logarithm tables. I think I had not done anything at them when I lost myself. At a quarter past eleven my laundress found me bleeding in four different places in my face and head, and insensible. I got up and staggered about the room, and she, being frightened, ran away and told my Gyp to fetch a surgeon. Before he came, I was sallying out with my flannel gown on, and my academical gown over it," &c. A few weeks after this he went to London to relax—"the worst place," as Southey very correctly remarks, "to which he could have gone; the variety of stimulating objects there hurried and agitated him, and when he returned to college he was so completely ill that no power of medicine could save him. His mind was worn out; and it was the opinion of his medical attendant, that, if he had recovered, his intellect would have been affected." He first became delirious, then sunk into stupor, and so died. How pregnant a warning is this history to ambitious tutors and parents! What a lesson against aiming for "the bubble reputation" instead of a fitness for solid usefulness through a prolonged life! A sad disappointment, indeed, it is—to quote White's own lines—

"———— to find,
When life itself is sinking in the strife,
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat!"

THE CHRISTIAN BANKRUPT.

OUR corrupt world often defiles even the Christian; so that the merchant who professes Christianity is sometimes disposed to think that trade cannot be carried on in connection with religious principles. On this account the laws of the State are adopted, instead of those of the Bible; and if any man, by his want of skill, or by the vicissitudes connected with merchandise, becomes unable to meet his engagements, it is too often enough to satisfy him, that the law has made provisions for his release from permanent inconvenience. The true Christian, if we mistake not, will always distinguish between the law of man and that of God, and in the event of insolvency or bankruptcy, will esteem it not merely a duty, but a high source of happiness, if the providence of God will ever enable him to pay his creditors the last farthing of that which he owes. Such were the feelings and conduct of my venerable friend of thirty years ago, W——, whose name and memory are still fragrant with all who knew him, and whose example is a precious legacy to Christian merchants.

The piety of my friend was early, and so became eminent. While he was yet comparatively young, he was surrounded by the cares of a numerous family, and the anxieties of a large business connection. For a long series of years all was prosperous—his income was good, his reputation high, and his domestic and Church connections were happy. Like Job, under the influence of security which ought never to have been cherished, he might perhaps have been ready to say, "I shall die in my nest."

But when he had reached the age of nearly threescore years, reverses came. Merchant after merchant failed largely in his debt, the prices of many articles in his possession suddenly fell, and he found that Christian integrity claimed that his creditors should become acquainted with the condition of his affairs. I was present when he first stated the facts to his own family. They were assembled for evening worship; the Bible and psalm-book were placed on the table as usual, and the whole household, including five adult sons, were around him. The first appearance of the father, as he walked from the office adjoining his house to the parlor, indicated some weighty matter resting on his spirits, and this was confirmed by the impressive manner in which the psalm-book was laid aside, intimating that on that evening it would not be used; an occurrence only witnessed once before in the history of the family, and then on an occasion of deep domestic affliction.

Among the inmates of the family were two female domestics, whose services had been enjoyed by them for thirty years, who had been to our friend like children, and who by his agency, under God, had been led to the cross of Christ. These Christian females had saved from their wages, and placed in his hands at interest, sums unitedly amounting to some $500. To this fact he most touchingly alluded, adding, however—or rather he would have fully added, but for their tearful entreaties that he would never think of it again—that he hoped at some future day to repay the whole with interest. Reading the Scriptures and prayer did not a little to calm the perturbed spirits of the whole household. Not a murmur was expressed or felt in the whole family.

A few days afterward witnessed the meeting of the creditors, and never was a meeting more free from dissatisfaction, or more unanimous in their resolutions. The worthy merchant placed before them his books, made a full and candid exposure of his affairs, and closed with expressing a confident hope that, by installments covering five years, he could pay the last farthing of their claims. To such a proposal they would not listen. They said they had known and esteemed him for many years, that his conduct had always been honorable to his profession, that to some of them he had been a warm friend, and all had more or less profited by their connection with him. Under such circumstances, they were ready to take such dividend as he could pay within a year, without injury to the comforts of his family, and that with them his credit was still good to any amount. The meeting was as gratifying to my friend as such a meeting could be, and one which furnished matter for devout gratitude to the God of his mercies.

A year rolled away, a handsome dividend was paid, all were satisfied with the conduct of the excellent deacon, and he was, by a legal document, released from all future claims. Not so, however, did he consider himself. His labors were abundant, for he yet resolved to pay the whole, "and whatsoever he did, God made it to prosper." All his friends saw and felt that he was not "slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Time rolled on, and at the end of five years, by his own kind invitation, I again spent an evening with his family, and united in their devotions. This time the hymn-book was not laid aside; but, after the husband, the father, the merchant, had told the joyful news, that by the kindness of his God he was free from any embarrassment, they united in singing Addison's hymn, beginning—

> "When all thy mercies, O my God,
> My rising soul surveys,
> Transported with the view, I'm lost
> In wonder, love, and praise."

Prayer and thanksgiving followed; and, as the family were retiring, the two old female domestics were recalled to receive their money in full, with interest. With tears of gratitude and joy, they returned the deposit, adding to it their latter savings, which their friend had heretofore declined to take, and in his hands all remained till his death. The following day his creditors met, and each received, with interest, the last farthing they could have ever claimed. Cheerfulness and an excellent spirit marked the evening, but an admirable regard was had to the delicacy of their friend's feeling. They discovered, however, that in order to be thus punctual to what he considered his former promise, he had disposed of the policy of a life assurance effected in favor of his family; this, with excellent tact, they regained the following day, and sent it, with an appropriate letter, to their common friend. The blessing of Heaven continued to smile upon him, and during the ten succeeding years he became comparatively rich. At seventy-five, "like a shock of corn fully ripe," he expired without a moment's warning, amid almost universal sorrow, from disease of the heart, with which he had long been afflicted.

* * *

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DOCTOR.—"Since no man," says Bacon, "can have a better physician than himself, nor a more sovereign antidote than a *régime*, every one ought to follow my example: that is, to study his own constitution, and to regulate his life agreeably to the rules of reason."

Editor's Table.

THE first six numbers of the National, forming its first semi-annual volume, have been bound in superb style, and are for sale by *Carlton & Phillips*, 200 *Mulberry-street*, and at their agencies throughout the country. It is sold, well bound in muslin, and lettered, for $1 50; muslin, gilt, with gilt edges, $1 75; imitation morocco, gilt back, sides, and edges, $2 00; half morocco, extra, marbled edges, $2 00; Turkey morocco, full gilt, and gilt edges, $2 50. The volume contains five hundred and seventy-six octavo pages, and nearly one hundred engravings. It is one of the most elegantly finished specimens of workmanship ever offered by the trade this side of the Atlantic.

We are flooded with exchanges. In all cases, unless informed to the contrary, we shall take it for granted that they are regularly supplied with our numbers by agents in their respective localities. When not so supplied, they will please let us know.

We have heretofore dropped a gentle hint to our exchanges, respecting "invidious comparisons" in their notices of the National. These comparisons have been exceedingly flattering to us, but at the same time they set up a criterion which we cannot recognize, however favorable may be the verdict thus far rendered by the press. The leading Philadelphia and New-York magazines are placed by their three-dollar terms and proportionate size in a category quite distinct from our own; they can be judged according to their pretensions, and fairly compared with each other; but we, with our two-dollar terms and corresponding pages, beg leave to claim an independent judgment. To expect us to present equal pretensions with these "cotemporaries," under such unequal circumstances, would certainly be an exorbitant demand. The notices referred to, though decidedly to our advantage thus far, would tend to bring about this unjust standard of comparison; and the question among readers will come to be, Which of these publications is best? not, Which is best in proportion to its terms and size? Bear in mind, brother editors, the difference, and we beg leave also to remind our own readers of it. Compare us with any two-dollar magazine in the nation, and we will abide the result; but to expect us to make two pounds weigh as heavy as three, is to demand a miracle which we confess we have not yet learned to perform.

We have given, from the French, an interesting sketch and estimate of Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli; in our present number we present the first of a series of articles, also by a French hand, respecting another celebrated woman, Madame Guizot, the wife of the French statesman and philosopher. The two characters will afford a striking contrast in almost every respect, except their masculine vigor of intellect. Madame Guizot was eminently womanly in all her sentiments—she was more English than French in this respect. Religion had a profound, yet benignly beautiful influence upon her character. Unlike Margaret Fuller, her temperament was bland and even felicitous. Her struggles in early life were more severe, because more real, than those of Margaret Fuller; but amidst them all she maintained the noble repose of her nature. Her literary labors were often elaborate, but she could turn from them with facility to the duties and graces of social life. There is much of Madame de Stael's depth in her more labored works, and they present also traits of beauty and versatility. Her influence on her husband was important, and the account of their marriage will be found quite romantic. This sketch will narrate her literary labors in detail. Though life with her was, through her Christian appreciation of it, a sunny pilgrimage, notwithstanding its struggles, inward and outward, death was even more beautiful. While her distinguished husband was reading aloud, at her bedside, a sermon of Bossuet on Immortality, she serenely passed away to its realization. But we are anticipating our author; we commend his sketch as much to our male as to our female readers.

We recommend the lovers of poetry among our readers not to pass over without examination the brief article on Bennett's Poems. It contains some very beautiful specimens.

Our *portraits* are done by some of the best artists in New-York; they are drawn by Walling and Oertel, and engraved by Orr and Kinnersley; the excellence of their execution is obvious to the most casual observer. In respect to their actual resemblance to the originals, we must remark that they are accurate copies of either daguerreotypes or accredited extant portraits. These we obtain from the friends of the originals, and use them on the responsibility of the former. Our artists are instructed to "follow copy." There has been but a single instance in which they have not succeeded well.

The interesting article on *Samuel Drew*—the Shoemaker of St. Austel—in one of our late numbers, was credited to the Workingman's Friend, (London.) We learn that it was originally from the pen of our editorial *confrere*, the editor of the *Richmond Christian Advocate*. Its peregrination through the literary world is quite creditable to Dr. Lee, who claims it as his own bantling. This sort of vagabondism is no detraction from either parent or child. We cannot, therefore, repent of sending it again on the "rounds."

Elihu Burritt is as remarkable for his indomitable perseverance in the philanthropic schemes he has undertaken, as for his singular learning and his singular genius withal. He is still in Europe, contending "with might and main" for his Quaker-race principles, notwithstanding all the reverses of the subject on the Continent during a few late years. Various other reforms share his labors, particularly that of *Ocean*

Postage. He has made an appeal within a few months to our own citizens on this subject, entreating their coöperation with its friends in England. We should like to insert his letter at length, but have not room. He affirms that the reform is almost certain of success in England—the great impulse given to emigration by the golden attractions of Australia—the new "Exodus," as the British journalists term it—has brought the subject home to the hearts of the people. But its leading advocates wish to have it assume at once the importance of a great international—a universal measure. They are mostly "peace men," and doubtless they look to its pacific tendencies, its moral and social influence on the nations, and on their relations to each other. This is an attractive aspect of the subject, and not altogether imaginary. This binding together of the nations of Christendom in the peaceful ties of commercial and social relations, is the right way to neutralize old prejudices, to dispel the still lingering clouds of old nightmare traditions in both religion and politics, and to spread over the masses of the people the sunlight of right and genial public sentiments. God speed the design, and help all good men who labor and pray for it, especially our whole-hearted countryman, Elihu Burritt. He shows, in his letter, that England and America "can establish this system over more than *three-fourths* the globe without the concurrence of any other nation whatever." There is a consideration to inspire your best ambition, people of the United States! This great stride forward in the progress of the world could be taken at once if you should consent. What can we do toward it? Set the public opinion in the right direction, and it is done. A rectified public opinion is what we have contended for in these columns, as the great condition of all reforms. Let us labor for this. "It is probably the fact," says Mr. Burritt, "that *nine-tenths* of all the correspondence of the world that crosses the sea, is conveyed in British and American vessels. If, therefore, these two governments can be brought, by a pressure of public opinion, to unite in establishing an Ocean Penny Postage, so far as it lies in their united power, they could alone confer the boon, almost to the full extent of its blessing and beneficence, upon the family of man."

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"We think, however, we cannot be mistaken in attributing 'The Christianity required by the Times' to our friend of the *National;* and whether we agree with all the views it contains, or do not, we cannot but admire the aim and object of it, and the felicity with which they are presented. We may have supposed the very '*public opinion and sentiment*' which he thinks is the main thing to be sought for by the Christian Church already obtains, and was embodied in the platform agreed upon by the 'Evangelical Alliance' of 1846; that what remains to be done is to manifest Christian unity by its fruits, by devising and executing some plan of operation in which the common object of Christian association—the salvation of the world—can be aided by harmony of feeling and labor, without intruding upon any of the existing organizations of the evangelical Churches."

So speaks our brother editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal* in a notice which contains some further compliments, and which, ning from such a source, we cannot but ghly appreciate. We differ from him, howr, on the subject in question. The *public sentiment* for which we pleaded as the remedy for unnecessary sectarianism, we do not believe exists; far otherwise. We wish we could console ourselves with the encouraging view of our friend; but it is impossible with the evidences to the contrary which the Christian world still presents. We spoke favorably of the "Evangelical Alliance" in the article referred to; that movement showed a right but partial public sentiment. It showed that among a class of select minds, scattered over Protestant Christendom, and some of them leading spirits of the age, a correct sentiment had "already obtained;" but while the attempt at an "Alliance" showed this, its subsequent comparative failure showed that the real *public sentiment*—the sentiment of the Christian world generally—was not prepared for it. That sentiment, we think, is yet to be created before we "can manifest Christian unity by its fruits, by devising and executing some plan of operation in which the common object of Christian association, the salvation of the world, can be aided." Is it not the case that most attempts at union among our numerous sects fail, or come to worse results than mere failure? The Bible Society is almost the only exception. One or two other "union" schemes have had some, but not entire success. What is yet wanted is an improved public sentiment. So sensitive and even squeamish is still our sectarian temper, that we can hardly meet for the very purpose of reconciliation without exasperating our discords. If a few large-hearted men can be gathered together from the length and breadth of the Church without this liability, yet who doubts it in respect to the Christian masses, or even the ordinary Christian leaders.

It is, in fine, our humble opinion, that attempts at *practical* union are, as yet, the chief *hazards* of the design. The public sentiment is not sufficiently improved for them. The least machinery that "World's Conventions," or local conventions for Christian Union can have, the fewest secondary plans, the better. They will do wisely, we think, if they confine themselves, for the present, to the one purpose of creating a right public sentiment, *preparatory* to the more practical plans of the future. A clerical friend writes us respecting our article on the subject:—

"Some points contained in it have engaged my attention for years. You have spoken boldly, and I trust that it will not be in vain. Alas! these evils are perfectly monstrous. When will they end? I like your remedy. The correction of public sentiment upon the subject, this is the proper mode. We must make the thing hateful and odious in the eyes of men, as it is in fact, and then it will die."

The doctrine asserted in our article, that "*the creation of a right public sentiment, not the contrivance of schemes, is the task of the true reformer,*" we hold as the summary and true philosophy of reform, especially of such reforms as this. The negative process of undoing a great evil by undermining its lodgment in public prejudice, must precede the positive one of substituting in its stead a real good. Even where that evil may be beset with great perplexities, the demand "What is your remedy?" is not at first a relevant one, and is oftener presented for the purpose of forestalling attempts at reform, than of securing better direction to them. If asked what we would do in such cases, the appropriate reply is, We will do that which must be first done—correct public opinion; and what comes appropriately afterwards, will come but the better by this preparation. That any state of things is a public evil, is reason enough for attempts to correct public opinion respecting it, even though the direct means of correcting the evil itself should not be apparent. And we hold it to be a law of the moral world, as infallible as any of its laws, that a right public opinion being given, the right practical process will be found. The principle is not merely applicable to the case now in hand, but to public evils generally, and especially to such as the world is most liable to despond over, or, more commonly perhaps, to interdict from discussion as too formidable for remedy. Pour the light upon such evils if you can do nothing more, pour it all over and around them; if it cannot remedy them, it will, at least, enable you the better to understand and manage and endure them.

As to this evil of sectarian bigotry, we abhor it with a heartfelt hatred; as our brother editor said of another great evil, we "hate it and love to hate it." And we repeat, what we have before said, Let us not ask for remedies; we begin the legitimate remedy when we discuss the evil. Settle once the conviction of its moral enormity, drag it out before the gaze of the Church with its genuine attributes of deformity and mischief, and you will compel Christian men to think, and talk, and pray against it; they will emancipate themselves personally from its influence; one after another of its manifestations will give way, one after another of its modes of action be denounced and abandoned, and thus might we hope that slowly but surely it would give place to an era of genuine and general catholicism.

Meanwhile, we look upon the Christian Alliance as one of the best means of promoting this improvement of public opinion. If it will not encumber itself with too much apparatus—if it will not complicate its plans with designs, which, however good in themselves, have no immediate relation to this one purpose—it may yet become the center of the growing evangelical liberality of the age.

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A reader inquires respecting the origin of a well-known line on the Miracle of turning the Water into Wine. The London *Notes and Queries* (an invaluable authority in literary and antiquarian questions) has some learned notes on the matter in its number for October last. It says:—

> Campbell (*Essay on English Poetry, &c.*, p. 224, London, 1848) traces the matter to its source by producing the following, from an epigram by Richard Crashaw, the friend and intimate of Cowley:—
>
> "Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit."
>
> "The modest water saw its God and blush'd."
>
> So Aaron Hill:—
>
> "When Christ, at Cana's feast, by power divine,
> Inspired cold water with the warmth of wine,
> See! cried they, while in redd'ning tide it gush'd,
> *The bashful stream hath seen its God, and blush'd.*"
> *Works*, vol. iii, p. 241: London, 1754.
>
> After all, may not Crashaw have been indebted to Psalm lxxvii, 16?—
>
> "The waters *saw* thee, O God, the waters *saw* thee; they were afraid: the depths also were troubled."

—

We give an illustrated article on the "Five Points Mission" in the present number. It is from the pen of a lady whose name is most worthily associated with that experiment of Christian philanthropy, and who is intimately acquainted with its entire history. The sketch will be continued in our March number. A "festival" in behalf of the Ladies' Home Mission, under whose auspices the Five Points reform has been attempted, was held at the Metropolitan Hall, gratuitously granted by Mr. Harding for the occasion, on the seventeenth of last December. A concert was given in the afternoon, which was numerously attended notwithstanding the rain; and in the evening a speech was delivered by John B. Gough, preceded by an address from the ladies of the Society, read by Rev. Mr. Hagany, and followed by a call for donations by Rev. Mr. Foster. Mayor Westervelt presided, assisted by Dr. Bond, Seth Grosvenor, Francis Hall, Henry Sheldon, and William E. Dodge, Esqs. It was one of the most spirited occasions we have ever witnessed. The magnificent hall was crowded, and as the assembly had come together with a philanthropic sympathy for the object of the meeting, all were actuated by a benevolent and cheerful spirit. The very hilarity of generous feeling prevailed throughout the exercises, and the contributions announced at the conclusion amounted to about *five thousand dollars*. Success to the noble women of New-York, who have undertaken the redemption of the Five Points!

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In the numerous sketches of *Wellington*, which have appeared since his death, we have seen but few references to his wife. A Liverpool paper gives us a few glimpses of the Duke's marital history:—

> "Young Wesley wooed, but did not win, Catherine Pakenham, daughter of the Earl of Longford, whose seat was close by Dangan Castle, in the county of Meath, afterward the residence of Feargus O'Connor's family, and now gone to the dogs by being appropriated to the pigs. *Gloria virtutis umbra*—renown is the shadow, i. e. the constant companion, of virtue—was the motto of the earl; but as he could see little virtue in a penniless ensign in a marching regiment of foot, it is to be supposed that he disbelieved in the likelihood of much praise, and still less of solid pudding, falling to the lot of the embryo grace, but then graceless scapegrace, who wanted to be his son-in-law; for Arthur had a sort of Marquis of Waterford repute at the time. Well, our ensign, as we said, having nothing but his epaulettes, got the cold shoulder from Kate's papa; and, accordingly, in a fit of the sulks, set off for Holland, where the French were making the Dutch caper like Bedouin Arabs, and were causing John Bull to perform hornpipes by no means to the tune of 'Jack's the Lad.' Returning to England, he sailed from the coast of Norfolk to India, and then, coming back with the spoils of Seringapatam, Longford shortly jumped to the conclusion that he was most virtuous because he had been most fortunate, and suggested that Miss Pakenham should forthwith become Mrs. Wellesley, for so the patronymic was now spelled by command of the head of the family, the Indian Marquis; and, strange enough, at the same time Napoleon knocked out the *u* of his family name to un-Italianize it. But there was difficulty in the way which must have daunted Arthur more than did the passage of the Douro a couple of years after; yet he got over all as he alone could. He had been some fifteen or sixteen years away; was of the very anti-enthusiastic age of thirty-eight; the lady was not only no longer young, but no longer even passably pretty, and had

had the small-pox in a very marked manner. Nevertheless, like a true knight as he ever was through life, prizing veracity before and above all things, he kept his word, wed her, and ever treated her with respect. She on her part adored him above all things, just as Josephine loved Napoleon, even more than a new bonnet, or as Sarah loved John, Duke of Marlborough, beyond her money-bags and beyond her revenge, these three decidedly 'strong-minded females,' scorning the green-eyed monster that gives nervous ladies the jaundice. The Duchess of Wellington was preeminently proud of her stupendous spouse, and of everything that belonged to him, and used to feed his famous charger, Copenhagen, with bread out of her own hand in the paddock at Strathfieldsaye—the highest honor ever paid to a horse since Caligula made his steed a consul and gave him gilt oats. How uniform has been the devotion of the fair to the brave in all times and climes!

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The report of the Superintendent of the Census, made to the present Congress, is a most interesting document. It contains a table of the *Churches in the United States*, which, as it is an official document, we take to be the most accurate statement on the subject yet given to the public. It gives twenty of the leading denominations, classifying the remainder as "minor sects," and states their respective number of churches, the "accommodations" or sittings in these churches, and their property valuation. We insert the table as well worth examination :—

	Number of Churches.	Aggregate Accommodations.	Total value of Ch. Property.
Baptist	8,791	3,130,870	$10,931,382
Christian	812	296,050	845,810
Congregational	1,674	795,177	7,973,962
Dutch Reformed	324	181,986	4,096,730
Episcopal	1,422	625,213	11,261,970
Free	361	108,605	252,255
Friends	714	282,823	1,709,867
German Reformed	327	156,932	965,880
Jewish	31	16,575	371,600
Lutheran	1,203	531,100	2,867,886
Mennonite	110	29,900	94,245
Methodist	12,467	4,200,333	14,636,671
Moravian	331	112,185	443,347
Presbyterian	4,584	2,040,316	14,369,860
Roman Catholic	1,112	620,950	8,973,838
Swedenborgian	15	5,070	108,100
Tunker	52	35,075	46,025
Union	619	213,552	690,065
Unitarian	243	137,367	3,268,122
Universalist	494	205,462	1,767,015
Minor Sects	325	115,347	741,980
Total	36,011	13,849,896	$86,416,639

This outline will surprise some of our readers. The Unitarian "accommodations"—less than one hundred and thirty-eight thousand—seem small for a denomination of so much sway in the eastern States. The Swedenborgians, with their fifteen churches and about five thousand "accommodations," appear much more diminutive than they are generally supposed to be; the representation of the Roman Catholics is, however, most surprising. Is it possible that, after all our deprecatory lamentations over the national perils of Popery, it has but one thousand one hundred and twelve churches, which can accommodate only six hundred and twenty-one thousand hearers?—not *one-eleventh* of the number of churches belonging to the Methodists, scarcely more than *one-eighth* the number of the Baptists, not *one-fourth* the number of the Presbyterians, and not *one-thirty-third* of the whole number reported? The Methodists have more than *one-third* of the aggregate number, and the Baptists nearly *one-fourth*. The whole amount of "accommodations" in the nation is short of fourteen millions; but this, considering the proportion of population which can find it possible to be simultaneously present at church, is a large supply, the best, probably, possessed by any one of the large nations of Christendom. It gives one church for every five hundred and fifty-seven free inhabitants, or for every six hundred and forty-six of the entire population. The average number the churches will accommodate is three hundred and eighty-four, and their average value is $2,400. Churches are more numerous, in proportion to the population, in Indiana, Florida, Delaware, and Ohio, and less numerous in California, Louisiana, and Iowa. Those in Massachusetts are the largest, and have the greatest average value. The aggregate Church property of the country is given at about eighty-six and a half millions.

The comparative feebleness of Popery among us, as shown in these tables, accords with the statements of the Report respecting *immigration*. We have had quite exaggerated apprehensions on this subject. Of our twenty-four millions, only about two and a quarter millions are natives of Europe. This is less than ten per cent. About one million of these are Irish, a people who have been supposed to be more numerous than the whole foreign-born population reported by the census.

Upon the whole, then, this report throws a favorable light on the religious aspects of the country. Protestantism is keeping vigorous pace with the progress of our population. Popery is certainly much less formidable than has been supposed, and the foreign ingredient of our population is yet small enough to be readily diluted and diffused in the aggregate mass. Auspices of a great and happy destiny still cheer us; let us have confidence in them and in the institutions which produce them.

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The last *British Quarterly Review* contains a very able article on Shakspeare and Goethe, in which the "*melancholy*" of Shakspeare is discussed at considerable length. The writer contends that the great dramatist was "apt to sink into that state in which thoughts of what is sad and mysterious in the universe most easily come to us"—that he was, "even in his solitary hours, an abject and melancholy man rather than a man of active, firm, and worldly disposition. Instead of being a calm, stony observer of life and nature, as he has been sometimes represented, he was a man of the gentlest and most troublesome affections, of sensibility abnormally keen and deep; full of metaphysical longings; liable, above most men, to self-distrust, and despondency, and mental agitation from causes internal and external, and a prey to many secret and severe experiences." The proofs are drawn chiefly from his sonnets, and make a very plausible argument. We shall give the article hereafter.

Book Notices.

Our publishers have issued the first half-yearly volume of the National in elegant binding; some half dozen or more styles, from fine morocco, gilt, down to plain cloth. The prices are given elsewhere. The more elegant styles are really lustrous with beauty, and form choice presentation books. Of the internal mechanical execution of the volume we need not speak; our readers know that it is among the best specimens, if it is not the very best, afforded by the periodical publications of the country. We bespeak for this volume a hearty patronage; we hope especially that new subscribers will order it, and thus have unbroken the series of the Magazine. (*Carlton & Phillips, New-York.*)

Kathay is the title of a cruise in the Chinese Seas by W. Hastings Macaulay, reprinted, in very neat style, by Putnam. Mr. Macaulay made his voyage on board a government vessel, and touched at several places on the coasts of Eastern Asia, as also at Rio, St. Helena, &c. He has given us some very entertaining pictures of Asiatic life. The book is altogether a very pleasant one for leisure reading, but affords no new information of importance.

Putnam has enriched his semi-monthly series by a good translation from the German of *Jerrmann's Pictures of St. Petersburgh.* Jerrmann is a theatrical character; he spent three years in Russia as an actor, and has sketched the life of its borean capital quite graphically. He inclines too favorably to the political tendencies of the government, (though his volume is professedly non-political,) and his estimate of the Czar is decidedly eulogistic. The book affords some unusually entertaining reading for the fireside.

Mrs. Hale's long-expected book—"*Woman's Record*"—has at last appeared in quite superior style from the press of Messrs. Harper. It includes most of the noted names of the sex, from Eve down to our day, with numerous portraits, which are better as engravings than as likenesses. The arrangement of the volume into four eras is convenient; many of the sketches are exceedingly well drawn, but some of them necessarily consist of only three or four lines. Some omissions, especially of a religious character, will provoke remark, notwithstanding a deprecatory allusion of the author.

The *Baptist Almanac* for 1853 has been issued by the Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. Besides the usual calendar, it comprises a large amount of valuable statistics and other denominational information. It has evidently been prepared with much labor and care.

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have published "*Questions on the Gospel History.*" They are adapted to Strong's Harmony, a superior work, which we have noticed heretofore. These questions are designed for Sunday-schools, Bible-classes, &c., and, in connection with the "Harmony," form a course of study admirably suited to advanced pupils.

Putnam, New-York, has added to his Semi-monthly Library a volume of "Table-Talk on Books, Men, and Manners," from Sydney Smith and others, edited by C. Evelyn, Esq. It consists of pithy and witty passages from many of the best English authors, suited for quotation in table-talk.

Redfield, New-York, has issued Mr. Meagher's "Speeches on the Legislative Independence of Ireland." They form a substantial duodecimo, and contain some brilliant and nervous specimens of Irish eloquence. Mr. Meagher has won much respect since his residence among us; his speeches will be acceptable not only to those who agree with his opinions, but to our citizens generally, who can appreciate his talents and earnest character, even if they choose to dissent from his theories on Irish politics. The volume contains not only fine examples of oratory, but much important historical information.

The *Christian's Closet Companion* is the title of a volume edited by Rev. J. Pugh, and published by Stevenson at the Southern Methodist Book Concern, Louisville, Kentucky. It is a very choice selection of meditations on sacred themes for every day in the year; an instructive, strengthening, and consoling book—rich with the best thoughts of some of the best minds.

Bangs, Brother & Co., New-York, have for sale Maxwell's "Victories of Wellington and the British armies." It is issued as one of the series of Bohn's Illustrated Library—a sufficient guaranty of its merits. Beginning with Seringapatam, Mr. Maxwell continues his graphic battle-sketches down to the victory of Waterloo. He has gleaned the most interesting incidents of the Duke's campaigns, and made an exceedingly interesting narrative. Five very elegant steel engravings embellish the volume.

The book of *Gorgei*, the noted general and so-called traitor of the Hungarian war, has at last been published in this country by Messrs. Harper. It is entitled, "My Life and Acts in Hungary," &c. The preface presents facts and documents which can hardly fail to prepossess the reader in favor of the frankness of the author's narrative. The latter is long and minute, and not without interest. There are still "two sides" to this portion of the late military history of Europe, and further exemption from the violence of existing prejudices can alone determine fully which is the truthful one.

We have repeatedly referred to the writings of *Caroline Cheesbro*—a lady of unquestionable talents, but whose works are infected with the morbid spirit which we have recently reprobated in these columns as a new and really detestable characteristic or rather affectation of American literature, an imported infection, derived from some of the worst French writers. *Redfield, New-York,* has published another volume from her pen entitled "The Children of Light;" it bears her usual marks of ability, but, like most of her other productions, appeals to the attention of the reader chiefly by the painful, the diseased interest referred to. It not only lacks genial vivacity, but also condensation.

Literary Record.

THE *Methodist Quarterly* for January, presents an excellent likeness of the late Bishop Hedding. This periodical ranks among the very best literary works of our country—none other among us excels it in the elaborateness of its critical articles. It is not content with rehashing old ideas, but presents in every number the results of, and impulses to, new inquiries. Withal it is the cheapest quarterly review that we know of in this or any country, being but two dollars per annum.

The *Miscellany and Review* is a new monthly, edited by Dr. Ebbert. It begins with much spirit, and contains an excellent list of articles. The first number comprises fifty-six pages, exceedingly well printed. Published at Memphis, Tenn.

We have received the catalogueof the Genesee College and Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. It is a bulky document, and represents that institution as in a rare state of prosperity under the administration of President Tefft and a numerous faculty. The whole number of students is *eleven hundred and six*, the largest assemblage of pupils, we suppose, in any one literary resort in our country.

Dr. Ryerson's report of the normal, model, and common schools in Upper Canada has been sent us. It comprises more than two hundred pages, and is a production of much interest and value to the friends of education, not only in Canada, but generally.

The *Illinois Wesleyan University* (Bloomington, Ill.) has issued its first catalogue, which shows an encouraging prospect for the institution. The number of students is one hundred and thirty-five; of these, twenty-six are in the new collegiate department. Dr. Dempster is announced as president.

The *North-Western Christian Advocate*, a new Methodist paper, under the editorship of Rev. Mr. Watson, lately the editor of the *Michigan Christian Advocate*, commences its career quite brilliantly. It is of good size, and of unusually beautiful typography. The selections are in the best taste, and the editorials are pithy and spirited. Its position at Chicago will give it an ample field of usefulness, which its energy will evidently not fail to improve.

Messrs. Carlton & Phillips have in press the following choice books: *Lights of the World; or, Illustrations of Character*, drawn from the Records of Christian Life: by Rev. John Stoughton. *Friendly Appeals;* a new book, by "Old Humphrey." *Three Months under the Snow;* the Journal of a Young Inhabitant of the Jura: translated from the French. *Quiet Thoughts for Quiet Hours. Caxton and the Art of Printing. Money: its Nature, History, Uses, and Responsibilities.* They have just issued a work of unusual interest, entitled, *New-York: a Historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the Metropolitan City America.* By a New-Yorker. An idea of the ents may be gathered from the following f the chapters:—

"Discovery—New-Amsterdam, 1030-64—Province of New-York, 1664-1700—City of New-York, 1675-1700—New-York, 1700-1777—New-York during the War—New-York after the War, 1783-90—From 1790-1810—For forty years past—New-York as it is—City arrangements, Water, Lights, &c.—Public Buildings, Churches, &c.—Education—Environs of the City—The People—Future of New-York."

A Boston correspondent writes us as follows:

The artisans connected with the book trade are overwhelmed with the orders of the publishers, and our presses are fairly groaning with the weight of printed matter upon them. *Jewett & Co.*, who, I fear, will lose their *Christian* names, and only be known to the present and the future as the publishers of "Uncle Tom," are straining every nerve to gratify the public demand for this wonderful book, but still the "end is not yet." As the crowning gem of their press, and the illustration of Boston art, they have issued an octavo edition of five hundred and fifty pages, profusely adorned with engravings and wood-cuts, designed by the first artists in the country. It is an unrivaled exhibition of typographical and illustrative American art. On equally fine paper, and with numerous steel engravings, the same publishers have issued "Heaven and its Scriptural Emblems," by Rev. Rufus W. Clark: a book that the splendid steel-plates would sell without the letter-press; and so admirably written, that it would be popular without the illustrations.

In your last number you noticed a beautiful work of art, always welcome, and never more so than at the present hour—the steel engraving of Stuart's great painting of Washington. You have seen the original, in the gallery of the Athenæum, looking down upon you with that calm, pensive benignity, the eminent characteristic of the "Father of his Country;" and in this striking engraving by Mr. Welch, by a triumph of art, the "counterfeit" of the original is presented. Mr. Bancroft, who is the agent in Boston, is adorning the walls of our houses with this noble and impressive face, and no American family need be without an eloquent memorial of the "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Gould & Lincoln, a firm that holds enviable rank among American publishers for the high character of their publications, are just issuing a work entitled "To Daimonion," suggested by the late "spiritual manifestations," and giving them a searching examination and exposure. Also, "Footsteps of our Forefathers—what they suffered and what they sought;" describing localities, and portraying personages and events conspicuous in the struggles for religious liberty; with thirty-six illustrations: by James G. Miall. They have in press "A Geographical Map of the United States and British Provinces of North America," with an explanatory text, geological sections, and plates of the Fossils which characterize the formations: by Jules Marcou. "Memorials of Early Christianity:" by Rev. J. G. Miall. "A Treatise on Biblical Criticism:" by Samuel Davidson, D. D. "Berridge's Christian World Unmasked:" by Rev. Dr. Guthrie. "A Treatise on the Comparative Anatomy of the Animal Kingdom:" by Professors Von Siebold and Stannius. "The Preacher and the King; or, Bourdaloue in the Court of Louis XIV.," being an account of the pulpit eloquence of that distinguished era: with an introduction by Rev. G. Potts, D. D., New-York. A book of general interest, a slight taste of which we have enjoyed, will be "The Life and Labors of Philip Doddridge." It is a centenary memorial, happily executed by a popular English writer, Rev. John Stoughton, author of "Spiritual Heroes," &c. A book for the young is in promise by S. Prout Newcombe, entitled, "A Journal of Home Education;" with numerous illustrations.

Crosby & Nichols have issued a stereotype edition of that somewhat remarkable book, entitled, "The Eclipse of Faith; or, a Visit to a Religious Sceptic:" the previous edition having met with a rapid sale. It is both a novel and powerful defence of Christianity against the deistical philosophy of modern times. It will prove eminently suggestive to the minister in his ponderings upon the "signs of the times."

They have also just republished, from the English edition, "Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling:" with every sentiment of which, though all may not accord, yet no one can read its sincere and striking autobiography of an earnest and devout mind without interest. Your lady readers may be pleased to know that they have issued a new "Cook-Book," by Mrs. Chadwick, which I have heard well-spoken of by a good authority.

Phillips, Sampson & Co. have in press "Lingard's History of England," to be published in four volumes, in the handsome style and remarkable cheapness of their editions of Hume and Macaulay. They have just published a new story by Mrs. Professor Phelps, whose late decease has brought sadness to many hearts, and whose "Sunny Side" will continue to gladden the homes of the poor and the rich. It is called "The Tell-Tale; or, Home Secrets." They have also published a "Memoir of Mrs. Sarah Emily York, Missionary in Greece," by Mrs. R. B. Mulberry, a well-written portraiture of a devout and active lady.

Little & Brown present the following list of publications as soon forthcoming from their press: "Correspondence of the Revolution. Being Letters from Eminent Men to George Washington, from the time of his taking command of the American Army to the end of his life. Edited by Jared Sparks." 4 vols. 8vo. "Life and Works of John Adams, second President of the United States." Vols. II. to VII. inclusive, now ready. "Eliot's History of Liberty." 2 vols. 12mo. "Winthrop's History of New-England." 2 vols. 8vo. "Greenleaf on Evidence." Vol. III. "American Railroad Cases." By Chauncey Smith. 2 vols. 8vo.

Through a recent communication from Washington, we learn that the *Smithsonian Institute* is fast rising to importance, as an agent in uniting the learned institutions and individuals of the two worlds in bonds of closer communion. Much the largest portion of the scientific exchanges crossing the ocean passes through its agency, the greater part of which would have remained at home but for its agency. Packages bearing the stamp of the Smithsonian Institute pass free of duty or question into all ports of Europe. England, so stringent in her custom-house regulations, granted this permission nearly two years ago. The collections of the Smithsonian Institute are of great value; its library contains one of the best sets of scientific transactions and periodicals in this country; its gallery of art embraces the fullest series of Indian portraits in the world; its museum is the richest in North American vertebrate animals, skins, skeletons, and alcoholic preparations (including hundreds of undescribed species) of any in the United States.

The *Christian Review*, the Baptist quarterly, is hereafter to be conducted by the Rev. Dr. Trumbull and the Rev. Mr. Murdock.

A correspondent of the *London Weekly News*, writing from Agen, says: "While I was waiting for Louis Napoleon's coming I visited Jasmin, the poet and hair-dresser. Notwithstanding his humble position, Jasmin has received visits from many a prince, and his poetry is by far the most popular in the south of France among those understanding the old provincial language, in which he writes. He has written some verses in honor of the president's tour, in which he implores the prince's clemency in favor of M. Baze, ex-questor of the Legislative Assembly."

Over eight thousand copies of the "Successful Merchant" have been sold by Carlton & Phillips since its republication here—not yet three-quarters of a year.

Dr. Akers has accepted the Presidency of M'Kendree College.

The number of volumes in the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati is over twelve thousand.

The "Free Schools" of New-York city cost, annually, the sum of $569,000, which is an average of about eight dollars a year to each pupil in attendance.

An English paper states that Lord Derby, the present Prime Minister of England, is the author of a little work entitled, "Conversations on the Parables of the New Testament, for the Use of Children." It was published in 1826.

The Hon. Mr. Walker, of Massachusetts, is, we learn, about to publish a valuable contribution to our historical literature, from copies procured from England, of the correspondence carried on by the Tories at the beginning of the Revolution. These letters, being mostly official, will throw great light on the history of Massachusetts during that eventful period.

J. R. Brodhead, Esq., acting as agent of the State of New-York, has been some years in Europe, to collect from the archives of state papers in London, Paris, and the Hague, documents illustrating the early history of the State. He has been for some years engaged in a History of New-York, of which the first volume is completed. It contains a colonial history of the State under the Dutch government, illustrated by valuable maps and plates.

The best astronomical text-books in this country are from the pen of *Rev. Hiram Mattison*. Huntington, New-York, is about issuing his High-School Astronomy. It includes three parts. After an introduction, which consists of preliminary observations and definitions, and occupies twenty pages, part first is devoted to the Solar System—the sun, planets, comets, eclipses, tides, &c.; part second relates to the Sidereal Heavens—the fixed stars, constellations, clusters, and nebulæ; and part third to Practical Astronomy—the structure and use of instruments, refraction, parallax, &c. This department, so seldom introduced into text-books for schools, will be found especially interesting and valuable. Besides embracing all the late discoveries in astronomy, under a strictly philosophical classification, the work is now thoroughly illustrated by diagrams.

There has been an increase in the sales of tracts of the Wesleyan Methodist Tract Society, during the past year, of forty thousand. The total sales of tracts, covers, and hand-bills, amount to 1,273,353. These publications number in their titles six hundred and fifty-five.

"Celebrated Jesuits," is the title of a new work by Rev. W. H. Rule, one of the editors of the *London Watchman*, which is just issuing from the Wesleyan press, London. Mr. Rule was formerly chaplain at Gibraltar; and his abilities, both as a preacher and a writer, are well known and acknowledged in England.

The Wesleyan, a weekly religious and literary journal, Lucius C. Matlack, editor, for more than eight years published at 9 Spruce-street, New-York, is to be removed to the city of Syracuse, January 1, 1853. Thenceforward it will be issued every Thursday, beginning with January 6th, or the first Thursday of the new year, at No. 60 South Salina-street.

We learn, through German papers, that Thomas Carlyle has visited the Royal Library of Berlin, in search of aid to write the life of Frederick the Great of Prussia.

The male heirs of the German author, Schiller, have received from the executors of M. Leidersdorf, a gentleman of Suabia, who died recently in Paris, a perpetual income of four hundred thalers, as " a tribute of admiration to the poet's genius."

The Dutch government has just taken possession of the valuable collections bequeathed to the State by the celebrated bibliopolist, Baron Wertreenen Van Tiellandt, and is about to form them into a separate museum, to be called the Museum Wertrenianum. They consist of a library of ten thousand rare and curious volumes, on the history of typography, bibliography, archæology, and numismatics; a gallery of pictures by the oldest masters, such as Cimabue, Giotto, etc.; ancient Greek and Roman sculptures, many of which are from Herculaneum and Pompeii; and a collection of ancient Greek, Roman, and oriental coins. Of the books, twelve hundred and thirty-three, it is said, bear date in the fifteenth century. There is, further, a collection of three hundred and eighty-five manuscripts, all anterior to the fourteenth century.

Counsellor Kotoski Wesel, of Trieste, has lately translated Homer's Iliad into the Slavonian language. The same writer had previously translated into the same language Schiller's "Maid of Orleans" and "The Bell."

A new historical work is about to be published in France, under government patronage—"The works of the Emperor Napoleon I., complete in thirty-five volumes, folio." The curious part of the prospectus is the announcement that the greater part of the materials of this voluminous work have been discovered since 1848.

The *Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut,* has received a fresh impulse under the administration of its new president, Dr. Smith. Its finances are in a healthful condition, and its catalogue reports one hundred and three students. We notice that thirty-one are from New-York, twenty-two from Massachusetts, and nineteen from Connecticut. Only about half its students are from New-England.

The Richmondville Union Seminary, which, as we stated some time since, commenced with the most encouraging prospects, has been destroyed by fire. It will be immediately rebuilt.

The sum of $25,000 has been raised for the benefit of Franklin College, Pa. The trustees have announced that the subscription is closed.

Rev. Dr. Isaac Ferris, of the Reformed Dutch Church in Market-street, for a long time President of Rutger's Female Institute, has been chosen Chancellor of the New-York University.

We learn, from *Norton's Literary Gazette,* that Longfellow's Hyperion is about to be republished in London, beautifully illustrated with seventy engravings on wood, from drawings made by Birket Foster during a recent tour through Germany, Switzerland, the Tyrol, &c., undertaken expressly for the illustration of this work. Also, that the *Lady of the Lake,* by Sir Walter Scott, is about to appear in a uniform style with Longfellow's Hyperion, with illustrations by the same artist, whose sketches comprise all the principal scenes of the poem, and were drawn on the spot by Mr. Foster himself.

We learn that a public subscription is about to be made in England, to erect and endow a school or college, to bear the name of the Duke of Wellington, for gratuitous, or nearly gratuitous, education of orphan children of indigent and meritorious officers of the army. Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert have signified their approval of the project, and placed their names at the head of the subscription list for the respective sums of £1,000 ($5,000), and £500 ($2,500).

We learn that Dr. J. A. Alexander has in press an exposition of the five books of Moses.

It is announced that the twenty-third thousand of Henry W. Beecher's "Lectures to Young Men" has been issued.

Rev. Dr. Walker, Professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy, and Civil Polity, has accepted the Presidency of Harvard University, in place of Jared Sparks, Esq.

A *Manual of Biblical Literature* is about to be published at New-York by Carlton & Phillips, embracing Biblical Philology, Exegesis, Criticism, Analysis, Archæology, Ethnology, History, Geography, Chronology, &c., by W. P. Strickland, D. D., of Cincinnati.

The number of students in the University of Oxford, England, is thirteen hundred—a somewhat smaller number than the Dublin University. The revenues of the institution are estimated at $800,000 a year. Connected with the university are five hundred and forty fellows, or graduates, who draw salaries after having completed their course of studies. They draw annually from the funds over half a million of dollars, receiving, each one, the sum of $1,000 a year.

English ways are illustrated by a singular advertisement in the papers, "that clean copies of the *Times, News,* and *Chronicle,* will be posted the day after publication, at much reduced prices." Some agent must collect them at city stores, and residences, where they are served the first day, re-mailing them the second to persons in the country, who thus pay about as much for a daily as they otherwise would for a weekly.

A pension of £75 has been granted by the English ministry to Dr. Charles Richardson, in consideration of his services in compiling an English Dictionary.

Another of the same amount has been granted to Francis Ronalds, "for his eminent discoveries in electricity and meteorology."

A new Scientific Magazine, to be issued semimonthly, has just been commenced at Cleveland, Ohio, entitled "Annals of Science," and edited by H. L. Smith.

Religious Summary.

The Council of State of the Canton of Ticino, in Switzerland, has issued a decree for the suppression of the order of the Capuchin monks, and for the expulsion from the canton, within three days, of all foreign Capuchins not sixty-five years of age. The decree is grounded on the want of concord among the monks, and on the fact that the regular clergy suffice for the religious wants of the population.

We learn, through the *Calcutta Christian Advocate*, that there have been lately several conversions in the once imperial city of Delhi, and among the educated natives of India. The names of eleven Brahmins are mentioned who have renounced their heathenism, and have been baptized into the Christian Church; the conversion and baptism of Ram Chandra, or Chunder, is also announced, a young man of considerable abilities, teacher of science at the Delhi College, and the author of a work on *Maxima and Minima*, said to have obtained the approbation of Professor de Morgan.

We find, from the Twelfth Report of the *German Evangelical Mission* in the Canara, Southern Mahratta, and Malayalim Provinces, India, that during the preceding year the mission had had an increase of two hundred souls—a larger number than in any former year—and that there were cheering prospects among the Canarese people. The little band of laborers in this part of the missionary field has been reinforced by four assistants, among whom is one of three Brahmin converts, baptized in 1844, and the first native missionary of the German Society.

The Rev. Charles Wordsworth, nephew of the late poet laureate, has been elected Bishop of St. Andrew's, in room of the Right Rev. Dr. Torry, who filled the office for the long period of forty-four years.

At a recent meeting of the American Bible Society, a grant of $1,000 was made for preparing and publishing the Arabic Scriptures. Some interesting volumes were received for the Library, viz.:—From the Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, a letter and pamphlet in relation to the history of North America; a copy of the New Testament, in ancient and modern Greek, published in Saxony, in 1710; a copy of a work by Rev. Leonard Twells, in 1731, on a new text and version of the New Testament.

The appropriations of the American Missionary Board for the year have been made; and although less than was asked for by the missions by about $17,000, yet the sum total is $300,664.

The Ionian islands, on the western coast of Greece, are said to contain a population of two hundred and fifty thousand. This population is a mixture of French, Italian, and Jews; and, though under the British government, no permanent religious mission has been established in their midst.

The Protestant population of France is estimated at 1,500,000. The Reformed and Lutheran Churches receive aid from the State. The Reformed have five hundred and eleven ministers and six hundred houses of worship, distributed among sixty-three of the eighty-six departments of France. One hundred and twenty-one of them are situated in the department of Le Gard. The Lutherans have two hundred and forty-five ministers. Strasbourg has a larger number of Protestants than any other city,—namely, thirty thousand. There are fifteen thousand at Paris.

Over eighty thousand children are under daily instruction, among the English Wesleyan missionaries, throughout various parts of the world.

Forty-eight persons have renounced Popery within a few months in St. Paul's, Bermondsey, England. Several of these are well-educated. Great numbers more, it is said, are meditating a similar step.

Rev. Dr. Peck, Foreign Secretary, and Rev. Mr. Granger, of Providence, have been appointed as a delegation to visit the missionary stations in the East under the care of the American Baptist Missionary Union. The principal cause of this appointment is the expected occupation of Burmah—which is the chief seat of their missions in Asia—by Great Britain, which will probably soon throw open the whole country to the entrance of the gospel, when a large increase in the missionary operations will be required. A general and deliberative conference of all the missionaries connected with the Burman and Karen missions, nearly thirty in number, is to meet at Maulmain in March or April, 1853.

The receipts of the Committee of the Episcopal Board of Domestic Missions, the past year, were $30,595, and the appropriations about $25,000; they have two missionary bishops, and eighty-five presbyters and deacons. The receipts of the Committee of Foreign Missions were $41,408, and the appropriations $38,785. They have two missionary bishops, twelve presbyters and deacons, eighteen lay assistants, male and female, and eleven native teachers.

The Journal of the late Protestant Episcopal Convention of the Diocese of Ohio, gives the following summary of the parochial reports for the past year: parishes, eighty-two; without a clergyman, twenty-two; baptisms, adults, seventy—infants, three hundred and ninety-three; confirmed, two hundred and seventy-three; communicants added, four hundred and forty-seven; lost, by removals, deaths, and discipline, four hundred and eight; present number, four thousand five hundred and twenty-five. Ordinations: deacons, five; presbyters, two. Candidates for holy orders, fourteen. Contributions for Church objects, $17,790 38.

Dr. Baird states that, in 1815, the eight Presbyterian denominations of the country embraced less than one hundred thousand communicants, and the present number is near seven hundred and fifty thousand. Then the Baptists were comparatively weak; now they number seven hundred thousand associated brethren. In

1800, the Methodist organization had not forty thousand members, now they have more than one million two hundred and fifty thousand communicants; and, take all the strictly evangelical Churches together, they have more than ten times the number of communicants they had in 1800.

The increase in the membership of the North Carolina Conference, for the year closing November 3d, is two thousand three hundred and thirty-seven. The sum of $6,200 was raised for missionary purposes.

Dr. Rice, editor of the Presbyterian of the West, and pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, has had a call to St. Louis, by the congregation formerly under the charge of Rev. Dr. Potts, deceased.

Professor Thomas C. Upham, of Bowdoin College, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, of *The Independent*, is now on a tour through the east, and especially through Palestine and Asia Minor.

The pastors and Churches belonging to the Presbytery of Philadelphia, are holding a united prayer and conference meeting once in three months. It is spoken of as an occasion of great interest.

The location of the Baptist Theological Seminary for the north-west has been fixed at Galena, where a considerable sum of money has been pledged for its use.

The Methodists in France held their first annual Conference at Nismes. An alteration was made in Church government, &c., that each district will name two representatives, who, with the President and Secretary of the Conference, will form the Stationing Committee.

The Rev. Mr. Robinson, of the Ninth-street Baptist Church, in Cincinnati, is mentioned as the successor of Professor Williams, as Professor of Theology in the Rochester Theological Seminary, New-York. Professor Williams retires on account of ill health.

There are at this time in the employ of American religious societies upward of eighteen hundred missionaries and colporteurs, exclusive of those who are laboring in other capacities. The American Board has one hundred and sixty-one ordained missionaries, besides assistants, physicians, &c. The American Home Missionary Society has not far from one thousand and sixty missionaries. The American and Foreign Christian Union has one hundred and fourteen missionaries, of whom eighty-five are employed in the home field, and additions to this number are constantly being made. The American Seamen's Friend Society has nineteen chaplains, wholly or in part sustained by it—two having recently been added, one at Marseilles, France, and one at St. John's, New-Brunswick.

A very interesting account has been received from Mr. Cochran, missionary among the Nestorians, of a friendly and useful visit paid him and the mission family by Lieutenant Colonel W. F. Williams, the British Commissioner for settling the boundary between Persia and Turkey. This gentleman and his entire party turned aside from their course to spend a couple of nights in the neighborhood of the mission, and contributed by their presence and sympathy greatly to the encouragement of the missionaries; and it is believed that this notice of them will be of essential service to the missionaries in the entire region of Koordistan.

Late reports from the Nestorian mission inform us that there was no diminution in the interest of the people, either in preaching or in education. Almost the whole of the congregation at Oroomiah, numbering in summer about one hundred and fifty, attends the Sabbath school. The school at Geog Tapa is double this number. On a recent occasion eight hundred attended preaching on the Sabbath, although the whole population of the place is only about one thousand. At Ada, sixty adults attend the Sabbath school.

The Sandwich Island Churches have manifested very great interest in the mission to Micronesia, having contributed freely to the support of those who have gone forth to these islands, and they show a readiness to volunteer to go personally as Christian missionaries. The missionaries say that there will be no difficulty in getting thirty, sixty, or even one hundred Sandwich Islanders to go out as assistant missionaries, if they should be needed. Four have gone, and several others offered their services.

The opening of the new Kingswood School, England, has been lately announced in the foreign publications; a discourse was delivered on the occasion by the Rev. W. M. Bunting. The school is designed for the education of the sons of Wesleyan ministers.

Several hundred dollars have been raised in this country, and some five thousand in France, to enable Dr. Newman to meet the expenses of his late trial in the affair of Dr. Achilli.

The late Journal of Mr. Preston from the Gaboon, Africa, gives us an interesting account of Nengenage, an island three miles in circumference. It contains a town inhabited by Shikans and Bakeles, and was selected for a station on account of its central position, apparent healthfulness, and good landing.

Mr. Preston gives some account of the manners of the people. As yet, he says, they wear but little European cloth, but wear garments made from the bark of a tree. The color of the people here is not much darker than oak-tanned leather; but they smear themselves with palm-oil and red-wood. They work iron of their own smelting with much neatness, and also in brass, purchased from traders. Their houses are built on a single street, which is wide and very clean. Two or three large houses stand in the middle of the street, in which they hold their discussions and transact business.

The people are much under the influence of superstition, but are accessible to the white men in almost every direction,—and the whole tenor indicates the fact, that Africa is open to the gospel.

The whole number of laborers under the care of the American Missionary Association is one hundred and thirty-three, scattered over the Foreign and Home fields.

Art Intelligence.

THE *Messaggiere di Modena* states that the Pope has charged M. Jacometti, the sculptor, with the execution of his fine group of "The Kiss of Judas," in marble. It is to adorn the vestibule of the Christian Museum now organizing in the Palace of the Lateran.

A magnificent monument, in honor of *Daguerre*, has been inaugurated at the French village of *Petit Brie*. A deputation of all the *savants* of Paris congregated on the spot, and the mausoleum was consecrated in the most impressive manner. A bust of Daguerre, sculptured by M. Hasson, was much admired.

The death of Horatio Greenough, the distinguished American sculptor, occurred recently at Boston. Mr. Greenough was a man of liberal and varied accomplishments, of attractive manners, and of a vigorous intellect. His loss will be deeply felt in the private circles of which he was an ornament, no less than in the world of Art, where he had attained to a wide celebrity. His principal productions are the colossal statue of Washington in the Capitol; the Chanting Cherubs, executed in 1828 for Mr. Fenimore Cooper; the Medora, finished in 1831 for Mr. Gilmore, of Baltimore; the Rescue; and busts of John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, and several other eminent personages. He had recently been engaged on the equestrian statue of Washington, to be erected in Union Park, New-York city.

A terrible storm which raged over Athens for five hours, lately brought down, it is stated, one of the antique ornaments of the Grecian capital—a column of the temple of Jupiter Olympus near the Adrian gate.

Cleopatra's Needle.—This obelisk, long since presented to England, and so long lying neglected in the sands at Alexandria, is at length to be removed, and erected in the grounds of the New Crystal Palace, Sydenham. The British government will, however, retain power hereafter to reclaim it, on payment of all expenses incurred in the transit. Abbas Pacha promises every assistance at Alexandria in shipping the obelisk; and it is hoped that other monuments from Luxor and Karnak will accompany this venerable antiquity from Egypt.

Mr. Crawford, the American sculptor, it is said, has received a commission from a munificent fellow-countryman, for a bronze statue of *Beethoven*, which is to be placed in the Music-Hall of Boston. Notwithstanding the idolatry of the Viennese for this great musical genius, he is still without a statue in that city.

From Antwerp, we learn that the season there for artists has been a most favorable one. The Art Union has purchased works of art to the amount of thirty-seven thousand francs, and the sale of amateurs has been set down at ninety thousand francs, making a sum of one hundred and twenty-seven thousand francs, or about thirty thousand dollars. A copper-plate engraving of Raphael's picture of the Madonna della Scaggiola has been completed by Edward Schaefer, Professor of the Stadel Museum, in Frankfort; it is said to be far superior to any engraving of the same picture which has yet appeared. It has had the unqualified approval of Passavant, and the Emperor of Austria has presented Professor Schaefer with the large gold medal of art and science. The first impression has been purchased by the Empress of Russia for three thousand thalers. Cornelius and Rauch, the sculptors, have been appointed honorary members of the Academy of Arts in Antwerp.

The opening of the French Annual Exhibition of Living Artists is announced for the 15th of March next. Works intended for it are to be sent to the Palais Royal between the 1st and 15th of February.

The sale of the Art Union pictures recently took place at the rooms of the Union, where they had been for some time on exhibition. Among these pictures were some by Leutze, Huntingdon, Gray, Richards, Kensett, Hicks, and almost every other American artist of any repute. A large number of engravings were sold at the same time. The pictures, so far as known, were not sold to dealers, but to persons desiring them for their own use. There was a spirited competition throughout the sale, and the paintings brought a very fair price as a general thing. Some of them were sold at their full valuation. One hundred and fifty paintings were disposed of in about one hundred and eighty minutes, on the first day of the sale.

Portions of a letter were read recently at the London Antiquarian Society, from Mr. Harris, of Alexandria, describing the progress of the excavations at Mitrahinny. A great many small broken statues have been turned up; among them those of a lady of the time of Thothmes IV., as also a mutilated kneeling statue of the fourth son of Rameses II. Nothing could be verified anterior to that age. Mr. Ainsworth read a paper "On the meaning of the Cones in the Assyrian Sculptures." Mr. Bonomi read a short description of an Egyptian cylinder, which bore on a cartouche, according to Mr. Sharpe, the name of Amunmai Thor, or the conqueror beloved by Thor, the ninth king after Menes, and the last of his dynasty, though the first Theban king that is known to us.

The ruins of the ancient city of Shusan have been discovered; the marble pillars and pavement, as described in Esther i, 6, still exist; a tomb, supposed to be that of Daniel, near by, has the figure of a man sculptured upon it bound hand and foot, with a huge lion in the act of springing upon him. The men who made the discovery are the commissioners employed to run the boundary line between Persia and Turkey—not interested, of course, in shedding light upon the Scriptures.

Clot Bey, a French physician of Cairo, converted to the Mussulman religion, has lately presented his valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities, consisting of bronzes, sculptured wood, figures of divinities, mummies, &c., to the Louvre at Paris. Some of these articles date from the oldest Egyptian dynasties.

Scientific Items.

At a late meeting of the New-York Historical Society, an image found in Tennessee was presented, through Dr. John W. Francis, by Mr. J. Roach, of Vicksburgh, Miss. This is an aboriginal relic found in Williamson county, eleven miles from Nashville, Tennessee. The top of the mound from which it was taken was six or eight feet above the ground, and about fifty feet in circumference. The mound sustained, among other trees of large size, a gigantic sycamore of six feet diameter, indicating very great antiquity. When the trees were removed, and the mound dug away to the depth of some eight feet, the explorers found a shelving lime-stone rock, which, being removed, disclosed a chamber ten feet in depth, walled up with slabs of lime-stone, very carefully smoothed and set up. Numerous bones were found in this chamber, besides relics of pipes, arrow heads, cooking utensils, and this image.

The sum paid by salesmen for china, porcelain, earthen and stone ware, imported into the United States during last year, was probably not less than five millions of dollars.

A very interesting relic of antiquity, relating to the period of the Pharaohs, was exhibited at a recent meeting of the New-York Historical Society, through the courtesy of Dr. Abbott, of Cairo, by Mr. Depeyster. The present specimen was a massive gold ring, bearing the oval-shaped signet of Shoupon, the Cheops of Herodotus, and handsomely engraved with hieroglyphics, some of which were inconceivably minute. The ring weighs three English sovereigns, and is in excellent preservation. Dr. Abbott states that it was found by an Arab in the tomb of a high-priest, a circumstance which is accounted for by the fact that the signet of the monarch was held in the possession of the spiritual head, and was by him employed to enforce the authority of the king's commands. An Egyptian pebble, bearing a Greek inscription, was also exhibited.

The *House Line of Telegraph*, now in operation to Washington, transmits, in Roman characters, at the rate of eighteen hundred words per hour. The line will most probably be extended to New-Orleans.

Mr. Spence read a note lately before the London Entomological Society, on the "Fly-blight" of Australia, by which designation is known the attack of a small fly on the eyes of persons in that country, resulting in inflammation and temporary loss of sight. The name of these insects is not known. It had been discovered that they could be kept from the face by open nets suspended over it, and fixed under the hat; for although the meshes were large, and therefore offered no obstruction to the passage of air, yet the flies would not go through them. Mr. Spence observed that the principle was evidently the same as that of the Italian window-nets, introduced to the notice of that Society eighteen years ago, and proved by the late Bishop of Norwich to be quite effectual in preventing flies from entering apartments. The same plan would probably serve to protect travelers and others from gnats, which in many places are such intolerable pests, even the highest latitudes being infested with them in summer; and he had suggested it to Sir John Franklin as likely to be of service on that Expedition the uncertain issue of which excites so much interest.

Captain Peel, the traveler, says that the water of the Nile is of a deep brown color, and when poured into a glass is still more strongly colored. The earth it contains is called in Arabic "abluz," signifying fat or grease. When poured over the body, Nile water runs like oil; and when filtered, it is deliciously light to drink.

The total extent of telegraph in England is nearly four thousand miles, representing an outlay of about $1,500,000. The staff of *employes* may be taken at upward of eight hundred persons.

M. Niepce de Saint Victor laid before the Paris Academy of Sciences, lately, daguerreotypes upon which he had succeeded in fixing, more or less permanently, colors by the camera obscura. M. Niepce states that the production of all the colors is practicable, and he is actively engaged in endeavoring to arrive at a convenient method of preparing the plates. "I have begun," he says, "by reproducing in the dark chamber colored engravings, then artificial and natural flowers, and lastly dead nature—a doll, dressed in stuffs of different colors, and always with gold and silver lace. I have obtained all the colors; and, what is still more extraordinary and more curious is, that the gold and the silver are depicted with their metallic lustre; and that rock-crystal, alabaster, and porcelain, are represented with the lustre which is natural to them. In producing the images of precious stones and of glass we observe a curious peculiarity. We have placed before the lens a deep green, which has given a yellow image instead of a green one; while a clear green glass, placed by the side of the other, is perfectly reproduced in color."

At a recent meeting of the *New-York Historical Society*, the Rev. Dr. Robinson read a detailed account of a journey made by him through Palestine, in company with Rev. Dr. E. Smith and others. Starting from Beirut, the travelers went along the coast to Sidon, and then struck off eastwardly into the southern parts of Mount Lebanon. They crossed the plain of Esdraelon to Lejjun, the ancient *Megiddo;* and on the way to Nablus were able to find the long-sought *Dothan*, where Joseph was sold by his brethren. It is on what is still the great road from Jezreel to Ramleh and Egypt. From Nablus they struck down to *Lydda*, visited *Ajalon*, *Emmaus* or *Nicopolis*, and *Zorah*, the birth-place of Samson, and thence turned their course to Jerusalem. They visited Succoth, near the Jordan, and, fording that river, were able to identify the site of the long-lost *Pella*.

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EDGAR ALLAN POE.

TO write a satisfactory paper on Poe is no easy task, there is so much that is unsatisfactory in Poe himself. If we mention his vices, we are very likely to be blamed; and if we do not mention them, the chances are that we shall still be blamed. In this dilemma, the only alternative is either to write just what we think, or not write at all: it not suiting us to do the last, we shall try the first. We may err in our opinions—not being the Pope, we lay no claim to infallibility—but we are honest in them; not only in regard to Poe, but to all the literary men that we have written, or may hereafter write about. We shall give the facts of Poe's life, barely and simply, with but little comment, a short critique on his writings, and, what seems to us, a fair and truthful estimate of his character. For the biographical part of the paper we claim no credit; it is mostly made up from the memoir in the collected edition of Poe's works; but wherever, in fact, we have found anything that would answer our purpose, we have used it.

Edgar Allan Poe was born at Baltimore, in the month of January, 1811. His family was one of the oldest and most respectable in the State. His grandfather was a quarter-master-general in the Revolution, and the friend of Lafayette. His great-grandfather married a daughter of McBride, the British admiral. Through him they are related to many of the most illustrious families in England. Edgar

Poe's father was several years a law-student in Baltimore, but becoming enamored of a beautiful actress, named Elizabeth Arnold, he eloped with her, and was discarded by his friends. Then he went upon the boards himself; but neither he nor his wife possessing real talents for the stage, they lived very precariously. Playing in the principal cities of the South, they came at last to Richmond, where the lady became a favorite, more on account of her beauty than her acting, and where they both died of consumption within a few weeks of each other, leaving three children—Henry, Edgar, and Rosalie—in utter destitution. What became of the other two we have never heard; but Edgar was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy and kind-hearted merchant of Richmond. From his foster-father he derived his middle name, and it was generally understood that he was to be the heir to his estate, Mr. Allan having no children of his own. In 1816 he accompanied his new parents on a tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland. They returned to this country, leaving him at school at Stoke Newington, near London, where he remained four or five years. In "William Wilson," one of his finest tales, he gives an account of his life at this school, and, it is said, an accurate description of the school itself. In 1822 he returned to Richmond, and continued his studies, under the best masters which the city afforded, for two or three years more.

In 1825 he went to the University of Virginia. The university was at that time a most dissolute place, and Poe was known as the most dissolute youth in it. He was already a fine classical scholar, and he made rapid strides in mathematics, botany, and other branches of the natural sciences. But at the same time he drank, gambled, and indulged in other vices—was a "little wild" as the saying is—till he was expelled from the place. At this period of his life he was noted for feats of strength and agility, and on one occasion, a hot June day, he swam from Richmond to Warwick, a distance of seven miles and a half. He was expert at fencing, had some skill in drawing, and was a ready and eloquent declaimer. His allowance of money at college had been liberal, but what with drinking and gaming he quitted it very much in debt. On Mr. Allan's refusing to settle with some of his creditors, he quarreled with him, and went off Quixotically to join the Greeks, then in the midst of their war with the Turks. He failed to reach his destination, and we know nothing of him for nearly a year. By the end of that time he had made his way to St. Petersburgh, where both his money and enthusiasm were exhausted, and he got into a quarrel with the Russian authorities — cause unknown. He was near adding some knowledge of the knout and Siberia to his already extensive knowledge of men and manners, and was glad enough to accept the intervention of the American Consul, and his aid to return home. His meeting with Mr. Allan was not cordial; but that gentleman declared himself willing to serve him in any way that should seem judicious; and, when Poe expressed a desire to enter the Military Academy, he procured his appointment to a scholarship. Mrs. Allan, whom Poe regarded with much affection, and who had more influence over him than any one else, died in 1829, just before he left Richmond for West Point. For a short time he applied himself attentively to his studies, and became a favorite with his mess, and the officers and professors of the Academy. But his old habit of dissipation returned; he neglected his duties and disobeyed orders, and in ten months from his matriculation was cashiered. He went again to Richmond, and was again received into the family of Mr. Allan, who was still disposed to be his friend; but they soon parted in anger. Mr. Allan had married a young wife, and his foster-son is said to have behaved uncivilly to her. Be this as it may—there are many stories afloat in relation to the affair—they parted, and from that time Mr. Allan declined seeing, or in any way assisting him. Dying in 1834, he left three children to inherit his estate, and left Poe nothing.

Soon after leaving West Point, in 1831, Poe had published a small volume of verses, and the favorable manner in which it was received by the reviewers led him to believe that he might succeed in literature. It was the old story. He wrote for newspapers, compiled and translated for the booksellers, made up brilliant articles for the reviews, and spun tales for the magazines. But, although publishers willingly put them forth, they paid the young author so little, that, in poverty and despair, he was likely to starve to death—the second old story. If he has sinned aforetime, he is being punished for it now. What worse punishment can he have had than that of being a poor author? If the old times were not better than these, there was certainly a deal of malice in the patriarch Job when he wished that his enemy would write a book!

Not gaining a living by literature, Poe is reported to have next enlisted in the army as a private soldier. He was recognized by officers who had known him at West Point, and efforts were made to obtain for him a commission, when it was discovered that he had deserted. This is the report; but as he was never afterward apprehended as a deserter, which would surely have been the case, he was so well known, and as the whole affair looks very much like an imitation of a similar freak of Coleridge, we have but little faith in its truth. When he next appears, he has a volume of MS. stories, which he desires to print under the title of "Tales of the Folio Club." An offer of two prizes by the proprietor of the Baltimore Saturday Visitor, one for the best tale and one for the best poem, induced him to send half a dozen tales and a poem, "per order." A committee of literary men—among the rest John P. Kennedy, the author of "Horse-Shoe Robinson"—were appointed to judge the productions. Such affairs are commonly soon disposed of. The committee meet, have a talk, eat oysters and drink champagne as long as they can, and award the prize, somehow, without the bother of reading the MSS. Then the decision is printed. The lucky one rejoices, the unlucky ones grumble, and so the affair ends. So, perhaps, it would have been in this case, but that one of the committee, taking up a small book written in the most beautiful hand, was tempted to read several pages; and being interested in what he read, called the attention of the company to the half-dozen compositions which it contained. The committee voted the premium "to the first of geniuses who had written legibly." The confidential envelop was broken, and within it was found the then unknown name of Poe. The committee awarded him the premium for both the tale and poem, but subsequently altered their decision so as to exclude him from the second premium, in consequence of his having obtained the higher one. The tale was the "MSS. found in a Bottle," and the poem "The Coliseum." The next day—this, by-the-way, was in October, 1833—the publisher called upon Mr. Kennedy, and gave him an account of the author, which led him to see Poe. He was introduced; the prize-money had not yet been paid, and he was dressed in the seedy garments in which he had answered the advertisement. Thin and pale even to ghastliness, his whole appearance indicated sickness and destitution. A well-worn frock-coat concealed the absence of a shirt, and imperfect boots disclosed the want of stockings. But his eyes were full of intelligence, and his manners those of a gentleman. Kennedy took him to a clothing-store, gave him a good suit, and introduced him into society. His new friends were very kind to him, and embraced every opportunity to serve him. Near the close of 1834, Mr. T. W. White established the "Southern Literary Messenger." Applying to Kennedy for an article early in 1835, he was recommended to Poe, or rather Poe was recommended to him, and the consequence was that Poe became the nominal editor of the Messenger. He still continued, however, to reside at Baltimore, and it is probable that at first he was engaged only as a general contributor and critic. Removing to Richmond in the fall of 1835, he assumed the real editorial chair, at a salary of $500 per annum. On this income he immediately married his cousin, Virginia Clemm. His old habits returned, and Mr. White dismissed him. When he became himself he apologized, and was again received into his employ and confidence; but only for a short time. He was too irregular to be trusted long; and in January, 1837, he took his final leave of the Messenger as its editor. Then he went back to Baltimore, and from thence to Philadelphia and New-York. He had commenced in the Messenger a story of the sea, "Arthur Gordon Pym;" it was now published by the Harpers, but with no great success. Near the end of 1838 he settled in Philadelphia. He had no very definite purposes, but trusted for support to the chances of success as a magazinist and newspaper correspondent. Burton, the comedian, had recently established the "Gentleman's Magazine;" to this he became a contributor, and in May, 1839, its chief editor. In the same month he agreed to furnish reviews for the "Literary Examiner," a new magazine at Pittsburgh. But his more congenial pursuit was tale-writing, and he produced about this time some of his most characteristic creations. In the autumn he published all the prose stories that he had then written, in two volumes—"The Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque." They were not successful. He continued with Burton till June, 1840; was irregular, and at last discharged. In November of the same year, the "Gentleman's Magazine" was merged into "The Casket," owned by George R. Graham, and the new series received the name of its proprietor, who engaged Poe as its editor. His connection with "Graham's Magazine" lasted about a year and a half, and was the most brilliant and active period of his literary life. In the spring of 1843 he wrote "The Gold Bug," for which he was paid a prize of a hundred dollars. In the autumn of 1844 he removed to New-York. He had now written his most acute criticisms, and his most admirable tales—among others, "The Mystery of Marie Roget." The "Mystery" was first published in 1842, during the excitement caused by the murder of Mary Rogers. Under pretense of relating the fate of a Parisian *grisette*, he went over the facts of the original murder, and showed his masterly power of analysis. This tale, and one or two others of a similar cast, the scenes of which were laid in France, brought his name before the law courts of Paris. In this wise: the *Journal La Commerce* gave a *feuilleton*, in which the "Murders of the Rue Morgue" appeared in translation. Afterward a writer for *La Quotidienne* served it up for that paper under the title of "L'Orang-Otang." A third party accused *La Quotidienne* of plagiary from *La Commerce*, and in the course of the legal investigation which ensued, the *feuilletoniste* of *La Commerce* showed that he had himself stolen the tale from Poe, whose merits were soon after canvassed in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and whose best tales were upon this impulse translated. Shortly after he came to New-York Poe added to his reputation by the publication of the "Raven," for which he was paid the magnificent sum of ten dollars! We hear of him next working under Willis and Morris, as critic and assistant editor of "The Mirror." He remained in this situation about six months, when he became associated with C. F. Briggs, ("Harry Franco" and "Tom Pepper") in "The Broadway Journal." The Broadway Journal ceased in January, 1846, and Poe soon after commenced a series of papers entitled "The Literati of New-York City." They were published in "The Lady's Book." Their spirit, boldness, and causticity, caused them to be talked about, but they created Poe many enemies; mediocrity hates to be found out. In the autumn of 1846 we hear of his being in extreme destitution. He was then living at Fordham, a few miles from New-York city, and his necessities were not generally known even among his acquaintances. They were made public by somebody in the newspapers, together with the dangerous illness of his wife, who shortly after died, and a subscription was raised in his behalf. For a year afterward he seldom came before the public; but early in 1848 he advertised to deliver several lectures, the money accruing from which—if there should happen to be any—to go toward the foundation of a new magazine. His first lecture was given at the Society Library in New-York. It was upon the "Cosmogony of the Universe," and was afterward published as "Eureka, a Prose Poem." In the summer of 1849 he left New-York for Virginia. Stopping at Philadelphia on his way, he is said to have spent all his money, and to have been indebted to charity for the means of reaching Richmond. During this visit, which lasted nearly two months, he was perfectly himself, neatly dressed, and exceedingly agreeable in his deportment. He delivered a couple of lectures worthy of himself in his best moods; they were well attended. Those who had not seen Edgar A. Poe since his obscurity, came in crowds to see their famous townsman. The cordiality of his reception pleased him, and he became anxious to make Richmond his permanent home. He joined the "Sons of Temperance," and it was universally reported that he was about to be married. The lady was a widow, rich and beautiful, the ideal of his "Lenore." On the fourth of October he started for New-York to prepare for his marriage. Those who knew him in this last visit say that he was indisposed when he left Richmond. Still feeling unwell when he reached Baltimore, he took a small quantity of spirits for relief. It was the first that had passed his lips for some months, but it was sufficient to rouse the appetite that ruined him. A day of excess brought on a fit of delirium tremens; and he was taken from the streets by the watchmen next morning in a state of stupor. Having no home, no friends, and no money, they conveyed him to the Hospital, and there, on the evening of Sunday, the seventh of October, 1849, he died, at the age of thirty-eight years.

Such was the life of Edgar Allan Poe, and such his death; the one broken and imperfect, the other untimely and terrible. Since the days of Otway and Savage, no literary man of any eminence has led so uncertain and nomadic a life. In his own person and destiny he realized all the sorrows and wants, and all the neglect of Grub-street, with a burning core in his heart that a *habitué* of Grub-street has seldom possessed—the unquenchable fire of genius. For a man of his genius to lead the life that he did; for him to be in want, as he generally was, there must have been some cause, or the world was harsher to him than to any other man of his class.

There is something to be said in behalf of the fallen poet; not to excuse or extenuate his faults, but to make both them and him more fully known. Thus far his memoirs have been singularly superficial, (our sketch, of course, comes under the same condemnation,) confined to merely outward facts, his body-life, and have been written by indifferent friends or open foes. They have been cruel, needlessly cruel. We dissect the dead, not to show our skill in anatomy, and how well we can cut and hack, but to detect the cause of their disease, that it may be a lesson and a warning to us. The most prominent of Poe's vices is generally understood to have been drunkenness. For drunkenness there can be no good excuse. The only excuse, in Poe's case, was his peculiar temperament, and the unfortunate circumstances of his early life. When the merest child, a fatherless and motherless babe, he was placed in the charge of strangers. At five years of age—if biographical dates are to be trusted—he was left at school in another hemisphere, away from his foster-parents, and their guardianship and watchfulness, where he remained five or six years; the most important years in his life. Those of us who in youth attended large schools, at a distance from home, know too well their pernicious liabilities; and those of us who did not attend them, may gather some idea of what they are from the pages of Hood, Dickens, and Thackeray. Just when his strange mind, that needed so careful a training, was forming for good or ill, when he should have had a father's care, a mother's prayers and tears, Edgar Poe was alone in the world, a friendless child, confined in a large boarding-school, among all kinds of boys and masters, and exposed to their mingled influences. When he was eleven he was recalled to America, petted and flattered and caressed—he was so clever and handsome,—and cultivated intellectually to the utmost. When fourteen—which is seldom considered the age of discretion—he is placed in a university famous for its dissipation and want of morality. Before he was eighteen he wandered through Europe, living as he could; returning, he was placed in a military school, to learn the art of mathematical murder; before he was twenty he was a discarded son, as his father had been before him, cut off without even the customary shilling; and during the rest of his life, not far from twenty years more, was a wanderer and poor author, living from hand to mouth, with not much in either at times—by the labors and profits of a fastidious taste and a slow pen, with a wife and mother-in-law to maintain; his literary worth by no means recognized as it should have been, but from its very nature unavoidably creating for him powerful enemies, and all the while, all the weary hopeless years, tortured by the unquenchable fire of genius. Let all these things—a many-tangled web of good and ill—be considered, for they had much to do with Poe's drunkenness and unhappy end. They do not indeed excuse, but they in some degree account for his misconduct. But the real key of the mystery is after all to be found in his peculiar temperament, and in the analytical turn of his mind, which seems to have utterly lacked the moral sense. From all that we can gather from his writings, and all that we have been able to learn from those who knew him, he seems to have never had any practical knowledge of morality. He was an intellect, not a man; had a brain, but not a heart. We do not mean that he had not passions and affections, like other men, and powerful ones too when they were roused—he had the animal with the intellectual attributes of our nature, but no conscience, no respect or fear for the laws of God or man. Intellectually he recognized no sin; his morality was, to do whatever he pleased, provided it did not offend his taste. Conscience seems seldom to have spoken to him in manhood—hardly to have existed at all. Doubtless in earliest life it might have been elicited and trained to virtue, but both his passions and his education were early combined to counteract and destroy it. He was an anomaly in this respect. Few men ever showed so little of the moral sense. With more reverence, says one of his critics, and one who apparently knew him personally, Poe would have been a mocker and a sneerer; but he wanted the perception of reverential things to give them sufficient importance to be mocked. The same fact accounts for an absence of that morbid remorse, and sense of duty unfulfilled, which marks so distinctly all the writings of Byron, and most authors of distinction. In Poe's writings there is despair, hopelessness, and the echoes of a melancholy touching to those who read with a remembrance of his broken life; but nowhere in them does "conscience, roused, sit boldly on her throne." The ideas of right and wrong are as feeble in his chains of thought as in the literature of ancient Greece. The radical depravity of a simply analytical mind, and the misfortunes of a broken life, made Poe sometimes a drunkard. That he was not a confirmed drunkard, however, is testified to by all his friends and acquaintances, and proved by the excellence and bulk of his writings. His nervous temperament was delicate to a degree. What would have hardly exhilarated another man, made him frantic, so frail was his *physique*. A single glass of wine would intoxicate him; he has even been known to have been intoxicated by strong coffee.

With most men drinking is a source of pleasure, a gratification of the appetite; with him, after he had tasted the first glass, it was a disease, a mania, a madness. When the poison had passed his lips, he would go at once to a bar and drink off glass after glass, as fast as it could be poured out, till his faculties were swallowed up, and his reason lost. That his intoxication and its consequent effects diminished the quantity of his intellectual products there can be but little doubt; but we do not believe that it at all impaired the force or beauty of his mind, any more than opium did that of Coleridge. The writings of both these extraordinary men are truthful representatives of their minds. Kublah Khan and the Ancient Mariner are the distempered creations of opium; and The Raven, Ulalume, and most of Poe's prose tales, are the shadows of *mania a potu*. Over all that Poe has written hangs a starless night of desolation, the shadow of insanity. No thoroughly sane man in sound health could have written the tales of Poe. There is an air of sickness and morbidness about them, a feeling of incipient madness. His walk of life is not in towns and cities, but among tombs and sepulchers; his companions and *dramatis personæ* are not men and women, but spirits, specters, demons. In the hands of any but a profound artist most of Poe's subjects would be simply extravagant and disgusting; in his hands, however, they are wonderfully effective and fine. The terrors of Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis are not to be compared with those we experience in reading his weird and witching creations; the most spiritual of their terrors have something childish in them, are too much akin to the blue fire and red-ochre blood of the cheap melodramas; while his are in the highest degree poetical, working upon the most spiritual and supernatural elements of our being. We cannot resist their unearthly beauty and sublimity; we shudder at it, fear it, know it to be evil, and yet are fascinated by it, and cannot leave it. "The book hath a demon." There is a strange unearthly spirituality about Poe's mind, witching like that of our dreams; we are powerless in his domain of thought. We do not overrate The Fall of the House of Usher when we say that it is the most admirable thing of the kind in the whole range of English literature. One cause of the power of Poe's stories is their intense supernaturalness, and another the artistic manner in which they are worked up, the effect being in all cases of the most legitimate order. If the world of letters has ever had a thorough and great artist, Poe is that man. No other modern, save Tennyson, is so versed in the philosophy of criticism, and so capable of bringing it to bear upon his own compositions. The only drawback with him is, that his walk is narrow, and by no means healthy. Of the between fifty and sixty stories, long and short, good, bad, and indifferent, in his volumes, we cannot call to mind a single one which is not perfect in itself—perfect in conception, and perfect in finish. His style is the only style, because no style at all—free from mannerisms and "pets;" a little cold and hard, it may be, but always clear, concise, and elegant, and, what is still better, always direct and to the point. There is no writing for the sake of writing; no saying fine things because they happened to come into his head: every paragraph is as close and as compact as if it had been pressed in a vice.

As a poet Poe ranks high, although most of his poetry is unreadable. Save the "Raven," and one or two similar poems, the sooner the mass of it dies the better for his reputation. Where it is good, there is no mistake about it; it has the seal of immortality on it. When it accomplishes anything, it accomplishes all. Its power and excellence lies in its objective tendency. It is something beyond and above us, something real and tangible; it does not give us Poe's subjectivity, his headaches, and heartaches, and deliriums; but shapes itself into distinct objective creations. Now into dark chambers and befitting sorrows, a mystic raven from the shores of Night, and the refrain of—Nevermore! a knell to the poet's hope and heart; and now into ghoul-haunted wood-lands, Titanic alleys of cypress, and a mysterious legended tomb. There is a dim outline of story in it, something which strikes upon our chords of suggestiveness, an artistic mist and vagueness which greatly adds to its really poetical power. Poe's definition of poetry—that it is the rhythmical creation of beauty—is the only true one. His whole literary life was a battle for this great principle, and we hope not an entirely unsuccessful one. For we know not how long—but many a weary age—we have had all kinds of stuff and nonsense palmed upon us as poetry: agriculture and satire, politics and didactics, and whatever else happened to be in the addled brains of the versifier. One poet is fain to teach us how to sow wheat and turnips; another, how to hunt and shear sheep; and a third, how to cure colds and fevers! Have we not Armstrong's "Art of Preserving Health," and Garth's "Dispensary?" "The Chase" and "Fleece," of Dyer and Somerville? "The Seasons, a Poem," by James Thomson, not to go back to our old friend Virgil, with his nice pastoral, "The Georgics?"

Against this false theory of *use*, the "didactic heresy," as he called it, Poe was unsparing and bitter in his denunciations. To pretension and mediocrity he was merciless. Sifting from his criticism whatever is personal and local, it is generally accurate and profound, logical and convincing: it does not deal with men, but with principles, the provable mathematics of art. Its strongest point, the strongpoint, in fact, of all Poe's writings, is its singular power of analysis. If there is anything to be got at, Poe is pretty sure to get at it; and if there is really nothing, he can make us forget the fact by his sophistries, and can create shadows, which he passes off on us as substances. Students in composition should read his account of the manner in which he composed "The Raven."

The school of literature to which Poe belongs, and of which he is certainly the master, is one that we thoroughly dislike. Traces of it are to be found among most modern nations; but it is of comparatively a recent growth. When and where it made its first appearance is not, perhaps, easy to determine; we should say that its birth-place was Germany, and its *accoucheurs* Goethe, Schiller, and Kotzebue; "The Sorrows of Werter" and "The Robbers" of the two first, and the many lugubrious dramas of the last, inoculating the reading-world, especially in England, the warranted country of fogs and "blues." Upon this bitter fruit fed Mrs. Radcliffe and a host of forgotten imitators—"The Minerva Press"—who were killed off by the healthy genius of Walter Scott. Monk Lewis was the last of the school who appeared openly, and the last to strike his death's-head and cross-bones' flag. In its more spiritual form of melancholy and misanthropy it infected the poetry of Byron and his host of imitators. In France it is the essential element of the most popular novels of Eugene Sue and George Sand; distorting their delineations of passion and the inner life of man. Brilliant they certainly are, those French novelists, but diseased with false sentiment and sensibility, and rotten to the core. In America it has touched much that Hawthorne has written, and breathes through nearly all the poems and tales of Poe. Since his death it has fastened upon our younger authors, the ladies especially: for instance, Alice Carey and Caroline Cheesebro, both of whose last books are decidedly unhealthy; the one regularly kills her characters at the end of the story, the other reduces them to mere abstractions in her metaphysical *peine forte et dure*. The tendency of this literature—we might call it the dyspeptic school—is to make its readers unhealthy and unhappy. It mercilessly exposes the depths and secrets of the heart, laying bare to the eyes of all what but few are strong enough to survey unharmed—the black gulfs and chasms of our spiritual nature. It confuses the boundaries of right and wrong, removes the ancient landmarks of faith and morality, and leagues itself with darkness generally, reversing the very life and mission of all literature and art, viz.: the promotion of joy and gladness, and undying faith in the good and beautiful. What we want is not darkness, but light; not thorns in our path, but roses, and everywhere dew and freshness. The literature which does not give us this, and does not make us happier and better is not true and good, but, in spite of its beauty and sublimity, false and pernicious. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

For Poe—to come back to the subject again—let us finish this paper by a copy of verses which we wrote upon hearing of his death. Faulty they certainly are, but they say what should be said on such an occasion:—

MISERRIMUS.

He has pass'd away
From a world of strife,
Fighting the wars of Time and Life;
The leaves will fall when the winds are loud,
And the snows of winter will weave his shroud,
But he will never, ah never know
Anything more
Of leaves or snow!

The summer tide
Of his life was past,
And his hopes were fading, fading fast;
His faults were many, his virtues few,
A tempest with flecks of heaven's blue;
He might have soar'd to the gates of light,
But he built his nest
With the birds of night!

He glimmer'd apart
In solemn gloom,
Like a dying lamp in a haunted tomb:
He touch'd his lute with a magic spell,
But all its melodies breathed of hell,
Raising the afrits and the ghouls,
And the pallid ghosts
Of the damned souls!

But he lies in dust,
And the stone is roll'd
Over his sepulcher dark and cold;
He has cancel'd all he has done, or said,
And gone to the dear and holy dead!
Let us forget the path he trod,
And leave him now,
With his Maker—God!

THE LIPS.

LEIGH HUNT says, of those who have thin lips, and are not shrews or niggards—"I must give here as my firm opinion, founded on what I have observed, that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humor and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-humor and grudgingess has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from an habitual series of such moments. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face; it can the least conceal its sensations. We can hide neither ill temper with it, nor good; we may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another; or, rather, it expresses the same emotions but in greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of trembling tenderness; of a sharp sorrow, of a full-breathing joy, of candor, of reserve, of a carking care, of a liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression in the eyes—as many lights in a city reflect a broad lustre into the heavens. On the other hand, the eyes may be supposed the chief movers, influencing the smaller details of their companion, as heaven influences earth. The first cause is both internal and deep-seated."

HARSH WORDS are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plant they batter down.

lived to see him loved,
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blished a volume
which he after-
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e, in
was

COWLEY'S HOUSE—STREET FRONT.

ENGLISH SHRINES.

THE county of Surrey is rich to overflowing in memories, both of persons and events, and the little quaint and quiet town of Chertsey could tell of the gorgeous and gloomy past as much as many of its ancient neighbors within a day's drive of London. Had its old abbey stones but tongues, how they could discourse of years when a visit to Chertsey was an undertaking, though now the distance is but half an hour.

Nowhere within twenty miles of London does the Thames appear more queenly, or sweep with greater grace through its fertile dominions, than it does at Chertsey. It is, indeed, delightful to stand on the bridge in the glowing sunset of a summer evening, and, turning from the refreshing green of the Shepperton Range, look into the deep clear blue of the flowing river, while the murmur of the waters rushing through Laleham Lock gives a sort of spirit-music to the scene. On the right, as you leave Chertsey, the river bends gracefully toward the double bridge of Walton; and to the left it undulates smoothly along, having passed Runnymede and Staines, while the almost conical hill of St. Anne's attracts attention by its abrupt and singular form when viewed from the vale of the Thames.

There is nowhere a more delightful road than that which leads from the "Golden Grove," rendered picturesque by its old tree—the plantations of Monksgrove on one side, and those of the once residence of Charles James Fox on the other. The road is perfectly embowered, and so close is the foliage that you have no idea of the beautiful view which awaits you until, leaving the statesman's house on the left, you pass through a sort of wicket gate on the right, and follow a foot-path to where two magnificent trees crown the hill. It is wisest to wait until, passing along the level ridge, you arrive at the "view-point," and there, spread around you, is such a panorama as England only can show, and show against the world for its extreme richness. On the left is Cooper's Hill, which Denham, that high-priest of "local poetry," long ago made famous; in the bend, just where it meets the plain, you see the towers of Windsor Castle; there is Harrow Hill, the sun shining brightly on its tall church; a deep pall hovers over London, but you can see the dome of St. Paul's looming through the mist; nay, we have heard of those who have told the hour of the day upon its broad-faced clock with the assistance of a good glass. How beautifully the Thames winds! Ay! there is the grand stand at Epsom; and there Twickenham, delicious, soft, balmy Twickenham; and Richmond Hill—a very queen of beauty!

But we have not yet explored the beauties of this our own hill of Chertsey; truly, to do so would take a day as long as that of its own black-cherry fair.

A path to the left, among the fern and heather, leads to a well, famed for its healing properties—it is called the Nun's Well; even now, the peasants believe that its waters are a cure for diseases of the eye; the path is steep and dangerous, and it is far pleasanter to walk round the brow of the hill and overlook the dense wood which conceals the well, fringing the meadows of Thorpe, than to seek its tangled hiding-place in the dell. The monks of old would be sorely perplexed, if they could arise, to account for the long line of smoke which marks the passage of the different trains along their railroads. But we turn from them to enjoy a ramble round the brow of St. Anne's Hill; the coppice which clothes the descent into the valley is so thick, that, though it is intersected by many paths, you might lose yourself half-a-dozen times within an hour; if it be evening, the nightingales in the thickets of Monksgrove have commenced their chorus, and the town of Chertsey, down below, is seen to its full extent, its church tower toned into beauty by the rich light of the setting sun, while through the trees and holly thickets you obtain glimpses of the Guildford and Leatherhead hills, so softly blue that they meet and mingle with the sky.

Those who feel no interest in monkish chronicles may reverence St. Anne's Hill, because of its having been the favorite residence of Charles James Fox, the cotemporary of Pitt and Burke and Sheridan and Grattan, at a period when men felt strongly and spoke eloquently. The site of the house, on the south-eastern side of the hill, is extremely beautiful, and it is much regretted in the neighborhood that it finds so little favor in the heart of its present noble proprietor. The grounds are laid out with much taste; there is a noble cedar, planted by Mrs. Fox when only the size of a wand. The statesman's widow survived her husband more than thirty-six years, but never outlived her friends or her faculties. There is a temple dedicated to Friendship, which was erected to perpetuate the coming of age of one of the late Lords Holland; on a pedestal, ornamented by a vase, are inscribed some verses by General Fitzpatrick; another, placed by Mrs. Fox to mark a favorite spot where Mr. Fox loved to muse, is enriched by a quotation from the "Flower and the Leaf," concluded by two graceful stanzas:—

"Cheerful in this sequester'd bower,
  From all the storms of life removed,
Here Fox enjoy'd his evening hour,
  In converse with the friends he loved.
And here these lines he oft would quote,
  Pleased, from his favorite poet's lay;
When challenged by the warbler's note,
  That breathed a song from every spray."

At St. Anne's Hill he enjoyed as many intervals of repose and tranquillity as could fall to a statesman's lot; in the time of wars and tumults, how he must have luxuriated in its delicious quiet, surrounded by friends who dearly loved him, and swayed only for good by the wife who, (although it is known that her early intimacy with him was such as prevented her general recognition in society,) according to the evidence of all who knew her, was the minister only to his better thoughts and nobler ambitions, and who weaned him from nearly all the follies and vices which stained his youth and earlier manhood. Various causes led to his death, before age had added infirmities to disease. He died at Chiswick House, and his last words, addressed to Mrs. Fox, were, "I die happy." It is said he wished to be buried at Chertsey, but his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey.

There is an imaginary pleasure in turning from the wearing-out turmoil of a statesman's life, to what the world believes the tranquil dreams of a poet's existence; but there are few things the worldling so little understands as literary industry, or so little sympathizes with as literary care. We have no inclination to overrate either its toils or its pleasures, and perhaps no life is more abundantly supplied with both. Its toils must be evident to any who have noted the increasing literary labor which is necessary to produce the ordinary sources of comforts, but its high and holy enjoyments are not so apparent;

they are so different from those of almost all others as not to be easily explained or understood; but above all other gifts, the marvelous gift of poesy is a distinction conferred by the Almighty, and should be acknowledged and treasured as such. We know little of a poet's studies except by their imperishable produce, and it is a common but ill-founded prejudice to imagine regularity or diligence incompatible with high genius. Genius is neither above law, nor opposed to it; but as many have a poetic taste and temperament *without* the inspiration, the world is apt to mistake the eccentricity of the pretender for the outward and visible sign of genius. Whether or not the poet of the Porch-house of Chertsey had the actual poetic fire, we do not venture to determine. Abraham Cowley takes a prominent position among the poets of our land; and the eventful times in which he lived, and his participation in their tumults, give him additional interest in all the relations of his anxious and not over-happy life. It is recorded of him that he became a poet in consequence of reading the Faerie Queene, which chance threw in his way while yet a child. In allusion to this, Dr. Johnson gave his well-known definition of genius: "A mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction." We had almost dared to say this is rather the definition of a philosopher than of one who comprehended the spirituality of a marvelous gift.

COWLEY.

Abraham Cowley, the posthumous son of a London grocer, owed much to his mother. She, by her exertions, procured him a classical education at Westminster school. She lived to see him loved, honored, and great; and, what was better still, and more uncommon, grateful. At the age of fifteen he published a volume called "Poetic Blossoms," which he afterward described as "commendable extravagancies in a boy." He obtained a scholarship in Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1636, and there took his degree; but was ejected by the Parliament, and thence removed to Oxford. Shortly after he followed the queen (Henrietta) to Paris, as secretary to the Earl of St. Albans, and was employed in the court of the exiles in the most confidential capacity. In 1656 he returned to England, and was immediately arrested as a suspected spy. He submitted quietly—the royalists thought too quietly—to the dominion of the Protector, but his whole life proved that he was no traitor. At the Restoration, that great national disappointment, his claims upon the ungrateful monarch were met by a taunt and a false insinuation—he was told that his pardon was his reward! Wood said, "He lost his place by certain enemies of the Muses;" certain "friends of the Muses," however, procured for him the lease of the Porch-house and farm at Chertsey, held under the queen, and the great desire of his life—solitude—was obtained.

The place still seems a meet dwelling for a poet. The porch, which caused his residence to be called "The Porch-house," was taken down during the last century by the father of its present proprietor, the Rev. John Crosby Clarke, and the house is now known as "Cowley House."[*] It is situated near the bridge which crosses a narrow and rapid stream, in a lonely part of Guildford-street; a latticed window, which overhangs the road, is the window of the room in which the poet expired; on the outside wall Mr. Clarke has recorded his reason for removing the porch. "The porch of this house, which projected ten feet into the highway, was taken down in the year 1786 for the safety and accommodation of the public."

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[*] The large outer porch of Cowley's house had chambers above it, and beneath the window in front a tablet was affixed, upon which was inscribed the epitaph "upon the living author" which Cowley had written for himself whilst living in retirement here, commencing

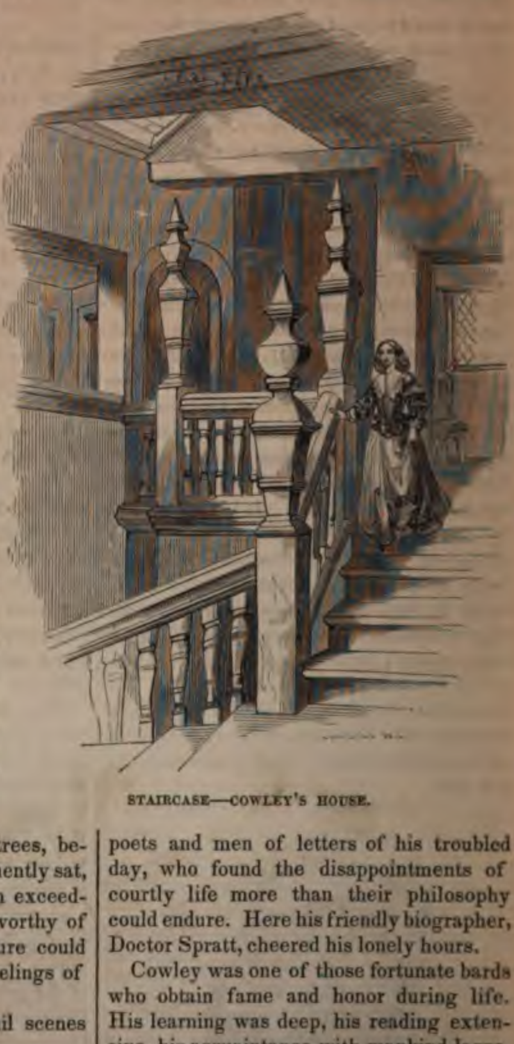
"Hic, O Viator, sub lare parvulo,
Couleius hic est conditus hic jacet."

It is represented in its original condition in the two views we have engraved.

> "Here the last accents flow'd from Cowley's tongue."

The appearance of the house from Guildford-street is no index to its size or conveniences.[*] You enter by a side gate, and the new front of the dwelling is that of a comfortable and gentlemanly home; the old part, it is said, was built in the reign of James the First, and what remains is sufficiently quaint to bear out the legend; the old and new are much mingled, and the modern part consists of one or two bed-rooms, a large dining-room, and a drawing-room, commanding a delicious garden view, the meanderings of the stream, and a long tract of luxuriant meadows, terminated by the high and richly-timbered ground of St. Anne's Hill. A portion of the old stairway is preserved; the wood is not, as has been stated, oak, but sweet chestnut. One of the rooms is paneled with oak, and Cowley's study is a small closet-like chamber, the window looking toward St. Anne's Hill. It is never difficult to imagine a poet in a *small chamber*, particularly when his mind may imbibe inspiration from so rich and lovely a landscape. Besides the group of trees, beneath whose shadow the poet frequently sat, there is a horse-chestnut of such exceeding size and beauty that it is worthy of pilgrimage, and no lover of nature could look upon it without mingled feelings of reverence and affection.

Here, then, amid such tranquil scenes and such placid beauty, the "melancholy Cowley" passed the latter days of his anxious existence; here we may fancy him receiving Evelyn and Denham, the poets and men of letters of his troubled day, who found the disappointments of courtly life more than their philosophy could endure. Here his friendly biographer, Doctor Spratt, cheered his lonely hours.



STAIRCASE—COWLEY'S HOUSE.

Cowley was one of those fortunate bards who obtain fame and honor during life. His learning was deep, his reading extensive, his acquaintance with mankind large. "To him," says Denham in his famous elegy,

> "To him no author was unknown,
> Yet what he wrote was all his own."

His biographer adds, "There was nothing affected or singular in his habit, or person, or gesture; *he understood the forms of good breeding enough to practice them without burdening himself or others.*" This, indeed, is the perfection of good breeding and good sense.

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[*] Some additional rooms have been added to the house by the same occupant, who has, however, religiously preserved all the old rooms, which still exhibit the "fittings" that existed in Cowley's time. The bed-chambers are wainscoted with oaken panels. The staircase is a very solid structure, with ornamental balusters, leading toward the small study in which the poet wrote,—a little back room, about five feet wide, looking upon the garden. It may be distinguished in our back view of the house by a figure placed at the window. Cowley ended his life in this house at the early age of forty-nine.

Having obtained, as we have said, the Porch-house at Chertsey, his mind dwelt with pleasure—a philosophic pleasure—upon the hereafter which he hoped for in this life of tranquillity, and the silent labor he so dearly loved; but he was destined to prove the reality of his own poesy:—

"O Life, thou *Nothing's* younger brother,
So *like* that one might take one for the other."

The career of Abraham Cowley was never sullied by vice; he was loyal without being servile, and at once modest, independent, and sincere. His character is eloquently drawn by Dr. Spratt: "He governed his passions with great moderation; his virtues were never troublesome or uneasy to any; whatever he disliked in others he corrected by the silent reproof of a better practice." He died at Chertsey on the 28th of July, 1667, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. A throng of nobles followed him to his grave; and the worthless king who had deserted him is reported to have said, that Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England. It is said the body of Cowley was removed from Chertsey by water, thus making the Thames he loved so well the highway to his grave. There is something highly poetic in this idea of a funeral, so still and solemn, with the oars dropping noiselessly in the blue water. Pope, in allusion to it, says:—

"What tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led;"

which rather inclines us to the belief that in this, as in many other instances, the poetic reading is not the true one—

"The muses oft in lands of vision play;"

but the fact that he died at Chertsey, as much respected as a man as he was admired as a poet, is certain, and his house is often visited by strangers, who are permitted to see his favorite haunts by the kindness of its proprietor, who honors the spot so hallowed by memories of "the melancholy Cowley"—he who considered and described "business" as

"The contradiction to his fate."

But we must postpone our farther rambles for the present.

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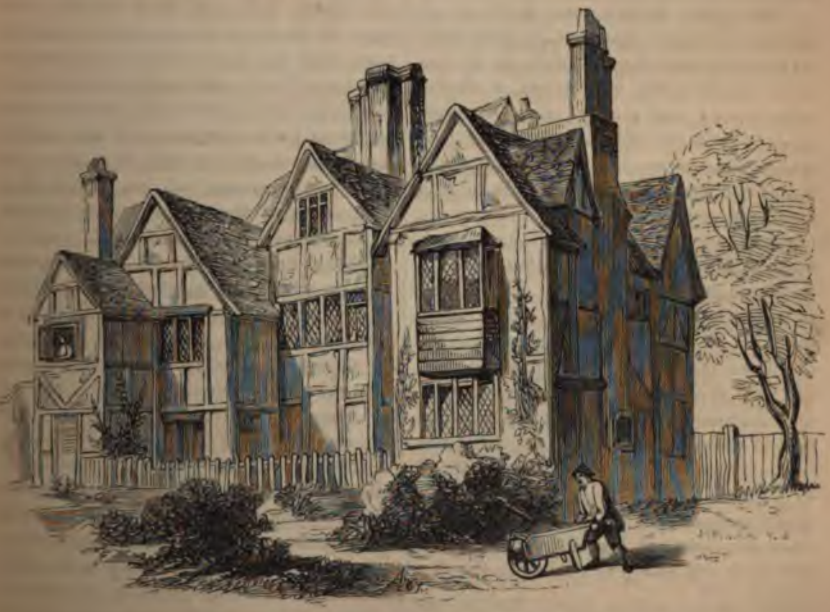
Chertsey loses half its romantic interest by the intrusion of the progressive agents of our time—our noisy time, of which the spirit willingly brooks no souvenirs of monastic repose. The old quaint, quiet town has now its railroad, and the shades of its heroes have departed.



COWLEY'S HOUSE—GARDEN FRONT.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

THE DAWNING OF GREATNESS.

JOHNSON'S RESIDENCE, GOUGH-SQUARE.

AT five-and-thirty Samuel Johnson was an obscure "man of letters," occupying a subordinate position in a not very celebrated publishing establishment in London. As yet he had sent forth but a single acknowledged production (his "London") that was calculated to awaken any very large expectations in the minds of the most generous friends of literature; and though that was a work of real merit, yet it was not sufficient to win a reputation for its author in the great republic of letters. Had he died at that age his cotemporaries would have forgotten him, and posterity would never have known that he had lived. His social and domestic affairs corresponded with his obscurity as a writer. The profession of authorship, in the absence of established literary eminence, is necessarily a beggarly and slavish business.

Very few writers can produce an amount of matter which, at the best rates of payment that can be made for anonymous productions, will afford a decent subsistence; and though, as in the case of Johnson's contributions to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in a few rare cases pearls are found among the mass of rubbish thus produced, such occurrences are too rare to justify any mercantile dependence on them. The quarrel between authors and publishers is an old one, and one in which one party has had nearly all to say; but it is sufficiently evident that the merits of the case are not all on one side. No man becomes an author except at his own instance, and surely the public is under no obligation to receive and treat any one as a genius till he has shown himself to be such; indeed, no man should ever make authorship his business till he has fully demonstrated his ability to attain to eminence and gain a livelihood in the profession.

At the time now under consideration there can be no doubt Johnson was miserably poor. A deep, dark silence rests upon his domestic history for a period of more than ten years after his coming to London, of which only incidental and sometimes accidental glances are obtained from his more public history. Of this kind is the information gathered from the very imperfect accounts of his connections with Savage, during the years 1738–39. It would seem that for a short period an intimacy existed between Johnson and Savage, which it is suspected was a source of real disadvantage to the former, as it certainly was an occasion of discredit. Of these times Johnson himself declares, that, driven by necessity, as well as induced by Savage's custom of waking by night and sleeping by day, the two often passed the whole night wandering about St. James's Park, unable alike to procure either lodging or refreshments. A further question is suggested by this affair: Johnson had then a wife residing in London; why then was he found wandering all night in the streets for want of a resting-place? Two solutions of this mystery have been offered to the public; one of which casts discredit upon Johnson's moral character, and the other only discloses his poverty. Sir John Hawkins most uncharitably intimates that, by his intimacy with Savage, he had fallen into such irregularities that a separation from his wife was the consequence, so that now he was quite homeless. Of this, however, there is no sufficient proof, but much evidence to the contrary; and while there is reason to suspect that Johnson's morals were not improved by his intercourse with his erratic friend, there is nowhere a shadow of proof that he was ever unfaithful to his wife. In reference to this question, an annotator of the life of Johnson very justly remarks: "It should be remembered that Johnson, at different periods, had lodgings in the vicinity of London; and his finances would not admit of a double establishment. When, therefore, he spent a convivial day in London, and found it too late to return to any country residence he may occasionally have had, having no lodgings in the town, he was obliged to pass the night in the manner described above; for Savage, it seems, could accommodate him with nothing but his company in the open air."

Another glance into the condition of Johnson's financial affairs about this time is afforded by the following brief anecdote: Soon after the publication of the Life of Savage, a literary gentleman, dining with Cave, while at the table spoke in terms of praise of the new publication. A few days later Cave, seeing the same gentleman again, said to him: "Your remarks made a man very happy the other day;" and when it was answered that no such person was with them at the table, Cave informed him that Johnson was at that time dining behind the screen, being dressed so shabbily that he did not choose to be seen.

Of his miscellaneous writings, produced during the year 1744, we have a very imperfect account. He continued in the employment of Cave, but whether as a general assistant, receiving a stipulated salary, or otherwise, is uncertain. That he wrote for the public is not to be doubted; and it is equally certain that what he wrote was of but little permanent value, and therefore there is not much cause to regret that we cannot now rescue that which he was willing to consign to oblivion. A work of a higher character than any before issued by him was that year given to the public—"The Life of Richard Savage." The name of this individual, and Johnson's connections with him, have already been alluded to; his death, which occurred just before this time, devolved on his friend the office of biographer.

There is no fixed rule as to the amount of time and pains required for the production of the best works of genius. It may, indeed, be conceded that they are always the fruits of patient and continuous toil; for though they may be thrown off as rapidly as the mechanical labor of their production can be performed, they are nevertheless the results of years of thought and painful preparation. The harangues that roused the slumbering patriotism of Athens, and shook the throne of Macedon, though poured forth like the gushings of a fountain, were the accumulations of years of study and discipline. So in this case, the genius of the author that, like the young eagle, which confines himself to lowly flights till his wings gather strength by exercise and his pinions gain their full proportions, had hitherto seemed comparatively tame and feeble, now essayed a higher flight than had before been attempted. The period of pupilage was past, and only the occasion was needed to demonstrate the power that was in him. This was at length afforded by the death of Savage, which took place during the autumn of 1743, giving occasion for a biography of one as to whom the public felt no little curiosity.

Johnson no doubt entertained a true friendship for his erratic and unfortunate associate, and fearing that his story might be told by some one less favorably disposed toward him, immediately on the intelligence of his death notified the public that "his Life would be speedily published by a person who was favored with his confidence, and received from himself an account of most of the transactions which he proposes to mention." Accordingly, in February, 1744, the promised work appeared; and such was its ability as a literary production that it contributed not a little to establish the reputation of its author as a writer of real and distinguished abilities.

A story so full of tragical romance; the exhibition of a genius so brilliant and so erratic; a portraiture of character so admirable, and yet so deformed with crimes and meanness, as are here given, in language the most gorgeous, and in a style of imperial dignity, and the whole work studded with gems of thought and coruscations of genius, could not fail to attract notice, and to impress the public mind with a conviction of the ability of the hitherto almost unknown author. The task undertaken was a difficult one, as the author occupied the almost incompatible relations of friend and apologist of Savage, and the friend of virtue and teacher of morality. The history of Savage, as related to Johnson by himself, is rapidly yet clearly detailed; his genius is exhibited to the best advantage, and his writings noticed with the partiality of a friend, without the blindness of a flatterer. Though always kindly affected toward the unhappy subject of his narrative, he neither conceals nor palliates his faults; and while generally taking part with the mad poet against his enemies, a spirit of fairness toward them distinguishes all his discussions. If the work contains errors in matters of fact, the fault was not Johnson's but Savage's, from whom Johnson received them; or if he erred at all in regard to them, it was in placing too much confidence in Savage's version of his own story.

The work, however, is chiefly remarkable for its incidental remarks and observations of an ethical and philosophical kind. In writing the life of Savage, the author could not present the example of the life and manners of his subject for emulation, nor was it consistent with his purposes of personal friendship to exhibit him upon the gibbet as an example of the fearful consequences of crime. His faults are confessed, frankly yet kindly, and in connection with whatever mitigating circumstances the truth demanded should be considered. In the character of the subject is clearly seen the distinction between a virtuous man and a friend of virtue; and the case is made very evident, that while the *author* may be arrayed on the side of truth and right, the *man* may be of the opposite extreme. Like a well-executed picture of an unpleasant object, the sketch here presented gives pleasure as a work of art, though the original could excite only disgust; and though it was designed as a tribute of friendship to the memory of the departed, yet his real character is still seen through the vail of eloquence, and among the aggregation of extenuatory statements and profound moral and philosophical maxims, in its true colorings of baseness and profligacy. And, what is especially remarkable, this valuable production was one of the most hastily written of all its author's works. The dread of being anticipated by some other, who, he feared, "would supply from invention the want of intelligence, and under the title of 'The Life of Savage,' publish only a novel, filled with romantic adventures and imaginary amours," impelled him to dispatch the work in the least time possible. He states himself that he wrote forty-eight of the printed octavo pages at a single sitting—a statement that is rendered credible only by his unimpeachable veracity.

In this biography, so replete with brief but pungent moral reflections, Johnson very plainly intimates his low estimate of the moral character of players, and of the morals of the stage. For this he has been very harshly and unfairly treated by his biographers and critics. Even Boswell, who usually can find nothing but excellence in his "illustrious friend"—or, if a seeming fault is confessed, it is so construed as to seem rather a virtue in disguise—can find no better explanation of his "prejudice" in this matter than the imperfection of his eyesight—assuming that because he was unable to enjoy their performances as well as others he must attack the moral character of the players; or, worse still, his views in this case are charged to his envy at the success of Garrick, though, at this time, that success was mostly prospective. That his practice in this respect, as well as in many others, was inconsistent with his teachings, is granted; for while he thus faithfully portrayed the iniquity then, as always, so prevalent about the theater, he was himself, and he continued to be, a frequenter of the play-house and an associate of stage-players. There is often a sad discrepancy between the didactics of the moralist and the practices of the man; and with Johnson, in whom the love of truth was almost a passion, while his practical morality was far from being Puritanical, this discrepancy is especially manifest. But as no one would think of judging the ethics of the Rambler by the manners of its author, so his strictures on the morals of the stage are to be estimated according to their intrinsic worth, and not by any extrinsic standard or circumstances. If, as his censors pretend, Johnson was no better than those whom he so forcibly condemned, his strictures show that he was what he describes Savage as having been—" not a good man, but the friend of virtue." The justice of his censures of the stage has unhappily been too abundantly and forcibly attested by the experience of a hundred years to leave the matter in doubt with any who sincerely desire to know the truth respecting it. In the very nature of the case, this state of things is made unavoidable. The patrons of the theater are, and ever will be, the less scrupulous portion of society; and since, as Johnson himself so happily expresses it—

> "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give;
> For we that live to please, *must please to live*"—

the manners of the drama must be adapted to their tastes; and as whatever is corrupt is also corrupting, the tendency of theatrical morals must always be from bad to worse.

In 1745, among other literary labors, he wrote the preface to the Harleian Miscellany. This famous collection consisted of eight large volumes of old but valuable pamphlets, selected out of a large amount of miscellaneous and fugitive matter, found in the library of the Earl of Oxford, when it fell into the possession of Osborne, the bookseller. The miscellany was not merely a reprint, it also contained a descriptive catalogue of the whole library; the preparation of which required a great amount of physical as well as intellectual labor. In this painful drudgery Johnson toiled through many a weary day, and as the value of the work performed by him could not be estimated as a whole or in detail, he received for it a stipulated sum per day. What Wilcox, the bookseller, had suggested to him as an appropriate business, when he first came to London, seemed now to be realized. He had become a day-laborer, and might have literally used "a porter's knot" without any impropriety. The degradation of his condition was felt by both himself and his employer. When Johnson paused to look into some volume that excited his curiosity, Osborne urged him to greater diligence, whereupon Johnson, no longer able to check his anger, seizing a folio, laid the insolent bookseller among the rubbish on the floor of his shop. This is the story as usually told; but another version is given by better authority. Boswell spoke of the affair to Johnson, when he replied, "Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him; but it was not in his shop, it was in my own chamber."

The same year he published a pamphlet entitled, "Miscellaneous observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth," &c.; to which he affixed proposals for a new edition of Shakspeare. What amount of attention he at this time devoted to the great poet by way of preparing his proposed edition, is quite uncertain. The proposals, however, did not excite as much interest as he had expected, owing, no doubt, to the fact, that the public was aware that Warburton was at that time engaged in the same work. His pamphlet, however, fell into Warburton's hands, and was honored by him as the only production on the subject not "absolutely below a serious notice," while its author was spoken of as evidently "a man of parts and genius." His project was abandoned for the present, but Johnson ever retained a grateful recollection of the manner of Warburton's allusion to him: "He praised me," he would say, "at a time when praise was of value to me."

For the rest of this year, and the next two, he gave but little to the public. It is probable that during the earlier portion of this time he was occupied with the proposed edition of Shakspeare,—a work which, though deferred for a season, was not finally abandoned. This was the period of the last great political agitation in England as to the succession of the crown. That Johnson strongly sympathized with the exiled Stuarts is well known, nor is it improbable that the state of public affairs had some influence upon the action of his pen. It is said that none of his letters written during this period survived him; it is probable that he wrote very few, but with commendable discretion kept his own counsels in these troublous times. His great philological work was also, no doubt, already occupying his thoughts and dividing his labors.

Several inconsiderable poetical pieces, published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1747, and distinguished by three asterisks, have generally been ascribed to the pen of Johnson, and are still to be found in his collected works. The authority for attributing them to Johnson is quite unsatisfactory, while the internal evidence is all against it. These pieces are, "An Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hanmer;" "To Miss ——, on giving the author a purse of her own weaving;" "Stella in Mourning," "The Winter's Walk," "An Ode," and "To Lyce." None of these pieces were ever acknowledged by Johnson; their signature was indeed used by him sometimes, but it was also used by Hawkesworth, who was then a fellow-contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and probably the author of most or all of the poetical pieces published in the Magazine about this period and generally credited to Johnson. A two-fold justice requires the correction of the blunder by means of which these pieces are found among Johnson's writings. No man would more strenuously object to wearing borrowed plumes than would himself while living, and justice to his posthumous reputation demands that his fame be preserved in its truthful integrity. The pieces themselves are also entirely unworthy of the name of the supposed writer.

LORD LOVAT.

In the same connection may be mentioned a short piece on the execution of Lord Lovat, found in the *Magazine* for April, 1747, which Boswell relates that Johnson would repeat "with great energy," and which, therefore, he suspected was his. Lord Lovat was among the victims of the political troubles of his times; but from the gross viciousness of his life, and the indecent levity with which he met death, he left none to mourn his fate or to cherish his memory. The verses in question are very severe, probably too much so; as will be seen by an extract:—

"True to no king, to no religion true,
No fair forgets the ruin he has done;
No child laments the tyrant of his son;
No tory pities, thinking what he was;
No whig compassions, since he left their cause;
The brave regret not, for he was not brave;
The honest mourn not, knowing him a knave."

The conduct of his lordship at his trial and execution was most extraordinary. When a principal witness had given in his testimony upon which depended the issue of the trial, the defendant being asked if he had any question to propose to the witness, replied, "I only wish him joy of his young wife;" and after sentence of death had been pronounced against him—in the horrible terms in which sentences for treason are delivered—as he was retiring, he called out, "Fare you well, my lords; we shall not all meet again in one place." At the execution, however, he indulged in no offensive levity, but behaved with great propriety, calling out just at last,—"*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*" In the same number of the Magazine is a notice of the execution of Lord Lovat, with reflections upon the indecency of levity in such awful circumstances; this was probably written by Johnson,—the verses bear strong internal evidence of a different origin.

Another event of some interest in the personal history of Johnson occurred in 1747. His early friend, David Garrick, had fairly gotten on the London stage before this date, and now he became joint patentee and chief manager of the Theater Royal of Drury-lane. For the occasion of opening the theater under the new arrangement Johnson prepared a Prologue, to be spoken by Garrick. This merely occasional production strongly indicates the fertility and richness of the mind of the writer, and, as compared with other pieces of the same class, entirely justifies the estimate of Lord Byron, who pronounced this one of the only "two decent prologues in our tongue." It consists of a hasty historical and critical review of the English drama, from the time of Shakspeare, through Ben Jonson's and "the wits of Charles's time" to the period then present, through all of which a steady deterioration is recognized, and the present low condition of the drama confessed. Nor does the prolocutor appear sanguine as to the practicability of the needed reforms. The hopeless enslavement of the stage is confessed by implication, and this is plead as an apology for the probable perpetuation of its unelevated character and condition. The whole piece, which consists of only about sixty lines, embodies most comprehensively, and presents with great felicity of language, the author's notions of both the ideal and the actual of the drama.

The same year is distinguished as the epoch of the public announcement of the forthcoming *Dictionary of the English Language*, by the publication of the plan and prospectus. When and through what influences he was first led to this great undertaking is uncertain, though it is evident that he had already given the subject a good deal of thought. It is said that some years before this time Dodsley had remarked to him that such a work was needed, and would be well received by the public; to which suggestion he at first listened with apparent interest, but presently replied, "I believe I shall not undertake it." He, however, changed his determination, and probably kept the subject in mind from this time. The plan of the work now laid before the public indicates a comprehensiveness of knowledge and a maturity of judgment that imply a thorough acquaintance with the subject, and evince much study and preparation for the work.

The published "Plan" was itself a pledge and assurance to the public of the author's fitness for the work he had undertaken. "It is worthy of observation," remarks one of his biographers, "that the Plan has not only the substantial merit of comprehension, perspicuity, and precision, but that the language of it is unexceptionably excellent; it being altogether free from that inflation of style, and those uncommon, but apt and energetic words, which in some of his works have been so much censured; and never was there a more dignified strain of compliment than that in which he courts the attention of one who, he had been persuaded to believe, would be a respectable patron." The "Plan" was addressed to Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, then one of His Majesty's principal secretaries of state; a nobleman well known to be ambitious of the reputation of a patron of learning, who also, upon being informed of the design of this work, had expressed a decided interest in its success. But the association of two characters so utterly unlike as were Johnson and Chesterfield could never be cordial or lasting, as the event in this case proved.

The heads of five publishing houses, among whom were Mr. Robert Dodsley and the Messrs. Longman, contracted with Johnson for the work, for which they agreed to pay him fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds—a sum that was very considerably diminished by the expenses incurred in the preparation of the work. To facilitate his labor, he removed his residence from Holborn to Gough-square, in Fleet-street, where he had an upper room fitted up like a counting-house in which to prosecute his great enterprise. To relieve himself as far as possible of all merely mechanical drudgery, he employed six copyists. But before he could advantageously avail himself of such assistance he must have advanced far in the preparation of the materials of the work. He had been unconsciously occupied in doing this all his lifetime. In answer to a question from Boswell, as to how he obtained the knowledge requisite to the production of such a work, he replied: "It was not the effect of any particular study; it grew up in my mind insensibly." He availed himself of whatever helps were offered in the extant works on themes similar to his own, but he chiefly relied upon his own original labors in gathering his materials from the unharvested fields of English literature. Of this part of his labors it has been said: "He began his toil by devoting his first care to a diligent perusal of all such English writers as were most correct in their language; and under every sentence which he meant to quote he drew a line, and noted in the margin the first letter of the word under which it was to occur. He then delivered these books to his clerks, who transcribed each sentence on a separate slip of paper, and arranged the same under the word referred to. By these means he collected the several words and their different significations; and when the whole arrange-

CHESTERFIELD.

ment was alphabetically formed, he gave the definitions of their meanings, and collected their etymologies from Skinner, Junius, and other writers on that subject. In completing his alphabetical arrangement he consulted other Dictionaries, to see if any words had escaped him. It is remarkable that, as Boswell observes, he was so attentive in the choice of the passages in which words were authorized that one may read page after page of his Dictionary with improvement and pleasure; and that he has quoted from no author whose writings had, in his estimation, a tendency to injure religion and good morals." The prosecution of this great undertaking occupied its author—though not to the exclusion of other important literary pursuits—during the next seven years. The history of its publication will occur in its proper chronological place.

In the summer of 1748, to give himself the necessary relaxation from his incessant toils, as well as for the benefit of Mrs. Johnson's health, which had become somewhat impaired, he visited Tunbridge Wells, then among the most frequented of the public watering-places in those parts. Here he met with some of the most celebrated wits of the age—Lords Chatham and Lyttleton, Speaker Onslow, Colly Cibber, and his friend Garrick—by all of whom he was treated with such marked deference as indicated on their part a proper appreciation of his character, which was the more grateful, as, while it was new to him, he felt that it was not undeserved.

The same year we find him engaging in further recreations, and forming certain social relations for which his name is scarcely less celebrated than for his literary labors. To facilitate his intercourse with his literary associates, and, as might be deemed expedient, to admit new members to the select circle of wits of which he was becoming the acknowledged center, he originated a CLUB, to meet weekly, to spend an evening in social and literary conviviality. At its organization this famous body consisted of ten members, of whom, however, only two, Sir John Hawkins and Mr. Hawkesworth, were of the afterward celebrated Johnsonian Symposiasts. At these meetings it was remarked that Johnson made it his rule to talk his best on every subject that came up, and while maintaining his own opinions with constant vehemence he was often inconsistent with himself, not only defending incompatible tenets, but holding directly opposite opinions on the same points at different times. This versatility and inconsistency was no cause of offense to his associates; he was the acknowledged head of the body, and whether as a philosopher among his disciples, or the lord of misrule in the revel, his supremacy was confessed with a tacit but cordial assent. Though in some cases the members of the club seemed to meet as intellectual gladiators, they nevertheless were extremely forbearing toward all diversities of opinion that were entertained among them. Their conversations were confined to no particular class of topics, and their gravest discussions were often enlivened by bursts of wit and sallies of good-natured raillery. In this, no less than in grave arguments, Johnson was the chief contributor to the entertainment; for though he was often a victim of the most terrible melancholy, yet, as is not unfrequently the case with occasional hypochondriacs, he dealt largely in the keenest wit and the most genial humor. These traits of his social character and habits are but faintly indicated in his writings, where he is uniformly serious and in earnest. In the talent of *humor*, which is the very soul of good-fellowship, he is said to have had few equals; for in conversation he could give to any relation such aids of expression, and so justly discriminate the characters of those about him, that what in writing may seem offensively severe or without point, as uttered by him possessed the highest qualities of conversational excellence. Humor consists much more in the manner than in the substance of expression, and the import of words and sentences is often wholly changed in force and meaning by the manner of their enunciation. These things must be remembered when we attempt to estimate Johnson's social and colloquial abilities.

A DRUNKARD is the annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the spoil of wealth, the distraction of reason. He is only the brewer's agent, the tavern and alehouse benefactor, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble. He is his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his own shame. In summer he is a tub of swill, a spirit of sleep, a picture of a beast, and a monster of a man.

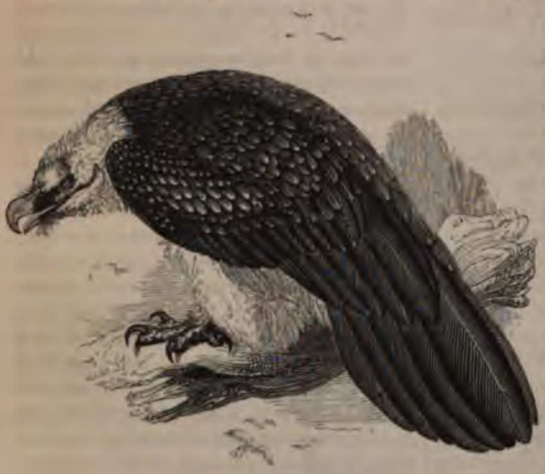
THE CONDOR.

LIONS, TIGERS, AND HYENAS OF THE FEATHERED TRIBE.

WE will not trouble the reader with a scientific description of the birds of prey; suffice it for our present purpose to state that they may be generally recognized by their hooked beaks and stout feet, armed with strong hooked claws. They are among the feathered race what the *carnivora*, or flesh-devourers, are among beasts; but their destructive propensities, however calculated at first to shock our conceptions of order and harmony, are appointed with regard to the due adjustment of the balance of creation.

Upon some isolated pinnacle, some horrid crag of the Andes, we behold the nest of the condor—that giant among vultures. There she rears her brood, and from thence she surveys the plain far beneath in quest of food. Like the rest of the vulture family, the condor prefers carrion, with which it gorges itself to repletion, so that it becomes incapable of flight, and in this state is easily captured with the lasso of the expert Indian. After some of the eastern battles voracious animals will crowd from all quarters to the field, of which jackals, hyenas, and vultures are the chief; while vast multitudes will be seen in the air flocking to the general carnage. "In some parts of the torrid zone the carrion vultures haunt the towns in immense multitudes. In Carthagena they may be seen sitting on the roofs of the houses, or even stalking slowly along the streets. They are here of infinite service to the inhabitants; devouring that filth which would otherwise, by its intolerable stench, render the climate still more unwholesome than it is."

The lammer-geyer, or the bearded or lamb vulture, is described by Cuvier as the largest bird of prey on the continent. It attacks chamois, goats, sheep, marmots, &c., and even man on the edge of a precipice. Sailing on the air, above the summits of the stupendous Alps, it watches till its unwary victim approaches the edge of a precipice, or traverses the pass of a narrow ledge, and then, sudden and impetuous as the avalanche of its native regions, down it rushes, hurling the helpless animal into the abyss below, when, proudly wheeling round by a few gyrations, as if to contemplate the effect of its sanguinary deed, it plunges below to gorge on the yet quivering flesh. Though the bird prefers the fruits of its rapacious prowess, it does not refuse carrion; and it is often seen slowly sweeping along the ground toward the expected banquet. The following anecdote will illustrate its boldness and voracity: "Upon the highest top of the mountain Lamalmon," says a celebrated traveler in Abyssinia, "while my servants were refreshing themselves from that toilsome rugged ascent, and enjoying the pleasure of a most delightful climate, eating their dinner in the outer air, with several dishes of goat's flesh before them, this enemy, as he turned out to be to them, suddenly appeared; he did not stoop rapidly from a height, but came flying slowly along the ground, and sat down close to the meat, within the ring the men had made round it. A great shout, or rather a cry of distress, called me to the place. I saw the creature stand for a minute, as if to recollect himself; while the servants ran for their lances and shields. I walked up as nearly to him as I had time to do. His attention was fully fixed upon the flesh. There were two large pieces, a leg and a shoulder, lying upon a wooden platter; into these he thrust both his claws, and carried them off; but I thought he still looked wistfully at the large piece which remained in the warm water. Away he went slowly along the ground, as he had come. The face of the cliff over which criminals are thrown took him from our sight." In a few minutes, however, he returned, but he was shot by the traveler before he could procure a second freight.



THE LAMMER-GEYER.

The golden eagle was once an inhabitant of England; it still occupies the mountains of Scotland and Ireland, and occasionally makes its appearance in Wales. It is extensively spread over the European continent, and we have specimens from India. It has been generally thought to bear the same dominion over the birds which has been attributed to the lion r the quadrupeds. The following points resemblance are given from Buffon:— agnanimity is equally conspicuous in both; they despise the small animals, and disregard their insults. It is only after a series of provocations, after being teased with the noisy or harsh notes of the raven or magpie, that the eagle determines to punish their temerity or their insolence with death. Besides, both disdain the possession of that property which is not the fruit of their own industry; rejecting with contempt the prey which is not procured by their own exertions. Both are remarkable for their temperance. This species seldom devours the whole of his game, but, like the lion, leaves the fragments and offal to the other animals. Though famished for want of prey, he disdains to feed upon carrion. Like the lion also he is solitary, the inhabitant of a desert, over which he reigns supreme, excluding all the other birds from his silent domain. It is more uncommon, perhaps, to see two pairs of eagles in the same tract of mountain, than two families of lions in the same part of the forest. They separate from each other at such wide intervals as to afford ample range for subsistence; and esteem the value and extent of their dominion to consist in the abundance of the prey with which it is replenished. The eyes of the eagle have the glare of those of the lion, and are nearly of the same color; the claws are of the same shape; the organs of sound are equally powerful, and the cry equally terrible. Destined, both of them, for war and plunder, they are equally fierce, bold, and untractable."

The golden eagle feeds its young with the carcasses of such small animals as lambs, hares, and geese. An Irish countryman, during a summer of famine, obtained a comfortable subsistence for his family out of an eagle's nest, by clipping the wings of the young birds, thus retarding their flight, and tying them so as to increase their cries. This, while it prolonged the attention of the parent birds to their young, also quickened their speed in supplying their wants. It was well for the Irishman that he was not detected by the parents, otherwise he might have met with the fate of a peasant who some years ago

THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

was killed by the eagles when running away with their young.

There are several instances on record of children having fallen victims to the ferocity of this bird. In 1737, in Norway, a child two years of age was running from the house to his parents, who were working in the fields, when an eagle pounced upon him, and, in spite of the agonized screams of his parents, he was dragged away to the aerie of the eagle. Ray informs us that in one of the Orkneys a child twelve months old was seized and carried four miles to its nest; but the mother, inspired with courage by the occasion, followed the robber, clambered the mountain, and rescued the babe from the nest unhurt.

The courage, power, docility, and swiftness of the peregrine falcon rendered it a favorite in the days of falconry. The game at which it was flown were herons, cranes, wild ducks, &c., which it took by soaring above, and then, making its swoop, that is, darting down impetuously upon them, bore them with irresistible violence to the earth. The appearance of this hawk excites universal panic among the water-fowl. A notorious characteristic of the species is, that at the report of a gun it will sometimes come and carry off, from within thirty yards of the sportsman, a bird which he may have just shot, with an assurance as surprising as unexpected. The following anecdote will prove the enduring attachment of which this creature is capable. The late Colonel Johnson, says a recent writer, was ordered to Canada with his battalion, and being very fond of falconry, to which he had devoted much time and expense, he took with him two of his favorite peregrines, as his companions across the Atlantic. It was his constant habit during the voyage to allow them to fly every day, after "feeding them up," that they might not be induced to rake off after a passing sea-gull, or wander out of sight of the vessel. Sometimes their rambles were very wide and protracted; at others they would ascend to such a height as to be almost lost to the view of the passengers, who soon found them to be an effectual means of relieving the tedium of a long sea-voyage, and naturally took a lively interest in their welfare; but, as they were in the habit of returning regularly to the ship, no uneasiness was felt during their occasional absence. At last, one evening, after a longer flight than usual, one of the falcons returned alone. The other—the prime favorite—was missing. Day after day passed away, and, however much he may have continued to regret his loss, Captain Johnson had at length made up his mind that it was irretrievable, and that he should never see him again. Soon after the arrival of the regiment in America, on casting his eyes over a Halifax newspaper, he was struck by a paragraph announcing that the captain of an American schooner had at that moment in his possession a fine hawk, which had suddenly made its appearance on board his ship during his passage from Liverpool. The idea at once occurred to Captain Johnson that this could be no other than his much-prized falcon; so, having obtained immediate leave of absence, he set out for Halifax, a journey of some days. On arrival, he lost no time in waiting on the commander of the schooner, announcing the object of his journey, and requesting that he might be allowed to see the bird; but the American had no idea of relinquishing his prize so easily, and stoutly refused to admit of the interview, "guessing" that it was very easy for an Englishman to lay claim to another man's property, but "calculating" that it was a great deal harder for him to get possession of it; and concluded by asserting in unqualified terms his entire disbelief in the whole story. Captain Johnson, whose object, however, was rather to recover his falcon than to pick a quarrel with the American, proposed that his claim to the ownership of the bird should be decided by an experiment, which several Americans who were present admitted to be perfectly reasonable, and in which their countryman was at last persuaded to acquiesce. It was this:—Captain Johnson was to be admitted to an interview with the hawk—who, by the way, had as yet shown no partiality for any person since her arrival in the New World, but, on the contrary, had rather repelled all attempts at familiarity—and if at this meeting she should not only exhibit such unequivocal signs of attachment and recognition as should induce the majority of the bystanders to believe that he really was her original master, but, especially, if she should play with the buttons of his coat, then the American was at once to waive all claim to her. The trial was immediately made. The American went up-stairs, and shortly returned with the falcon; but the door was hardly opened before she darted from his fist and perched at once on the shoulder of her beloved and long-lost protector, evincing by every means in her power her delight and affection, rubbing her head against his [illegible] and taking hold of the buttons of his [illegible] champing them playfully between [illegible] one after another. This was [illegible] jury were unanimous. A [illegible] plaintiff was pronounced.

THE PEREGRINE FALCON.

LIFE.

CHANGE is the constant feature of society. The world is like a magic-lantern, or the shifting scenes of a pantomime. Ten years convert the population of schools into men and women, the young into fathers and matrons, make and mar fortunes, and bury the last generation but one. Twenty years convert infants into lovers and fathers and mothers, render youth the operative generations, decide men's fortunes and distinctions, convert active men into crawling drivelers, and bury all preceding generations. Thirty years raise an active generation from non-entity, change fascinating beauties into bearable old women, convert lovers into grandfathers, and bury the active generation, or reduce them to decrepitude and imbecility. Forty years, alas! change the face of all society. Infants are growing old, the bloom of youth and beauty has passed away, two active generations have been swept from the stage of life, names so cherished are forgotten, and unsuspected candidates for fame have started from the exhaustless womb of nature. Fifty years—why should any desire to retain affections from maturity for fifty years? It is to behold a world of which you know nothing, and to which you are unknown. It is to weep for the generations long since passed—for lovers, for parents, for children, for friends in the grave. It is to see everything turned upside-down by the fickle hand of fortune and the absolute despotism of time. It is, in a word, to behold the vanity of life in all the vanities of display.

A WATER DRINKER.—Cobbett thus describes his own experience:—"In the midst of a society where wine or spirits are considered as of little more value than water, I have lived two years without either; and with no other drink but water, except when I have found it convenient to obtain milk: not an hour's illness; not a headache for an hour; not the smallest ailment; not a restless night; not a drowsy morning, have I known during these two famous years of my life. The sun never rises before me; I have always to wait for him to come and give me light to write by, while my mind is in full vigor, and while nothing has come to cloud its clearness."

MADAME GEORGE SAND:

HER BOOKS AND HER RELIGION.

IF the immortal Görres and the German mystics have had their day, there is the immortal Göthe, and the Pantheists; and I incline to think that the fashion has set very strongly in their favor. Voltaire and the Encyclopædians are voted, now, *barbares*, and there is no term of reprobation strong enough for heartless Humes and Helvetiuses, who lived but to destroy, and who only thought to doubt. Wretched as Voltaire's sneers and puns are, I think there is something more manly and earnest even in them than in the present muddy French transcendentalism. Pantheism is the word now; one and all have begun to *éprouver* the *besoin* of a religious sentiment; and we are deluged with a host of gods accordingly. Monsieur de Balzac feels himself to be inspired; Victor Hugo is a god; Madame Sand is a god; that tawdry man of genius, Jules Janin, who writes theatrical reviews for the "Debats," has divine intimations; and there is scarcely a beggarly, beardless scribbler of poems and prose, but tells you, in his preface, of the *sainteté* of the *sacerdoce littéraire;* or a dirty student, sucking tobacco and beer, and reeling home with a grisette from the *chaumière*, who is not convinced of the necessity of a new "Messianism," and will hickup, to such as will listen, chapters of his own drunken Apocalypse. Surely, the negatives of the olden days were far less dangerous than the assertions of the present; and you may fancy what a religion that must be which has such high-priests.

There is no reason to trouble the reader with details of the lives of many of these prophets and expounders of new revelations. Madame Sand, for instance, I do not know personally, and can only speak of her from report. True or false, the history, at any rate, is not very edifying, and so may be passed over, but, as a certain great philosopher told us, in very humble and simple words, that we are not to expect to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles, we may at least demand, in all persons assuming the character of moralist or philosopher, order, soberness, and regularity of life; for we are apt to distrust the intellect that we fancy can be swayed by circumstance or passion; and we know how circumstance and passion *will* sway the intellect; how mortified vanity will form excuses for itself; and how temper turns angrily upon conscience, that reproves it. How often have we called our judge our enemy, because he has given sentence against us! How often have we called the right wrong, because the right condemns us! And in the lives of many of the bitter foes of the Christian doctrine can we find no personal reason for their hostility? The men of Athens said it was out of regard for religion that they murdered Socrates; but we have had time since then to reconsider the verdict; and Socrates's character is pretty pure now, in spite of the sentence and the jury of those days.

The Parisian philosophers will attempt to explain to you the changes through which Madame Sand's mind has passed,—the initiatory trials, labors, and sufferings which she had to go through,—before she reached her present happy state of mental illumination. She teaches her wisdom in parables, that are, mostly, a couple of volumes long; and began, first, by an eloquent attack on marriage, in the charming novel of "Indiana." "Pity," cried she, "for the poor woman who, united to a being whose brute-force makes him her superior, should venture to break the bondage which is imposed on her, and allow her heart to be free."

In support of this claim of pity, she writes two volumes of the most exquisite prose. What a tender, suffering creature is Indiana; how little her husband appreciates that gentleness which he is crushing by his tyranny and bitter scorn; how natural it is that, in the absence of his sympathy, she—poor, clinging, confiding creature—should seek elsewhere for shelter; how cautious should we be to call criminal—to visit with too heavy a censure—an act which is one of the natural impulses of a tender heart, that seeks but for a worthy object of love. But why attempt to tell the tale of beautiful Indiana? Madame Sand has written it so well that not the hardest-hearted husband in Christendom can fail to be touched by her sorrows, though he may refuse to listen to her argument. Let us grant, for argument's sake, that the laws of marriage, especially the French laws of marriage, press very cruelly upon unfortunate women.

But if one wants to have a question of

this, or any nature, honestly argued, it is better, surely, to apply to an indifferent person for an umpire. For instance, the stealing of pocket-handkerchiefs or snuff-boxes may, or may not, be vicious; but if we, who have not the wit, or will not take the trouble to decide the question ourselves, want to hear the real rights of the matter, we should not, surely, apply to a pick-pocket to know what he thought on the point. It might naturally be presumed that he would be rather a prejudiced person—particularly as his reasoning, if successful, might get him *out of jail.* This is a homely illustration, no doubt; all we would urge by it, is, that Madame Sand having, according to the French newspapers, had a stern husband, and also having, according to the newspapers, sought "sympathy" elsewhere, her arguments may be considered to be somewhat partial, and received with some little caution.

And tell us, Who have been the social reformers?—the haters, that is, of the present system according to which we live, love, marry, have children, educate them, and endow them—*are they pure themselves?* I do believe not one; and directly a man begins to quarrel with the world and its ways, and to lift up, as he calls it, the voice of his despair, and preach passionately to mankind about this tyranny of faith, customs, laws, if we examine what the personal character of the preacher is, we begin pretty clearly to understand the value of the doctrine. Any one can see why Rousseau should be such a whimpering reformer, and Byron such a free-and-easy misanthropist; and why our accomplished Madame Sand, who has a genius and eloquence inferior to neither, should take the present condition of mankind (French-kind) so much to heart, and labor so hotly to set it right.

After "Indiana" (which, we presume, contains the lady's notions upon wives and husbands) came "Valentine," which may be said to exhibit her doctrine in regard to young men and maidens, to whom the author would accord, as we fancy, the same tender license. "Valentine" was followed by "Lelia," a wonderful book [illegible] uence, and rich in [illegible] lar topsyturvy- [illegible] es' and pros- [illegible] received [illegible] ie writer; it contains her notions on morals, and, as we have said, are so peculiar, that, alas! they can only be mentioned here, not particularized: but of "Spiridion" we may write a few pages, as it is her religious manifesto.

In this work the lady asserts her pantheistical doctrine, and openly attacks the received Christian creed. She declares it to be useless now, and unfitted to the exigencies and the degree of culture of the actual world; and, though it would be hardly worth while to combat her opinions in due form, it is, at least, worth while to notice them, not merely from the extraordinary eloquence and genius of the woman herself, but because they express the opinions of a great number of people besides: for she not only produces her own thoughts, but imitates those of others very eagerly; and one finds, in her writings, so much similarity with others,—or, in others, so much resemblance to her—that the book before us may pass for the expression of the sentiments of a certain French party.

"Dieu est mort," [God is dead,] says another writer of the same class, and of great genius too. "Dieu est mort," writes Mr. Henry Heine, speaking of the Christian God; and he adds, in a daring figure of speech,—"N'entendez vous pas sonner la Clochette?—on porte les sacremens à un Dieu qui se meurt!" [Hear you not the clock? They bear the sacraments to a God who dies.] Another of the pantheist poetical philosophers, Mr. Edgar Quinet, has a poem in which Christ and the Virgin Mary are made to die similarly, and the former is classed with Prometheus. This book of "Spiridion" is a continuation of the theme, and, perhaps, you will listen to some of the author's expositions of it.

It must be confessed that the controversialists of the present day have an eminent advantage over their predecessors in the days of folios: it required some learning then to write a book, and some time, at least; for the very labor of writing out a thousand such vast pages would demand a considerable period. But now, in the age of duodecimos, the system is reformed altogether: a male or female controversialist draws upon his imagination, and not his learning; makes a story instead of an argument; and, in the course of one hundred and fifty pages, (where the preacher has it all his own way,) will prove or disprove you anything. In like manner, by means of pretty sentimental tales, and cheap apologues, Mrs. Sand proclaims *her* truth—that we need a new Messiah, and that the Christian religion is no more! O awful, awful name of God! Light unbearable! Mystery unfathomable! Vastness immeasurable!—Who are those who come forward to explain the mystery, and gaze unblinking into the depths of the light, and measure the immeasurable vastness to a hair? O name, that God's people of old did fear to utter! O light, that God's prophet would have perished had he seen! Who are these that are now so familiar with it? Women, truly, for the most part, weak women—weak in intellect, weak, mayhap, in spelling and grammar, but marvelously strong in faith. Women, who step down to the people with stately step and voice of authority, and deliver their twopenny tablets, as if there were some divine authority for the wretched nonsense recorded there!

With regard to the spelling and grammar, our Parisian Pythoness stands, in goodly fellowship, remarkable. Her style is a noble, and, as far as a foreigner can judge a strange tongue, beautifully rich and pure. She has a very exuberant imagination, and with it a very chaste style of expression. She never scarcely indulges in declamation, as other modern prophets do, and yet her sentences are exquisitely melodious and full. She seldom runs a thought to death, (after the manner of some prophets, who, when they catch a little one, toy with it until they kill it,) but she leaves you at the end of one of her brief, rich, melancholy sentences, with plenty of food for future cogitation. I can't express to you the charm of them; they seem to be like the sound of country bells—provoking I don't know what vein of musing and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear.

This wonderful power of language must have been felt by most people who read Madame Sand's first books, "Valentine" and "Indiana:" in "Spiridion" it is greater, I think, than ever: and for those who are not afraid of the matter of the novel, the manner will be found most delightful. The author's intention, I presume, is to describe, in a parable, her notions of the downfall of the Catholic Church; and, indeed, of the whole Christian scheme.

A friend of mine, who has just come from Italy, says that he has left there Messrs. Sp——r P——l and W. Dr——d, who were the lights of the great Church in Newman-street, who were themselves apostles, and declared and believed that every word of nonsense which fell from their lips was a direct spiritual intervention. These gentlemen have become Puseyites already, and are, my friend states, in the high-way to Catholicism. Madame Sand herself was a Catholic some time since: having been converted to that faith along with M. N——, of the Academy of Music, Mr. L——, the piano-forte player, and one or two other chosen individuals, by the famous Abbé de la M——. Abbé de la M—— (so told me, in the diligence, by a priest, who read his breviary and gossiped alternately very curiously and pleasantly) is himself an *ame perdue:* the man spoke of his brother clergyman with actual horror; and it certainly appears that the Abbé's works of conversion have not prospered; for Madame Sand having brought her hero (and herself, as we may presume) to the point of Catholicism, proceeds directly to dispose of that as she has done of Judaism and Protestantism, and will not leave, of the whole fabric of Christianity, a single stone standing.

I think the fate of our English Newman-street apostles, and M. de la M——, the mad priest, and his congregation of mad converts, should be a warning to such of us as are inclined to dabble in religious speculations; for, in them, as in all others, our flighty brains soon lose themselves, and we find our reason speedily lying prostrate at the mercy of our passions; and I think that Madame Sand's novel of Spiridion may do a vast deal of good, and bears a good moral with it; though not such an one, perhaps, as our fair philosopher intended. For anything he learned, Samuel-Peter-Spiridion-Hebronius might have remained a Jew from the beginning to the end. Wherefore be in such a hurry to set up new faiths? Wherefore, Madame Sand, try and be so preternaturally wise? Wherefore be so eager to jump out of one religion, for the purpose of jumping into another? See what good this philosophical friskiness has done you, and on what sort of ground you are come at last. You are so wonderfully sagacious, that you flounder in mud at every step; so amazingly clear-sighted, that your eyes cannot see an inch before you, having put out, with that extinguishing genius of yours, every one of the lights that are sufficient for the conduct of common men.

It is a pity that this hapless Spiridion, so eager in his passage from one creed to another, and so loud in his profession of the truth wherever he fancied that he had found it, had not waited a little before he avowed himself either Catholic or Protestant, and implicated others in errors and follies which might, at least, have been confined to his own bosom, and there have lain comparatively harmless. In what a pretty state, for instance, will Messrs. Dr——d and P——l have left their Newman-street congregation, who are still plunged in their old superstitions, from which their spiritual pastors and masters have been set free! In what a state, too, do Mrs. Sand and her brother and sister philosophers, Templars, Saint Simonians, Fourierites, Lerouxites, or whatever the sect may be, leave the unfortunate people who have listened to their doctrines, and who have not the opportunity, or the fiery versatility of belief, which carries their teachers from one creed to another, leaving only exploded lies and useless recantations behind them! I wish the State would make a law that one individual should not be allowed to preach more than one doctrine in his life; or, at any rate, should be soundly corrected for every change of creed. How many charlatans would have been silenced,—how much conceit would have been kept within bounds,—how many fools, who are dazzled by fine sentences, and made drunk by declamation, would have remained quiet and sober, in that quiet and sober way of faith which their fathers held before them! However, the reader will be glad to learn that, after all his doubts and sorrows, Spiridion does discover the truth (*the* truth, what a wise Spiridion!), and some discretion with it.

The book of Spiridion is made up of a history of the rise, progress, and (what our philosopher is pleased to call) decay of Christianity—of an assertion, that the "doctrine of Christ is incomplete;" that "Christ may, nevertheless, take his place in the Pantheon of divine men!" and of a long, disgusting, absurd, and impious vision, in which the Saviour, Moses, David, and Elijah are represented, and in which Christ is made to say—"*We are all Messiahs*, when we wish to bring the reign of truth upon earth; we are all Christs, when we suffer for it!"

And this is the ultimatum, the supreme secret, the absolute truth, and it has been published by Mrs. Sand, for so many Napoleons per sheet, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and the Deux Mondes are to abide by it for the future. After having attained it, are we a whit wiser? "Man is between an angel and a beast: I don't know how long it is since he was a brute —I can't say how long it will be before he is an angel." Think of people living by their wits, and living by such a wit as this! Think of the state of mental debauch and disease which must have been passed through ere such words could be written, and could be popular!

We were beasts, and we can't tell when our tails dropped off: we shall be angels, but when our wings are to begin to sprout who knows? In the mean time, O man of genius, follow our counsel: lead an easy life, don't stick at trifles; never mind about *duty*, it is only made for slaves; if the world reproach you, reproach the world in return—you have a good loud tongue in your head; if your strait-laced morals injure your mental respiration, fling off the old-fashioned stays, and leave your free limbs to rise and fall as Nature pleases; and when you have grown pretty sick of your liberty, and yet unfit to return to restraint, curse the world, and scorn it, and be miserable, like my Lord Byron and other philosophers of his kidney; or else mount a step higher, and, with conceit still more monstrous, and mental vision still more wretchedly debauched and weak, begin suddenly to find yourself afflicted with a maudlin compassion for the human race, and a desire to set them right after your own fashion. There is the quarrelsome stage of drunkenness, when a man can as yet walk and speak, when he can call names, and fling plates and wine-glasses at his neighbor's head with a pretty good aim; after this comes the pathetic stage, when the patient becomes wondrous philanthropic, and weeps wildly, as he lies in the gutter, and fancies he is at home in bed—where he ought to be; but this is an allegory.

* * *

MANKIND may be divided into three classes: those who do what is right from principle; those who act from appearances; and those who act from impulse.

THE DRAMA IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

OF all the remarkable periods of history, not the least interesting is that comprised in the so-called middle ages. With the downfall of the Roman empire every vestige of civilization seemed to be lost in the moral chaos by which that event was succeeded. Dark, however, as the period in question is generally supposed to have been, it was pregnant with the formless elements of modern society, floating amid confused recollections of bygone customs, laws, and achievements—uncertain attempts in a new direction—dependent in a greater degree on the past than the rude intellect of the time was willing to acknowledge. Christianity had found a resting-place in the world, and was silently, though surely, sapping the outworks of ignorance. Printing, gunpowder, the mariner's compass, the telescope, owe their discovery to the middle ages. In the marked distinctions which then prevailed between the various orders of society, the lower classes were reduced to a state of moral and physical degradation. Possessing but very few, if any legal rights, they were entirely at the mercy of the lords of the soil; a position from which they made many desperate, and, in the end, successful attempts to free themselves. When unable to use more offensive weapons, they satirized and ridiculed their masters in their ballads, songs, and rude dramatic representations. In fact, satire is one of the great characteristics of the period; it shows itself everywhere—in the metrical romances, fabliaux, and tales; seizing upon councils, sermons, architecture, religious ceremonies, and all the weak points in the character of the nobles and the clergy, as fair game. It was one of the earliest scintillations of that intelligence which has since effected such mighty changes.

From the very dawn of civilization, dramatic genius, in some shape or other, has been continually reproduced. Even the rudest tribes delighted in theatrical amusements, in which deities or demons sustained the principal characters. In common with other arts, it rose to the highest degree of perfection among the Greeks, by whom it was transmitted to the Romans. On the subjugation of the latter power by the Teutonic hordes the drama disappeared; the spread of Christianity also tended to suppress it. The emperor Theodosius the younger published laws forbidding *shows* at Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost. The fathers, too, denounced plays in the severest terms; Tertullian, in his work *De Spectaculis*, animadverts on the evil and profane tendency of theaters. But the spirit of mimicry was not repressed; it manifested itself in palaces, feudal castles, abbeys and cathedrals, and in the public thoroughfares, adapting itself necessarily to the vicissitudes of time and custom, refinement or barbarism.

The antiquary of the present day regards the manuscripts of old plays as some of his rarest treasures; and the philologist finds in them many curious and valuable illustrations of the earliest specimens of modern idiom. Notwithstanding the authority of the fathers, we find that after a time the authorities of the Church availed themselves of the drama, to impart instruction to the populace, and at the same time to confirm their own power and authority. The sacred plays, called *Mysteries*, were written in rude rhyming Latin; but, as the common people were not well acquainted with this language, many popular words and phrases gradually crept in, forming a strange contrast to the sonorous original, until at length, in the fourteenth century, the plays were spoken in the current dialect of the day. Some of the old Latin dramas were so strictly connected with the ceremonies of the Church, that they were never represented but in the interior of sacred edifices, by performers chosen from among the monks and priests. Others, equally religious in their tendency, in which a visible and edifying paraphrase of some portion of the liturgies was set before the ignorant multitude, were acted in some public place within the sacred precincts, by pious laics, under the sanction of the clergy.

These dramas were highly relished by the populace, especially when the decline of the feudal system, with its joustings, tilts, and tournaments, left them no other public amusement. In England, the Chester Mysteries, or Whitsun Plays, were frequently acted in that city during the thirteenth century, to the great delight of all classes of spectators. In the programme or proclamation we are told that "Done Rondali, moonke of Chester Abbey," was the author:—

"This moonke, moonke-like, in scriptures well
seene,
In storyes traveled with the best sorte;
In pagentes set fourth, apparently to all eyne,
The Olde and Newe Testament with livelye
comforte;
Intermynglinge therewith, onely to make sporte,
Some things not warranted by any writt,
Which to gladd the hearers he woulde men to
take yt."

The concluding lines afford a strong presumption that the clerical actors were not averse to the introduction of some lighter topics among the grave matter of the drama, which may probably account for the great degree of public favor they received. So much, indeed, were the plays to the taste of the populace, that they divided attention with the favorite ballads of Robin Hood.* The collection known as the Towneley Mysteries contains many curious instances of chronological error, which may take their place by the side of those committed by Shakspeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher. In one of the plays by the latter writers, Demetrius fires a pistol long ere gunpowder was thought of; and the former makes Hector quote Aristotle. In the Mysteries, however, the high-priest Caiaphas is made to sing mass; Noah's wife is acquainted with "Stafford blew," and swears by the Virgin Mary; the shepherds in the Nativity talk of "the foles of Gotham," swear by "Sant Thomas of Kent," and are engaged in beating a man who had stolen one of their sheep, when the angel appears singing the *Gloria in excelsis*. These incongruities, which would afford "food for laughter" to a modern audience, passed unnoticed by the superstitious spectators of former days. In another of these Mysteries, the *Processus talentorum*, we have an example of the admixture of Latin with the vulgar dialect. Pilate enters, declaiming somewhat in the style of the "bashful" Irishman:—

"Myghty lord of alle, me, Cæsar magnificavit;
Downe on knees ye falle, greatt God me sanctificavit;
Me to obey over alle, regi reliquo quasi David,
Hanged be, that he salle, hoc jussum qui
reprobavit.
I swere now,
But ye your hedes
Bare in thes shedes
Redy my swerde is
Of thaym to shere now."

But the greatest variety of these religious dramas is perhaps to be found in the ancient literature of France. Whether more importance was attached to the due observance of festivals in that country than on this side the channel, or from some other cause, we find numerous short pieces written, to be played on certain feasts and saints' days. At Christmas, for instance, the Mystery of the Nativity, of the Star, or the Adoration of the Magi, was given; while at Easter were represented the Scenes of the Crucifixion, the Tomb, the Three Marys, or the appearance of Christ to the disciples at Emmaus. The *Suscitatio Lazari*, or the Resurrection of Lazarus, was a favorite piece for occasional performance; and the anniversary of Saint Nicholas was celebrated by the *Ludus super iconia Sancti Nicholai*. The two latter pieces were written by Hilary, a disciple of Abelard.

From the titles of many of these old dramas we obtain a glimpse of the religious feeling of the day, in which the worship of the Virgin was strangely mingled with singular and romantic notions. Some of them would doubtless draw an audience in the present day. What a treat for the lovers of the marvelous would be "The Miracle of Amis and Amilla, the which Amilla killed her two children to cure Amis her husband, who was leprous; and afterward our Lady restored them again to life!" The title of another is, "The Miracle of our Lady, how the King of Hungary's daughter cut off her hand, for that her father wished to marry her, and a sturgeon kept it (the hand) seven years in his stomach." A third relates to the conversion of one of the early Gaulish kings from paganism; "The Miracle of our Lady, how King Clovis made himself to be christened at the request of Clotilda his wife, for a battle which he had against the Alemans and Senes (Germans and Saxons), and won the victory, and at the christening descended the holy ampulla."*

In the fourteenth century, however, a change took place; a collection was made of all the principal events of gospel history, and formed into one vast and single representation, no longer played, as formerly, on particular days and festivals, but con-

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Vision of Piers Plowman,
the ballads:—

riest it
aster."
f erl of

* For a long period it was popularly believed in France that the ampulla, (vessel of consecrated oil,) used at the coronation of Clovis, was brought down from heaven by a dove.

tinuing throughout several days, and sometimes for weeks, and at any period of the year. The most celebrated of these comprehensive dramas was called, the *Mystery of the Passion:* the first portion or act took in one day of the Scripture narrative; to the second, extending from the baptism to the crucifixion, four days were allotted; and to the third, and concluding portion, six days. On its first performance, in 1398, it was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and speedily became a popular favorite; so much so, that it led to the establishment of a permanent theater, in which daily representations took place.

Amid much that is rude and quaint, this Mystery of the Passion contains some germs of poetry, and delicacies of expression, the more remarkable when contrasted with the rough setting by which they are surrounded. It is, however, somewhat difficult to account for the prodigious favor in which these spectacles were held, devoid as they are of the scenery and decorations which, in the present day, constitute the principal attraction of the drama. Perhaps the superstitions of the age, combined with an unreflecting religious feeling, may have contributed to excite popular admiration for what would now be wearisome to all. The traces of poetry to which we have referred are found in the scene of the Shepherds, of whom three hold a rhymed dialogue, expressive of the delights and pleasures of a pastoral life, and their superiority to the pursuit of arms, or wealth which bringeth care. Aloris, the first speaker, says:—

"For shepherds now is season sweet,
Heaven be thanked, as is meet."

To this Ysambert says:—

"When shepherds meet in reason,
It is ever sweet season."

Pellion, the third shepherd, continues:—

"In the house I could not stay,
And behold this joyous day.
Aloris. Fie for care and covetrie,
No life, pampered though it be,
Is worth the life of pastorie.
Pellion. Shepherds, who can happy be,
Fie for care and covetrie."

We have already seen, in the prologue to the Chester Mysteries, that a little humor was sometimes thrown in, to enliven the solemnity of the play; so here we have Rifflard, the wag of the piece, whose name, literally rendered, signifies *jack-plane*, saying—

"I gray-bearded crying still—
Shepherds, I with you agree,
When of bread I have my fill—
Fie for care and covetrie.
Pellion. Some vaunt of grand seignorie,
With donjon towers and weaponry.
Delight is none more true, than yields
The sight of pleasant fields,
Lambs leaping on the glad prairie."

The above quotation displays some appreciation of the real value and beauty of rural pursuits; the scene, however, between Judas and Lucifer in the same play, shows that the old authors could also be serious and tragical when it suited their purpose in the long evangelical dramas. The wrathful demon appears to the despairing disciple, and asks:—

"Wretch? what shall be done to thee?
Whither wilt thou now depart?
Judas. I know not; for eye of mine
Dares not look upon the heavens.
Demon. Desirest thou to ask my name?
Briefly shalt have demonstration.
Judas. Whence comest thou?
Demon. From the nether hell.
Judas. What is thy name?
Demon. Despair.
Judas. Terribility of vengeance!
Horribility of danger!
Approach, receive my allegiance,
If death will abate my misery."

This passionate and abrupt dialogue was well calculated to make a powerful impression on the minds of the spectators, and bears evident proofs of dramatic genius. The Miracle of Theophilus is another of the religious dramas based upon the supernatural and the terrible. Originating in the East about the sixth century, such was its effect upon the popular mind, that the guilds and corporations of every trade painted the walls of their halls, the windows, and panels, with the exemplary details of the legend, in which a priest, seduced by pride and ungovernable ambition, denies his faith, and devotes himself to the service of the Evil One: the *dénouement*, however, records his penitence and reconciliation with the Church. On some occasions the auditors were entertained by an exhibition of ventriloquism; one of the plays, entitled, "The Discourses of the Three Quick and the Three Dead," was recited by a single actor, who changed the tone of his voice in accordance with the change of characters. In the Mystery of the Resurrection we meet with errors similar to those quoted from the Towneley Mysteries. One of the soldiers is made to say that, whether he obtained absolution from the priest or not, he will kill the first who approaches. The solecism of introducing a Romish priest in the days of Herod is not the only one, for in another place Caiaphas is called a *bishop*.

The mystery of the *Wise and Foolish Virgins* is an interesting specimen of the transition state of the language; many of the primitive French words are introduced among the rude and barbarous Latin: it is of the time of Henry I., the early part of the eleventh century. The prologue was originally spoken by one of the priesthood, who afterward called out in a loud voice the names of the actors, as they successively entered and took part in the proceedings. This personage answers to our modern stage director; when the performance took place inside a church he stood in the middle of the gallery, surrounded by the musicians. The other characters, priests and monks, clothed in the costume of their parts, sat in the stalls, waiting the moment to rise and advance to the middle of the choir, where they sang or chanted their stanzas. At the opening of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, a priest recites some Latin verses by way of prologue, and to give a general outline of the subject. Then enter the Wise Virgins, whom the angel Gabriel, in old Latin French, warns to "Watch and sleep not." They continue their share of the dialogue in the same idiom, when the Foolish Virgins enter, deploring their negligence, with moving appeals to the compassion of the others, and ending each of their three stanzas with the choral complaint:—"*Dolentas! chaitivas! trop i avem dormit.*" "Miserable, unhappy ones, too long have we slept!" The Wise refuse, and bid them dispatch and buy oil; at the same time retorting upon them the chorus, "*Dolentas,*" &c. After many fruitless and despairing entreaties, the Foolish Virgins go to the merchants, who receive them by saying, "*Domnas gentris,*"—"Gentle ladies, it is not beseeming that you tarry here so long; we cannot give what you ask; hasten back to your wise sisters;" and in turn quote the complaint, "*Dolentas,*" &c. The piece finished with the seizure and carrying off of the Foolish Virgins by demons, after their rebuke by the bridegroom. In addition to the characters enumerated, Nabuchadonosor, the Sibyl, and Virgil, are introduced to help out the moral. We shall conclude this brief sketch of the popular religious drama with a specimen of the barbarous Latin text quoted from the mystery above referred to:—

> "Venit talis
> Soles nobis
> Cujus non sum etiam.
> Tam benignus
> Ut sim ausus
> Solvere corrigiam."

LAST DAYS OF ARCHBISHOP USHER.

ONLY a few weeks after his arrival at St. Donat's castle, whither he went for protection after the defeat of the armies of king Charles I., his studies were interrupted by a dangerous illness, in which a violent bleeding so exhausted his frame, that the physicians despaired of his life, when he appeared

> "Waiting his summons to the sky,
> Content to live, but not afraid to die."

While he was in the midst of his pain, as also his bleeding, he was still patient, praising God, and resigning up himself to his will, and giving all those about him, or that came to visit him, excellent heavenly advice to a holy life, and due preparation for death ere its agonies seized them. "It is a dangerous thing," he said, "to leave all undone till our last sickness: I fear a death-bed repentance will avail us little, if we have lived vainly and viciously, and neglected our conversion till we can sin no longer." Thus he exhorted us all to fear God, and love and obey the Lord Jesus Christ, and to live a holy life. "And then," said he, "you will find the comfort of it at your death, and your change will be happy."

But God had some further work for him to perform, and was pleased by degrees to restore him to his former health and strength.

About the middle of February, 1655, he went to the Priory, at Ryegate, the seat of his patron, the Countess of Peterborough, taking his last leave of his friends and relations, who never had the happiness to see him again. He was now very aged, and, though both his body and mind were healthy and vigorous for a man of his years, yet his eyesight was extremely decayed by his constant studying, so that he could scarce see to write, but at a window, and that in the sunshine, which he constantly followed in clear days, from one window to another. He had now frequent thoughts of his dissolution; and, as he was wont every year to note in his almanac, over against the day of his birth, the year of his age, so in this year, 1655, this note was found written with his own hand: "Now aged seventy-five years; my days are full." And presently after, in capital letters, "resignation;" from which we may gather that he now thought the days of his pilgrimage to be fulfilled, and that he now resigned up himself to God's will and pleasure.

Not long before his death, going to Ryegate, I (writes the narrator) preached a sermon there, where this good bishop was present: after church he was pleased to confer with me in private, (as it was usual with him so to do,) and he spake to this effect: "I thank you for your sermon. I am going out of this world; and I now desire, according to your text, (Col. iii, 12,) to seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God, and to be with him in heaven; of which," said he, "we ought not to doubt, if we can evidence to ourselves our conversion, true faith, and charity, and live in the exercise of those true graces and virtues with perseverance; mortifying daily our inbred corruptions, renouncing all ungodliness and worldly lusts; and he that is arrived at this habitual frame and holy course of life is the blessed and happy man, and may rejoice in hope of a glorious eternity in the kingdom of heaven, to receive that inheritance given by God to those that are sanctified."

So that all his discourse was of heavenly things, as if his better part had been there already, freed from the body and all terrene affections; and he seemed as if he were seriously considering his spiritual state, and making ready for his departure, which he now shortly expected. But since it had been usual with him to insist on things of this nature when we were together, and that he was at this time in health, I did not believe that his change was so near as he presaged; yet he himself had other thoughts, and it proved that he was not mistaken; for on the 20th of March (the day he fell sick), after he had been most part of it, as long as he had light, at his study, he went from thence to visit a gentlewoman then sick in the house, giving her most excellent preparatives for death, together with other holy advice, for almost an hour, and that in such a heavenly manner, as if, like Moses upon Mount Pisgah, he had then a prospect of the celestial Canaan.

Next morning early he complained of a great pain in his side: a physician, being sent for, prescribed what he thought convenient in the case; but it could not thereby be removed, but rather increased more and more upon him, which he bore with great patience for thirteen or fourteen hours; but, his strength and spirits decaying, he wholly applied himself to prayer, and therein had the assistance of the countess's chaplain. Upon some abatement of the torture, he advised those about him to provide for death in the time of health, that then they might have nothing else to do but to die. Then taking leave of the Countess of Peterborough, by whom he had been so long and kindly entertained, and giving her thanks for all her kindness to him, with excellent spiritual counsel as a return for all her favors, he desired to be left to his own private devotions. After which, the last words he was heard to utter, (about one o'clock in the afternoon,) praying for forgiveness of sins, were these, viz.: "O Lord, forgive me, especially my sins of omission." So presently after this, in sure hope of a glorious immortality, he fell asleep, to the great grief and affliction of the said countess, who could never sufficiently lament her own and the Church's great loss by his too sudden departure out of this life.

Thus died this humble and holy man, praying for his sins of omission, who was never known to omit his duty, or scarce to have let any time slip wherein he was not employed in some good action or other.

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THE ROSE.—Professor Agassiz, in a lecture upon the trees of America, stated a remarkable fact in regard to the family of the rose, which includes among its varieties not only many of the beautiful flowers which are known, but also the richest fruits, such as the apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, &c.—namely, that no fossils of plants belonging to this family have ever been discovered by geologists. This he regarded as conclusive evidence that the introduction of this family of plants upon the earth was coeval with or subsequent to the creation of man, to whose comfort and happiness they seem especially designed by Providence to contribute.

BEARDS AND BARBERS.

THERE is scarcely any trade or calling which is not connected with a host of old fancies—forgotten haply in the bustle of the world, but recurring again and again in our quiet moments. Every article of dress, every fashion, every custom, every national peculiarity has its own particular history. Beards and barbers are no exception to the rule. In our childish days, ere the romance of the nursery had been laid aside for something of a more exciting interest; when the hero of giant-land, the redoubtable Jack, filled us with admiration of his courage and perseverance, and the most intense abhorrence of those huge specimens of manhood who were so cunningly outwitted and so dexterously slain; when we listened with tear-bedewed eyes to the dear delightful tale of Goody Twoshoes; when we followed in imagination the adventurous Ali Baba in the deeply and intensely mysterious forest-cave, and almost trembled at the "Open Sesame;" when every feline animal became suggestive of the white cat, and of puss in boots; when we read of Whittington, and wondered whether bell-metal ever had encouragement for poor boys now—then it was that a story about a beard fixed itself in our memory—a dark dismal drama of death and desolation all about Blue Beard and the beautiful Fatima. And when we exchanged romance for history, and read of kings and queens, and hard-fought battles, and thrones set up, and empires thrown down, and read the record of our own loved-land, we could not fail to remember the Saxon band who held out against the Normans in the marshes of Ely, and wept in the streets of London over William *Longbeard*. Then, amid all the glories of the Arabian Nights—the Wonderful Lamp—the adventurous Sinbad—the Genii bottled up, like so much ginger-beer, and the palaces that sprang out of the ground, the turbaned heads, the flowing robes, and the rest of it, the Barber and his Seven Brothers stood out before the others, and the endless clatter of the prattling barber seemed ever in our ears.

Beards and barbers are historical. In the days of old, the Tartars waged a long and bitter war with the Persians about the growth and management of the beard; many a stout hero bit the dust in defense of his beard, and the fearful struggle cost many valuable lives. No doubt the Greeks wore beards till the time of Alexander, who ordered them to be shaved, lest they should afford a handle for their enemies in the tug of war, and the old Greek barbers shaved every chin. The people of Italy did not begin to shave till four centuries after the foundation of Rome, when Ticinius brought over from Sicily a company of barbers, who became immediate favorites, and to be among the shaven was a test of respectability. Persons of standing had their children shaved by a person of the same or even greater quality, who, by performing the work of the barber, became the adoptive father of the person so shaved. The hair removed from the face was carefully preserved and consecrated to the gods! In solemn strains blind Homer tells of the white beard of Nestor, and amid all the heroism of the heroic story he does not forget the beard of old King Priam. And Virgil tells us of the beard of Mezentius, so thick and long that it covered all his breast. Socrates is called by Persius the bearded master; Pliny the younger talks of the white beard of Euphrate, a Syrian philosopher, and of the awe with which it inspired the people; Plutarch speaks of the long white beard of an old Laconian, who used to say, "Seeing continually my white beard, I labor to do nothing unworthy of its whiteness;" Strabo relates that the Indian philosophers called Gymnosophists were careful to have long beards to captivate the veneration of the people. The Jews esteemed the beard very highly; thus Hanun, king of the Ammonites, designing to insult David in the person of his ambassadors, cut off half their beards. The Hebrews wore a beard on the chin, but not on the upper lip or cheeks. Mourning was—and still is among the modern Jews—indicated by neglecting the beard; and intense grief, by plucking away the hair of the head and beard. To salute a man by touching his beard was the token of sincere respect. The Druids were accustomed to cultivate their beards, and permit them to grow to a great length; and they were no less celebrated for their white robes and silver knives, their religious services and metrical theology, than for their venerable beards.

In ecclesiastical history we find that priests have fallen to loggerheads on the subject of beards; those of the Greek

Church adhering to beards, and those of the Roman Church inclining to razors. By the statutes of some monasteries the lay monks were obliged to let their beards grow, while the priests were closely shaven. The old kings of France had their beards platted and knotted with gold; the kings of Persia did the same; the Chinese were scrupulously careful in attention to their beards,—but, alas, nature has bestowed upon them no luxuriant crop of the facial ornament. Better be whipped and branded with a red-hot iron than have your beard cut off in Turkey. One of the buffoons of the bashaw took it into his head one day, for a frolic, to shave his beard, "which," says Belzoni, "is no trifle among the Turks, as some of them, I really believe, would sooner have their head cut off than their beard." In this state he went home to his women, who actually thrust him out of the door; and, such was the disgrace of cutting off his beard, that even his fellow-buffoons would not eat with him till it was grown again. Beards are a religious article with the Arabs. Mohammed never cut his beard. The razor is never drawn over the face of the grand signor. Persians who clip their beards are considered downright heretics; only the slaves of the seraglio are shaven.

While the Gauls were under the sway of their native sovereigns, none but nobles and Christian priests were permitted to wear long beards. It was a privilege of the few, not the right of the many. Legislation clipped their beards; but the Franks having made themselves masters of Gaul, bondsmen were commanded to shave their chins. Even the right of wearing a short beard was taken away, and a clean shave was the lot of the serfs so long as servitude continued in France.

Who has not heard of Robert of France, with his long white beard, who on every battle-plain led on his harnessed knights, and in the struggle of the fight was still conspicuous for the beard, which was let down outside his cuirass, and which floated in the breeze like a silver-scarf? or of that celebrated German painter, in the days of Charles V., who long ago would have been forgotten altogether if his beard had not made him remembered?—it was so long that it reached the ground, and was looped to his girdle with a golden chain; or how, in those old times, two or three hairs from the king's beard were the sure and certain pledge of safety? how solemn deeds and acts of government were sealed with melted wax, in which a hair or two from the king's beard made all complete and legal? or how, as tokens of favor, a small portion of the sovereign's beard would be sent to some beloved courtier, who treasured it more than gold or jewels? how, in the reign of Catherine, queen of Portugal, John de Castro took the castle of Diu, in India, but how he was obliged to ask the people of Goa to lend him one thousand pistoles; and, as a security, sent them one of his whiskers, saying, —"All the gold in the world cannot equal what I now send, but I deposit it with you as a security for the money." So charmed were the people of Goa with this conduct that they sent him back the money and the whisker too. How, in the days of our own King Henry VIII., when the good Sir Thomas More was brought to the block—and really in those troublous times it seemed a very lottery whether one's head was high in favor at Westminster or Windsor, or high in public odium on the Bridge-gate—he lifted up his beard and permitted it to fall on the farther side of the block, saying, in his quiet way, "My beard has not committed treason, and it would be an injustice to make it suffer;" how, when in France, Louis XIII. ascended the throne, and was without a beard, all the courtiers except Sully shaved their chins; and how, when that wise man, with his long beard, appeared at court, the shavelings laughed at his grave appearance; which ridicule drew from the minister the remark, "Sire, when your father did me the honor to consult me on his great and important affairs, the first thing he did was to send away all the buffoons and stage-players of the court?"—how, in Spain, when Philip V. succeeded to the throne, and with a shaven chin began to reign, the fashion was imitated by all classes, but with great reluctance and sorrow; for, said they, "Since we have lost our beards we have lost our souls?"

Czar Peter, in his most successful efforts for the civilization of his land, insisted on his subjects shaving their beards.

Hair and the fashion of wearing it have ever been a matter of dispute. Loudly the Church denounced both flowing locks and flowing beards as "burdles of vanity;" but though it sometimes happened that a temporary reformation was effected, the old fashion came back again, and the gallants of the age in the lordly Strand or Paul's-walk, the Rialto of Venice, the public walk of Paris, the Grand Square of St. Peter at Rome, or the fashionable resorts of Madrid, still sported their flaunty locks and perfumed beards.

But enough of beards; let us turn to the beard-trimming barber. It is an old trade. We find that out by the fact that it was introduced into Rome so many centuries ago, and even then that it had gained some high repute in Sicily. In England the barbers formed an ancient and honorable body. The company of Barber-Chirurgeons was incorporated by Edward the Fourth, "but confirmed," says Howal, "by every king and queen since." It was first instituted by the good offices of one Thomas Morestead, who was one of the sheriffs of London, and barber to the kings Henry IV., V., and VI.; and his efforts to establish a company were continued by Jacques Fries, physician, and William Hobbs, barber to Edward IV., who, as we have seen, graciously granted their request. The barber's shop in those days was the resort of people above the ordinary level of society, who went to the barber either for the cure of wounds, or to undergo some surgical operation, or, as it was then called, to be "trimmed," a term which signified either shaving the beard or cutting and curling the hair. The shop was usually furnished with a lute, a viol, or some other musical instrument, that the patients or customers might beguile the time they had to wait before they could engage the services of the barber-surgeon. The pole, with its painted fillet of blue or red, indicated that the professor was a blood-letter, the ribbon representing the bandage, which, during the operation of bleeding, was twisted round the arm of the patient, and the pole itself a Brobdignagian specimen of the staff which he commonly held.

Time works wonders. A change has indeed come over the trade of the barber-surgeon, and a wondrous difference exists between the old blood-letter surgeon of the past, surrounded by court gallants, and holding no small place in public estimation as a man of science and philosophy—and the cheap barber, with his pole, his jack-towel, his small looking-glass, his windsor chair, his copy of the weekly paper, his pictures of a bear, his birds,—nearly all barbers have birds,—and his endless flow of intelligence and small talk. Talk!—all barbers talk.

A word or two about the philosophy of shaving. The consideration of everything is philosophy now—from a star to a stone—and why not the philosophy of the razor? The fabrication of a good razor depends on so many circumstances and conditions,—the material, the art of forging, the hardening, and the temper,—that the artist himself, after he has exercised his utmost skill, can only select such instruments as he knows to be good by actual use. The razor which possesses the best edge should be selected—such as, upon looking along its edge, has little or no flat part when the action of the hone has taken place; and which, when drawn along the hand, appears keen and smooth. The original keenness of the edge will, of necessity, go off by use. It can only be restored by means of a good strop. The act of stropping produces a smooth edge; but, on account of the elasticity of the strop, this edge becomes round and obtuse in the angle formed by its faces. When this is the case it must be sharpened upon the hone. The principal instructions for whetting a razor are: 1, that it should be drawn lightly along the stone by repeated alternate strokes, with the edge foremost, and by no means backward and forward; 2, that the edge should be tried upon the hand after every two or three strokes, in order to ascertain the instant at which the operation is complete; 3, that the final edge be given by a stroke or two upon the strop. The edge of the razor is, in fact, nothing but a very fine saw. When in complete order, the razor should be for a moment or so immersed in hot water before shaving is commenced. There is some difference of opinion as to the application and use of soap. Sir John Chardin asserts that the great excellence of the Parisian barbers consists in the practice of using a thick hot lather of soap. Others, on the contrary, declare that the Chinese shave far better with the use of cold water and soap. Soap, they say, acts in a two-fold benefit to the shaver,—it dissolves and removes perspiration, and lubricates the skin. Some operators place the razor flat on the face, and others raise it to a considerable angle. It is a very bad practice to press the razor at all against the face; and indeed, this cannot be done with impunity, if a drawing stroke be used. The line of the motion of the razor itself should be very oblique to the line of the edge, and not at right angles to that line, as is commonly practiced; this method is, indeed, so very effectual, as to require great care before it can be adopted, in the extreme, with perfect safety; but the same efficacy which endangers the skin, renders it easy and pleasant with regard to the beard.

ADVENTURES IN THE SNOW IN GERMANY.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

WHEN snow comes the scene changes. The moment that it becomes trodden down hard on the roads, all the world is on sledges; sledges come forth from their year-long hiding-places, and stand before the houses ready to be hired. On the road are sledges of all sorts and sizes, from the largest to the smallest, from the smartest to the simplest. Some of them, especially in some of the chief cities, are very gay indeed. They are of various shapes, but resemble the bodies of chariots, phaetons, gigs, &c., set on sledge-bars. Some of them are very gaily, and others very gaudily painted, richly cushioned, and furnished with aprons of the shaggy skins of wild beasts, as bears, wolves, foxes, and deer. Their sledge-bars sweep up in a fine curve, and meet high before, bearing on their summit some figure—a pine-apple, a fir-cone, a lion's head, an eagle with outspread wings, or a human figure. The horses are covered with cloths of gay colors, which are stitched all over with little bells, and bells are generally hung on the sledges too.

Besides the handsome ones, many an old-fashioned affair comes forth, down to the bauer's or peasant's sledge, which is his old wicker-basket wagon-body, on a few poles rudely knocked together. Everything that is a vehicle of conveyance becomes a sledge. Wheel-barrows disappear, and become sledge-barrows. Everything that was before carried now becomes drawn. Tubs, baskets, bundles, all are on sledges, and are traveling the streets and roads. Every boy has his sledge, too, made of a few boards nailed together, on which he is flying down the hill-sides with the utmost velocity. Wherever there is a bit of a descent in a street, or in the country, down it are going little sledges with one or more children on each of them. Boys and girls draw one another along the streets and highways at full speed on these little vehicles; everywhere you see them in motion, and they afford a world of amusement. If a heap of rubbish has been thrown to some outside of the town, or by the river-side, covered with snow, it becomes a sledge-bank for the lads; and they go down places so steep and uneven that you expect to see them every moment thrown head over heels; but no such thing—away they go, as light and free as birds on the wing! and, when they get to the end of their course, pick up their sledge and carry it back to the top again.

But it is not only the children that delight in sledging; the grown Germans are as much children in this respect as any of them. They partake with northern nations in all their fondness for sledging. Sledges are driving about everywhere, filled with merry faces, and attended by loud cracking of whips. They make also large sledging-parties, which are matters of much excitement and great display, as well as of very particular etiquette. Young gentlemen will engage young ladies for a drive in a sledging-party, or *Schlitten-fahrt-partie*, for three months before. Great are the arranging, the planning, the cogitations, while a party is in preparation. The acquaintance that shall be asked to join in it, the choice of ladies by the gentlemen, the number of sledges and outriders that they shall sport, the place to which they shall drive, and whether they shall have torches to return by or not. All parties enter into the scheme with heart and soul, and much anxiety is felt lest any change in the weather, a sudden thaw, or a fierce snow-storm, should prevent it.

The sledging-parties in the country are often still more lusty, if not so gay. The rich bauers, or farmers, in the upper Rhinelands, and other parts, are excessively fond of these excursions, and with sledges that will hold at least twenty people, will, in winter, drive about for whole days together. The gentry, in some parts of Germany, will, with much joviality, make use of the same capacious vehicles, and set on foot parties to some place of resort. The trouble in the country to get these together, and the ludicrous accidents that occur to them, afford subject of much entertainment. In the kingdom of Wirtemberg, the wirths, or landlords of the inns, are especially obliging. If you stop merely at their doors, while your driver gives his horses some bread and water, they feel much annoyed if you will not honor their house by going in. If you want nothing, they don't trouble themselves about that. They will do you any little service they can, just as much as if you had spent a large sum with them. At Waldenbuch, not far from Stuttgard, we stopped at the door of one of these good-natured men. We had recently breakfasted, and, as we wanted nothing, and the driver said he would not stay long, we proposed to sit in the carriage for the time. The wirth, a tall and very respectable-looking man—for the wirths are generally men of a tolerable education, and often hold a rank with the smaller gentry of the neighborhood—came and begged us to alight. We explained to him that we wanted nothing, and therefore did not wish to trouble them by going in and out. He appeared much disappointed; said it was of no consequence whether we took anything or nothing, but he hoped we would honor his house by entering it. As we, however, respectfully persisted in remaining in the carriage, he went away, but soon came again, and, with much earnestness, besought us to alight. If we would not go in, we ought at least to see the country, and there was an old ducal castle too that we ought to see, and, if we would permit him, he would have much pleasure in being our guide. This disinterested kindness it would have been most uncourteous to decline. With many thanks we alighted; and the good-hearted Swabian, calling for his hat and his cane—for he did not think his ordinary cap which he had on sufficiently in dress to appear openly with strangers—he led the way.

But our worthy wirth has been introduced here for his sledging-party. In the stables of the castle he tapped with his cane on a very capacious sledge, and, breaking into laughter, said: "That is mine! Aha! I cannot see it without laughing. If you had but been here at a sledging-party that we had last winter! The [illegible] and the clergyman were al- [illegible] could not get up a [illegible] —that other [illegible] not here [illegible] one of. I determined to try. I took my sledge and drove round. I went here and there. I got together the amtman, the clergyman, and the physician of the next dorf, the collector of the land-taxes, the steward, the master of the forests, and their families. We made a most imposing party. In this, my sledge, were stowed sixteen souls. I drove, and we took the lead. All went well; we drove out far into the country. The air was clear, though sharp, and all were in the highest spirits. My horses were full of life; and as I led the way at a great rate, I heard behind me a loud sound of mirth, and laughter, and gossip. But unluckily, as we passed over a part of the way which hung over the valley below, the snow had drifted over a precipice of at least a dozen feet high, and hung in great round rolls and wreaths. My horses at this critical spot suddenly took fright, and became restive. I endeavored to whip them sharply forward, but spite of all my exertions they backed and backed till one side of the sledge was over the precipice. There was a sudden and astounding shriek, not only from those in my sledge, but from those in the sledges behind, as they saw it toppling over. I leaped out to seize the horses by the reins and drag them forward; but it was in part too late. The cries from all the party rose more wildly than before; and, glancing at the sledge, I saw one after another of its load disappear over the precipice. Among them was a little boy of mine, only about four years old. As I saw him plunge down over the precipice, I lost all self-command, and all thought of everything else. I ran in distraction toward the nearest point where I could descend into the valley, crying, 'O! my child! my child! My child is killed!' I plunged frantically down a deep descent; I rushed like a maniac to the spot where the child and the others had fallen. There were four or five men and women already scrambling out of the snow-heaps, or standing as much like pillars of salt as Lot's wife, and crying, and scolding, and shaking themselves in the middle of the way. As I drew near, all at once broke out furiously—'O, what have you done! This is your fine sledging-party! O, you have killed us! You have lamed us for life!'—'Cursed stuff!' I exclaimed, raging; 'my child! my child! where is he? He perishes—he is smothering in the snow!'—I sprung into the drifts; I caught a sight of his red worsted glove—I seized it—I grasped his arm—I drew him out. He was already black and blue in the face; but presently a gush of blood started from his nose, and he set up a most vigorous yell. He had fallen with his nose and eye against a stump or a stone, and I found that his eye was seriously injured. One man near me exclaimed, 'O, I have broken my arm!'—'Never mind your arm!' I exclaimed. 'What does your arm signify? my child's eye is knocked out!' As soon as I was satisfied the child was not actually dead or dying, nor seriously hurt, I looked about to discover if any one else was yet in the snow, and presently I espied a pair of great old boots standing up in the drift, the head and body of whose possessor had disappeared downward in the snow. I had known these boots too many years not to recognize them in an instant. The old doctor of the next village was there lying, head foremost. Much as I was concerned for him, and loudly as I called on those who had already got out to come to his help, there was something so ludicrous in his situation, that I could not for my life avoid bursting into loud laughter, as with all our might we grasped the old boots, and dragged out their owner. It was some time before we could wipe away the snow out of his face, and set him on a great stone to recover his breath. For a while he gasped and panted; and when we asked him how he felt, he did not even answer by a shake of his head, but looked wildly and angrily about him. At length he rose suddenly from the stone, cast the most savage glances at me, and, with much panting and catching of his breath, said to me: 'There! you have done for me with your miserable sledging-party. You have cut me off in the middle of my days!' The worthy old man was already upward of eighty, and the idea of his being cut off in the middle of his days was too much even for those who had themselves but just got out of the snow, and were therefore not in the best of humors: a general laugh arose, at which the old gentleman looked highly indignant, and marched off in great scorn. But if we were merry at the old gentleman's sally, how much was this increased when, hearing a cry for help somewhere above our heads, we looked up, and beheld a big man suspended by his coat-laps in the boughs of a tree which stretched over the precipice! It was the steward. There he hung like Absalom, and quivered his legs like a bird in a springe, being neither able to reach hold of anything with his hands, nor to drop down into the snow. At this sight our laughter grew tenfold. We were absolutely disabled from flying to his assistance; but our noise brought some of the other party to the brow of the precipice, to see what was the matter, where they beheld the cause of our entertainment. There was an instant call from them to the rest above to come and look. All that dared, flocked forward till they could see the poor steward dangling like a scarecrow in the tree. At this nobody could forbear laughing—all broke out; and above and below the poor fellow heard our unnatural mirth, as it must have seemed to him. A light active youth, however, soon scrambled into the tree, and cutting away several small boughs, down plumped the steward into the snow.

"Nobody was really hurt, except it was myself, on whom all joined in heaping the bitterest reproaches; first, for having so zealously advocated and brought about this party; and, secondly, for driving on a road so dangerous, though this latter matter had been the choice of others, not mine. By the time that we reached home, nevertheless, all had recovered their good-humor, and were more inclined to laugh at the ludicrous parts of the adventure than to regret what had happened, except the worthy old doctor. He cast most cutting looks and speeches at many of us, but more especially at me, over his dinner, and persisted that we had done for him, and had actually cut him off in the middle of his days! The worthy old man yet lives, however; though he never has, and never will, forgive our laughter."

* * *

CHOICE TEXTS.—A text for bachelors —"Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord." A text for aristocrats—"The rich and poor meet together; the Lord is maker of them all." "He hath made of one blood all nations of men." A text for idlers— "Seest thou a man diligent in his business; he shall not stand before mean men!" A text for the timorous—"The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion in his forest home."

BY-WORDS.

JACK KETCH.

JACK KETCH was, in England, a public executioner who assumed office some time after the period of the Restoration. Previous to his time, the "finisher of the law" was called "Old Dun," and "Squire Dun," from a person of that name who was a hangman during the Commonwealth. Cotton, in his "Virgil Travestie," which was written in 1670, introduces Squire Dun thus:—

> "Away, therefore, my lass does trot,
> And presently a halter got,
> Made of the best string hempen teer,
> And, ere a cat could lick her ear,
> Had tied it up with as much art
> As *Dun* himself could do for heart."

Butler, in his "Hudibras," makes mention of this worthy under the same name:—

> "And, while the work is carrying on,
> Be ready listed under *Dun*."

That Ketch, however, was in office in the year 1682, we have evidence from Butler's "Ghost," where, in reference to his predecessor's fees, he is spoken of in the following manner:—

> "Till Ketch, observing he was choused,
> And in his profits much abused," &c.

Before Dun, the name of the person who acted as public executioner was Gregory Brandon. This personage, by an audacious trick, in which he was aided by one Brook, a herald, so imposed upon Sir William Segar, garter king-at-arms, that the latter conferred *arms* on him! The mortification of the old knight, on his discovery of the fraud which had been perpetrated on him, may be well imagined.

The executioners of foreign countries have always been considered more expert in their dismal profession than those of England. It is well known that the headsman of Calais was sent for to decapitate Anne Boleyn; and Cleveland reports of the Dutch executioner, "that he would do his office with so much ease and dexterity, that the head, after the stroke of his sword, should stand still upon his shoulders." A boy at Stockholm, at ten years of age, was condemned to the office of public executioner for cutting off the head [illegible] ther boy at play!

PETER'S PENCE.

[illegible] a tax imposed on [illegible] y in England. It was collected, annually, on the 1st of August. Ina, king of the West Saxons, first levied it in 725; and his object in so doing was the support of an English college at Rome. The Romish Church, however, afterward perverted it to very different purposes.

JOE MILLER.

The real name of the person who wrote or collected the well-known publication entitled "Joe Miller's Jests," was John Motley. Besides the work referred to, he was author of the "Lives of Peter the Great of Russia, and of the Empress Catherine." He was born in 1692, and held a small place in the customs, which he resigned to follow his taste for literature. He died in 1750.

PRESTER JOHN.

This is the name or title given by travelers to the King of Tenduc, in Asia, who preserved such great state, that he did not condescend to be seen by his subjects above twice or three times in a year. It is in allusion to this circumstance that Butler, in his "Lady's Answer" to Hudibras, says:—

> "While, like the mighty Prester John,
> Whose person none dares look upon,
> But is preserved in close disguise,
> From being made cheap to vulgar eyes," &c.

Mandeville, the old English traveler, pretends to have traveled over Prester John's country, and makes him sovereign of an archipelago of isles in India, beyond Bactria. He tells us, that a former emperor of these isles "traveled into Egypt, where, being present at divine service, he asked who these persons were that stood before the bishop? And, being told they should be priests, he said, he would no more be called king nor emperor, but priest, and would have the name of him that came first out of the priests, and was called John; and so have all the emperors since been called *Prester John*."

* * *

An Element of Happiness.—An aptitude to be pleased is one of the sweetest sources of sublunary enjoyments, and parents and preceptors would do wisely to cultivate in their children and pupils indulgent rather than fastidious views, not only of men, but of things, if it were merely as a means of increasing their pleasurable feelings, and consequently their happiness.—*Mrs. Opie.*

[For the National Magazine.]

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER—A CHARACTER.

OUR village schoolmaster was a most interesting character. He was somewhat advanced in life, and presented a countenance on which was written, in unmistakable lines, universal benevolence; there was on it, too, an equally unmistakable play of quaintness, which added much to its attraction, notwithstanding the face was set off with a nose of almost laughable length. Though he had met with some early disappointment or other trial, (he was love-cracked they said,) of which he would never converse, and which, probably, had induced him to lead a single life, and produced his other singularities, yet he always persisted in looking on the favorable side of things, was uniformly kind-hearted, and was never seen in an ill-tempered passion but once, of which I shall speak by-and-by. His early sorrows induced him to leave his native place, and his love of books and children led him to adopt the profession of a schoolmaster. It was before the days of "literature" in this country, or I do not know what feats his genius might have attempted among the cliffs of Parnassus, or on the back of Pegasus. About twenty years before our acquaintance with him, he wandered into the sequestered village of M———. Its quiet solitude, the beauty of its scenery, and the simple and unsophisticated character of the villagers, seemed to him unequaled, and he made up his mind at once to take up his abode among them.

The inhabitants appointed him teacher of their school. He entered upon his duties with great ceremony. A notice was read in the church, the Sunday previous, that he would deliver an inaugural address on opening the school, the next morning. That morning the church-bell was rung, by his request, at least one hour. The people assembled in the small school-house, at the foot of the hill, and the good-hearted teacher, brushed to the utmost neatness, with a large pair of spectacles shining on his huge nose, read them a labored speech. Some were instructed, many were amused, and all were satisfied. His address was indeed a complete exhibition of his character, full of wise and weak traits; but the wise ones were truly worthy of admiration, and the weak ones were so tinged with benevolent feeling as to win more hearts than the wise. It was sprinkled all over with sage quotations, chiefly from Solomon's proverbs. He contended for "three principles," as he called them, namely, that the best college in the world was the primary school; the best text-book the Proverbs of Solomon; and the best principle of school discipline child-like love. The old farmers liked much the first proposition; the village pastor (who, of course, was present) and his church-members liked his deference for the Scriptures, though his tenacious partiality for the Book of Proverbs seemed rather unaccountable; and all the shrewd worldly-wise hearers knew that the last of the three "principles" would secure kind treatment to their little ones,—the very best means of promoting their love of the school, and their success in study. The assembly broke up in high satisfaction, and the eccentric teacher received abundant congratulations, which he returned with overflowing good feeling; he even stopped the retiring audience, amid this hearty exchange of cordiality, and mounting a bench near the door, to which he had wandered in his eagerness to shake hands with everybody, made them another short speech, returning thanks for the reception he had that day met from them, and expressing his admiration of their unparalleled courtesy. The good man's eye really moistened, and his cracked but kindly voice became tremulous with emotion, which seemed absolutely to perplex him for some extraordinary mode of expression. When nearly all had departed, he still stood on the stone step, uncovered, and looking admiringly at the delighted groups scattered along the roads.

The kind-hearted teacher was fortunate in procuring a congenial home with a simple-minded old man and his tidy wife, on the main road, a short distance out of the village, and not far from the church. They assigned him a large front apartment, which looked out on a rich landscape. His room, when I first saw it, showed, like his inaugural speech, the character of the man, though his old landlady kept it as neat as she could. Its four tables (four, I say, for he always expressed a fondness for such conveniences, and the pastor had sent him a long one, made purposely for him) were covered, one with books, surmounted by his flute—for he loved music; another with manuscripts; the third with flowers and herbs, decayed and fresh; and the fourth with fragments of stones, which he had gathered with satchel and hammer among the neighboring hills, as specimens of mineralogy. The walls were decorated with several engraved Scripture pieces, a half-dozen likenesses of little deceased pupils, drawn by some expert hand in the village, a portrait of himself with an exceedingly benignant expression, painted in water-colors by the pastor's oldest daughter at one of her visits home during the vacation of her boarding-school, and, finally, a neatly written and framed list of rules, for the regulation of his time and habits, which were enforced by several quotations from and marginal references to Solomon's proverbs, and showed him to be a remarkably methodical man, for they specified his hours of going to bed, rising, devotion, meals, exercise, school duties, &c., &c., the whole signed in large and manful letters with his name—Tobias Goodenough.

Tobias Goodenough had what phrenologists call the bump of adhesiveness; once comfortably settled in this retired village, nothing could attract him away. Years passed, and he continued as firm in his attachment to it as the old oak, which overshadowed his little school-house, stood rooted to the spot where it had grown. He was unquestionably an intelligent, if not a learned man; and the more sensible villagers, by a little acquaintance, perceived that his oddities, or weaknesses if such they might be called, were on the surface, while beneath them was a depth of sound knowledge and golden worth. He was more than esteemed, he was loved; the children treated him as a father, and their parents, though they sometimes smiled at his peculiarities, especially his incessant quotation of Solomon's proverbs, considered him a man of rare excellences. Twenty years had he taught the village school, when I became acquainted with him. During this time many of his scholars had grown up and passed on to the stage of the active world. Some four or five were doctors, some three or four lawyers, still more were clergymen, and several were successful merchants; the only lawyer in the village, a very important man on the spot, had been among his first scholars. These facts were the pride of the teacher, and in the good-natured weakness of his advancing age, led to a pardonable vanity, for he considered the renown of the school permanently and widely established. It had evidently become in the good old man's simple mind an essential item in the world's welfare, if not in its history. Often would he enumerate the names of young men successful in professions or other business, who had once occupied its benches; and whenever he took leave of a scholar, who was about to try the fortunes of life, he would conclude his feeling, though formal address, by recommending him never to forget the wise instructions of his reading lessons, (which were chiefly in the Book of Proverbs,) and to remember and maintain, by his good conduct, the fair fame of the school which had nurtured him, and which must suffer by any gross delinquency in his conduct. Indeed, the pure reputation of the school became the darling thought of the kind-hearted teacher, and the only time in which he was known to speak with irritation was in a conversation with the deacon, when a dispute arose on the question which had done most for the good of the village and the world, the meeting-house or the school-house; he was soon appeased, however, with the conviction that he had triumphantly vanquished the deacon in argument. He never disputed this point with the pastor, for besides a profound reverence for his office, he entertained a warm affection for the man; he had been his organist for nearly twenty years, and now that they were both in the sere and yellow leaf of life, they seemed nearer and dearer than brothers. Old Tobias Goodenough! Many a young man, once his scholar, but now wandering over the land, exclaims, "God bless him," as he thinks of his pleasant childhood days, and smiles, and then perhaps drops a tear at the recollection of the odd but good old man.

Old Tobias Goodenough continued in charge of the village school, even when the infirmities of age had quite unfitted him for the task; so absorbed had he become in its welfare, so habituated to the little school-house, which had grown old and decayed under his care, that he seemed hardly to suspect he must, some time or other, give it up to another, and cease to sway its ferule scepter. Yet so infirm had he become, that on stormy days (which made up a large proportion of the winter) he could not go out to it, and many of the good people of the village began to whisper, though very respectfully, about a younger teacher,—to whisper, I say, for so extraordinary a revolution did it seem to the villagers, that they could scarcely muster courage to propose it, though they felt its necessity, and it was affecting to see how every one who caught the whisper heard it with a fallen countenance, and shook his head significantly, until more thoroughly convinced the change was inevitable.

At last the school-committee were instructed to converse with the veteran teacher on the subject, and get him to retire. One of their number was appointed to perform the duty; but he reported at their next meeting that he had failed to do it: that, when he called to see the aged man, he welcomed him so cordially, and ran on in the conversation so enthusiastically about the school, the "fair fame" which it had won, and his plans for its future prosperity, that no man who had a heart within him could have mentioned the subject, and he really feared it would kill the old man.

'Squire Hardy, a man who never had soul enough to understand old Tobias, hereupon rose up in the committee, and said he "hoped they would not be so chicken-hearted as to shrink from their solemnly responsible duties,—that the welfare of the village and posterity demanded of them firmness and energy, and, as for himself, *he* would not sacrifice the public interest for any man, even if he had to sacrifice his own in removing that man."

As none of the rest of the committee were found willing to communicate with the venerable teacher on the subject, 'Squire Hardy offered to do it himself, and manifestly felt the nobleness of true courage in assuming this "solemnly responsible duty!" On the next stormy day, when Tobias could not go to the school, the 'squire visited him, and bluntly made known the object of his visit. The gray-haired teacher looked at him with utter astonishment, and stood dumb before him for several minutes. "Give up the school! —give up the school!" at last he exclaimed, as the tears sprung from his eyes; "Give up the school! Go sir, then, and cut down the old oak, whose branches have always shaded it, and whose roots hold its foundation-stones. Give up the school! Alas! has it come to this?"

The 'squire advanced arguments, and insisted that it must be done. The old man, too much affected to discuss the point, requested him to call the next morning, and shut himself up in his room the whole of that day, declining his dinner, and seeing no one. Toward evening, however, he came down stairs, with a cheerful countenance, requested tea, and, rubbing his hands, said: "It is all right; it is all right; I ought to have expected it; but I forgot I was growing old. Just think, my old friend," addressing his aged hostess, as she poured out his tea, "just think how everything has changed since I came into your house; all my scholars of that time are dead or grown up; all the old people, except you, the deacon, and a few others, are sleeping in the churchyard, around the grave of our dear old pastor; why, my friend, we are out of our day, and yet I have been so much with the children, God provide for them! that I have forgotten that I was old, and have scarcely noticed that my head had grown gray. Give up the school! Give up the school! What a thought!" and a tear stood in his eye, but he hastily wiped it away, and said, "It is all right, my dear friend, it is all right; we can't expect to live forever; for, as Solomon says, 'There is a time to be born, and a time to die;' the school needs a younger teacher. I see the necessity, and shall be content and thankful to God that I have so long been allowed to occupy so useful a place."

Tobias Goodenough retired from the office of teacher, but his young successor soon admired so much the peculiarities of the old man, as to allow him a controlling direction of the school whenever he visited it.

A generous-hearted gentleman, who had been one of his earliest scholars, happened to revisit his friends in the village soon after, and proposed to raise, by subscription, a small fund for the retired teacher. Everybody seemed anxious to give toward it, and the letters, in behalf of it, which were sent to former scholars who had settled and prospered in various parts of the country, brought back answers containing generous sums. For the fund thus raised the good old man was overwhelmed with gratitude, and made to the gentlemen who brought him the news and the securities, a formal speech full half an hour in length, on the history and results of the school, and his determination, while he yet lived in the village, to anxiously guard its fair fame. "And yet, gentlemen," he concluded, pathetically, "I can be of but little more service, for that time has come to me which Solomon predicted, 'When the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinders is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low; also, when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden.'" The listeners would have smiled with their old school recollections of King Solomon, but a tear passed down the veteran's cheek, and they wept.

About a year after his retirement, I visited the village, and found that, though Tobias Goodenough was old and somewhat infirm, yet, owing to his temperate life and tranquil habits, he still had the prospect of some happy years. I loved the aged teacher, and, having three children old enough for simple studies, I proposed to him to remove to New-York, and reside with me as family tutor, not so much, however, for the instruction of my children, as for the comfort of my old friend, and the pleasure I expected from his company, for I confess a weak sort of fondness for original characters. As the fund settled on the venerable man was small, and he wished not to be dependent upon his friends, but to earn his living, he accepted the proposal, but it was hard for him to tear himself away from the village. We spent the afternoon preceding our departure in visiting old familiar places. As the evening lowered, we went into the church-yard. "Here they are," said the teacher, pointing to the graves; "here they are—my old friends,—nearly all who welcomed me when I first came to the village. And there," pointing to the small graves, "there are some of my little ones. God took them from the school to heaven; but it was all right—all right—I shall see them soon,—soon." We passed into the church, and the hoary-headed teacher took his seat at the organ for the last time; tune after tune rolled from the glorious instrument, waking all the memories of the good old man. The sun had set, and still he played; the twilight passed, and still the grand melody rolled through the dark church; I spoke to him and hallooed in his ear, but still he played on, and stopped not till I grasped his arm, and drew him away, when he returned in silence. The next day we were on the way to New-York.

The dear old man continued with us some four years. His daily life consisted of lessons to my children, uniform calls on two aged and congenial friends, and, when the weather allowed, a walk to the Battery, where his benign aspect, as well as his large nose, usually attracted the friendly glance of promenaders, especially of children, for whom he always had a pleasant word. He declined rapidly the last two years, but lost nothing of his serene and benevolent temper. An increasing but complaisant love of conversation, a growing but amiable vanity respecting his old school and the success of several of his pupils who were resident in the city, and a rather repetitious narration of his well-used anecdotes, were among the pleasant symptoms of his decay—his really enviable euthanasy. At last he took to his bed, suffering little, but conversing away in his old good-hearted style, and detailing his anecdotes down to the last day. That day was not a sad one in his chamber. He took his leave of us with several of Solomon's best counsels. "I shall soon be among my dear little ones," he remarked, with a tremulous voice, recalling, doubtless, our last look at the small graves in the village burial-ground. His last words were a quotation from Solomon: "The dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it." Peace to thy manes, and God bless thy memory, Tobias Goodenough.

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Life without Love.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the treasures of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's affections.

TREATMENT OF MENTAL DISEASE.

HAVING so fully illustrated the consequences of unnatural toil of the mind, it is incumbent on us to point out the remedy. This has been long understood, and is obvious. In one word, it is REST. It is the removal of the cause—the first step in the cure of all diseases. But it is not so easy to apply this remedy to the special cases under consideration, partly because in by far the larger proportion the toil is imperatively demanded by circumstances, partly because, as we have seen, the habit for labor of the kind has so fixed itself that it is all but irresistible. It is of far greater importance that the laborer shall so labor that he shall gather strength, and not weakness, from his toil, in accordance with the order of divine Providence. To this end there is only one way, namely, to labor in humble subjection to the laws of our mental and corporeal well-being. Intellectual labor need not necessarily induce the frightful ills we have described or catalogued; on the contrary, it is that by which the progressive development of mankind as a created being can alone be secured. It is, therefore, not merely the privilege, but the duty, of every man to work his intellectual faculties to the utmost limit consistent with sound health, so that he may thereby not only add to the general stock of wisdom and knowledge, but also so act upon himself corporeally that some part of that improvement in his mental powers with which mental labor rewards him may be transmitted to a vigorous offspring.

In analyzing the histories of many victims to intellectual toil, we cannot but be struck with the general fact that a total disregard of their *bodily* health was as much a moving cause of their disasters as their prolonged mental efforts. The man who neglects the ordinary appliances of health, and the ordinary rules of existence, cannot fail to suffer. Nervousness, and melancholy, and low spirits, are as much the lot of the luxurious, the indolent, and the dissipated, as of the man of letters, the statesman, or the merchant. The prevention of the morbid results we have alluded to is comprised in the word SELF-DENIAL. A voluminous writer of the last century lived to be eighty-seven years of age. He not only was a great commentator, a philosopher, an encyclopædist, a divine; but he had upon his mind the care of the whole body of "the people called Methodists," and who now bear his name. It was only by his sound common sense, his self-denial, and his sense of duty, that he was enabled to be "in labors more abundant." As an amusing instance of John Wesley's practical common sense, we extract the following from his advice to his preachers, whom he ruled as a preceptor as well as a father. Some of them were complaining, at a "Conference" held at Leeds, in the year 1778, of being "nervous," and suffering from nervous disorders. As to these he observes, (we quote from the published minutes:)—

> Q. What advice would you give to those that are nervous?
>
> A. Advice is made for them that will take it. But who are they? One in ten, or twenty? Then I advise:—
> 1. Touch no dram, tea, tobacco, or snuff.
> 2. Eat very light, if any supper.
> 3. Breakfast on nettle or orange-peel tea.
> 4. Lie down before ten; rise before six.
> 5. Every day use as much exercise as you can bear; or,
> 6. MURDER YOURSELF BY INCHES![*]

We do not know that much can be added to this quaint but sound advice. Daily exercise, early rising, the total abnegation of spirits, fermented drinks, tobacco in any form, and tea, dinner in the middle of the day, are rules which any intelligent man must see are particularly applicable to those who work the nervous system exclusively. Daily exercise must be taken to balance cerebral with muscular activity. Stimulants to the nervous system must be avoided, because it is already over-stimulated by thought. Repose for the brain and sensorial nerves must be secured by going early to rest, because nature has ordained that repose is necessary for their healthy action, and because the hours of darkness after sunset are universally the hours of repose of those animals that are not nocturnal in their habits. Abstinence from gross living is requisite, because the waste of the system is not in the muscles, but in the *minor* agent, as regards material extent—the cerebrum.

It is, perhaps, as to the mode in which these habits can be practiced that there will be the greatest difference of opinion. It is very easy to prescribe daily exercise to the hard-working statesman, or man of letters, or professional man; but how is he to secure it amid the hurry of metropolitan life, and in the wilderness of baked clay and granite of metropolitan streets? Early to rest may be most wholesome, but how is it practicable with the present arrangements of daily life in the larger towns? Strong tea may be "bad for the nerves;" but without it the jaded student truly says, "I should have no nerves at all! and as for avoiding tobacco, how could I exist without my delicious Havana, the solace of my studies?" Thus, secondary circumstances, as well as the primary necessity, bind the intellectual laborer to a wearisome, health-destroying cycle of influences to which he is helplessly subject, and from which it is only by efforts almost superhuman that he can escape.

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[*] Minutes of the Methodist Conference, ed. 1812, vol. i, p. 136.

The prevention of disease, under circumstances like these, can only be attained by a united effort and a combination of all those interested. Thus made it is not surely quite an impossibility. The stimulus of emulation might excite to athletic exercises; and steady advocacy through the press of more rational hours for social enjoyment might do much in modifying the late hours of fashionable life; an earlier dinner-hour, morning operas, &c., would not be altogether useless. It is, however, quite in the power of the individual to do much for himself. Thorough ablution of the head once or twice a day with cold water, or even a slight shower bath, will do much service to the material organ. Extreme temperance in diet would also keep the head clear; but, above all, cessation from mental effort, so soon as the premonitory symptoms of overwork show themselves. Hot eyes, flushed face, irritable temper, despondency, uneasy slumbers, slight vertigo, or, during sleep, something like somnambulism instead of dreams, should be attended to instantly. If any of these supervene, a cessation from labor is strenuously indicated. From that moment, all head-work is out of the capital stock of strength; it is true wear and tear, and the loss thus incurred must either be speedily replaced, or disorder and disease will result. Physiological laws, it cannot be too well remembered, are as inexorable as the physical. The rest is comprised in two things: GENTLE BODILY EXERCISE—SLEEP.

No man who works his brain actively should work all the year round. Of all organs of the body it is that which most enjoys a holiday. The most practicable and the most useful is a pedestrian excursion, and upon this point we would again quote from the "British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review." "In this class of cases there is a more legitimate remedy than these empirical (the hydropathic) appliances, and that is, a pedestrian tour, such as Dr. Forbes enjoyed, and has described in his pleasant 'Physician's Holiday.' Let the man of refinement and imagination, who is pestered with thick-coming fancies, especially after reading 'The Fathers,' and feels that he has lost the healthy, noble feeling of self-reliance, which characterizes the true man, flee to the mountains for solace, rather than to an ascetic, enthusiastic priest. Let him defer the performance of what he thinks to be a duty, and the practice of what he yearns for, as a refuge from his gloom, until he has strengthened *the organ of thought* and enjoys a *mens sana in corpore sano.* Without this, his sacrifices and martyrdom are but the self-imposed evils of a foolish hypochondriac, and of no religious value whatever. If, after breaking away from all his engrossing studies, and holding converse with nature in her sublimest aspects — drinking nothing more potent than water—walking twenty miles a day, and every evening taking a warm bath—if, after a three months' pedestrian tour in the Tyrol, Switzerland, or Scotland, so conducted, he returns to the world and finds its aspect toward him unchanged, and he has no desire to do his duty—*solid* duties—actively and earnestly, then there is nothing for him but to 'retreat,' and live amid the phantoms and chimeras which are to his taste. 'Hellebore' will not cure him; Bath, the Brünnen, and Malvern will be alike useless; and even the false miracles of mesmerism will 'pale their ineffectual ray,' before those of another class, which to his morbid imagination appear real."*

There is still another class of head-workers—those to whom no holiday comes, to whom a pedestrian excursion is too great a luxury to be even dreamed of, and who *must* work at all hazards. These may ward off many evils by a strict diet and regimen, and by *varying from time to time the subject of their studies.* This is the great secret of *safe* continued head-work. It is a species of cerebral gymnastics, by which all parts of the organ of thought are equally worked. With this and a sedulous attention to the bodily health, by the simple means which common sense dictates, many have been enabled to work long and strenuously with comparative impunity, and, although the evil day must come at last, it is long deferred.

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* Opere citato, vol. vii, p. 452.

We have offered to the man of mind few other than what may appear selfish motives to induce him to guard well the powers God has given him. We have not forgotten, however, that from him to whom much is given much also will be required. Unless this higher motive of duty direct the laborer in the field of intellect; unless he guard his gifts as things held only in trust, and use them as one who must render an account—he will spend his days in labor, and late take rest in vain. Too late he will learn by bitter experience that, in his case,

"Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

[For the National Magazine.]

THE DYING FLOWER.

From the German of Rüchert, by G. M. Steele.

Hope thou! the spring will come again,
And thou shalt live to feel its heat;
Do not all flowers that bloom have hope,
Though blasting winds may o'er them sweep?
With hope bind they their silent strength
In tender buds, through winter storms,
Until their rising sap returns,
And verdure new hath deck'd their forms.

"Ah! I am not a sturdy tree
Of life a thousand summers long,
Which after dreaming winter's dream
Doth weave anew its vernal song;
Alas! I only am a flower,
Which May's warm kiss hath waked from sleep,
And of whose life no trace remains
When o'er my grave the snow shall sweep."

If then thou only art a flower,
O tender, trembling, modest heart!
Know this—to everything that blooms
God doth some certain seed impart.
What though the wasting storm of death
Thy scatter'd life-dust soon doth strew?
Out of that dust a hundred times
Shalt thou thy precious life renew.

"I know that kindred flowers will bloom
When I have wasted with decay;
The whole will be forever green—
The one must quickly fade away.
If they are now what I once was,
Then I myself shall be no more;
Now, only now, do I enjoy:
No former day, no future hour.

"If them the sun's bright glance doth warm,
Which flashes cheerly through me still,
It softens not my hapless fate
A cell of silent night to fill;
E'en now, O Sun! thine ogling eye
From far, on them, falls witchingly;
Yet why, with chilling scorn, art thou
From out thy cloud deriding me?

"Thy beam did kiss me into life—
Alas! that I should trust thy ray,
That in thine eye I dared to look
Till it had stole my heart away!
The scanty remnant of that life
Withdrawing from thy sympathy,
I will with sickly firmness wrap
Myself in self and hide from thee.

"Yet my unbending ice of wrath
Thou meltest into tears of love;
Take then, O take my fading life
Forever to thyself above.
Yes! thou wilt yet sun out my grief—
At last my tearful soul relieve;
For all which come from thee to me
My dying gratitude receive.

"The waving course of every breeze
In which all summer long I've sway'd—
Each merry flitting butterfly
Which round me in the dance has play'd—
The eyes my beauty has refresh'd
The hearts my fragrance caused to glow;
Of beauty and of fragrance mix'd
Thou madest me—I thank thee now.

"An ornament of this thy world—
A humble ornament I own—
Thou madest me in the field to shine
As stars around thy golden throne.
I utter now but one more strain,
And it shall be no doleful sigh—
One upward glance I cast to heaven
And to the beauteous world on high:

"Eternal flame-heart of the world!
On thee let me breathe out my last;
O sky! spread out thy tent of blue—
My faded tent is sinking fast!
Hail to thy light, O joyous spring!
O morning breeze! hail to thy reign!
Without a grief sleep I alone,
Without one hope to rise again."

Superior Taste of Women.—Women have a much finer sense of the beautiful than men. They are, by far, the safer umpires in matters of propriety and grace. A mere school-girl will be thinking and writing about the beauty of birds and flowers, while her brother is robbing the nests and destroying the flowers.

VISIT TO KINGSWOOD—WESLEYAN REMINISCENCES.

THERE are few places of more interest to a Wesleyan than Kingswood. To such the name is "as familiar as a household word," being the scene of some of the earliest efforts of the founders of Methodism. Little more than a century ago it was the haunt of a race of men the most depraved and reckless. Inconceivably barbarous and ignorant, they trampled on all laws, human and divine, and dared the hand of justice. In some parts of the neighborhood it was dangerous to pass alone in open day, plunder and murder being of common occurrence. It was indeed a "seat of Satan."

Wesley's first attempt to rescue these rude and bad men was made in April, 1739. The spot he selected was a gentle elevation on the south side of Kingswood, called Hanham-Mount. Here, to about fifteen hundred persons, he cried, in the language of the evangelical prophet, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" Appropriate text, and lovely spot! Before him stretched the rich and beautiful valley of the Avon, through which the river was gently winding, bordered in the distance by the undulating hills; while on his right and left the cities of Bath and Bristol were within sight. Here he afterward frequently addressed listening thousands. The roughness of the population must have contrasted singularly with the loveliness of the prospect. But rough and rude as they were, Wesley found them capable of religious impression. His words had a wonderful effect on their minds. Some of the most abandoned embraced the truth; profanity gave place to prayer, blasphemy to praise; "and many a wretched home was lighted up with the charities and the joys of a pure religion."

Although, in the present day, ignorance prevails there to a very considerable extent, and the social condition of many is deplorable, yet religion has exerted an acknowledged influence over the entire population. The notorious vices of former days are now unknown, and the grosser sins of other places are not so prevalent here. Ignorance, too, is rapidly yielding to the molding hand of education, and vice is giving way to the purity and peace of true piety. The blessing of God on the labors of the devoted Wesley was so manifest, that, very soon after his first visit, he made provision to maintain and perpetuate Methodism in the neighborhood, by the establishment of Kingswood-School. The difficulties he experienced in this undertaking were very numerous, but he was not easily daunted.

It was a bright and beautiful day in autumn when we first visited this far-famed place. Accustomed from childhood to hear of it, the interest occasioned was great. The graceful foliage of the fine elm-trees, planted by the venerable Wesley, in the school-yard, produced a subdued and chastened feeling as we entered. Beneath their shade he had often held forth the word of life; and as their ancient branches rocked in the wind, they seemed to speak to us of by-gone days, and to remind us that we were treading on ground sacred to Methodism. Our guide conducted us to the spot where the "little sycamore-tree" once stood, under which Mr. Wesley first preached, during a violent storm, from the singularly appropriate text: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Right before us stood the old chapel, into which we immediately entered, sharing in the sacred awe which appeared to rest upon it. This sanctuary has claims on our regard which no other of ours can boast of. Here the solemn and useful service called the "watch-night" was first established. "The custom originated with the colliers of Kingswood, who had been in the habit, when slaves to sin, of spending every Saturday night at the alehouse. They now devoted that night to prayer and singing of hymns. Mr. Wesley hearing of this, and of the good that was done, resolved to make it general." Here the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was first separately administered to a Wesleyan congregation, after having been expelled from the Lord's table by the clergy of Bristol. Here the love-feasts have, perhaps, surpassed all others in Methodism in influence and interest. Here multitudes have been made new creatures in Christ Jesus, and are now mingling with the one hundred and forty and four thousand around the throne. Here the Wesleys, and Whitefield, and Coke, and Mather, and Pawson, and Benson, and Bradburn, have witnessed some of the mightiest effects which followed their powerful preaching. There are yet living in the neighborhood some who were awakened under their ministry, and whose eyes glisten, and whose faces brighten, as they tell us of the days that are past. Dilapidated as the building now is, the people still cling to the spot, and even the ungodly inhabitants venerate it.

On the right of the chapel stands the old school. Few places are more suggestive than this. The influence of public schools generally on the future of those taught in them, can never be rightly estimated. The man in after-life is, in most cases, but the youth with the habits and dispositions he formed at school full-grown. "Master John Wesley's methodical run three times every morning round the green of the Charter-House school," was no unapt type of the future Methodist. So might we speculate on the probable position some of the light-hearted boys of our school may fill in religious and social life,—the possible eminence of the one, the downward destiny of the other. No place could reveal more facts of this kind than that in which we now found ourselves. How instructive would have been a record of the history of each one who had passed over its threshold!

It was with grateful recollections of the immense good accomplished here, that we walked through its various apartments. Even in the days of its liberal founder, there were remarkable revivals of religion among the children; and since those days the school has been the spiritual birthplace of hundreds, some of whom are now occupying spheres of great usefulness in the Church militant, and others have already joined the Church triumphant. "There," said one of our company, a Wesleyan minister, pointing to a small closet on the second floor, "there God pardoned my sins. In great agony I shut myself in for the night, and there remained till God spoke peace to my soul." "Here, too," said a second Wesleyan minister in our company, standing in a small room, "I first believed in the atonement, and received forgiveness." Doubtless such pleasing testimonies could be greatly multiplied, even among the ministers of our Church.

We were soon ushered into *Wesley's study*, of all spots in the building the most interesting. Many of his admirable sermons, which are unsurpassed for purity of doctrine and beauty of language, were written here. His valuable "Christian Library," by the publishing of which he lost £200, was begun here; numerous pamphlets in vindication of his faith and practice, and many scientific and educational works, were also composed in this room. On one pane of glass we found written, by some unknown hand, the beautiful text, "God is love;" on another, "God is here, 1744." More appropriate inscriptions for such a spot it would be impossible to find. Then again, written with a firm hand, was the covenant engagement of some pious soul: "I am determined to be the Lord's—January 1st, 1794." Well may Wesley call this his "sweet retreat;" and, as we left it, we fervently prayed that the mantle of the ascended saint might rest on us.

The *sick-room* was next visited, in which many had spent days and nights of weariness and pain, and from which some had winged their flight to that better country where "the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick." On the glass of the window we found written, doubtless by some one who had proved its truth, "The scarlatina is a plague;" while near it was a scrap from the date-book of the historian,—"Great snow, February 7th, 1816."

In the various sleeping-apartments we saw several inscriptions of an interesting character. Yonder was an outburst of joyous feeling, probably from a youthful convert,—

"O for a heart to praise my God!"

Here the conditions of mercy arrested us, perhaps complied with by the writer,—"Repent and believe. Henry Caddick, 1780." While there were the never-failing results of salvation,—"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." In all directions, too, were the names of the scholars, many of which we recognized as among those whose "praise is in all the churches." These names were peculiarly characteristic; some, modest and retiring, were carved small and neat; while others, bold and enthusiastic, had deeply cut theirs in large capitals, determining, at all hazards, to attract the passer-by.

We were leaving the premises, not a little interested and profited by our visit, when right in our path stood the sun-dial placed in the garden by the immortal Wesley. On it were instructive mottoes,—"*Carpe diem*;" "*Resurgam*;" &c. These sentences, and the time-worn appearance of the dial, which had watched the suns of a century dawn and darken, suggested a thousand thoughts; forcibly reminding us of the mutability of all that is earthly, and the importance of preparing for the land where the "sun shall no more go down, nor the moon withdraw itself."

OUR TWO FRIENDS.

WE were married—how many years ago is of no particular consequence; we were married, and it was in the month of May. I have a vivid and pleasant remembrance of that day. Very natural this, you will say. I did not sleep soundly the night before. I have been told that condemned criminals generally sleep heavily the night before their execution; but I was going to be married, and not executed, and I was not a condemned criminal. That made all the difference. There were three other reasons for my not sleeping well that night. For one thing, I never do sleep soundly in a strange bedroom; for another, I am always restless at night when everything around me is quiet; and, thirdly, a day's traveling is often succeeded, with me, by an uneasy night.

Now, my house was in London,—busy, bustling, noisy London,—and, at that time of my life, I always calculated upon being lulled to sleep by the rattling of coaches and cabs, and the confused murmuring of voices from the streets below: and as, on this particular night, my dormitory was in a country village, where, after nine o'clock, all around was in profound silence, I could not sleep because of the awful quiet. Then I had traveled fifty miles the day before, for the express purpose of being married the day after, and that discomposed me. Lastly, I was in a strange bedroom, in the house of the father of my bride-elect. I had never before slept in that room; and that in itself was reason enough for an uncomfortable night.

So I rose early. It was a glorious May morning. The wind, what there was of it, was due south, warm and perfumed with the breath of early flowers. The barometer was at "set fair;" not a cloud was to be seen from horizon to zenith, north, south, east, or west; and as I stepped out into the pretty garden, I muttered to myself, very complacently,—"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on!" It was all nonsense, I knew, but I couldn't help being pleased with the coincidence.

I had not taken many turns in the garden before I was accosted by a fair young—rather elderly young—lady. I did not know her; but she kindly introduced herself to me as the friend of my dear Mary. She had come "all the way down from London," she said, "to assist in the bridal arrangements and performances."

I bowed, and expressed my gratitude for her kindness.

She had had a bad headache the night before, she explained, and had retired when I arrived, so she could not be introduced to me then; but "that was of no consequence, was it?"

None at all, I said. I was glad to make such an acquaintance, so unceremoniously. My fair friend's headache had departed, I ventured to hope.

O yes, quite; and she had risen early to gather flowers for bouquets: wouldn't I help her? she playfully asked.

To be sure I would, and I did.

"We shall be near neighbors, in London," said my new acquaintance; "and dear Mary and I shall be *so* friendly. I shall come and see her very often when you are in your office."

I bowed again, and hoped that she would.

"She will be so lonely, poor thing!" said she.

"O, I hope not!" said I, with a start of surprise. I had never before thought of the possibility of this; and I could not at once digest the idea. *So lonely, poor thing!* I looked askance at Mary's bridemaid that was to be, and thought her hard-featured and disagreeable. I did not say so, of course; but went on gathering flowers in silence. I had by this time remembered that Mary had written to me about a dear friend and constant correspondent of hers—Miss Brown by name—who kept her brother's house in London; and had asked me to call on her, which I had never done. This was Miss Brown then.

So lonely, poor thing!—Ahem! I wished Miss Brown had not said *that*. It made me nervous.

However, that passed off, and breakfast passed off, too, as wedding-day breakfasts usually do; and we went, in due time, to church, and were married. That is, Mary and I were married—not Miss Brown.

The bells struck up a merry peal as we left the church porch on our way outward: and my first step into the open air, as a husband, was on a carpet of flowers, with which the church-yard path had been strewed, according to the custom of the village. A pretty custom, I thought it, and think so still—emblematical of the good wishes which should attend every new-married couple: "May your pathway through life be strewed with flowers!"

And, talking about wishes, I cannot forbear transcribing here a stanza or two which Mary and I received on that happy day from my very dear sister, who would have been at the wedding had she been able to leave home. She called the lines—

"A BRIDAL SONG."

"If cloudless skies, and breezes fair,
And verdant paths, bestrew'd with flowers,
And all that earth has, rich and rare,
May last a life-time—be they yours!
But vain the wish! A needful part
The winter's tempest must perform:
I will but ask that hope and heart
May rise unscath'd from every storm.

"If many a dark and rugged way
Should lead the weary exiles home,
May hope still lend a cheering ray,
And love grow brighter through the gloom!
Though many a wish be unfulfill'd,
And many an anchor insecure,
May steadfast trust, and love unchill'd,
Still to the end of life endure!

"May many a bright path lie before you,
And many a blue sky spread above!
May peace around, and sunshine o'er you,
More closely draw the bonds of love!
May every parting joy entwine
A sparkling wreath for memory's brow!
And may life's sunset calmly shine
On hearts as warm and light as now!

"Through every path of life untried,—
Or rough or smooth, or long or short,—
Be still a FATHER's hand your guide,
A FATHER's love your firm support!
And when—life's cares and pleasures ended—
The parting hour at length shall come,
May love and hope, still sweetly blended,
Point to a better life AT HOME."

I thought this much more to the purpose than Miss Brown's—"She will be so lonely, poor thing!" and Mary thought so too, when I repeated what her friend had said.

Well, we were married; and I pass over the remainder of the wedding-day. I pass over, likewise, the honeymoon, which we spent at a pretty little sea-side place, which had not then become fashionable—the more the pity that it has now, *I* think; but that is nothing to the purpose. In due time we reached home, and the next morning found me once more in my office. Miss Brown, who had, of course, been the companion of our excursion, was to remain with Mary two or three weeks after our return. I had no objection to this; if it would keep my dear little wife from being "lonely, poor thing," Miss Brown was very welcome to stay with us as many months, though I cannot say that I admired Mary's taste in friendship, whatever I thought of it in matrimony. I remember wondering, however, what Miss Brown's brother would do so long a time without his housekeeper; but this was plainly no concern of mine.

I had given my dear Mary full permission to make what alteration she thought fit in our home, though, in my heart, I had perhaps fancied that she would not find it necessary to make any, for I had rather prided myself, in my bachelor days, on the conveniences of my house, considering it was not by any means a large one, and in the excellence of its arrangements. At least I knew I had spent quite as much money as I could spare—and rather more, at times—on these matters. I really thought, too, in my simplicity, that I had some taste that way. But I soon found how utterly I had been mistaken. Almost the first leisure day after we were "settled down," on my stepping into my bedroom to wash my hands, I found myself in a state of bewilderment. I half thought I must have got into the wrong room. Every bit of furniture seemed to have danced out of its place, and found for itself a place somewhere else. The bed was shifted, chairs were shifted, drawers were shifted, washing-stand was shifted, pictures on the walls were shifted, looking-glass was shifted, much to my discomfort the next morning when I tried to shave before it; in short, everything was shifted. I contrived to wash my hands, however, and found my way into the sitting-room.

Dear Mary looked so pleased that I could not find it in my heart to say that she had bestowed much labor "with much pains, and little or no meaning," especially when she asked, with such a happy smile, "What do you think of our day's work, Philip?"

I had no doubt I should like the alterations, I said, when I got used to them.

Poor Mary looked rather disappointed: "I thought you would be sure to like them at once, dear; Miss Brown has such a good taste, and she could not bear the room as it was before."

I could not help biting my lip a little at this, just to keep me from muttering something impolite to Miss Brown, instead of saying, as I did, "Miss Brown is very kind, my dear."

Well, this was only the beginning of it. The next day I was told, on the authority of Miss Brown, that the paper-hanging on our drawing-room walls was very unsuitable and unpretty—ugly, in fact, but my dear little wife could not bring herself to use that word; and that Miss Brown had been kind enough to look out another paper just to her taste, which—would I have put up? Miss Brown had such an excellent taste in paper-hangings? I demurred a little; but I could not withstand dear Mary's bewitching tones of entreaty—especially as I had that day been put in possession of her dower of five hundred pounds. This, I confess, had put me in good humor, and I thought it hard not to show some indulgence to her fancies. But were they hers? Not at all. They were her dear friend, Miss Brown's—there was the rub. However, the end of it was that the old paper-hanging—no, not old, for it had been put up only six months before—was ruthlessly torn away, and the new put up, amid all the inconveniences and dirtiness of this particular household nuisance, just to please, not my wife, so much as her dear friend.

Another day I had to listen to complaints of certain chintz hangings, which ought most decidedly to be exchanged for moreen; and of moreen curtains, which as decidedly ought to be damask; of the sitting-room grate, which was not a register, and of the kitchen range, which was dreadfully incomplete and imperfect; so Miss Brown had said.

"But, dearest Mary, what do *you* yourself think and wish?" I ventured to ask. Well, she did not know so much about these things, and had not such taste as Miss Brown,—so if I would—— And so I did; but I cannot say that I was sorry when Miss Brown's two or three weeks—extended to six, however—were past and gone, and her visit was ended.

"Now," thought I, as I returned from her brother's house, whither I had, with great pleasure, escorted her that last evening—"now, what a happy time I shall have with dear Mary; how snug and quiet we shall be!" And I was not sorry that the near neighborhood of which Mary's dear friend had spoken included a space between us of three miles of street; sufficient, I thought, to prevent any further very constant intermeddling with our private affairs. But I reckoned without my host. A weekly interchange of visits, at the very lowest computation, was thereafter to be kept up; so that my quiet evenings at home were reduced by at least one-third of their proper number, to say nothing of long walks, after office hours, in all sorts of London weather, either to bring home my wife from Miss Brown's, or to take home Miss Brown. I began to wish that our good friend either lived nearer or farther off still.

But this was not the worst. Miss Brown had constituted herself Mary's adviser; and advise she would. And her advice had to be followed too. Now a servant must be got rid of—a good old creature who had served me faithfully many years before I was married—because she was afflicted with partial deafness; and Miss Brown, pitying her poor friend for having so inefficient a help, volunteered her services in finding a better.

At another time, my dear Mary was persuaded by her friend to think that she *must* add another servant to our establishment. She had never before thought of this necessity, I am sure; but when Miss Brown pathetically set before her the hardship she must necessarily endure in having *only* a housemaid and a cook, dear Mary wondered that she had never thought of it before.

In process of time—say four or five years—there were a little Philip and a little Mary; and Miss Brown was all in her glory. She knew all about children, infants especially, dear little innocents! and nothing would do but she must superintend every nursery arrangement, from the first dose of—well, never mind what—to the teaching of b-a, ba; be-e, be. I did not know that I should not have to yield up the naming of the poor little things to Miss Brown's superior taste; she protested loudly against the barbarity and vulgarity of such names as Philip and Mary; she could not bear the conjunction, it put her in mind of Smithfield and its martyr fires; and she did not like them apart—Philip was such an odd name, and so uncommon; and Mary was such a common name, every family had a Mary in it. But in this matter I found an unexpected ally in my own Mary; and so, for the first time, Miss Brown found herself in a minority of one.

To make amends for this defection, however, my dear little wife gave up everything else to her friend's guidance, and Miss Brown was the supreme arbitress. Tops and bottoms, arrow-root, long clothes, short clothes, hot-water baths, cold-water baths, leading strings and physic; in short, it did not matter what, it was always, "What will Miss Brown say? We must consult Miss Brown."

Now, if any of my fair readers begin to set me down as a disagreeable old fellow—not so very old either—to be proclaiming in this sort of way the amiable weakness of my young wife, I have only to say, that Mary herself does not think so of me, and that she gives me *carte blanche* to write what I please. She says, and I entirely believe her, that there are so many Miss Browns in the world, and so many newly-married Marys, that nobody will know where to look for the right ones, so she and her friend are safe. And she says, too, bless her! that a little good-tempered writing, such as mine—think of that now!—may—well, I won't say what. I have got my story to finish.

I sha'n't write another word to expose my dear little wife. I have faults enough of my own.

Talk about family advisers as domestic nuisances—there was *my* friend Sam Riley, who was as much "a rock a-head" in the way of our domestic happiness as ever Miss Brown had been. If Miss Brown was dear Mary's "mother superior," Sam was my "father confessor;" and no good came of that, you may be sure, dear reader. I don't mean to say that Sam Riley was a bad fellow, or that he abused my confidence. I mean to say only this, that he made me discontented with my home, dragged me away from it, monopolized the time which I ought to have given to my wife, and, worse than this, kept me from making her my bosom-counselor.

Sam was about my own age: we had been school-fellows, had started in life about the same time, and lived near each other. He was not married: he had a queer way of railing at matrimony, good-humoredly in appearance, but spitefully at heart. Before I was married we had lived on familiar, no-ceremony sort of terms; and I took upon me to assure him that my change of life need make no difference to him in this respect. But Sam knew better than that; and, except that he made a complimentary visit or two to my wife, he rarely entered our doors.

"I tell you what it is, Phil," he said; "a husband's friend is never sure of a welcome, and I don't want to run the risk of cold looks, and the cold shoulder; but there's my house, now, stands where it did, and no one to say you nay. Liberty hall, you know, and bachelor's commons. I shall see you by-and-by, in the old fashion, Phil."

This was only a week or two after my return from our wedding tour. I laughed at Sam, told him that he envied me, and exhorted him to follow my example. He retorted with the fable of the fox who had lost his tail; and so the matter ended. But no, it did not end there. Three months, it might be perhaps four, after our marriage, I went home from the office, jaded and vexed. I had had enough to vex me; what it was is no matter. As I entered the little hall, I heard merry voices up-stairs. One of them was Mary's.

"Who is with your mistress?" I asked of the new servant, who had taken, a day or two before, the place of my faithful old deaf Sarah.

"Miss Brown, sir."

Miss Brown! always Miss Brown; I thought as much; and there she will sit till nine o'clock, or ten, perhaps, and then I shall have to beau her home; and all that time I shall not have a chance of saying a word to dear Mary, but Miss Brown must hear it. All this I thought. I did not say it.

"Tell your mistress I am going out and shall not be home till late," I said;

and I shut the door louder than I need have done, and went to Sam Riley's. That was the beginning of troubles—foolish jealousies on both sides, and estrangements. And yet, I suppose, my dear little wife and I seemed to live as happily together as nine married couples out of every ten. Alas! perhaps we did as we seemed: the more the pity if it were so. I only know that, five years after our marriage, we had each a will and a way of our own; and that our matrimonial duets too often ran in this way:—

"I may thank Mr. Riley for that, I suppose, Philip?"

"There spoke Miss Brown, I suppose, Mary."

"You have no confidence in me, Philip: what have I done that everything is to be kept from me in this way? It is all the fault of *that* Riley, I know."

"You treat me as if I were not the master of my own house and servants, and father of my own children, Mary. I don't deserve this of you; but it will never be otherwise while *that* Miss Brown is everlastingly at your ear."

"I wish *that* Mr. Riley lived a hundred miles off."

"I wish I had never seen that Miss Brown!"

One evening I went home earlier than usual, and Mary was alone. The children were in bed.

"Philip, dear," said my wife, very timidly and very tenderly. I looked toward her, and saw that she had been crying; tears were still in her eyes, and some old letters lay in a heap before her.

"Philip, dear Philip, are you going out this evening?"

"I thought of it, Mary; but as you are alone—no."

"Thank you, dear, dear husband. I want to speak to you . . . . These are your letters, dear Philip: I have been looking them over."

"Better burn them, Mary. I dare say there are some very foolish things in them."

"Perhaps you have destroyed mine, dear; but ——"

"Destroyed them, Mary? *them!* No, I would n't part with them for their weight in gold."

Mary burst into glad tears. "I thank you, Philip, for that word. And I would n't part with yours for —— but we need n't set a value on them, for I suppose nobody would buy them. But, dear Philip, I am so glad—and so sorry."

"Sorry, dear Mary? what has put you into this strange mood this evening?"

Mary answered me by putting the bridal song into my hand. It had been carefully preserved with my old love-letters.

Why waste words about it? Are there not passages in life too sacred, some treasured recollections too precious to be revealed? That evening Mary and I renewed our vows—began a new life.

It was a week afterward that, as I met Mary at that dear fireside, I could see by her looks that a secret was on the point of breaking out. I had a secret too.

"What do you think? guess, Philip dear."

"What do *you* think? guess, dear Mary."

"'A fair exchange is no robbery,' Philip; secret for secret; yours for mine, and mine for yours."

"Agreed. Sam Riley is going to—"

"Be married!"

"No."

"Yes! I say, yes!"

"No—is going to York; he has bought a practice there, and is off next week, and joy go with him!"

Mary clapped her little white hands, and broke into a merry, gleeful laugh,—"And something else with him, Philip; guess, now do guess."

"Not a wife? you don't mean that? Who?"

"Miss Brown—that dear old plague. She has been here to-day, and told me all about it." And Mary clapped her hands again: "I am *so* glad. She will make such a good wife, and we shall lose our friends—you yours, and I mine—without quarreling with them."

Idealisms.—You accuse me of a propensity to idealize. I am sorry that you do not give me credit for sufficient true-heartedness to love the beautiful devotedly without the necessity of coloring it more highly by any imagination. If it were as you say, I should be fated to turn perpetually to new objects, till cold experience gradually taught me better, and warned me against such folly with bitter mockery,—till I sank into hopeless misery. Such a warmth is not that of life, but the unhealthy and transitory glow of fever.—*Niebuhr's Life and Letters.*

A DAY IN NINEVEH.

FOR ages Nineveh seemed blotted out of existence. The pyramid-looking mound of Nimroud is alluded to by Xenophon as a scene of crumbling ruins, when he and his ten thousand encamped there twenty-two centuries since. Lucian, who lived on the banks of the Euphrates in the second century, speaks of the great Assyrian city as at that time utterly destroyed, so that none could tell the spot it occupied. Its site was a waste four hundred years later, affording ample space for the movements of the two great armies of Heraclius and Rhazates. The elder Niebuhr passed over the spot without any perception of what it had been, even mistaking the ruins for ridges of hills. Mr. Rich, an enterprising traveler, some thirty years ago, began to examine certain of the mounds near Mosul, whence he found sufficient to indicate that there was something yet to be learned respecting Nineveh, "that great city." But the discoveries he made were small; and a few fragments sent over to the British Museum, inclosed in a case three feet square, which also contained some from Babylon, were long afterward all the relics which Europe possessed of the civilization and art of two among the mightiest of ancient empires.

Less than ten years has produced an astonishing change in our knowledge of Nineveh. M. Botta and Dr. Layard have disentombed its remains, and thrown light on its history to such an extent that it is easy now to transport ourselves to the banks of the Tigris, and to see the city as it was in the days of its meridian splendor, its mightiest power, and most palmy pride. But a personal inspection of the Assyrian antiquities, preserved in the Louvre at Paris, and in our own museum, still more powerfully excites the imagination and gives vividness to the picture; because, there you have before you the very sculpture in which the arts, manners, and customs of the people are portrayed, and on which the eyes of the Ninevite citizens gazed between two and three thousand years ago. With the fresh remembrance of what may be seen in these national repositories of art, and with the accounts of Botta and Layard's researches before us, aided by the learning and reflection of other tasteful antiquaries, especially Fergusson and Smirke, we would endeavor to present a *tableau vivant* of ancient Nineveh; not drawing on our fancy for any of the materials, but simply weaving together what we have gathered by inspecting sculptures and studying books. As we shall suppose ourselves spending a day in the metropolis of Assyria nearly three thousand years ago, it will enable us the better to convey our impressions, if we may be permitted to indulge in the anachronism of employing allusions to subsequent times.

We are on the banks of the Tigris, then, by the great delta formed between that and the river Zab. The country around is undulating, but not mountainous; fertile, but needing the careful art of the husbandman to bring out its fruitfulness. The winter rains bountifully enrich the soil, but artificial irrigation is required, and many a canal has been cut for conveying over Assyrian farms the waters of the river, swollen by the melting of the snows on the mountains of Armenia. Vines, olives, and fig-trees are cultivated on the hills. "It is a land of corn and wine, a land of bread and vineyards, a land of olive oil and honey." A plow, not unlike an English one, cuts out the furrow in yonder field; and a cart, also resembling our own, drawn by oxen, is at this moment slowly passing before us.

Look along the river, and see how the palace gardens reach down to the margin of the water, terrace beneath terrace, adorned with flowering shrubs. Beside the broad steps, flagged with alabaster, brightly-painted galleys are moored; and, as you watch, you see groups of figures, in oriental costumes, descending to enjoy the cool breeze; while slaves are at their places on board, oar in hand, to row them up the stream.

Sit down here for a moment on the bank, under the shadow of those feathery palms, and watch the angler busy with his sport. Mark, too, that temple, under the shadow of which he stands, with its unornamented pilasters and massive columns, the entablature surrounded by little battlements in the Arabian style. Not far off, on the top of that gentle hill covered with the graceful cypress, you discern an altar, or monument, raised on a square base, with fluted shaft. But, perhaps, you have not much taste for agricultural details; then look yonder at the bridge of boats; or, nearer still, observe those men rowing over the river in a large bark, with a chariot on board, some horses swimming after them, led along by bridles in the hand of him who occupies the lofty-crested stern.

But we must take you to the city itself. A great city it is, of three days' journey, or sixty miles in circumference, including within that space, woods, gardens, fields, and pasture-lands, whitened here and there with flocks. The city is not all walled round; but certain quarters or divisions of the city are so. In each of these divisions a group of magnificent edifices, reared on elevated foundations, rises aloft with a kingly air over adjacent abodes and other buildings. Between these districts and fortified portions are the agricultural regions, with humble dwellings of mud and reeds, rounded at top, and not appearing dissimilar to the wattled wigwams of modern days in lands half-civilized. The Ninevites live also in tents as well as houses, and within them, you see, are articles of furniture, such as tables, couches, and chairs; while suspended to the tent-poles are vases for cooling water in this sultry climate. The city, with these broad spaces of rural scenery spread between the fortified quarters, looks like an assemblage of cities rather than a gigantic unity. Yet, the latter it really is; and these distinct clusters of magnificent buildings have been raised at different times by mighty princes, who have thus extended the range of their capital, and sought to leave a monument of their wealth and glory.

Along the roads, under the walls of this huge fortification, you now see a royal procession; the king, gorgeously habited, riding in his chariot, with horses four abreast; and other chariots containing standard-bearers, the animals richly caparisoned, "the Assyrians clothed in blue, captains and rulers, all of them desirable young men, horsemen riding upon horses." The chiefs of the eunuchs wear long robes, and fringed scarfs, and embroidered girdles. Soldiers are in coats of chained mail and conical-shaped helmets, just like the pictures of our Norman knights. The personages of the group evidently have taken especial care of their hair and beards—the former being gathered up on the shoulders, the latter curiously curled in rows. Their eye-lids are painted black, their ears are pierced with rings, and their wrists are encircled with elegant bracelets. As the royal cortége sweeps up toward one of the neighboring palaces, there are ladies looking over the battlements of the walls between the towers, upon the brilliant pageantry, with evident signs of interest. Their hair flows over their shoulders, but it is confined about the head with a fillet: their dress is fashioned round the waist by a sash. The walls of the fortifications are of immense thickness, some as much as forty-five feet, and are composed of two or three courses of massive masonry, to the height of about four feet. Above, the structure is of sun-dried bricks, for which the materials are abundantly supplied in the alluvial soil of the neighborhood. The edifices which crown the different quarters, and form the citadels, are raised conspicuously on artificial mounds or platforms. Let us examine the one before us.

We ascend, and pass through a gateway placed on a noble terrace in front of the main building, crossing a beautiful garden full of the richest colors and sweetest odors. We reach another elevation in front of the chief entrance. Climbing the broad steps which conduct to the top, we there pass between gigantic figures, which are of frequent occurrence in this strange city, and must detain us for a moment. The outer edge on each side exhibits two human-headed bulls, with lofty wings, standing back to back; and between them an enormous human figure strangling a lion in his arms. Between these there are two other winged bulls looking outward, designed on a yet vaster scale. Statues of this description adorn every part of this huge pile of architecture. Winged lions, of the same general character with the bulls, are found in other portions of the city, guarding the approach to stately edifices. As many as six may be found gracing one door-way—two forming the pillars, and two placed on the anterior front of each of the lateral piers. Certain of these colossal creatures have human arms, with the legs of lions, one hand carrying a goat or stag, the other a bunch of flowers. They are carved in stone of different kinds, and manifest the eminence of the sculptor's skill. They are bold in execution as well as design, and have a life-like appearance if you continue to gaze on them. The features in the face are thrown out in strong relief, while the rows of curls on the beard and the feathers on the wings are chiseled with exquisite skill and truthfulness. Amazing strength is expressed in the distinctly-marked muscles of the limbs; and the hoof of the bull and paw of the lion are hewn with admirable precision. These strange animals are clothed with drapery, fastened by a bandage displaying tasseled ends.

We must, however, hasten away from these specimens of Assyrian art, and enter one of the courts to gaze on the immense façades before us. In the center is a splendid portal, consisting of two advanced pedestals, on each side of which stand another pair of bulls, back to back, with another giant in conflict with a lion. Courts, surrounded by such façades, having portals of the kind now described, occur with a frequency that confuse the stranger who has only time to take a hasty glance. The attention of the visitor may well be riveted on these external walls, which are all sculptured and painted over with a life-like form, especially now that the sun is at the noonday hour shedding on them, through a pure oriental atmosphere, his most brilliant beams. The daily life, the manners and customs, the costumes and ornaments, the occupations and tastes of Assyrian society, from the monarch and his court down to the humblest soldier and the meanest artisan, are depicted on these walls; so that, as from the surface of a calm lake or river, the surrounding scenery of the city is thrown back in all its shapes and hues.

But we have not yet entered within the building. Step into this vast chamber through one of its great door-ways. Take a side one, and glance at the winged figures, human and hawk-headed, which, instead of common posts, sustain the lintel. The center entrance is a repetition of the winged bulls. Having entered, look around. What a collection of bass-reliefs on the wall! To the height of ten feet or more, there are slabs of alabaster, exhibiting the achievements of Assyrian monarchs. War is the principal subject. Chariots and horsemen are seen going out to the field, or engaged in the conflict, or returning from the victory. Captives are paying tribute, or undergoing punishment. The pleasures of the chase relieve these martial scenes. There are trees and huntsmen. Yonder are representations of the Assyrian court; and, again, there are subjects of religious significancy. The eye is bewildered with these minutely-carved and variegated slabs, affording materials for the study of the kingdom's history, the monarch's character, and the people's employments. Courses of sunburnt bricks surmount these slabs, which are enameled and painted with architectural ornaments, honeysuckles, and scrolls. The walls of this long chamber are carried up to the height of about nineteen feet, with a low parapet on the top, which from its exceeding breadth forms a platform where people can walk. Double rows of dwarf pillars run along the platform, and support a flat roof, plastered on the upper surface. Two rows of pillars also divide the center of the hall lengthwise, and bear up the main roof, which is also flat, angular roofs with trussed timbers being apparently unknown in this stage of architectural design. Curtains are hung round these upper stories, and serve to temper the sunlight as it flows into the body of the hall. The ceiling is painted in gorgeous colors, and inlaid with precious wood and ivory. The beams are of cedar, and gold-leaf and plates of precious metal are used profusely in the decoration. The chamber is paved with alabaster slabs, curiously inscribed with royal names, genealogies, and exploits. Winged bulls, monstrous animals, and a tree of mystic import, are of constant occurrence among the ornaments of this and other chambers. At the upper end is the colossal figure of the king in adoration before the supreme deity, or receiving from his attendants the sacred cup. He is attended by warriors bearing his arms, and ministered to by winged priests or presiding divinities. His robes, and those of his followers, are adorned with groups of human figures, animals, and flowers. This building, within the halls of which we wander, has a two-fold design. It is a temple as well as a palace. A sacred character is given to all its courts and chambers. The king is priest—a hallowed, almost a divine, personage. He is the worshiper, the friend, the child of the gods. The symbol to which he pays his adoration is a winged figure, in a circle, carrying a sword and holding a bow. It betokens the deity of war, and is in harmony with the character of the nation, whose dominant tastes and favorite pursuits are all martial. The monarch is regarded as the special object of the divine care; and in the bass-reliefs which stud his palace walls the mystic sign, betokening the presence and protection of the deity, is represented above his head.

While we have been examining this hall, so worthy of the regal palace it adorns, the stone slabs—presenting the historical records of the kingdom—have so absorbed our attention as to render us insensible to the eunuchs, officers, and soldiers who have passed to and fro to perform their master's bidding. But a spectacle of living magnificence now invites our notice; and we must stand back to see the sovereign and his court as they enter through the spacious door-way formed by statues with eagle heads. The monarch wears on his shoulders a splendid cape, adorned with tassels, with an embroidered robe beneath, which is edged with fringes and descends to the ankles. He wears a tiara, a golden necklace, earrings, bracelets, and sandals. He is attended by a eunuch, who holds in his hand a kind of parasol or fly-flapper, to shade the monarch's face and drive off the insects. It is curiously constructed and carved, the one end opening like the petals of a broad flower, the other wrought into the shape of a lion's head.

With the king are the officers of his court in gorgeous array, and mail-clad warriors bearing bow and lance. The great hall is turned into a chamber of audience, and the representatives of conquered and tributary provinces are coming to do homage to the great king. The throng around the monarch share in his pride and satisfaction; and the ladies of the harem are looking down through the lattice and curtains of the gallery upon this grand display of their lord's dominion. The tributaries enter. One brings the model of a fortress, significant of the city he represents; another holds a couple of vases; a third carries on his shoulders the figure of a car. Other personages, bringing emblematical presents or real treasures, throng the hall, while the larger forms of tribute remain without, including camels and elephants for the king's service. We see here a large source of Assyrian revenue. The king's coffers and store-houses are fed by draining the wealth of dependent states. The abject servility of the tribute-payers evinces the crushing destiny under which they writhe, and their fears of provoking the displeasure of their potent suzerain. Besides the riches thus obtained by the annual payments exacted from those the Ninevites have subdued, there are preserved in the strong-holds of this royal palace the gods of many countries whom they have conquered, and which the soldiers of the king brought upon their shoulders into the city to swell the glories of their master's triumph.

A banquet is preparing. The monarch is to feast with the men of chief estate. The tables are spread in a spacious hall; sumptuous provisions are laid out; and the glittering plate of this oriental prince is brought forth to deck the board. The guests do not recline on couches as in some eastern feasts, but sit on chairs, or rather stools, placed on either side of the tables, after European fashion. The throne-seat of the monarch is of the same shape with the rest, having legs richly carved at the bottom, and bulls' heads at the corners of the seat; but it is altogether without a back. He takes his place; his lords, and mighty men, and warriors fill up the tables; eunuchs draw water or wine out of large vases for the feasters, and bear it in cups shaped at the bottom in the form of a lion's head. The company have no knives or forks, but eat with their fingers, and every now and then lift up the lion-headed beakers to quaff the welcome beverage. Music adds to the pleasures of the feast. A band of performers is stationed in the hall, most of them with lyres. Both hands at the same time sweep over the instrument, which is fastened by a belt over the right shoulder.

We are permitted to penetrate the culinary mysteries of this vast palace. Entering one kitchen, we behold a woman boiling provisions in earthen pots, supported by tripod-like frames. Within another, we find two more dressing the carcase of a goat. In a third, a man is seen baking things in an oven. Again, we enter a fourth room, and there are females grinding corn, one of them busily turning round a hand-mill. From the kitchen you may glance at the stables. Yonder is a slave grooming down a horse; and in another direction is a group of these animals drinking at a tank.

Returning into the highway from this imperial abode, we see everywhere around us magnificent specimens of Assyrian art—courts adorned with statues, gateways flanked with bulls and lions; but we miss in the prevalent style of architecture certain features that are predominant in the buildings of other lands, such as columns and windows. Façades and walls would have a dull appearance, and be without effect on the eyes of beholders, were it not for the elaborate sculptures which adorn them. As we leave the temple-palace, we pass some beautifully-carved sphinxes in alabaster; the body of each is that of a winged lion, the face is beardless, and the cap square; the top forms a flat slab fitted for sacrifices and offerings to the gods. Not far from it is a beautiful obelisk, about the height of a very tall man, with five small bass-reliefs carved one below another, and a long piece of writing in cruciform characters beneath. The subject of the sculpture is of some great victory, the king standing with a captive prostrate at his feet, and eunuchs advancing with vases, shawls, rare wood, tusks, and other articles of tribute. Various animals are also represented among the trophies—elephants, camels, antelopes, bulls, and rhinoceroses—evidently indicating distant conquests.

The Ninevites are particularly addicted to hunting. Nimrod, who laid the first stone of the Assyrian kingdom, was a "mighty hunter before the Lord;" and Ninus, the reported builder of the city, was as renowned for his exploits in the chase as for his achievements in the field. In earlier times, when the immediate vicinity of human dwellings was infested with wild beasts, it was as important a service for a prince to clear the neighboring forests of these savage animals as for him to defend his territory against the assaults of invading armies. The monarchs of this empire have therefore combined the hunter with the warrior, and in this respect the pursuits of the people have ever resembled those of the prince. They are a nation of hunters. Parks, and paradises, and preserves for animals of all kinds, are maintained within the gigantic boundaries of this kingdom-like city, at immense expense. Lions, tigers, wild boars, antelopes, and many varieties of birds, are kept for the diversion of the king, and those who are privileged to join him in the sport.

We are now on the outskirts of a field where the people of Nineveh practice archery. Yonder is a target, placed among the trees, on the disk of which is inscribed a lion. A stalwart figure is aiming his arrow at the mark. Wandering some distance through fields of corn, and tracts covered with forest-trees, we light upon a party actively engaged in their favorite sports. They hunt in chariots. A lion lies slain; another, stung to madness by the wounds he has received, turns on his assailants. The charioteer urges on his horses. A stately figure in royal attire turns round with his bow, and aims a dart at the animal. Soldiers on foot, with spear and shield, are close behind to assist in slaying the beast unable to escape. In another direction you may see a bull-hunt. Here, too, chariots are employed; and men on horses, holding in their hands both spears and bows, are in eager pursuit. The animal falls, pierced by many an arrow. Wild oxen, covered with long shaggy hair, are hunted in this way.

But we must terminate these ramblings. Night is coming on. The sun has gone down, and left much of the great city in deep shadow. The outline of the huge masses of building stand out distinctly against the clear blue sky, up which the broad moon is climbing, to give views of Nineveh solemn and suggestive. We sit down upon an eminence, and gaze upon the lengthening masses of building that stretch out into the distance, intersected with gardens and woodlands. The scene indicates wealth, power, and civilization—civilization beyond that of Egypt, but below that of Greece. But who, in thinking of the sculptures we have examined, can help thinking that the civilization of Nineveh is instinct with a spirit of proud egotism? It is a kingdom inflated with surpassing vanity. They flatter—they exaggerate—they almost deify themselves. Themselves, great and mighty; others, poor and weak. Themselves, conquerors; others, vanquished. Themselves, rulers; others, slaves. Alas! too true also of all people; each nation exalting itself over other nations, forgetful of the brotherhood of the race. And superstition and idolatry corrupt Ninevitish civilization. These evils have left their impress everywhere. In the very fullness of national pride, the Assyrians so degrade themselves as to make bulls and lions the symbols of their divinities. They reverse God's order. The inferior creation, which they were meant to rule, they really worship; the true God they ignore. The one living, eternal, personal Being, who made them and all things, they know not, because they have not liked to retain him in their knowledge.

Such are the pictures and thoughts of Nineveh, suggested by what we have seen and read. Confirmations are thus afforded of what the Hebrew Scriptures have described and predicted respecting this extraordinary place and people. How the researches of Botta and Layard silence the infidel, and strengthen the faith of the Christian, and assist us in the intelligent study of the sacred records! Incidental allusions by the historians and prophets, to manners and customs seeming strange, are verified by the monuments now brought to light. It is demonstrated that the Bible gives a true picture of the ancient life of the world. The crumbling mounds of Mosul, and the rest, show the fulfillment of Scripture prophecies relative to the ruin of Nineveh; while the records of the past they so long entombed, but which are now revealed in the nineteenth century, exhibit the glory of Nineveh before its ruin. For hundreds of years the naked, melancholy banks of the Tigris showed that the Hebrews were true prophets. The discoveries of the present century show that the Hebrews were true historians. And what a background does the description we have given afford for bringing out the wonderful story in the Book of Jonah. We see the great city, wherein were more than sixscore thousand persons who could not discern between their right hand and their left, and also much cattle. We see it as he saw it; see it as it was when God looked on it with so much compassion, and gave reasons to the angry prophet why it was spared. Nor can we fail to recognize the divine hand in the effect of Jonah's preaching; otherwise, surely, a proud, egotistic, idolatrous people would never have bowed before the God of Israel at the voice of an humble, sorrowful stranger. What a scene it was when the people sought the true God in prayer—the brightest hour that ever dawned on Nineveh. "There was a mighty change—to many eyes it would have appeared a change for the worse. Suppose there were ambassadors there from some of the magnificent monarchs of the east; they might think the city miserably degraded in comparison with its previously splendid and gay condition, the brilliancy of the palace and court, the array of guards and legions, the gay processions, amusements, and theaters. But in the one case the divine displeasure hovered over it; in the other, the divine clemency was shining on it."

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

A LEAF FROM MY LIFE.

DEAR NETTIE, how I loved her. She was my sister, and was six years older than myself.

It was in the spring time—when the blue-birds were just beginning to carry straw and sticks into the box that was nailed to the north gable, above the window of the room where Nettie and I used to sleep. Nettie was sick; and every morning I used to go down into the garden, and pull a handful of flowers, and place them in a little gilt vase that stood at the head of her bed. And I'd raise the window for her when she wished me to; and when the breeze, which smelt of violets, came in, and the bluebirds perched upon the window-sill, the tears would come up into Nettie's eyes; but when she saw me looking at her she would smile, and say something pleasant.

One morning, after I had placed a handfull of fresh flowers in the little vase, and hoisted the window, Nettie called me to her. "Come here, Nat," she said; "come here and sit beside me." I went, and saw two bright tears, that looked like the dew-drops which I had shaken off the flowers I had brought her, rolling slowly down her cheeks. "Dear Nat, you are so kind! I'm a great trouble to you, ain't I?"

"No indeed, Nettie; I love you; and I love to raise the window for you, so that you can hear the birds sing plainer. No, Nettie, I don't get tired doing these things for you; but you'll soon get well, won't you? and then we can both gather flowers; and then you can see them upon their stems—they look so much prettier in the garden, Nettie. You will get well, won't you?"

While I was talking to her I saw more tears gather in her eyes—her deep blue eyes—and I thought they were prettier than all the violets in the garden.

"I shall never go into the garden, Nat, until they carry me there in a coffin, and bury me down in the ground—down deep in the ground, Nat, where you can never see me again, and where I can never see you."

"Won't you grow up into flowers, Nettie,—into violets with dew-drops in your eyes? Do, Nettie, and I'll come and sit by you all day; and I'll talk to you." Nettie wound her arms about my neck, and drew my face down to hers and kissed me. She held me there, and I knew that she was crying; and, although I could not understand why she did so, I cried too.

"Nat," she resumed, "I'm going to die. I'm going where sweeter flowers grow than those in our garden; where the air is always sweet; where no cold winds blow, and where no snows fall. I'm going to heaven."

"Where is heaven, Nettie, and how can you go there when they bury you in the garden among the flowers?"

"Heaven is a long way off, Nat,—away up above where you can see the stars shining at night. My body shall not go there, but my soul shall."

"What is the soul, Nettie?"

"It is something within me that passes away when I die; but you cannot see it go; and when it is gone I cannot then talk to you any more, Nat; I cannot hear you any more; I cannot see you any more; I shall be still and cold."

I was too young to understand what she meant exactly, and I asked:

"Whom do you know in heaven, Nettie?"

"I do not know any one, Nat; but mother says that God lives there; he who made you, and me, and all of us, and the trees, and the birds, and the flowers. And she says, too, that angels live there; angels with wings and long white dresses; and that all who are good while they live here on earth go to heaven when they die, and become angels. Nat, I've tried to be good, and I know I shall go there. Won't you try to be good too? and then some day you will come up to heaven, and then we shall see each other again, and never be apart. There is no dying there."

I said that I would be good, and that I would go with her right away if she wished it.

"No, Nat, you can't go with me now; but some day you will come. And now go down and tell mother to come up. Good-by, dear Nat," and she kissed me again.

"Why do you say good-by, Nettie? Shan't I see you again before you go?"

"I don't know, Nat; but go now and tell mother."

I went down and told mother that Nettie wanted to see her, and she went up stairs. I went out and stood upon the bluff on which our house was built, and looked beneath the fragrant cedar-trees, out upon the broad bright river. I thought of what Nettie had told me; I thought of heaven; and my little heart, which had then only beaten within my breast four summers, could not conceive of anything more beautiful than earth. I thought that if heaven were only half so pretty I'd be satisfied to live there always, provided I could be with Nettie. I turned, and looked up at the window of our room; and there above it were the bluebirds, as busy as ever, singing, and working while they sang. And I wondered if they ever went to heaven when they flew away up into the sky. I felt like asking them; but I knew that they could not understand my talk. And then I looked in at the window, and saw my mother walking up and down, with her handkerchief to her face; and I knew that she was crying. I went into the house, and as I was going up the stairs I met one of the servants who told me to walk lightly.

"Is Nettie asleep?" I asked.

"Yes."

And then I saw that she was crying too. I went up the stairs, and opened the door softly, and slid quietly into the room on tip-toe. My mother was not walking up and down, but was leaning over the bed, and had her arms around Nettie. I crept up close to her, and when she saw me she drew Nettie closer to her, and cried harder still. I stood there and wondered why I did not hear Nettie cry. Presently mother leaned down and put her arms around me, and then we both knelt down, and mother prayed. I do not remember all that she said, but I recollect that she asked God to leave her her son, since he had taken the daughter. And when she said this I knew that Nettie was dead, and I prayed, "No, God, take me too."

We got up from our knees, and I saw Nettie lying upon the bed, and her eyes were closed, and there was a white cloth bound under her chin. Mother helped me up, and I kissed Nettie, and when I did so I started—her lips were so cold. The tears came into my eyes, and drops fell down upon Nettie's face.

Mother took me away, and we both left the room crying. I did not see Nettie again until next day, and then I stole up into the room with a handful of violets. I found her in a coffin, and the room was darkened. She was dressed in white, with her hands folded upon her breast, and I put the violets there too. Then I leaned over her and kissed her, and wished that she could kiss me in return. After a little while my mother came in, and when she saw the violets upon Nettie's breast she looked at me, and I saw the tears gathering in her eyes; and then she threw her arms about me and said, "Dear Nat, I shall love you more now than I have done."

That same evening four men carried Nettie in her coffin down into the garden, and I know they buried her, but I could not see, for the tears filled my eyes. I heard the clods falling upon the coffin lid, and I felt as though I would have given anything for the privilege of lying there in the dark grave, dead ——— and with Nettie.

A few days afterward a man came and placed at the head of Nettie's grave a smooth white stone, which had carved upon its face a little white hand—so like Nettie's hand when she was lying in the coffin in the darkened room—and a finger of it pointed ever upward. I was so glad that the man had carved the hand there; for now, that Nettie could not speak, that hand so like her own told me where she was.

When the man had gone away I went and dug up some violets, and took them and planted them on the grave. And I used to go every morning while the dew was yet upon the flowers, and I'd stand there at that grave; and I'd look into the cups of the violets, and think of Nettie's eyes and tears as they were on the day she died. And I would go around to the north side of the old house, and look up at the bluebirds in the box above the window that used to be Nettie's and mine. There were evidently young birds there, for I saw the old ones carrying flies in their bills; and I wished that Nettie had lived to see them. The spring passed on, and Nettie's rose-bush, which she was accustomed to water and prune, was covered with roses; and now and then I'd take a handful and stick them in her grave, and mother promised me that in the next spring the bush itself should be planted there. Winter came, and the snow covered the ground; and the roses had been scattered over the garden, and the violets had long ceased to bloom, and I could not go down to Nettie's grave. But I used to stand upon the porch in front of the house and look in that direction; and I could see that cold, white, small hand, still pointing upward; and then I would remember how I promised Nettie to try and be good.

THE WIFE OF GUIZOT:

HER LIFE AND WRITINGS.

IN 1801 Monsieur Suard established a newspaper, under the name of *Le Publiciste*. A moderate independence; the love of order without oppression, and of truth without boldness; in fact, the philosophy of the eighteenth century, enlightened and intimidated by the revolution, formed the spirit of this publication. It agreed, although imperfectly, with the opinions of Mademoiselle de Meulan, and she did not scruple to take a share in its compilation. She wrote innumerable articles upon literature, society, and the stage; the merit and the success of which decisively established her rank among the first writers of the age. The composition of newspapers is a work which, though sometimes amusing, is necessarily hurried, and is one which both stimulates and wears the mind. Nothing less than varied powers, such as those of Mademoiselle de Meulan, would have sufficed for such an undertaking. Notwithstanding the constant demand upon them, she was never at a loss, and knew, in a species of work in which it is very difficult not to fall sooner or later into routine and profession, how to pursue and even to increase that sprightly originality which distinguished and marked her articles, even better than the first letter of her name, Pauline. The remembrance of them is not effaced among the persons of that time; expected with anxiety, read with eagerness, they often formed the whole topic of conversation in society, which at that time took up those little things with more interest than it would be reasonable to do at present.

This was a time of reaction. After

violent commotions, society sought only for repose; every opinion which could have contributed to disturb it became suspected; everything that seemed to lead to, or to evince the return of order, was received with favor. Thus, those peaceful occupations, those harmless pleasures, which appear to some minds the whole of civilization—the enjoyment of society, literature, arts, &c.—were taken up again, as benefits long forgotten, as proofs and securities of public tranquillity. At the same time all consideration was withdrawn from the things most important to the community; the great subjects of politics and philosophy gained scarcely any attention; people were unwilling to consider them, lest they might bring everything into question. It has been said that the true wisdom of society was not to meddle with its concerns; and France only desired two things, to be governed and to be left in peace. This weak disposition made the fortune of despotism; but, for a lesson to man, France, abdicating without finding rest, learned by experience that there is no compensation for the sacrifice of liberty.

Mademoiselle de Meulan did not at that time give a reason for this general disposition, which drove all minds under the yoke. She herself partook of it to a certain degree, from the recollections of indignation and grief which the ill time of the revolution had impressed upon her. She was, however, far from calling in slavery as an expiation for anarchy; and struggled undesignedly, and from the sole effort of her own independence of mind, against that timidity of troubled reason, which tends to bring back in books and manners, as well as in the laws and institutions, that puerile frivolity, the companion and the instrument of superficial literature and servile politics. She accordingly roused herself to what was still called philosophy, but did not adopt all its principles: she soon combatted them on matters of morals, those to which she had devoted most attention; for, from that time, all her compositions prove a visible desire to bring everything back to a moral point of view. Even literary criticism was to her but an opportunity of studying human nature, and she drew up her judgments upon literary productions in the form of essays, which were designed either to portray, or to elucidate them. This method had at that time the great merit of novelty. In the general zeal for returning to good principles, literature had not been forgotten, and nothing was more spoken of than the necessity of following the great models in everything, a sort of criticism which consists in drawing up in books the rule for books, and in giving to art for a model the examples which it has itself produced. Women are not easily satisfied with this criticism of rhetoricians; we hear them almost always judge of the compositions of art by the reality, or after their own mind, which is also reality. It is perhaps because they are less learned that they become more true. When they apply themselves seriously to literature, and have received the advantage of strength of mind, the ardor of talent, if they keep their natural manner of judging, they can carry into criticism a genuine superiority, and give to their literary views something of the interest and value which is attached to original works.

This is what may be remarked in the greater number of articles by Mademoiselle de Meulan. The value of them is often independent of the work which suggested them: even when they cannot be connected with the general ideas of human nature, they at least join in portraying the manners and the age. A choice of these articles would form an agreeable collection, and some of them might serve for a history of society in France after the revolution.

The reputation of Mademoiselle de Meulan made her daily more sought after by the world. She appeared in it as much as her labors would permit; it amused her mind; she excelled in conversation, and enjoyed it as affording opportunities for observation, and exercising the mind by compelling it to reflect quickly, and disclose itself clearly. She felt, nevertheless, that much was still wanting to the happiness of her life. She had no one to sympathize with her. Ever independent and natural, she felt the consciousness of a power superior to all that she did, and life appeared inadequate to it. Her influence around her was effectual and salutary; the affairs of the family were managed by her care, and made easy by her labor. In 1803 she married her sister to Monsieur Dillon, and gave up on that occasion her own share of an inheritance that belonged equally to both. Persuaded that she would always live a single life, sure of the resources of her own talents, and looking forward to the future with a confidence that never forsook her, those acts, which are generally called sacrifices, were to her so easy that it had been almost an injustice to praise her for them. Devotedness was, with her, the very consequence of her independence; it formed a part of her existence; she almost thought she had a mission to regulate everything around her, and to consider herself as nothing; for nothing common would have satisfied her. It was fit that she should do much for the happiness of others, as they could do so little for hers! She felt that it was placed beyond the common lot, and that it did not depend on any one about her, or even on herself, to give it to her. She regretted this happiness that she was born to feel, but she no longer expected it.

She was mistaken; it was not an ever solitary and hard lot that awaited her; by a rare dispensation in this life, it was happiness of such a kind as was suited to her nature. She was about to fill the situation for which she was formed, and was one of the very few whom life has not deceived. In the month of March, 1807, she was in much affliction; her sister had just lost her husband, the family affairs were in great disorder, her mind was harassed with a thousand painful cares, and her impaired health obliged her to give up her literary labors. While in this distressing situation she was surprised by receiving a letter without any signature, and in an unknown hand. The writer did not wish to give his name, but said he had heard of her illness, and begged to be allowed to supply the articles she had been engaged to write for *Le Publiciste* as long as she felt herself unequal to the task. She at first refused, though both affected and surprised at the proposal: it was renewed with more earnestness, when, charmed with the tone of candor and simplicity in which the offer was made, she accepted it, and was supplied from time to time, by a secret conveyance, with such articles as she had no reason to regret publishing in place of her own. In the mean time the mystery continued; in vain, assisted by Monsieur Suard, did she endeavor to penetrate it. At length she addressed her wary correspondent, conjuring him to give his name, and refusing on any other terms to continue under such an obligation. He at length yielded, announced his name, and it was thus she became acquainted with Monsieur Guizot. He was at this time a young man, and had been about two years in Paris, where he lived buried in study, and preparing to make a name for himself some day in the literary world. He had heard Mademoiselle de Meulan spoken of by chance at Monsieur Suard's, and, feeling the deepest interest in her situation, he contrived the plan above mentioned to assist her, which was at once an impulse of generosity and a whim of fancy; but one, however, to decide her future life.

From the time they became acquainted they were not long before they had formed a sincere and intimate friendship, which at first consisted more of confidence than sympathy. They differed in many matters, and their opinions were far from being similar; the one being, as we have seen, attached to those of the last century, without entirely adopting them, and preserving the restless curiosity of a mind that wished to seek the truth elsewhere. The other contained within him the germ of all the ideas which have since been developed; but absolute as inexperience, visionary as imagination, the tenets which he professed with enthusiasm at twenty could not at first sight captivate a clear-sighted, particular mind, like that of Mademoiselle de Meulan. For a long time Monsieur Guizot knew only how to please, without persuading her; for a long time she loved without understanding him; yet she carried into this affection an admirable simplicity and devotedness, and guarded herself from imagining that this sentiment should ever become the charm and the happiness of her whole life. Labors in common, mutual services, endless conversations in which these two minds learned to understand each other, and to modify themselves by the impression, appeared for a long time to be the only affinity which ever would unite them. A day, however, was to come, when a complete sympathy would result from a long and mutual friendship and from that day their common fate is to be fixed. The day at length came, when, ceasing to misunderstand the affection which united them, they gave it its true name. Their marriage took place on the ninth of April, 1812.

There is a kind of happiness of which

one knows not how to write: expressions fail; it proclaims itself not. I find in a letter of Madame Guizot's (dated 1821) these words: "I am happy; the happiest creature on earth." She said the truth; at least she felt it, and happiness can only be measured by feeling; it exists only in the impression which it produces; all its reality is in the heart. A situation at once happy and animated was what Madame Guizot had always wanted; had she been compelled to choose, I think she would have preferred activity to happiness; her sense, and that energy which nature had implanted in her, made activity a law to her; nevertheless none felt more keenly or more deeply the real joys of life. "My resolution is taken," she somewhere says, "as soon as a barrier is raised between me and happiness; I now know very well, and will never more forget, that one can live without happiness; only when it is there I can ill brook anything that disturbs it. You know, for I have told you so a hundred times, that it enfeebles me; or rather it is so suitable to my nature, I was so made for feeling it, that I give myself up to it with all my weakness." Such citations attest better than I can do that deep and overwhelming sensibility which was united in Madame Guizot to the austerity of her judgment. They also explain what influence the unmixed happiness of the last fifteen years of her life must have had upon her.

It is seldom that women are active without being excited, and strength of mind is with them scarcely ever free from rigidity. Truth, and truth alone, suffices, I believe at least, for the judgment of men; it can so completely seize upon it as to be no longer distinguishable, without borrowing some other power, some other charm than its own. It is not so with women: truth must take a form which will touch them, which will reach their understanding through their heart, borrow a voice which is dear to them, or present itself beneath a name they love. With whatever spring, with whatever energy the mind of Madame Guizot was endowed, I doubt that, had she lived solitary, it would ever have reached the height that it attained; there would have been always a sort of disturbance in her nature as there was in her lot, and some inequality between her reason and her opinions. The firm and calm judgment of her husband furnished her with the support she required, and brought harmony into her mind, by the united influence of happiness and truth. She had never any other master than he, and no example has better proved that a woman is never by herself all that she can be; it is necessary to her perfection that she should be loved, and that she should be happy.

We have seen that Madame Guizot was attached to the philosophy of the last century less from choice than from opposition to reviving prejudices. She had of herself, and by the instinctive uprightness, purity, and disinterestedness which governed her, been able to reform her moral opinions; but in religion, in politics, even on literary questions, she still wavered, seeking for convictions, and feeling a want of truth and liberty that she did not know how to satisfy between skepticism and prejudice. What her mind in fact wanted was not ideas but principles. Her new position was a school where she learned to remodel all her opinions. She penetrated into that order of ideas where all the real wants of a rational intelligence are appeased, in which an end is put to all question of the alliance of liberty and rule, of examination and faith, of reason and of truth. She rose by degrees to that tutelary faith which enlightens and strengthens, and makes the mind taste the noble pleasure of feeling itself altogether settled, yet at liberty, proud of its obedience, and yet free in its fetters.

The first advancement of Madame Guizot's mind in this new course is observable in the *Annals of Education*, a periodical compilation which her husband had undertaken, and which she enriched by a number of articles which contain the germ of her greatest work. Her first collection of stories, entitled *Les Enfans*, which appeared about the same time, is composed in the same spirit. This kind of work is more difficult than it is brilliant; it must be simple without puerility, refined without affectation; it must be an interesting and yet a simple narrative, an elevated and yet familiar moral. Madame Guizot knew how to unite all these, and her tales have become the model of the style.

The Restoration opened the career of public affairs to her husband. Madame Guizot might now hope for a more quiet life, such as she had always wished for. Activity was necessary to her, but labor was painful; she longed for relaxation as for a thing unknown; never had she tasted it, never had she been able to breathe freely, or be mistress of her mind and of her time.

To reflect in order to improve her own mind, to seek the truth for herself, to enjoy family affection without thinking of the world or its fame, such was the fate that smiled upon her, and which perhaps did not satisfy her, for, if she had sometimes found her life too laborious, she had never found it too much occupied.

But the aspect of affairs seen close at hand, too much occupies even those who play no part in them, to leave them any feeling of idleness. Placed in a perfectly new position, Madame Guizot did not escape so powerful an influence. Released from a thousand vexations, from a thousand real cares which harassed her mind and absorbed her time, she was able to observe and to think more freely; and greater objects offered themselves to her notice. It too often happens that public life lessens the soaring of the mind, impairs the purity of opinion; but we may doubt, nevertheless, whether he who has always lived remote from it could well understand, even in an abstract and general sense, the true nature of man and of society, and penetrate the whole mystery of their destiny on earth.

During about six years that this first essay in the history of affairs lasted, politics were to Madame Guizot the object of an engrossment justified by her devotedness to the interests of her husband, and to those of every just cause. Free for the first time to work at her pleasure, and to choose her own subject, she wrote an essay upon "*The Ideas of Right and Duty considered as the Basis of Society*," which will undoubtedly be found to throw great light upon a difficult question which passion and prejudice have designedly obscured.

It is much in the same style as an essay upon *Anarchy and Power*, which, although written at a much later date, connects itself naturally with the former, which it completes and elucidates. One cannot fail of being struck with these two compositions, and with the vigor of mind of which they give proof. The first, full of original and fertile views, is perhaps sometimes a little more ingenious than it need be; but the second is distinguished by a perspicuity, a justness of expression and of thought, which enforces conviction. Both belong in the main point to ideas sufficiently modern, at least in their application to politics. They show that Madame Guizot experienced the necessity hitherto more felt than satisfied of supporting them upon the same principles as morals. But she did not always guard herself from a kind of puritanism, otherwise sufficiently justified by the looseness of principle which the civilians, monarchical or democratical, have by turns brought into these subjects. What she especially prohibits herself is complacency for her own opinions; we feel that she is distrustful of what flatters her, and that she chooses not her opinions for a purpose, but for themselves. Besides, good is never in opposition to good, and liberty has nothing to lose by truth.

Politics form one of the best schools for the mind. They force it to search for the reason of everything, and at the same time do not permit it to search except in facts. It is not necessarily the most difficult study, but it is that which, well conducted, gives the greatest firmness and prudence to the mind; and even he who only occupies himself seriously in politics, when he turns his attention to other subjects, cannot fail of showing both originality and superiority. Madame Guizot is herself an instance of the truth of this.

About the middle of 1820 her husband retired from affairs in which his opinions no longer found place. This change of position affected them but little; it was lost in the more important consideration of the blow which struck at the cause to which they had devoted all the energies of their minds. It made them again enter into that laborious state, from which Madame Guizot had appeared so happy to be released; but she made this sacrifice with such ease and simplicity, that her most intimate friends were unable to perceive that it cost her any effort.

Literary labor now again became to her an honorable necessity; and what had formerly enabled her to assist her mother, now afforded her the means of educating her son. In 1821 she published *The Student*, a novel on education; in every page of which proof is given of the elevation of her mind, and the strictness of her judgment, amid the fictions of a lively, natural, and diversified tale. This style presents many difficulties. It is now pretty well agreed that the beauty of a work of imagination is independent of its moral design; and literary criticism insists not upon such in its composition: but, when a moral design is the very motive of the book, the mind is left free, and the imagination has less scope. Nothing then is more difficult than the composition of a story which unites interest, variety, and truth, with the purity and clearness of the moral idea, which should be always present and always apparent; nothing must be separated from it, everything must lead back to it, without, at the same time, the narrative ceasing to delight our imagination, and to excite our curiosity and our sympathy.

Madame Guizot, who has constantly succeeded in resolving this difficulty in the composition of her stories, is far from having failed in *The Student*. It is however the moral sentiment, rather than the romantic part, which appears to us the great merit of this excellent book. Two general ideas have inspired it, and we may observe that the recital is double. The history of Ralph is intended to establish the inviolable duties which result from our natural positions, and the legitimacy of the dependence in which children are placed with respect to their parents, or to those who represent them. The history of Victor is the development of an idea which will be found set forth in the *Essays upon Education*. It tends to show how an ingenious mind can redeem itself from a first fault, and, by well-sustained efforts, arrive at discovering in the sense of his fall a principle of regeneration; a true and great lesson, and which accords with the opinion which Madame Guizot made the rule of her conduct, and the foundation of her works on education; that there is no moral evil past recovery, and that human nature, even under the weight of a serious error, ought to recover itself, and is always enabled to do so by divine assistance.

An episode of this same novel, the history of *Marie*, seems to take up the same principle, as does also *Nadir*, a delightful story, which forms a part of the collection which she published two years afterward, and in which, perhaps, better than in any other work, she has lent to her lessons of morality the aid and the attraction of a simple and agreeable fiction.

These various publications, however, were only, as it were, fragments. The same spirit pervades them all, and in each of them the ideas of the author seemed to be bound up, and people looked forward in expectation of a work from Madame Guizot which should combine and corroborate them as a whole. Such a book soon appeared, which gave the theory of education that for a long time each of her writings seemed to promise, and placed her in the first rank of moralists. The *Family Letters on Domestic Education* are the best monument of Madame Guizot's mind. In this work, under an easy form, which in appearance has nothing systematical, which freely admits of examples, details, and digressions, she treats the greatest questions of moral philosophy, and shows by applications how general truths ought to regulate real life, and penetrate into the young reason of children. The excellence of the book consists in the union of great strictness of principle with perfect liberty of mind; it is by this that it presents a faithful image of her who composed it. Nothing is there conceded to expediency, nothing to arbitrary conventions; nor is there anything in it that has the stamp of that sentimental indulgence which in our days too often passes from novels into morals. It is a book consisting entirely of truth. But, if the principles are those of a philosopher, who but a woman would have been able to discover those particular views, so fine and so varied; those nice observations, dictated by so true a knowledge of children and of the world; those strokes of feeling which betray and excite emotion? Who but a woman, who but a mother, would have been able to express reason with so much tenderness, and have softened it without impairing its force? I have said that the principles were those of a philosopher. The moral of the book is indeed pure, elevated, and strict; it is supported neither by the interest it excites, nor by dogmatism; it relies only on itself, and claims not to hold its power, but by its justice.

At this period Madame Guizot was disturbed by subtile uneasinesses, which yet attest a mind endowed with faculties superior to her opinions. But these gradually declined, and a profound peace was established in that mind which had been more easily disturbed than she was willing to believe. Such is the empire of reason and of happiness. Madame Guizot in a fixed position, governed by an affection which united the ardor of love to the calmness of duty, was led back by study and reflection, by serious and tender advice, to those pure and firm principles which alone can appease the torments of the mind, and which formed in her the indissoluble alliance of feelings and opinions, of the wants of the heart and the requirements of reason; and without ever returning to the practical belief of the French Established Church, she raised for herself a faith no less lively and no less strict, which did not less touch her heart or govern her conscience, than the most powerful doctrines of sacred tradition.

Such was the piety of Madame Guizot, and such was the state of mind in which sickness and death overtook her. Her last work had been rapidly composed amid the sufferings of a visibly declining state of health. On finishing it, she appeared to have reached the limits of her strength. It is seldom that superior endowments are met with in a woman, without her being oppressed by the load; the most distinguished woman still remains a feeble being; and Madame Guizot was strong only in character and mind. However peaceable was her life, she enlivened it with the fire of her genius, and expended it in the midst of happiness and repose. Afflicted with a deep and slow disease, she daily became weaker, but not desponding. For nearly a year she struggled against the malady, which she strove to banish or to overcome; then, as ever, she placed her duty and her hopes in opposition, but at length she acknowledged the vanity of her efforts, and perceived that her decree had gone forth; she submitted to it without a murmur, and from that moment her resignation was complete. Surrounded by the most tender and devoted cares, affected and gratified by the love of which she was most assured, equally supported by reason and by faith, she gave herself up to the contemplation of her death. In the intervals of her pains she continued to converse upon the truths which had enlightened and guarded her life.

On the 30th July, 1827, she bid a tender and tranquil farewell to her husband, her son, and her family; she told them that she felt her end was approaching. On the 10th August, at ten in the morning, she requested her husband to read to her. He read a letter of Fénélon's, for a sick person; he then commenced a sermon of Bossuet's, on the immortality of the soul; and in the midst of the sermon she expired. Thus was verified a prediction, or a hope, of which she had delighted to converse. Almost always harassed with cares and labors, she neglected none, and gave herself up to them with ever increasing devotedness, as if an inexhaustible reserve of happiness and peace had been insured to her. "It is," she says, "on the necessity of an immutable futurity that I travel on incessantly, and that I shall end by passing from one world to the other. But I expect a light and a clearness in my latter days that will render this passage easy and certain." (Letter written in 1822.)

There remains little more to add; I do not think I have forgotten any of the traces of that image, which time can never efface from the remembrance of Madame Guizot's friends; but in writing it is necessary to consider everything separately, and to make a person known, to analyze the whole that constitutes individuality in its full grace and freedom. In successively retracing the qualities and opinions of Madame Guizot, by incessantly comparing her destiny with her nature, we seem to be exhibiting a system; but we cannot reproduce the action and the harmony of the whole person, we cannot restore that unity of nature which, in her, reconciled so many varieties and almost contrasts. Thus, nothing was lost, nothing was indifferent, in that noble life; in it everything had an aim, a value, a rule; at the same time good principles had taken such possession of her mind, that she obeyed them without effort, and in the fulfillment of her duties she appeared to be following her own inclinations. Reason had not given her either coldness or constraint. Strong in suffering, she was tender and almost weak in happiness; she relished the real enjoyments of life; the most simple pleasures afforded her a childish delight. Almost always deprived of ease and leisure, chained to study, confined in towns, she could not breathe the country air without a kind of intoxication. The enjoyment of the arts, and those of nature, excited in her a real emotion. No one has better proved the truth of those words, I believe, of Rousseau's:

"Strict morals preserve the tender affections."

The idea of duty was ever present to her mind; she applied it with rigor to the solution of moral inquiries; injustice inspired her with indignation, immorality with a disgust which she knew not how to restrain; to cause grief to any one was to her almost an impossibility; to witness even merited pain only excited her pity; and her kindness disarmed her justice. But it was especially the sufferings of strong minds that excited her deepest compassion; in their sorrows she recognized her own, and suffered with them.

There is so much mind in the works of Madame Guizot, that it seems superfluous to speak of what she showed in conversation. Hers was strikingly original; and she sometimes astonished to such a degree that it was necessary to be accustomed to it to find it pleasing. But, with a little experience, it was soon discovered that although her language was different from that of most people, she was quick in comprehending every one, and arrived by sure, though, perhaps, circuitous means, at the knowledge of all that was true, at sympathy for all that was good. With her everything proceeded from herself; she repeated nothing, she borrowed nothing, even from reading; no book pleased her that did not make her think; she required a new effort to make her own of even common ideas; she never yielded to an opinion until after she had herself discovered its motives, or adopted it unless stamped with her seal. The reasons which determined her mind were not always the most natural, but they were *her own*, like those of Montaigne. She did not always take the most simple method of arriving at the truth, but she would at length attain it, and her mind knew no rest until she did. Then all opposition was at an end; there was no struggle in her, no discord—she yielded to it implicitly; her judgment governed her will, truth reigned in her by right divine.

This excellence is rare; it is, perhaps, the highest ambition of the philosopher. This immutable harmony of the mind and the heart must in every case be loved and admired; but can it ever be more worthy of admiration and of love than when it unites the wisdom of a sage to the heart of a woman?

THE ARTILLERY DOG OF BREST.

LONG before fame had published the prodigies of Munito, and history recorded the great deeds of quadrupeds of his kind, there existed at Brest a dog of the spaniel breed; he was patronized by the marine artillerymen, fed on the soldiers' rations, and instructed in all the duties and customs of the barracks. The bombardier, as he was called, had no particular owner; every soldier was his master, and the whole regiment was his adopted father. What cuffs had his education cost him! But then again what rewards and caresses were lavished on him for his beauty and utility! for the bombardier was not an idle dog, consuming the food that was freely offered to him in every room, without making any return for it. No; he repaid a hundred-fold, in good military services, those kind masters who vied with each other in taking care of his person and supplying his wants.

During exercise, he placed himself in front of the battalion, and followed the movements of the men, manœuvring with his front paws the cane given to him by the sergeant-major. When a company filed off he placed himself at the head of it; no other dog could presume to share with him the honor of staying at the head of the regiment or beside the colonel; for if he was gentle with his military friends, or, as we may call them, his companions-in-arms, the bombardier was very severe with his equals. In a word, no one could be more exclusive than he was in everything connected with his peculiar privileges, which he was by no means disposed to share with any other animal of his race.

When, on the clock striking twelve at the fine marine quarters, the relieving guard filed off to the sound of the drum, to take up their posts in the various parts of the vast port of Brest, Bombardier took the step, setting off with his left foot, and repaired first to the marine hospital, where the steward never failed to regale him with some good broth and the bones left by the patients. His meal over, our guard-dog took a survey of all the posts, joyful to receive a caress at one, a pat at another, and to take a few turns with the sentinel placed at the extremity of the causeway, the last of the numerous stations of the port. In the evening it was quite another thing. No sooner had he eaten his barrack supper, than this indefatigable inspector set out on his nightly rounds.

It was amusing to see with what benevolent haste the keeper of the iron railing of the rue de la Filarie would partly open the corner of that lofty railing to allow the bombardier to enter the well-guarded post, into which no human being could gain entrance without giving the word of command to the guard, or the pass-word to the sentinel. But he had no word of command to give; his muzzle served him for a passport, and his good intentions were too well known to cause the slightest uneasiness to the men in charge of the arsenal and magazines.

The sentinels placed at night in the most solitary parts of the port had the more need of being well looked after; for the least negligence on their part might often have cost them their life, or endangered the general safety. When, for instance, the galley-slaves on a dark night succeed in breaking their irons, those unfortunate creatures endeavor, by killing the sentinels, to pave for themselves a safe means of escape. Woe, then, to the sentinel who had sought within his box a shelter from the wind or the rain! The liberated slave, armed with an iron peg, nails to his sentry-box the negligent soldier who has been found sleeping upon his post. Often have the officers on going their rounds discovered the unfortunate men bathed in blood, having been killed by slaves, who had converted iron rings into a sort of sharp scythe. A sentinel knows not what he risks in the distant stations, by wrapping himself up in his great coat, and slumbering in that box, around which so often lurks the determined felon sighing for his liberty. The old soldiers alone know how to prepare for their reception. When a heavy rain falling around them induces the slaves to make their escape, these wily soldiers crawl about the neighborhood of their sentry-box; and when the slave thinks to rid himself of a troublesome spy by rushing into the retreat of the sentinel, the latter puts either a ball or bayonet through his body, and calls the guard.

The bombardier took especial care to visit the most dangerous posts, and particularly when any newly-arrived soldiers were placed at them. He could smell a conscript at a league distance. Whenever he discovered a sentinel asleep at his post, he pulled him angrily by his gaiters or his trowsers, as if to reproach him for his negligence; when a sentinel had only taken shelter in his box, he compelled him to go out of it, and gave him no peace until he resumed his accustomed walks. If in these nocturnal excursions the dog got scent of a deserting slave, the business of the fugitive was soon settled; the dog ran and gave the alarm at all the posts. His barkings called the guard, and the guard, following the steps of the bombardier, never failed to make a good capture. A whole body of officers did not cause such a sensation in the port of Brest as one bark of the bombardier.

When a conscript arrived, the old soldiers would say to him: "You see that spaniel, don't you? well, he is the artillery dog; he will awaken you to-night if you fall asleep; and I warn you not to hurt him, for if you do you will have the whole regiment upon you."

One day—a day of dire calamity—a big Lorraine came in with a set of fine young conscripts to the barracks. The turn of the new fellow to mount guard arrived, and the caution respecting the dog was forgotten to be given. Night came on, and the big Lorraine was stationed near the cooperage. Bombardier, as usual, commenced his rounds at midnight; the stillness that reigned about the sentry-box of the cooperage surprised him, and he determined to catch the sleeping sentinel and arouse him to his duty. The soldier was, in fact, in a profound sleep, leaning against his sentry-box, and his musket between his knees. At this sight Bombardier growled excessively, then flying at the conscript, he applied his vigorous teeth with great anger to the lower part of his gaiters. The soldier, who was at first frightened, on becoming aware of the cause of his disturbance, gave the importunate dog a violent kick. Bombardier, unaccustomed to such treatment, grew angry and returned to the charge; the conscript got into a passion, and a regular battle began; the one had nothing but his teeth, the other had his bayonet and musket, and soon the unfortunate dog fell, pierced with wounds from the hand of him whom he had most probably saved from death.

The corporal from the powder-mill came at one o'clock in the morning to relieve the sentinel; when near the sentry-box, something impeded his steps—it was the body of a dead dog. A sad presentiment induced the corporal to examine the animal that was lying lifeless close by the sentinel, who was exulting in the time having arrived for his being removed to a warm and secure guard-house.

"It is the bombardier!" exclaimed the corporal, with grief and consternation. "He has been killed! who killed him?"

"It was I," replied the conscript.

"You! you rascal!"

"O! but, corporal, it was because he bit me so!"

"You are on duty, and you may be thankful for it! But to-morrow you will be off guard!"

"Undoubtedly, I shall be off guard!"

"Yes, you will come off guard, when the whole regiment shall have passed over your body."

The station, having been informed of the melancholy event, hastened to the spot, and the remains of the bombardier, wrapped in a military great-coat, were conveyed to the guard-house for the night, when the lamentations and reproaches of the men fell heavily on the unfortunate murderer. The conscript said not a word.

At noon the guard was relieved and returned to quarters; the conscript freed himself from his cartouch-box and musket, but the corporal whispered to him to retain his bayonet.

That word was significant.

What followed is but too characteristic of the sanguinary spirit of the French soldiery. They repaired to the outskirts of the town, and there the avenger of the bombardier forced his slayer to fight, and speedily the conscript paid with his life for his slaughter of the artillery dog. The whole regiment wore mourning for a week in honor of the spaniel.

The memory of the artillery dog still lives in those barracks, where, since the death of the bombardier, war and death have often renewed that regiment over whose military duties and interests he had so carefully watched during his whole life. His death, under the circumstances referred to, was deeply to be regretted, but it was too dearly paid for by a crime.

THE BITER BITTEN.

A STORY WITH A LESSON.

SIR FELIX was a warrior of high prowess, but therewithal of small possessions and slender income, and careful of his little patrimony. Summoned to the defense and rescue of the Holy Sepulcher, he looked around for one in whose hands he might repose confidence: for he had sold his few fields in order to raise a sufficient following of armed esquires to enable his banner to be raised with credit on the fields of Palestine. Some little of his money yet remained, and Sir Felix desired to place it with some man of trust, that it might remain for him, should he ever return from his hazardous expedition.

Among all the merchants of the imperial city no one bore a higher or more extended reputation than Cautus; from east to west, from north to south, his agents were in motion, and every nation recognized the power and the energy of the great Roman merchant; the wild hordes of the deserts of the east, and the roving bands of the Scythians, were alike in his pay,—the hired guardians of the long files of camels, or the countless wagons that bore his goods from one nation to another people.

"His argosies with portly sail—
Like signors and rich burghers of the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea—
Did over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtsied to them, did them reverence,
As they flew by them with their woven wings."

To outward appearance no man was more calm, or less excited by good or evil fortune, than Cautus. The least part of his affections seemed placed on his many ventures; he cared little how the wind blew, whether fair or foul, and seldom consulted in his maps for the ports or tracks to or over which his vessels were sailing.

"His ventures were not in one vessel trusted,
Nor to one place; nor was his whole estate
Upon the fortune of a present year;
Therefore his merchandise made him not sad."

To this merchant Sir Felix went.

"Good Sir," said the knight, "I come to intrust you with the little that remains to me of my paternal fortune, after raising my followers for the Holy Land, and furnishing their and my equipments. There are a thousand pieces of gold; receive them in trust for me should I ever return. If I fall in Palestine take them to yourself. For nor wife, nor child, nor relative have I, and of my wealth none can I take with me to the grave."

"Freely do I receive the trust, Sir knight, and honestly will I, if it so please you, employ your money until you come, that you shall receive back your own with interest."

"Nay, nay, good merchant, I am no trader; make thou what thou willest of the gold, so that I do but regain my money on my return."

With these words Sir Felix turned to leave the house of the merchant, when Cautus stayed him.

"Sir knight—stay, Sir knight, until I can give you a written acknowledgment of the trust, and a bond to return it on your demand."

"Nay, nay, Sir merchant," rejoined the knight, "no scholar am I. If I cannot believe the word of Cautus, how can his bond profit me?"

Years passed over before the merchant and the knight met again. Mixed fortune had followed the merchant; some of his ventures had gone to wreck, but the majority had come to a good market, and the wealth and reputation of Cautus were greater than ever. Far different had been the fortune of the crusader. His life indeed had been spared to him, but sickness had borne down his frame, and death in every form had destroyed one by one the gallant and faithful band that had followed his person. Eager to regain the small sum he had deposited in the hands of Cautus, the knight made his way to the imperial city.

Meanly clothed in a pilgrim's dress, Sir Felix entered the splendid house of the merchant.

"What news, Sir pilgrim?" said Cautus.

"But little good, Sir merchant. Disease and war wear down the bodies of the holy warriors, and dissensions weaken their strength. I, too, have suffered; and now I return to redeem the pledge which I intrusted you on my departure."

"The pledge! good pilgrim—what pledge?"

"Dost thou not know me?" asked the knight, as he bared his face and head. "Sore as disease has wasted me, many must there be that know me."

"Sir pilgrim, I know thee not—who art thou?"

"Am not I the knight Sir Felix? and art not thou the merchant Cautus, in whose hands I placed a thousand pieces of gold when I sailed for the Holy Land?"

"Nothing know I of thee or thine, Sir knight; but come, if that thou sayest be true, show me my bond, and I will pay thee that I owe."

"I have no bond," rejoined the knight.

"No bond, Sir knight—and yet wouldst persuade a merchant that thou didst intrust him with a thousand pieces of gold? Go to, ask of any man whether the merchant Cautus ever takes a pledge without giving his bond. Go to,—thou art a bold impostor."

"If thou wilt deny thy trust, Sir merchant, at least have pity on my distress, and of thy abundance give me that which thou dost deny me of my right."

"Away, sir—away, sir; to a case of real woe and misery the ears of Cautus and his wealth were ever open, but to an impostor he has nothing to give but punishment. Go, Sir pilgrim; for thy garb's sake I refrain from giving thee up to justice."

Driven from the merchant's house amid the sneers and threats of Cautus and his subordinates, Sir Felix wandered haplessly through the noisy city, and sought the silence of the fields without its walls. Wandering along a by-road, deeply grieving over his miseries, the knight met an old and feeble woman, dressed like himself in the weeds of a pilgrim. Hardly able to support herself on her staff, the old woman tottered along, stumbling over the stones that lay scattered in her path. In pity on her condition, Sir Felix moved some of her impediments out of her path, and assisted the devotee to a part of the road whereon her shoeless feet might walk with less pain and discomfort.

"Thanks, good father, for thy kindness. Old as I am, and sore worn with fasting, prayer, and travel, methinks my aged features bear a less mournful appearance than thine."

"Good mother," rejoined the knight, "sorely have I suffered in the Holy Land by disease and wounds; but now more grievous is my loss, for he to whom I had intrusted the little remnant of my property denies the pledge, and drives me from his house as an impostor."

When the old devotee heard the whole of the knight's story, she bade him take comfort and follow her advice: then the old devotee sent for a crafty workman, a man of trust and ability, and he made by her order ten large and fair chests of wood, well adorned with ornamented locks and hinges, and enriched with curious devices and colors on the outside. When these chests were well filled, she sent for ten porters, and told them to take the ten chests to the house of Cautus, each successive man to be at least several minutes after his predecessor. With the workman she went herself to the merchant's house, and told Sir Felix to come in with the porter that brought the first chest.

" Good mother," said Cautus, as soon as he saw the old woman come tottering in, and recognized her as a devotee of great repute,—" good mother, what can I do for thee?"

" My son," replied the old woman, pointing to the workman, " this my friend leaves Rome to-day for Egypt, and would find some safe place for his great wealth. To thee, my son, for thy known probity, have I brought him; and look, where the first of the ten chests in which it is contained is now being brought hither."

At this moment the porter entered with the first chest, and placed it with apparent difficulty on the ground. Hardly had Cautus expressed his thanks to the old devotee, and her supposed friend, before Sir Felix entered, and not far behind him was seen another porter staggering under the second chest. Only too glad to sacrifice the thousand pieces to obtain the treasure of the ten chests, the merchant hastened to Sir Felix, and embraced him with every demonstration of joy.

" Ah, my friend, my dear knight! where have you been? when did you return? Receive, I pray you, the gold you intrusted to my care and take the interest it has made during thy absence,—three hundred like pieces. Come, my dear friend, receive thine own."

While Cautus was paying Sir Felix his money, the ten chests continued to arrive, until the whole number were arranged on the floor, and gladdened the eyes of the merchant with their external glitter and apparent weight.

" My son," said the old devotee, " there be yet more than these ten chests; we will go and see after them; do thou take care of these during our absence."

With these words the old devotee and the workman left the shop of Cautus and followed Sir Felix. Every day, every hour, Cautus expected their return, but they came not; the ten chests were borne into another warehouse, and the merchant regarded them as his own, as he had given no document for them. After much delay, his avarice overcame him, and he proceeded to open the first chest. The labor was great, but endured gladly in the hopes of the treasure within; at last, lock after lock was forced, and the lid kept down by its own weight alone. Sending every one away, Cautus entered the closet and approached the chest; with a trembling hand he raised the heavy lid, and held the lamp over the box, that he might better scan its contents. With a sudden scream he reeled backwards, and the lamp fell from his hand, and was broken on the stones with which the box was filled. With the three hundred pieces he had given to the knight, he had purchased naught but tons of pebbles.

BOOKS.

IN books, we find the dead as if alive; in books, we foresee things to come; in books, warlike affairs are methodized; in books, the laws of peace are manifested. All things are corrupted, and decay with time. Saturn ceaseth not to devour his offspring, and oblivion covereth the glory of the world. But God hath provided for us a remedy in books, without which all that were ever great would have been forgotten. * * * To books, how easily, how secretly, how safely, may we expose the nakedness of human ignorance, without putting it to shame. These are the masters who instruct us without rods, without anger, and without reward. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if you interrogate them, they do not hide themselves; if you mistake them, they never murmur; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you. O books! alone liberal and making liberal—who give to all who ask, and emancipate all who serve you!—*Richard de Bury's Philobiblian, written in* 1344.

The Best Revenge.—A man once asked Diogenes what course would be the most prudent to take to be revenged on his enemy. " Become a good man," answered the philosopher.

THE DYING FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

BY PROFESSOR SMYTH.

To me, my sweet Kathleen, the benshie has cried,
And I die,—ere to-morrow I die;
This rose thou hast gather'd and laid by my side,
Will live, my child, longer than I.
My days, they are gone like a tale that is told—
Let me bless thee, and bid thee adieu;
For never to father, when feeble and old,
Was daughter so kind and so true.

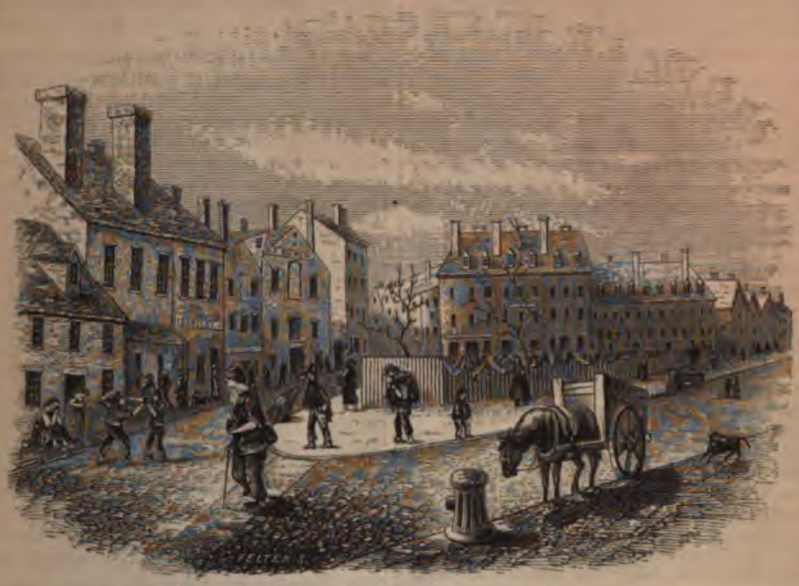
Thou hast walk'd by my side, and my board thou hast spread,
For my chair the warm corner hast found;
And told my dull ear what the visitor said,
When I saw that the laughter went round.
Thou hast succor'd me still, and my meaning express'd,
When memory was lost on its way;
Thou hast pillow'd my head when I laid it to rest;
Thou art weeping beside me to-day.

O Kathleen, my love, thou couldst choose the good part,
And more than thy duty hast done:
Go now to thy Dermot, be clasp'd to his heart—
He merits the love he has won.
Be duteous and tender to him as to me;
Look up to the Mercy-seat then;
And passing this shadow of death which I see,
Come, come to my arms back again.

GENTLE WORDS.

Use gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart?
How oft they fall (as manna fell)
On some nigh fainting heart!

In lonely wilds, by light-wing'd birds,
Rare seeds have oft been sown;
And hope has sprung from gentle words
Where only griefs had grown.



THE FIVE POINTS, FROM CORNER OF ORANGE AND ANTHONY STREETS.

THE FIVE POINTS.

WE closed our last article with the history of a public meeting held in Metropolitan Hall in behalf of the "Five Points," and the unexpected sum of $4,000 raised for its renovation. This proof of the extent of public interest in this great work enabled the Ladies' Home Missionary Society to take a firmer stand, and much enlarged their views and excited their hopes in regard to speedy and marked success.

Hitherto it had all been experiment—every step had been taken in the dark as to the result, and hope and fear had struggled every month for ascendancy. Now with bounding hearts the ladies arose, for a new light in the form of a permanent mission establishment dawned upon their anxious vision, and a meeting of their advisory committee was immediately called, to whom the question was propounded—not "May we buy?" or "Can we buy?" but "What locality shall we choose for the center of future operations?"

During the preceding year the ladies had continually gazed upon the "Old Brewery" with tearful eyes, and visited its fearful abodes with aching hearts. There it stood—that unsightly old building; its dingy walls, its broken windows stuffed with rags, its filthy alleys, its intolerable stench, faint emblems of the misery within—containing at least three hundred wretched, degraded, immortal beings—one of the strongest holds of wickedness in that desperately wicked place; there it stood, meeting their gaze at every step, foiling many of their efforts by the strength which combination always gives;—and as, week after week, the ladies, and their missionary and his wife, learned more and more, by actual inspection, the depths and extent of the degradation there inclosed, the wish, the hope, the prayer was cherished deep in every heart,—though scarcely uttered,—"O that by some means this terrible place might be razed to its foundations!" but an immediate answer to these struggling aspirations seemed far beyond their faith.

We pause still in the narration of events to dwell upon the "Old Brewery:" first, because its fame, or rather infamy, has been sounded throughout Christendom; and secondly, that an enlightened public may clearly know the extent of the benefit their liberality has enabled the Society to accomplish. The general description is so appalling that we have shrunk in utter fear from the examination of the minute details of police horrors, and feel quite unwilling to pollute our own, or offend our readers' minds by the descriptions they undoubtedly contain. We quote from the daily papers the following picture of the "Old Brewery:"—

"An alley extends all around the building; on the north side it is of irregular width, wide at the entrance, and gradually tapering to a point. On the opposite side the passage-way is known by the name of 'Murderer's Alley,' a filthy, narrow path, scarcely three feet in width. There are double rows of rooms throughout the building, entered by the alley-ways on either side. Some of these rooms are just passably decent; the majority are dirty, dark, and totally unfit for occupation. The dark and winding passage-ways, which extend throughout the whole building, must have afforded a convenient means of escape to thieves and criminals of all kinds; there are also various hiding-places recently discovered, which have also, no doubt, afforded the means of escape to offenders against the laws. In the floor in one of the upper rooms, a place was found where the boards had been sawed; upon tearing them up, human bones were found, the remains, no doubt, of a victim of some diabolical murder. The whole of the building above-ground is rickety and dilapidated—some of the stairs even creak when trodden upon. Our way was explored by the aid of a single lamp, in company with two gentlemen and a guide; beside these there were a number of rather rough-looking customers, who appeared as much interested as any one else. But it was not until one of the gentlemen complained, in one of the dark passage-ways, of a strange hand in his pocket, that these three characters were suspected. Then our guide informed us, in an under-tone, that we were surrounded by a gang of the most notorious pickpockets and thieves of that section, and that we must take good care of our watches, or we would lose them before we were aware. To grope one's way, at night, through the dark passages, when the light was within sight only a part of the time, and to be surrounded with a crowding, pushing gang of desperadoes, was not altogether the most pleasant way of spending our evening.

"The above-ground part of the premises cannot be better imagined than by supposing it just as bad as it can be,—once plastered, but now half the wall off, in some places mended by pasting newspapers over it, but often revealing unsightly holes. The under part, or basement of the building, is even still worse on the south-west corner; in a lower room, not more than fifteen feet square, *twenty-six* human beings reside. A man could scarcely stand erect in it; two men were sitting by the blaze of a few sticks when our company entered; women lay on a mass of filthy, unsightly rags in the corner—sick, feeble, and emaciated; six or seven children were in various attitudes about the corner; an old table covered with a few broken dishes; two women were peeling potatoes, and actually pulling off the skins with their finger nails; the smoke and stench of the room was so suffocating that it could not be long endured, and the announcement that, in addition to the misfortune of poverty, they had the measles to boot, started most of our party in a precipitate retreat from the premises.

"On the front side of the building the basement is deeper, but if possible worse. Here were seen only a few miserable-looking women—one was drunk and stupid, and lay upon the bare floor in the corner; in a side room, in front of a fire-place, and before a full blaze, sat two women, who looked as low and debased as any human beings could. No furniture was in the room, with only the floor for their bed, and the scant dresses they wore for their only covering.

"But it may be asked: What do these wretched people do for a living? We answer: The men are street-sweepers and thieves, the women beg and steal what they can, the children sweep crossings in wet weather, and cut up the kindling-wood which we all see them carry about the streets. A great deal of this last business, we observed, was carried on in the 'Old Brewery.' What more they do who can tell? Miserable beings! life is at best but an unpleasant necessity, but to them it must be an awful punishment."

This was the state of the "Old Brewery" in 1850, when the Society first entered the field, and for the two succeeding years. We learn from an old inhabitant of New-York that it was erected in 1792, and then known as Coulter's Brewery; that it was changed to a tenement-building in 1837, and seems almost immediately to have attained its "bad preëminence."

We now return to the history of its purchase and demolition. The advisory committee met to redeem their promise, mentioned in our first article as having been given at the commencement of the enterprise. During the discussion of places and prices, Mrs. D. mentioned the "Old Brewery." The proposition was received with hearty laughter on the part of the gentlemen, so chimerical at that time seemed the idea. A committee was appointed to survey the premises, to ascertain what was to be sold and at what prices, &c. They met again on February 5, 1852, and reported "that they had examined a number of situations, and in their opinion the 'Old Brewery' was the most eligible place;" and after considerable discussion, it was resolved, "That the business of examining the 'Old Brewery,' and also of waiting upon Mr. Lynch, the owner of the property, to get the refusal of it for a short time, be referred to a committee consisting of Rev. Mr. Luckey, Messrs. W. B. Skidmore, L. Kirby, D. Drew, J. Cornell, N. Worrall, and O. D. M'Clain."

This was a memorable meeting to the Society; for the gentlemen, practical business men, sympathized fully with their ardent wishes, and expressed themselves ready to give their time, influence, and money, to aid to the utmost in this favorite mission. On the evening of February 23d the following resolutions were passed; and we give them to show how thoughtfully and carefully all these plans were laid, and how judiciously the gentlemen appointed to receive and expend the public funds acted in reference to every point.

First: "That in view of the benefits that have resulted from the experiment of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society in the establishment of a mission at the 'Five Points,' and also in view of the prospect of its increasing usefulness, we deem it of the utmost importance that a permanent location be purchased—the rooms now occupied being too small and inconvenient for the use of the mission." And,

Secondly: "That we pledge ourselves to purchase the property known as the 'Old Brewery,' situated at the 'Five Points,' on Cross-street, for the use of the Ladies' Home Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, provided it can be obtained for a sum not exceeding $16,000; and also provided that subscriptions be obtained toward the payment of said purchase of not less than $10,000 by the 10th day of March next; and we hereby pledge ourselves to use the utmost of our endeavors to obtain the amount by the time named."

After several intermediate meetings, on March 8th it was moved by Mr. Leonard Kirby, and seconded by Mr. Daniel Drew,

"That the committee forthwith close with the offer made by the owner of the 'Old Brewery,' and agree with him for the purchase at the sum named—$16,000."

It was carried unanimously; Messrs. Kirby and Worrall were appointed a committee to effect a purchase, and in a few days the joyful announcement was made that the "Old Brewery" was redeemed. But more was to be done; money was to be raised, and this, too, by *thousands;* and the Board of Managers, feeling most deeply their obligations to the gentlemen who, for them, had incurred so heavy a personal responsibility, aroused themselves to the most vigorous and persevering action.

The public met their appeals nobly, immediately, and before one year had closed the entire sum was subscribed; and then their cautious committee, who had previously resolved not to build until the purchase-money was entirely raised, sounded the note of victory. Ere we proceed, in our narrative, to raze the old building to its foundations, we will give one incident as a specimen of missionary labor in connection with it before it was redeemed by the Society.

One Tuesday evening, in the winter of 1851, the usual weekly prayer-meeting was in session at the Mission Room, which is directly opposite the "Old Brewery." [See cut of it in our last number.] Two men, under the influence of liquor, abruptly entered, and inquired for the missionary. Mr. Luckey asked them their business. They replied that a sick man in one of the upper rooms of the "Old Brewery" desired his immediate attendance. The appearance of the men, the hour of the night, the locality specified, beside the fact that the prayer-meeting required his presence, caused Mr. Luckey to hesitate, and he dismissed the men with the promise that he would come the next day. In a little time one returned, urging that the man was dying, and must see him immediately. The call was thus decisive, and, laying aside every personal consideration, Mr. Luckey resigned the charge of the meeting to his wife, and, taking one of the mission converts with him, followed his rough, half-drunken guide. They crossed the street, and entered the dark, narrow passage known as "Murderer's Alley," groped their way back to the "Den of Thieves," and then commenced ascending a creaking stairs. The guide reached back his hand to Mr. Luckey, and, thus escorted, he proceeded. Standing on the first platform, a glimmering light through the cracked walls and the sound of noisy mirth proclaimed a drunken revel. The guide unceremoniously placed his foot against the door, which yielded to the heavy pressure, entered the room, and, snatching a burning brand from the hearth, again appeared, and they continued their upward path until they reached a long, low room, near, if not in, the attic. On entering, Mr. L. found the sick man on a miserable bed, evidently near the grave, agonized with fear and remorse, and a pale-looking wife and daughter almost fainting with fright. The man besought Mr. L. to remove him from that dreadful place; and when he attempted to direct his mind to the Saviour, the imploring response was: "O take me first from here; take me *where Jesus can come.*" Mr. L. proposed prayer. "O! they will murder us if you pray," was the trembling response, as the sound of oaths and curses from the next room fell upon the ear. The missionary, strong in faith, knelt down—the first words of prayer brought a number of fierce, half-drunken men and women into the room, who, as soon as they recognized him, fell back, whispering "'tis the minister—'tis Mr. Luckey," and as his voice rose in pleading prayer to God for the sick and the wretched around, every sound was hushed, and they retreated to their own dens in perfect stillness. When Mr. Luckey was about leaving the room, the family clung around him, beseeching him not to leave them, but to take them hence; and their fear and importunity were so excessive, that Mr. Luckey despatched a messenger to Mr. Pease, to know if he could accommodate them for the night. Receiving an affirmative answer, they took him in their arms, and, followed by the wife and daughter, descended. The man lay with clasped hands and eyes upraised, praying incessantly, and when laid down in a quiet place exclaimed, "Now Christ can save me!" In a few days he was removed to the City Hospital, where Mr. Luckey visited him, and although he sunk and died within a week, yet apparently he learned to trust in Christ and rest on Him as his Saviour. The wife (who became such by Mr. Luckey's performing the ceremony of marriage in the Hospital) survived but a short time, and the daughter is now residing with a respectable family on Staten Island.

We could multiply such scenes if we had room, but deem it best to give a few in the condensed form in which they were prepared to be sung at a late public meeting.

THE "OLD BREWERY."

BY T. F. R. MERCEIN.

God knows it's time thy walls were going!
Through every stone
Life-blood, as through a heart, is flowing;
Murmurs a smother'd groan.
Long years the cup of poison filling
From leaves of gall;
Long years a darker cup distilling
From wither'd hearts that fall!
O! this world is stern and dreary,
Everywhere they roam;
God! hast thou never call'd the weary?
Have they in thee no home?

One sobbing child, beside a mother,
Starved in the cold;
Poor lamb! thy moan awakes no other,
Christ is thy only fold!
One gentle girl that grew in gladness,
Loved—was betray'd—
Jeers met her dying shriek of madness,
Oaths mock'd the words she pray'd.
O! this world is stern and dreary,
Everywhere they roam;
God! hast thou never call'd the weary?
Have they in thee no home?

Sweet babe! that tried to meet life smiling,
Smiled nevermore!
Foul sin, a mother's breast defiling,
Blighted the young heart's core!
No holy word of kindness spoken—
No lispèd prayer—
Law crush'd the virtue want had broken,
Shame harden'd to despair.
O! this world is stern and dreary,
Everywhere they roam;
God! hast thou never call'd the weary?
Have they in thee no home?

Foul haunt! a glorious resurrection
Springs from thy grave!
Faith, hope, and purified affection,
Praising the "Strong to save!"
God bless the love that, like an angel,
Flies to each call,
Till every lip hath this evangel,
"Christ pleadeth for us all!"
O! this world is stern and dreary,
Everywhere they roam;
Praise God! a voice hath call'd the weary!
In thee is found a home!

The last verse is prophetic, but will, we hope, soon be realized—for in the middle of December, 1852, the demolition of the "Old Brewery" commenced, and in a week's time not one stone was left upon another. We cannot dwell upon the scene of its illumination, nor upon the crowds who visited it to explore its dens and alleys, (the daily papers reported fifteen thousand,) nor upon the rumors of found treasures, &c. We hope in a future number to refer more fully to the first communion Sabbath at the "Five Points"—a pic-nic to which the children were taken—the Thanksgiving dinner, at which one thousand were fed, and the children of the "Five Points" in various aspects. During the past year, though much hindered by want of room, and misjudged by many who did not understand the reasons which actuated the Ladies' Society in many of their actions, the Mission has nevertheless strengthened its stakes and enlarged its borders, and, judging from the results of the last great public meeting, obtained an increasing interest in the public mind. Mr. W. E. Harding renewed his offer of Metropolitan Hall for a public demonstration, free of expense; on the 17th of December, a concert was held in the afternoon, and in the evening Mr. J. B. Gough addressed a crowded audience, after which $4,000 was again subscribed for the building to be erected on the site of the "Old Brewery." This house is to be four stories high, and seventy-five feet by forty. The foundation is now completed, and ere this meets the eye of our readers, the corner-stone will have been laid with thanksgiving. The Ragged School is in vigorous operation, containing already one hundred and fifty scholars, and in our next number we will dwell upon this most interesting part of our missionary operations. The Common Council not only granted $1,000 to the Society, but also the privilege of erecting a temporary building in the little park, in which to hold the day-school until the Mission Room is completed.

The general interest thus manifested in this enterprise has led the Society to believe that the public regard this Mission as a great public good; therefore, while they return their warmest thanks for the liberal aid already given, which has enabled them to commence the work, they plead in confidence and hope for its continuance.

The "Old Brewery" is demolished, but the new building is not completed, and many thousands of dollars are needed to enable them to reach that consummation. The Mission earnestly pleads for donations from its friends who have not yet aided it, and the continued interest of those to whom the Society is already so deeply indebted; and then call upon all to unite in the anticipation of that hour when the name of the "Five Points" shall no longer be a blot upon the proud escutcheon of our city, and the name of the "Old Brewery" be only a remembrance of

"What Christian faith can dare,
What Christian love can bear,
To rescue from despair
The slaves of hell!"

There are opulent and generous men all around us, whose interests as well as their sympathies are concerned in a popular reform like this. To them we look. Now, in the outset of the measure, their help is all-important. Will they not extend it to us? Will they not do so liberally and immediately?

Donations will be received by Francis Hall, Esq., at the office of the Commercial Advertiser, 46 Pine-street.

ENGLISH MORALS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BEAU NASH.

IN the first book of the Peloponnesian war it is stated by Thucydides that "the people of the continent exercised robberies upon one another; and to this very day," he adds, "many people of Greece are supported by the same practices." The great historian especially names the Ozolian Locrians, Ætolians, and Acarnanians, and their neighbors on the continent, among whom, as he informs his readers, the custom of wearing their swords or other weapons required by their old life of rapine was still retained. "This custom," continues the writer, "of wearing weapons once prevailed throughout Greece, as the houses had no manner of defense, as traveling was full of hazard, and the whole lives of the people were passed in armor, like barbarians. A proof of this," says the civilized Thucydides, "is the continuance still in some parts of Greece of those manners which were once with uniformity general to all. The Athenians were the first who discontinued the custom of wearing their swords, and who passed from the dissolute life into more polite and elegant manners."

What the Athenians did so long ago was not accomplished in our own metropolis until the end of the first quarter, or rather the beginning of the second half, of the last century. The example set by London was soon enforced at Bath—I say enforced, because there was a pleasant despot there who ruled so supreme that the very "Baths of Bath" seemed only to flow at his permission. In presence of Nash fell the swords and top-boots of the squires, and the aprons of the ladies. The results thereof, at least of the putting aside the sword, at Bath and in London, and throughout the country generally, where gallants submitted to be disarmed in obedience to law or to custom, may be described in the language of Thucydides as applied to the Athenians, when they abandoned ruffianism and adopted refinement,—men "passed from the dissolute life into more polite and elegant manners."

Any one who will take the trouble to go carefully through the columns of the "Daily Post" or "Journal," of the years 1724, 5, 6, and 7, will find therein scattered ample proofs that dissoluteness and the sword were inseparable, drink lending fierceness to both. We find an illustration of this earlier than either of the periods named above. In 1716, for instance, Lord Mohun and Captain Hall forcibly carried off Mrs. Bracegirdle, the actress, at the point of the sword. They were obliged, however, to surrender their prey; but they lay in wait for Will Montford, the player, who was supposed to be an admirer of the lady's, and of whom Hall was jealous, and barbarously murdered him in the streets. The "watch" had timidly offered to interfere, but the peer and his companions had driven them away, and then gayly proceeded to the consummation of a deed for which a triply-blind justice subsequently refused to exact retribution. It was this Mohun who afterward fought the butchering duel in Hyde Park with the Duke of Hamilton. He spent the previous night "at the bagnio," with his second, Major-General M'Carthy; and he left it, as the "Postboy" remarks, "seized with fear and trembling." "The dog Mohun," says Swift, "was killed on the spot; but while the duke was over him Mohun shortened his sword, and stabbed him in the shoulder to the heart." M'Carthy, like Hall, was a species of "bully" in the lord's pay, and the mortal wound given to the duke was believed to have been delivered by his hand. The parties lay on the ground rolling over and hacking at each other like savages.

These antagonists fought for a poor reason—some miserable question of law; but the general gallants of the day were well content to fight for no reason at all. Thus Fulwood, the lawyer, in 1720, while standing, as was the custom of the pit, to see Mrs. Oldfield's "Scornful Lady," remonstrated with Beau Fielding for pushing against him. "Orlando the Fair" straightway clapped his hand to his sword, and the pugnacious lawyer, determined not to be behindhand, drew his blade and passed it into the body of the beau. While the latter, who was a mature gentleman of some half-century old, was exhibiting his wound in order to excite the sympathy which he did *not* get from the laughing ladies, Fulwood, flushed by victory, hastened to the playhouse in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he picked a quarrel with a Captain Cusack, who was a better swordsman than Orlando, and who stopped the lawyer's triumphs by straightway slaying him.

Night was made hideous by the encounters of these amateur swordsmen on the darkened highways. In one of the numbers of the "Daily Post," for 1726, I find it recorded that a bevy of drunken gallants having descended from a hackney-coach in Piccadilly, of course quarreled with the coachman, whom they bilked, and, because he remonstrated, stabbed his poor, patient horses. The courageous young gentlemen then entered a public house for the entertainment of very equivocal company, wherein they not only assaulted with their swords the other gallants whom they found therein, but also the "ladies." In the midst of the fray the honest mistress of the mansion flings herself at the feet of the assailants, beseeching them not to ruin her reputation, and bring discredit upon an establishment noted for its "safety and secrecy!" The paragraph which succeeds that of which the above is the substance, announces to the public that, on Sunday next, the Lord Bishop of London will preach at Bow Church, Cheapside, on the necessity for a reformation of manners. It must be confessed that the sermon was very much needed, and it is to be deplored that it was not followed by the desired results. The "wits" were desperadoes who assumed that name, who formed themselves into "sword-clubs," and who took possession of the town in the dead hours of night, to the peril of life and limb of every human being whom at that season they found crossing their path. The peculiar names under which these clubs maintained continual terror through the town, were as fanciful as those more learned but somewhat pugnacious associations which in Tasso's time did the office of reviewers, and were the aversion of authors. The "Bold Bucks" and the "Hell Fires" divided the metropolis between them. The latter were content to kill watchmen and simple citizens. Such killing was with them but an act of "justifiable homicide," and the inclination for it one of those amiable weaknesses which the young gentlemen of the day looked upon as the most natural thing possible. The "Bold Bucks," under their significantly devilish device of "Blind and Bold Love," were, however, steeped in deeper infamy than their rivals. The beasts that perish were more decent than they, and their very sisters gazed at them with trembling apprehension. All the "Bold Bucks" were necessarily atheists. Atheism was one of the indispensable qualifications for admission. Had the Bishop of London preached his sermon on the necessary reformation of manners, at St. Mary-le-Strand, his lordship would doubtless have been treated to a running commentary on his discourse; the "Bold Bucks" being accustomed to assemble every Sunday at a tavern adjacent to that locality, where during divine service they kept a loud band of music continually at work; and after service seated themselves at a banquet, the chief dish whereof was one blasphemously named a "Holy-Ghost Pie!"

The sword-clubs were suppressed by royal proclamation in 1724. Some say that they had been denounced as unlawful three years previously. However this may be, the object of the proclamation was to banish from civilized society the presence of the sword itself, in order thereby to check the practice of dueling, which was at that period exercised exclusively by means of the sword. The law became stringent and judges merciless upon this point. This was made sufficiently clear in 1726, when Major Oneby killed Mr. Gower in a duel with swords, fought in a tavern, after a dispute over a game at hazard. The parties had fought in a room alone. The Major, who had been both the aggressor and challenger, mortally wounded Mr. Gower, who, however, declared that he had fallen in fair combat. A jury, nevertheless, found Oneby guilty of murder; the judges acquiesced in the verdict, and the Major only escaped execution by committing suicide.

The law had not long to wait before other offenders were summoned for too freely using the sword. On a night in November, 1727, Savage, the poet, with two companions, named Gregory and Merchant, entered a coffee-house near Charing Cross. Merchant insulted the company, a quarrel ensued, swords were drawn, and a Mr. Sinclair was slain, by a thrust it is said (but not proved) from the sword of Savage. The result of the trial that followed is well known. The verdict of *guilty of murder* against Savage and Gregory, and of *manslaughter* against Merchant, (who was the most culpable party,) was exacted by the judge, evidently under pressure of the proclamation against swords. Merchant was at once burned in the hand in open court, fined, compelled to give security for future good behavior, and discharged. His associates had a narrow escape from the ignominious death for which they were assiduously prepared by Dr. Young, who was not then as yet known for his "Night Thoughts;" but who was at the time establishing a reputation by the publication of those Satires which so faithfully portray the social crimes and errors of the day. Johnson's Life of Savage does not state Merchant's sentence, nor does it notice upon what terms Savage and Gregory obtained their liberty. They were liberated upon condition of their withdrawing to the colonies for the space of three years, and giving security to keep the peace. The conditions appear to have been evaded. Gregory, indeed, did proceed to Antigua, where he obtained an appointment in the Customs; but the wayward Savage sat down as a pensioner at the hearth of Lord Tyrconnell, whose benevolence, it is hardly necessary to add, he most shamefully abused.

What the law, even with the power of inflicting death, had so much difficulty in accomplishing in the metropolis,[*] was effected at the "Baths of Bath," by Beau Nash, with that potentate's usual facility and success. It has been customary to look upon this renowned *arbiter elegantiarum* as the first of the dynasty of the Bath Masters of the Ceremonies. The true founder of that highly august dynasty, however, was the Duke of Beaufort himself. At the latter end of the seventeenth century Bath was in no better a condition for cleanliness and accommodation than it was when its unsavoriness elicited some stringent remarks from Queen Elizabeth, and a contribution from the royal purse for constructing a common sewer. For the

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[*] Nearly the last, if not *the* last duel fought with swords, was that fatal one between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, (January, 1762.) They had quarreled at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall, upon a question touching manors and game-preserves. They fought in a closed room of the tavern, and Mr. Chaworth was slain. The circumstances of the killing looked much more like murder than in the case of Major Oneby and Gower. The peers, however, acquitted Lord Byron of murder, but found him guilty of manslaughter. His lordship claimed the benefit of the statute of Edward VI., and was discharged on paying his fees. A bitter mockery of justice!

invalids who resorted to the healing springs there were but two houses fitted for the reception of a "respectable," that is, a *moneyed*, class of visitors; namely, the Abbey-House and Westgate-House. It was not till long after that there was either a ball-room or any place of public amusement in the city. Sometimes a convivial party of invalids or their friends got up a dance on the open bowling-green; but such inconveniences attended this, that the Duke of Beaufort gave up the town-hall for both the dancers and gamblers, and ultimately placed the conduct of the amusements under the superintendence of Captain Webster, of whom Nash was the immediate successor.

The passion for play was long the ruling passion here among the sick as well as the sound. The passion is well illustrated in the epigram, written when subscription-books were opened for providing for the expenses of Church service and for opening new card-rooms,—

> The books were open'd t'other day
> At all the shops, for Church and play;
> The Church got *six*, Hoyle *sixty-seven*;
> How great the odds for Hell 'gainst Heaven!

The disputes at play were too often settled by the sword; but this weapon Nash peremptorily banished from the rooms over which he ruled with unquestioned authority. That authority he soon afterward extended to the city itself. When the two gamesters, Clarke and Taylor, fought their duel by torch-light in the Grove, Nash immediately issued a decree "that no swords should on any account be worn in Bath;" and the decree was implicitly obeyed. In 1739, Savage, who had suffered so much from too freely handling this weapon in town, appeared within the territory of Beau Nash, in such destitution, that the generous "M. C." gave to the luckless swordsman and hapless poet a present of five guineas. This year was remarkable for a "hard winter." During the misery that attended it the polished enemy of the sword not only relieved the starving poor, by contributing himself, and by collecting contributions from others, but it was his custom to seek out those whom he knew to be too proud to beg, and to relieve them unasked. His own great enemy was to be found in the medical profession. The doctors disliked him for helping to cure invalids too quickly by the general cheerfulness and gayety which he essayed to establish in the city; and they bore him little love for his abolition of the sword, a general and not too deadly use of which was wont to procure for them endless patients and continual profit.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

PRESENCE of mind is often shown in quick conception of some device or expedient, such as we usually suppose to be an emanation of superior intellect. This has been repeatedly exemplified in rencontres with the insane. A lady was one evening sitting in her drawing-room alone, when the only inmate of the house, a brother, who for a time had been betraying a tendency to unsoundness of mind, entered with a carving knife in his hand, and, shutting the door, came up to her and said, "Margaret, an odd idea has occurred to me. I wish to paint the head of John the Baptist, and I think yours might make an excellent study for it. So if you please I will cut off your head." The lady looked at her brother's eye, and seeing in it no token of jest, concluded that he meant to do as he said. There was an open window and a balcony by her side, with a street in front; but a moment satisfied her that safety did not lie that way. So, putting on a smiling countenance, she said, with the greatest apparent cordiality, "That is a strange idea, George; but would it not be a pity to spoil this pretty lace tippet I have got? I'll just step to my room to put it off, and be with you in half a minute." Without waiting to give him time to consider, she stepped lightly across the floor, and passed out. In another moment she was safe in her own room, whence she easily gave the alarm, and the madman was secure. A lady one day saw two of her children, one about five and the other about four years old, outside the garret window, which they were busily employed in rubbing with their handkerchiefs, in imitation of a person whom they had seen a few days before cleaning the windows. They had clambered over the bars which had been intended to secure them from danger. The lady stood a little apart, and called gently to them, and bade them come in. They saw no appearance of hurry in their mamma; so they took their time, climbed the bars, and landed safely in the room.

The National Magazine.

MARCH, 1853.

THE CHRISTIANITY REQUIRED BY THE TIMES.

THE "HUMANITARIAN" DUTIES OF THE CHURCH.

MORE of the primitive, *spiritual life* of Christianity, and a reformation of its *sectarianism*, and its *style of address* both in its public ministrations and in social life, especially in the respects in which it is exposed to the charge of exclusiveness and cant, are, we have said, demanded by these times. The materialistic engrossment of the times is the chief cause and characteristic of their infidelity and general irreligion. If we would check this materialism effectually, we must set off against it, as we have shown, the spiritualism of Christianity; but not the dreamy spiritualism of the later Medieval mystics, nor the anchorite asceticism of the Patristic times; but the energetic spiritualism of the Apostolic age, which, while it denied all worldliness, nevertheless set all the world astir, "turning it upside down," and sanctifying and appropriating to itself every real interest of man. This is the Christianity now needed, and needed more than in any preceding age—for its opportunities are more commanding.

Does Christianity have its rightful influence on the social life and the secular pursuits of its own acknowledged followers? Are our Christian business-men distinguished as much as they should be, by superior moral strictness in the mart or on 'change? Are they much less disposed than other men to enter into those speculative modes of business, which, though in full vogue, are nevertheless known to be essentially gambling, disastrous to one class of dealers, however fortunate for another, and morally pernicious to both? Those petty "tricks of trade," morally if not legally fraudulent in themselves but sanctioned by extensive usage, and declared by many to be unavoidable in business—are our Christian men generally known to abstain from them? Do they practically dissent from the notorious manœuvers and corruptions of the political partisanship of the times? Is there any appreciable attempt by them to remedy these enormities? And in social life—its assemblies and amusements—are our Christian families (excepting always a comparatively small and marked class) distinguished from the godless world around them? Let a thoughtful man put these questions to himself, especially in any of the larger communities, and see how far the answer, forced upon him from all surrounding evidences, will prove satisfactory. He will find, doubtless, some difference in favor of religion; but how far short is it of what he has a right to expect? There are, God be thanked, everywhere standing amid the corruptions of our times noble examples of Christian conscientiousness—living vindications of their religion; but is the Christianity of the day generally and distinctly defined out thus on the face of the political, the business, or the social world? In these spheres of our ordinary life do the materialistic infidelity and practical irreligion of the times exert their sway, and there should Christianity have its ordinary and gracious walks, not cowled with superstition, nor strait-girded with pharisaism; but purifying all things with its cleansing baptism, and extending over all its hand of benediction. *A living, powerful religion in the ordinary affairs of life;* this, in fine, is the necessity of the times, the remedy of its skeptical tendencies as well as its practical corruptions.

Nominal Christianity gives name, if not character, to the civilization of this age; but how disproportionate is the sway of real spiritual faith! How seldom is marked personal religion found, not only in the more ordinary pursuits of life, but among the representative men of this Christian civilization—its statesmen, its captains, its scholars! There, where we have the most right to demand it, is it seldomest found. The commerce of Christian lands represents to the heathen and Mohammedan world the *results* of Christianity in our civilization; but does it represent Christianity itself or a deplorable travesty of it? Does the diplomacy or the military demonstrations of Christendom, in China, India, North and South Africa—not to mention Cuba and Mexico—demonstrate to those lands that Christianity has entered largely into the real spirit and counsels of the Christian nations? Is there anything of *holiness* in these indications? Does not the word stand out with staring, if not farcical, incongruity in such a connection?

We answer not these questions; what need is there of an answer to them?

There is a delicacy in the admission of such complaints. We know the avidity with which the skeptic perceives and uses these defects. But, amid them all, Christianity stands out, in its own abstract purity, and in the character of its genuine children, with an invincible self-vindication. We may well, then, look at, not *its*, but our own faults, and acknowledge and amend them. How far we may ever expect to see the aggregate life of Christian communities really sanctified by Christianity is indeed a problem, and one that has hardly a single historical instance to lend it light or hope; but that there is in the Christian religion the *capacity* for a more comprehensive and characteristic application to the ordinary life of nations; that its whole constitution contemplates this; that the exigences of the times demand it; and that if the strength expended in dogmatic or sectarian conflicts were spent for it the hope would be greatly promoted — these are not doubtful questions.

We have, however, designed these remarks as only *en passant* to a larger view of the subject—the "*Humanitarian*" *duties required of the Church by the times.* That word has become specific, if not technical, in the language of reformers; we need not stop to define it, further than to say, that we include in it all the great reforms of the age. The infidelity of our day seeks to distinguish itself in these "humanitarian" efforts. It speaks out obstreperously for the poor and the oppressed. It is energetic with the democratic spirit. The improvement of Penal Jurisprudence, the Abolition of Capital Punishment, the Education of the Masses, Economic provisions for them, Socialism, improved means of employment, and improved legal protection for woman—these and most similar questions have become its hobbies. This is, indeed, a new route for its movements; but it takes to it with no little appearance of energy—energy of utterance, if not of action. Its most plausible attacks on the Church are from this new position. It charges the latter with indifference to the claims of suffering humanity, with timid conservatism, with neglecting to use for the reforms of the day the almost boundless popular influence and resources which belong to it. Christianity must meet the infidelity of the times on this ground. An altogether novel renconter will it be. Skepticism never before challenged it to such a competition in practical usefulness. The change is auspicious, and we cannot doubt the issue.

Now, while we are willing to acknowledge the shortcomings of the Church in many of these respects, and shall proceed directly to point out what amendments are needed by it, we claim for it, nevertheless, the honor of having originated most, if not all, the real humanitarian movements of the times. It has had a two-fold agency in bringing them about. First, its general moral influence has prepared the public mind of the civilized world for them. The fundamental ideas of these reforms, in respect to Pauperism, Intemperance, War, Penal Jurisprudence, the African Slave-trade, Popular Education, &c., are the indirect, if not direct, suggestions of Christianity. They would not have presented themselves to public attention without its suggestion. They never took the form of public sentiments or popular movements under the heathenism of any Asiatic nation, or even that of classic Greece or Rome. Here, then, is a claim for Christianity at once grand and unquestionable.

But not only in this general manner has it originated these movements; it has had a *specific* action in respect to most, if not all of them. The men who have been the founders or the prominent agents of the great reforms of our times have been Christian men almost invariably. The movements against Intemperance, the African Slave-trade, Pauperism, War, &c., are examples. Whatever may be the deficiencies of the Church in regard to these great measures, it has, nevertheless, done directly or indirectly nearly all that has been really done for them. When the infidelity of the day can present similar achievements along with its loud protestations it will command more confidence than it now receives.

Still, what are the results thus far achieved by the Church in these respects compared with its real *capacity* or the avowed purposes of its institution? When we consider its vast influence over the popular mind—its resources of money and of opinion, the unequaled agency of its pulpit, the independent and grand moral arena in which it moves, armed with divine powers — what claim of suffering humanity upon it seems exaggerated? What great evil should be able to stand before it? Does it really wield its legitimate power over the great movements of the day? With its millions of listening ears, the millions of hearts and consciences which are under the spell of its power, the unquestionable competency of its verdict, if rendered with proper directness and unanimity, to determine almost any matter of public opinion — is it doing for the terrible evils of the race anything like what mankind have a right to demand of it? And is there not yet to come a revision of this whole question of its responsibility for great public evils, and a new and sublimer development of its humanitarian agencies?

It would not be irrelevant to treat with some detail of the principal questions of reform, and the relations of the Church to them; but we can only refer to a few examples, and such as are not embarrassed by much diversity of opinion among Christian citizens.

Take the *Peace Reform.* We need say nothing on the abstract question of the right of defensive war. That is more a question of speculative casuistry, we think, than of practical importance. Admitting that right, yet it can hardly be denied that under the restrictions which Christianity would put upon it, war must virtually cease among Christian nations. But what is the actual state of public opinion on the subject here all about our sanctuaries and around our very altars? Feudalism, the trial by Ordeal, the Torture, and most other evils of the dark ages have disappeared in the progress of Christian civilization; but this most hideous monstrosity of barbarism has hardly ever been more prevalent and destructive than within the last one hundred years. Military heroism, which, in the better ages to come, will assuredly be the most equivocal kind of fame, is yet the chief idolatry of the people.

There is no more stupendous denial of the Christian religion extant in our world than war. For a Christian people to require the sudden slaughter of thousands of men, sending them prematurely, and reeking with blood and the rage of sanguinary passions, into the presence of Almighty God, and to those fearful retributions which Christianity teaches—and this, as is usual, because of a diplomatic difference of opinion, a question of geographical boundary, or a factitious sentiment of honor—what is it but a virtual, a tremendous contradiction of not only all the benign sentiments of Christianity, but of all its retributive terrors? Could a people, rightly appreciating the Christian doctrines of a future state, tolerate this terrific murder of both the lives and souls of men? Could they, as they now do, decorate the dreadful scene with the displays of a pageant, conduct it with music, and emblazon, as some of them do, the very cross upon its bloody banners? Add to this view of it the practical demoralization which attends it, its immense waste of property, the expense of maintaining, even during peace, its preparations—an expense which would provide for all the religious, educational, and pauper necessities of the earth, and change it comparatively into a heaven — and then say, Ought this enormity to exist with its present prevalence and horrors in the Christian noon-light of this nineteenth century? Let it not be said that it cannot be helped; fall not back on casuistical abstractions; only one thing we need contend for amid the moral horrors of this subject

—*whatever may be said for defensive war, still, war in any circumstances demands a construction altogether different from that which the Christianity of our age gives it.* The modern Church has not yet uttered a just verdict on the question. Chalmers, Channing, and some other leading spirits, with one most excellent body of Christians, have denounced it; but most unquestionably the Christianity of the age is compromised on this subject.

The *Temperance Reform* originated in the Church. The Church conducted its first struggles with much energy. But a change has intervened, and the movement has, to no small extent, passed into the hands of a new class of agents, and, rightly or wrongly, incurred the suspicions of a large class of Christians. The great names of the land, which were at first connected with it, are seldom now associated with its active operations. Hostility has not taken the place of their first interest; but there is an unquestionable change—a reaction of their original zeal. And is not this fact to be deplored? What if less dignified agencies took hold of the movement—was this a reason for the withdrawal of better men—especially the men whose offended *respectability* was so requisite to give the reform influence among a class which could hardly be reached by any other appeal? It seems to us that the energy of the Church has slackened, in this cause, just at the point where it was most needed—where, in fact, the movement reached the crisis of its success by taking hold of the law—its most legitimate instrumentality, in our humble opinion. And now that it has got that hold in some places, and is struggling bravely for it in others—precisely now should the whole Christianity of the land rally to its standard, and force the public opinion through the crisis. *The religion of the country can do it.* There is hardly a community in these States where, if it took its rightful stand, it could not command the public sentiment on this subject. Even here in New-York, where, within the last year, *nineteen murders and thirty-five suicides* were committed through drunkenness, and *one hundred and twenty* persons died of delirium tremens—here where grogshops have multiplied into hundreds for single wards, the Christian sentiment of the city, if properly combined and put forth, would, we believe, be able to control the disastrous iniquity. But what is it doing?

Pauperism is the great problem of modern civilization. What befitting advantage can Christian nations claim over heathen lands in this respect? Where in Asia has the present generation witnessed more deplorable suffering and degradation among the masses than have been seen in Ireland, in the manufacturing districts and cities of England, in France, and even some of our American cities? "There is a district in Boston," says a certain writer, "in which life is shortened, by density of population, to an average of thirteen and a half years—human beings being crowded together at the rate of four hundred and forty-one thousand five hundred to the square mile. Such a fearful state of things is surpassed only in one district in Liverpool. The accounts that appeared a few years since of the cellar-population in New-York are scarcely less appalling."

Our Christian civilization has, in its later advances, been attended with evils—only casual to it, doubtless, but frightfully severe, and which the Christianity of the times should feel itself responsible to remedy. Infidelity meets it here, and with reproaches too plausible. Infidelity offers its own remedies, and the whole Socialistic movement in Europe and this country is but an attempt to solve, on infidel principles, this great problem of the age. Most of the real charity of the times proceeds, undoubtedly, from the Church, and there are few of its societies in our large communities which do not have some organized scheme of relief for the poor; but here again it comes short of anything like its *capacity*, and, therefore, of its duty. The time will come, we think, in which it will be assumed as an axiom of Christianity that no undeserved suffering, from want of the necessaries of life, should exist in a Christian community. We are aware of the many practical difficulties that beset the subject; but, after all, the great difficulty is the want of a thoroughly Christian sentiment respecting it. We Christian merchants and speculators and politicians may allow that such a hell as the Five Points must exist in the midst of the Churches of New-York, but our Christianity forbids it. We may allow hundreds of shivering children, more than half-imbruted before the irresponsibility of childhood has gone, to be homeless in our streets, and thousands of women to die prematurely by uncompensated toils, and other thousands to give themselves to infamy for bread; but our God in heaven and every utterance of our faith protest against it. These things ought not to be in a Christian community; every good man feels and says so in his heart; but, alas for us! they grow and prevail above all our present efforts against them.

What does this prove but that our present efforts are not what they should be? *Most of these efforts are yet but casual; most of our ideas on the subject indefinite.* Christianity has yet the work of a revolution to effect in this respect throughout the civilized world. Its own vindication demands it.

After all the abortive speculations and experiments of governments respecting pauperism, the simpler means of religion have sometimes, when tried under the most unpromising circumstances, brought about incredible results; results which encourage us to hope that the Church itself may yet come to solve practically this great problem. Chalmers wrote much upon it, and some things very doubtful; but he made a strictly Christian experiment in Glasgow which surprised the city. He accepted St. John's parish for the special purpose of obtaining an "independent management of the poor," and of "conducting a population of ten thousand, the cost of whose pauperism averaged $7,000 annually, into the condition of an unassessed country parish, and to provide for all its indigence out of the fund raised by voluntary contributions at the church-doors. The experiment was almost universally regarded as chimerical." He assumed that "henceforth not a single pauper should be sent to the Town Hospital, or become chargeable on the general assessment for the city." The result was, that in less than four years, during which Chalmers presided over the plan, "from one-tenth of the city, and that part composed of the poorest of its population, the whole flow of pauperism into the Town Hospital had been intercepted, and an expenditure, which had amounted to $7,000 per annum, was reduced to $1,400." Such success shows what Christian energy may effect when wisely directed. The moral influence which accompanies its endeavors, and which can hardly belong to any form of municipal charity, is the greatest element of its power.

We have instanced these particular questions as mere examples. There are others which might be urged. The subject, in fine, opens to us a broad field of discussion, and a grand arena for future Christian achievement. But another question presents itself:—

What is the right modus operandi of the Church in respect to public reforms? There are two opinions on the subject, two processes advocated, both of which are right under their appropriate conditions, but have been much abused apart from these conditions. One is, that the *general influence* of the Church on the public mind, and not any specific action, is the sum of its remedial agency so far as public evils are concerned. This theory teaches that we are to diffuse the *principles* of Christianity, and bring men personally under their influence; but leave their application to great prevalent wrongs, especially great civic evils, to the public opinion, or the public authorities; the Church must labor to purify the public mind, but must not dictate to it particular courses of action. Many, if not all, of the evils referred to, it is argued, are intertwined with the public policy; to attack them directly would require the Church to deviate from its appropriate spiritual course, and implicate it with secular distractions and corruptions.

Another party contend that Christianity should protest directly against all evils, and that no great reforms have ever taken place but when it has given its general principles *a specific application.*

The first view is unquestionably correct under certain circumstances. The inculcation of the general principles of religion must first prepare the public mind for any specific application of them to public questions. The founders of Christianity exemplified this course under their critical circumstances. Some evils, recognized by the State, they could not but attack—such as wholly interfered with their mission. Idolatry was one of these, and they denounced it without compromise, and the refusal to offer incense at the pagan altar was the customary test of their Christian character, and the condition of martyrdom; but they were not equally direct in their attacks on social wrongs, which they saw could be better remedied by the subsequent influence of the general principles they were establishing. Slavery was one of these. However incompatible slavery, as it existed in the Roman empire, was with the genius of Christianity, it cannot be denied that the Apostles did not specifically attack it, *nor did they defend it.* They knew it would give way before the subsequent influence of Christianity, and was not, like idolatry, immediately fatal to its integrity, and therefore they bore with it. The same well-qualified expediency (if so it is called) is necessary in the labors of Christianity, in some foreign lands, now-a-days. The absolute despotism of China is, according to Christian notions, an unrighteous tyranny, and there are a thousand details of evil connected with it; but would we instruct our missionaries to proclaim, in the very outset, a protest against the political system of that country? or would we not rather say, Preach the *principles* of Christianity until they have prepared the public mind for more direct appeals against public evils.

But when that preparation has been secured, then the second hypothesis becomes relevant, and, in respect to most public evils, is absolutely indispensable. And precisely here it is that many advocates of the first hypothesis err. The precautions rendered, by temporary circumstances, not only prudent, but necessary, in order to prepare the way for more direct action, they would retain when that preparation has been secured. They would establish this temporary expediency into an habitual policy, and thus compromise the most needed testimony and most potent application of religion in Christian lands. Scarcely less mischievous, however, on the other hand, is the peremptoriness, if not abhorrence, with which some good men repudiate all prudential considerations when once they arrive clearly at an abstract conviction. To pause, then, for a choice of opportunities—to sagaciously discriminate circumstances in the manner that is considered, in ordinary life, not only wise, but virtuous—to allow of any qualifications in the concrete which did not pertain to the question in the discrete, are usually denounced by them as moral cowardice, a compromise of the truth—"*expediency!*" Expediency it may be, good brother disciple of the truth! but few things are more valuable in this blundering world of ours than that same expediency at which you look so much askance, and with such heartfelt suspicion. Few things have helped virtue and truth more in the earth. It saved your country in the generalship of Washington and the diplomacy of Franklin. The want of it ruined for a century the prospects of European liberty in the abstractions and Jacobinism of the French Revolution. It was what your God exemplified through four thousand years in preparing the world for Christianity, and Paul and his co-laborers practiced for a hundred years after its introduction, in their leniency to Jewish prejudices, as in the case of his vow and his treatment of Timothy. The man who should reject it in the common pursuits of life would be called a fool, and justly called so. Do the great exigences of truth and righteousness deserve less care?[*] The idea that God will take care of the consequences so we but follow the truth, is, in your sense of it, a sublime fallacy. The consequences of a truth are an essential part of its practical logic. God has put the care of both the truth and its consequences upon you. He has not ordained that your zeal for an abstract thought shall absolve you from the use of your common-sense. The more important your thought, the more important is practical wisdom in the use of it.

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[*] The etymology of the word is good, and, as implying rapid motion, is singularly in contrast with the invidious construction put upon it by some reformers. Even in the sense of the old maxim, *ex pede Herculem*, (from the foot of Hercules estimate the rest of his statue,) it is an admirable motto for good and wise men.

After all, these remarks are but commonplaces, obvious enough to every mind when calmly holding in abeyance its hobbyisms. There is a vast amount of stupid nonsense in the common talk about abstract truth. There is really no such thing as abstract truth; truth is essential in the nature of things or in their relations. There is no other truth in the universe. The "abstract" is but a logical formula—for mental, not practical processes. To put a truth in the "*abstract*" is but to aid the infirmity of our reason by detaching that truth from its relations—that is, from *parts of itself*—that it may be the more distinctly contemplated. Abstract truth will do for the conduct of life when we find out such a thing as abstract practice.

The *juste milieu* is then the true stand-point here, as in most other cases; and yet we dislike to take it in this discussion, for we know that it is looked at obliquely and suspiciously by both parties, and he that assumes it, however conscientiously, is considered a compromiser. The weakest fault of human nature, its vanity, is gratified by the idea of standing out boldly and distinctly on one's favorite side. There are great emergencies of the truth in which it is necessary and heroic to do so; but no folly is more egregious than that which would transfer to every ordinary controversy and every pugnacious reformer this rare and majestic heroism. Nothing has, perhaps, more embarrassed some of our late public reforms, and rendered impotent for life some of our most energetic men, than their ambitious attempts at abstract logic and at aping the hero. After all your aspirations toward the sublime in these respects, you will find that it has pleased the wise and good God to make this world mostly for common-sense and common men. He sends an era once in a while, and a hero to announce it; if he signalizes your day, and you as such, rise manfully at his call, and fear not to suffer, to do, and to be great; but the world is mostly an excellent ordinary work-shop, turning out substantial every-day productions, and not he that sports the laurel or lolls on a throne, but he that plies the hardest blows on its iron anvil is the really useful and God-accepted man. Those old fatuous dreams about laurels and thrones are to be exploded; but true work and the true workman God will take care of them forever, and they are yet to make something of this strange world. Common-sense, then, let us remember, is the great thing for the world, and for nothing in it more than for the reform of its great evils. Not merely to ascertain principles, (a sublime work unquestionably,) but coolly to discriminate contingencies, to see distant results, to determine, in fine, where, how, and when it is best to strike in order to secure the best results for truth; these are *duties* of the conscientious reformer, and their disregard has turned many a noble cause into a farce, and brought it to an "impotent conclusion."

The summary, then, of our philosophy on the *modus operandi* of the Church in public reforms is, that it is prudently to prepare the public mind for them by the inculcation of its general principles; but, having made that preparation, having Christianized a community, it should apply its teachings specifically to public evils.

We have said enough on one side of the subject, and doubtless too much for the satisfaction of some good men; we have said it plainly, and must be allowed to say something further, and to say it with equal emphasis on the other side. There is, perhaps, more error extant in the latter respect than in the former.

The whole history of Christendom is against the idea that the general inculcation of religious truth, without its specific application to public evils, is a sufficient mission for the Church. There are two conclusive considerations against it: the one is, that heinous public wrongs have continued from age to age under this generalized instruction of Christianity; the other is, that scarcely any great reforms are recorded which did not arise from a *direct* attack of Christianity upon the evil reformed. Instances of both facts must occur instantly to every reader. During eighteen hundred years, as we have shown, the *war-spirit* has been as rife in Christendom as almost anywhere in the world; the trumpets of her preaching—her generalized preaching—have been drowned in the noise of the clarions of battle. We affirm again that the question of the right of defensive war has little to do with the argument; most of these wars have been *between Christian lands*; both sides cannot have been right; the guilt is therefore on Christendom. Hundreds of thousands, nay millions of human beings bearing the Christian name have thus been slaughtered, and are yet being slaughtered, in Christian lands, with all the horrific guilt of the butchery somewhere; and yet, while acknowledging that guilt, both parties consider the stupendous murder more in the light of historic heroism than as a moral outrage against earth and heaven. Christianity proclaims its general inculcations of humanity and peace amid the nations; but, for want of direct application, they are almost totally unheeded in this appalling matter. And it will be so till we bring the gospel to bear directly on the evil. The slight tendency already toward better views respecting it is owing to such efforts.

We may again refer to Intemperance as an illustration. Notwithstanding the general inculcations of religion, drunkenness became more prevalent in Christendom than in any other section of the world, and it continued to be so till the evil was directly and systematically attacked. And who does not see, on a moment's reflection, that, to abandon this direct mode of attack, and fall back on the old course, would bring about a general relapse? So, likewise, has it been in regard to those purely religious changes which have marked eras in the Church—the Reformation, the Missionary, the Bible, the Tract, the Sunday-school enterprises—they have all resulted from specific applications of Christianity made, in the outset, not by the general public mind, but by the Church.

We need not enumerate examples. You have only to open your eyes to see, all through

Christendom, the most egregious practical contradictions of Christianity. Its general instructions have been ringing amid these corruptions for ages, but comparatively in vain. At intervals some mighty spirit has seized its trumpet and uttered a direct and persistent remonstrance against some old and potent wrong—some corruption of society, or of the Church, or of government—and then has come forth the mightiness of the truth in drawn battle, and a new step forward has been taken by the race.

Let us learn from history this great lesson. The Church has been learning it during a few late generations; it is applying it to the wants of the world more and more, and a new glory lights upon its altars at every new effort. Personally our convictions of its moral ability in this respect are full of enthusiastic hope, and yet we think they are entirely truthful. Who doubts that in both this country and England the *Christian public has influence enough to determine every question having important moral bearings that comes up in the public mind?* Let it but be united and determined, and all other powers must bow down at its verdict. Such a sway, arising from functional authority, or the terrors of superstition, as with Popery, would be a curse to the world; but exerted as a Christian public sentiment—an open appeal by the Church to her divine revelations against public wrongs, made uncompromisingly, and persisted in to the death—this is what the world wants. This is what it has a right to claim from a divine faith. This would render that faith sublime before all eyes. It is for lack of this that Christendom is still foul with old corruptions and asleep under the nightmare of old wrongs and delusions. The ability of the Church to assume such an influence we suppose to be unquestionable; but would it be safe some may ask? Would it not bring it into violent conflicts with public sentiments and public men? Yes, until the latter learned that its integrity was inexorable, and then the conflict would purify the Church and save the world. Wherever Christianity prevails sovereigns and senates should be made to know that no measure which God cannot approve can be approved or tolerated by his people; that there can be no equivocation even, with the conscience of a Christian public, and that that conscience can recognize no higher authority than his revealed word. *What man doubts the moral omnipotence of such an attitude of the Church?* What salutary revolutions would forthwith result from it throughout Christendom? And what folly is more imbecile and revolting to an earnest and God-trusting mind, than that stupid, straight-laced conservatism, which, with elongated face and cautious accent, would teach the Church to whisper whiningly its polite dissent against evils, at which it should launch the very "thunders of its power?" It is this positive reformatory spirit that the times demand in the Church. In some cases it might revive the old persecutions, or even ennoble the age with martyrdom; but what then? What but a demonstration of the purity and heroism of our faith? But would it not, where the Church predominates, make hypocrites of men who might wish to use its influence? Yes, doubtless, to some extent. But what even of that? Virtue is respectable, and must ever be so, even among wicked men; would you oppose its general promotion because some men will hypocritically seek its advantages? Our position is a plain one, and admits of no evasion. It is, summarily, that Christianity presents a sufficient and intelligible test for all public questions that have important moral relations, and that it should apply it openly and uncompromisingly to them, wherever, by becoming the prevailing faith of a people, it becomes responsible for the public morals.

The only difficulty of the question lies between the two classes of theorists mentioned. Both admit that *Christianity* ought to do all this, but one insists on distinguishing *Christianity* from the *Church*. The distinction is, alas! too true in their actual history; but we insist on their rightful identity, and have used the terms interchangeably in this essay. Where the general or indirect influence of Christianity actuates the public mind to the due correction of a given public evil, it may not be necessary for the Church—that is to say, Christianity in its organic form—to act more specifically against that evil; but where the public mind fails of its duty in this respect, that is, resists that influence, should the Church connive at its evasion? or should it not rather speak out "in demonstration and power" against the sanctioned wrong? Representing, as it does, the moral government of God in the world, it apostatizes from its integrity whenever it allows that government to be infringed, except when it wisely awaits only a better opportunity to vindicate it. More on the subject hereafter.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Amos Lawrence—His Charities—Dr. Lyman Beecher—City Library—City Garden—Lectures—Literature, &c.

YOU have read in the papers of the funeral obsequies of one of our best known and highly respected merchants. Hon. Amos Lawrence, oldest brother of the late Minister to the Court of St. James, and head of the noted firm of A. & A. Lawrence & Co., was suddenly called from his earthly residence to a mansion in heaven. The death of no other citizen could have produced a more profound impression upon all classes in our community, although the event has been foretold for years by the delicate state of Mr. Lawrence's health. About half a century ago the father of the deceased mortgaged his farm to raise one thousand dollars for the two brothers, and with this capital they commenced their mercantile pursuits in Boston. From this beginning, by untiring diligence, by rare ability, and unswerving integrity, an immense fortune has been accumulated in the paths of honorable enterprise and honest business. Mr. Amos Lawrence was in the reception of an annual income of about $70,000. For the last twenty years Mr. Lawrence has withdrawn himself from the daily details of business, and devoted his time and wealth to offices of charity and piety. Both his tastes and his health rendered the style of his daily life peculiarly simple and unexpensive, and all the residue of his annual income with his own hands he distributed in all the thousand walks of suffering, and among the almost innumerable calls of science and religion. A room in his house was devoted to the preparation of garments for the poor; and his last earthly work was the supervision of the new supplies just ready for distribution. Quietly, with no public annunciation of his movements, his well-loaded coach, from which the most genial smiles and bows of recognition constantly greeted the passers-by, threaded the streets and avenues of the city, where shrinking poverty trembled in its thin habiliments, and pale sickness sighed for help. The widow and the orphan, the poor and the sick, have met with no ordinary loss in the death of this kind-hearted and pious merchant. He has reared to himself more imposing, but not more sublime, monuments, in his noble gifts to Bowdoin and Williams' College, and to other literary institutions in various parts of the country. A favorite work with him was the distribution among the young and the old, in his daily rides, of valuable religious books. Thousands of volumes were scattered over the country by his unsparing hand. One of the last books presented by him to young persons was the excellent work issued by your publishers, entitled "The Successful Merchant;" an early copy of which was forwarded to him from England, by Lady Buxton, as adapted peculiarly to interest a successful and religious American merchant.

Old Brattle-square church was crowded to its utmost capacity at his funeral. The principal merchants closed their stores, to allow the attendance of their clerks. The whole vast congregation melted into tears when the children, boys and girls, from one of our public schools, composing a society, called the "Lawrence Association," upon which he had conferred many tokens of his interest and affection, gathered around his coffin in the church aisle, and sang a most touching and appropriate hymn to his memory. He has ceased from his labors, and his works do follow him.

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A very pleasant compliment has been paid to an old way-worn and war-worn veteran of the cross. Dr. Beecher, among all his other "gettings," has not been eminently successful in amassing money for himself. His hand has been as open to distribute as his treasury has given him the opportunity, and now his only bank of deposit and discount is the providence of God. He is preaching vigorously around in the churches where his services are needed, and shedding a hallowed influence by his mature piety and unquenched zeal in the work of his Master. A company of wealthy Christian merchants, who look upon themselves as God's almoners, on the first day of the present year sent him a certificate of an annuity for life of five hundred dollars. It was more blessed to give than to receive in this case; nay, both were blessed, and the whole community also, by so wholesome an example.

Few cities owe more to the generous beneficence of their citizens than Boston. There has long been a prevalent feeling in the community that, with all our public institutions, there was one still lacking—a public library, worthy of a wealthy and intelligent municipality. Several distinguished citizens have, of late years, made large donations of books to the city, and urged the establishment of a proper depository for such gifts. In the last autumn the mayor of the city received a letter from Joshua Bates, Esq., of London, who commenced his mercantile career in Boston, announcing the gift of the munificent sum of *fifty thousand dollars* for the purchase of books, providing the city would erect a suitable building for their accommodation. Immediate steps were taken to give effect to so generous a proposition, and at an early period we shall have a public edifice and library every way worthy of the city and its generous citizens.

The *public* garden, as it was called, I suppose ironically, being rented by private individuals, has reverted again into the possession of the city. Active measures are to be taken, early in the spring, to render this garden an ornament, and a source of health and pleasure to the inhabitants of the city. With this beautiful addition to the open grounds of the Common, Boston will enjoy a park unsurpassed in natural beauty by any city in the world.

Lectures still continue to draw their crowds to our halls. Thackeray has gathered around him, during his six discourses, such a collection of grave and reverend seigniors, and of the talent, wealth and beauty of Boston and surrounding towns, as rarely graces the audiences of the public orator. His lectures have all been both greatly admired and greatly criticised. He has an opinion of his own, and it sometimes disturbs the traditional judgment of society. Mr. Fields, of the book firm Ticknor, Reed & Fields, who has just returned from a year's tour in Europe, gave an admirable lecture upon "The Preparations for a Foreign Tour." It was full of instruction, and enlivened by sparkling wit and a brilliant style. Your own Mercantile Library would do a good service to the young men preparing for the "grand tour," and to all others, to engage his services during the lecture season. Epes Sargeant, Esq., of the *Evening Transcript*, delivered a fine discourse, with illustrations, upon "Verse, and Verse-making."

Book-making for the season is about over. Phillips, Sampson, & Co. have just issued two finely illustrated, royal octavos—one, Burns's Complete Works, with a Life, by Allan Cunningham; the other, the Poetic Works of Walter Scott. Two noble volumes for the library. Jewett & Co. have issued Mrs. Stowe's "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," and a curious "key" it is, unlocking both the thoughts and the muscles of the face. Little & Brown have issued the fifth volume of Bancroft's United States, showing "how England estranged the colonies," an interesting topic, illustrated by fullness of material and richness of rhetoric. They have also issued a very valuable hand-book, entitled "The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1853," a work full of valuable statistics to every professional and business man. Webster's Works, the copyright of which is owned by the family, have a very large sale; the publishers hardly being able to keep up with the demand.

In the article on George Sand, the French word *clochette* is rendered "*clock;*" it should be *bell*.

Book Notices.

Wurst's Deutsche Sprachdenklehre; zum Selbstunterricht in der Muttersprache eingerichtet und mit einer Erklärung der Gebrauchs-Methode versehen von Wilhelm Nast. Cincinnati, 1853.—This is Wurst's admirable little German Grammar, brought out by Dr. Nast, of Cincinnati, for the use of Germans who desire to perfect themselves in the principles of their own language. A better book for the purpose can hardly be found; certainly not of the same brief limits. The principles of that noble language are lucidly and systematically stated, and its rules illustrated by numerous and pertinent examples.

Deutsche Choralbuch; zur Erlernung der Vokalmusick; von S. Wakefield. Cincinnati, Swormstedt and Poe.—This volume will be found a very useful book. It contains tastefully adapted music for almost every psalm and hymn in use in our German congregations. It is "got up" also in very pretty style.

Bohn, of London, has added to his "Scientific Library" a good translation of Schamo's "*Earth, Plants, and Men,*" and Von Kobell's "Mineral Kingdom,"—exceedingly interesting sketches and pictures of nature, adapted to popular reading. We shall transfer some of these delightful articles to our pages. They combine very happily learning and entertainment. Bangs, Brother & Co., New-York, are Bohn's agents for this country.

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have issued a pocket "Book of Manners—a Guide to Social Intercourse." There is very little original suggestion to be offered on the subject; but this writer has made his pages interesting as well as instructive. He starts with the true theory of politeness—that *virtue*, not the *semblance* of virtue, is its essence. While the volume deals somewhat in general didactics, it presents practical details enough where they are requisite. It is an excellent book for the young.

We return our thanks to our estimable friend, *Dr. Blake*, for his new volume, "The Farm and the Fireside, or the Romance of Agriculture, being Half-Hour Sketches of Life in the Country," a charming title certainly, and one that smacks of the man as well as of the country. Eschewing the dryness of scientific forms and erudite details, the author presents detached, but most entertaining, and often very suggestive articles on a great variety of topics, from the "Wild Goose" to "Conscience in the Cow"—the "Value of Lawyers in a Community" to the "Objections to very early Marriages." The book is, in fine, quite unique, and just such a one as the farmer would like to pore over at his fireside on long winter nights. (*Alden, Beardsley & Co., Auburn.*)

Messrs. Harpers have published, in very neat style, "Rodolphus," as one of Jacob Abbott's Franconia stories. These stories are formed on the true philosophy of juvenile moral instruction, viz.: *induction* into right moral conduct and ideas, by their exemplification, not ethical preachments. They are in Mr. Abbott's best style, and the illustrations enhance much their attractions.

Guizot's "*Corneille and his Times*" has been published by Messrs. Harpers. It was first issued in France in 1813, one of Guizot's youthful productions; but it has now the amendments which the ripened faculties of its author have enabled him to give it. Besides a thorough critique on the genius of Corneille, it discusses the state of poetry in France before his day, and sketches some of his noted cotemporaries, Chapelain, Rotran, Scarron, &c.

PAMPHLETS.—*Discourses on Education*, delivered to the graduating class of Whitewater College, 1852, by Cyrus Nutt, A. M.; a lucid definition of education, and its personal and public benefits.—*The Balm of Gilead*, a clear and powerful discussion of the moral wants of the world, the evangelical provision for them, and the reasons why it is not more universally available—a Missionary sermon by Rev. S. A. Eddy, published by order of the Oneida Conference, before which it was delivered.—A capital "*Address before the Norfolk District Medical Society of Massachusetts,*" by Dr. B. E. Cotting, of Roxbury, has been sent us. It treats of "Nature in Disease," showing the relative extent to which nature and drugs affect the progress and results of disease. The subject is treated with no professional commonplaces, but with original and real ability.—*The Model Christian Young Man* is a well-deserved and ably-prepared eulogy on Rev. J. D. Collins, late Missionary to China, delivered by Rev. C. T. Hinman, D. D., before the Missionary Society of Inquiry of Michigan University. Dr. Hinman does credit to his own pen as well as the character of his friend in this discourse.—Rev. Robert Allyn, of Providence Conference Academy, has published a discourse of impressive interest and equal ability on the development of activity and intelligence through education, and the *Duty of Christians to promote it universally*. It is one of the ablest *brochures* we have met on the subject.—*Forrester's Boys and Girls Magazine* holds on its course successfully in respect to merit at least; the present volume begins in excellent style. *Degen, Boston,* publishes it at only $1 per annum.—The first *Minutes of the Southern Illinois Conference* report fourteen thousand, nine hundred and forty-eight members and more than $1,400 Missionary collections. The other reports show that the conference has started on its new career with much energy.—The *Guide to Holiness* is well known as one of the best monthlies on experimental and practical religion in the nation; it has begun the year with much promise, and in very neat style. *Degen, Boston;* only $1 per annum.—The New-York *Free Academy's* Catalogue for 1852 exhibits that noble institution in a gratifying state of prosperity: the total of students has been five hundred lacking three; the faculty is powerful in numbers and ability.

Literary Record.

WILLIAM EMPSON, son-in-law of *Jeffrey*, and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, died recently at the East India College, Haileyburg. He filled the chair of Professor of Civil Law at Haileyburg, formerly occupied by Malthus and Mackintosh. He is said to have written some sixty articles for the *Edinburgh Review*. The gentleman who is to replace Mr. Empson in the editorship of the *Review* is Mr. George Cornewall Lewis, a member of the late Parliament.

Among the curiosities of the *Berlin Library* is the Bible of Charles I., which he bore with him to the scaffold. It is a small volume, bound in black leather, and bears evident signs of having been much used. By the side of this interesting relic lies Luther's original manuscript translation of the Holy Scriptures. Some of the chapters present a tangled mass of additions, erasures, and amendments. Another interesting MS. is *Goethe's Faust*, which is very clear and legible.

A manuscript catalogue of music, in the library of the British Museum, has been completed, and fills fifty-seven folio volumes.

The speeches in Parliament of the late *Duke of Wellington* are about to be collected and published, with the far-famed Wellington dispatches.

The *Journal du Havre* says that Uncle Tom's Cabin, after having filled the *feuilletons*, is to be given in most of the theaters in Paris. There are to be three melo-dramas, two vaudevilles, and an opera drawn from this fertile mine. The music for the libretto of "La Cabine de l'oncle Tom," is to be by Adolphe Adam; and next year, no doubt, the walls of the Exposition will be covered by paintings, the subjects furnished by Mrs. Stowe.

Macaulay's History of England has been translated into French, by M. Perrotin.

An "Encyclopædia of Protestant Theology and Church History," announced five years since, is now being issued in Germany. Dr. Herzog, Professor of Theology at Halle, is the editor, assisted by a numerous and able corps of coadjutors, among whom Gieseler, Hagenbach, Lucke, Nitzsch, Tholuck, Twesten, Ullman, Umbrest, &c., are named. It is to contain, in articles alphabetically arranged, the results of scientific investigation in all parts of theology, and will be issued in numbers, ten of which will make a volume. Five or six years will probably be occupied in completing the work.

M. Michaud is engaged in publishing a new edition of his uncle's celebrated *Biographie Universelle*, which will contain the first series and supplement of that valuable work, with additions and corrections. It will be published in fifty-two volumes, octavo; the tenth volume (Daab-Dhya) is published.

A vacancy having occurred in the Prussian "Order of Merit" by the death of the poet *Moore*, the cross has been given by Frederick William to *Colonel Rawlinson*, the eminent orientalist, at the recommendation of the Berlin Royal Academy, as the custom is in this literary and scientific order of knighthood.

It is stated that the *Atharva Veda*, one of the sacred books of the Hindoos, exists only in manuscript, and that the edition in preparation by Professor Roth, of the University of Tübingen, and Mr. Whitney, of Northampton, Mass., will be its first appearance in print. The large collections of Indian manuscripts in the great libraries of Berlin and the British Museum are to be examined, and the various copies of the Atharva to be collected before the work goes to press.

The *Burman Dictionary*, the last great task of Dr. Judson, is now in the hands of the Rev. E. A. Stevens, who hopes to complete it shortly. Three hundred quarto pages are already printed, and the work is steadily progressing.

John Hamilton Reynolds, the brother-in-law of Hood, and a contributor to the London Magazine, Edinburgh Review, and the Westminster, died recently on the Isle of Wight.

One of the latest seizures under the Prussian press law is a translation of *Thomas Paine's* "Rights of Man," found on the premises of a Berlin bookseller.

The son of *Niebuhr*, the historian, has published in Berlin a constitution for the Netherlands, drawn up by his father in 1844, at the request of King William I.

We learn from the *Tribune* that there are at present twelve Americans pursuing their studies at the *University of Göttingen*," eight of whom are engaged in chemistry. "One-third of the students in the laboratory are Americans."

Ranke, the historian of the Popes, is preparing a work on the Civil Wars and Monarchy in France.

Mr. Bogue, of London, has published a reprint of Webster's American Dictionary of the English Language, as revised and enlarged by Chauncey A. Goodrich, Professor in Yale College,—including the "Introductory Dissertation on the Origin, History, and Connection of the Languages of Western Asia and Europe," and the "Preliminary Explanation of the Principles on which Languages are formed."

The series of letters written by *Burns* to George Thomson were recently purchased at the sale of Mr. C. B. Tait's library, in Edinburgh, for two hundred and sixty guineas.

A proposition was recently made in London to raise a monument to *Caxton*—the first of English printers, and one of the greatest illustrations of Westminster—in the form of a free library for all classes in that ancient city.

It is stated in the *Athenæum* that a Russian literary man, of much taste and accomplishment, has completed a translation into Russian of "The House of the Seven Gables," and published the same in a Muscovite journal.

The American Baptist Publication Society has prepared an edition of "The Works of John Bunyan, Practical and Allegorical," in eleven volumes.

The Bostonians have chosen to place themselves somewhat in contrast with New-York in their treatment of Thackeray. The *Boston Courier* thus notices his last lecture in that city:—

> "Mr. Thackeray delivered the last of his series of lectures at the Melodeon last evening, to a very full company, who sat through the entertainment with exemplary martyrdom. If we should say that in our humble opinion the lecturer was a humbug—a mere retailer of old anecdotes and of fragments relating to the history of the life and times of the men upon whom he has advertised to speak—without originality, and without any kind of sense of judgment or impartiality—we might provoke the anger of the admirers of Vanity Fair and Pendennis. Nevertheless it is so. People who have had the opportunity of hearing Hilliard, Giles, and others like them—ripe scholars, overflowing with pathos and passion—when speaking of such subjects as have been presented by the English lecturer, could not help being astonished at the meagerness and poverty of language which he displayed, in comparison with their brilliant and striking illustrations. Anybody, with a file of old newspapers or magazines at his hand, must be a poor speaker indeed if he could not have enlightened his audience as fully and as profitably as Mr. Thackeray delighted the audience which sat before him last night."

We learn that *Benjamin Pierce*, LL. D., Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in Harvard College, has been chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society of London. It is stated that Dr. Franklin and Dr. Bowditch are the only citizens of the United States who have before received the distinction of membership of this ancient society.

George R. Gliddon, the archæologist, in conjunction with Professor Nott, is engaged in New-Orleans in an ethnographical work of profound interest, to be entitled *Types of Mankind*, or ethnological researches, based upon ancient monuments, paintings, sculptures, and crania of races, and upon their natural, geographical, philological, and biblical history.

Miss Pennell, a niece of the Hon. Horace Mann, of Massachusetts, has been elected to the professorship of the Latin Language and Literature in Antioch College, Ohio.

Rev. F. W. Shelton, author of Salander and the Dragon, has in press a new work, called "The Rector of Saint Bardolph."

The writings of *A. J. Downing*, the former editor of the Horticulturist, are to be collected and published, under the editorial supervision of G. W. Curtis. Mr. Downing lost his life on the occasion of the burning of the Henry Clay on the Hudson river.

The largest *library* in the United States is that of Harvard University, numbering in all about ninety-two thousand volumes. Next to it ranks the Philadelphia Library, founded by Benjamin Franklin, and numbering sixty thousand volumes.

The *Boston Post* regards Longfellow's "Warden of the Cinque Ports" by far the best poem on the death of Wellington that has yet been written.

An association of *Chickasaw Indians* publish a weekly newspaper at Post Oak Grove, Chickasaw Nation. It is devoted to science, literature, agriculture, education, and the advancement of the arts and manufactures among the Chickasaws and other civilized tribes of the red race, as well as the news of the day.

At the annual meeting of the *Mercantile Library Association*, held at Clinton Hall in this city, the Treasurer's Report showed the amount of receipts for the past year to be $10,127 25, of which $1,592 67 remains in the treasury. The increase of receipts over the previous year was $1,545 46. Mr. George Peckham, President of the Association, stated the expenditure for books at $664 73 over last year. There have been added to the library during the past year four thousand three hundred and forty-six volumes, of which number four thousand one hundred and thirty-six were purchased, and one hundred and ninety were donated, which addition is unprecedented by any previous year. It exceeds the previous year by one thousand three hundred and eighty-nine volumes. The number of volumes in the library January 1st, 1853, was thirty-seven thousand four hundred and eighty-six, including works of theological, scientific, political, historical, geographical, mathematical, and technological character, beside some works on fiction. The library ranks as the fifth in this country, being exceeded only by those at Harvard College, Boston Athenæum, Philadelphia Library Company, and the Astor Library. Among the libraries of this city, this library is exceeded only by the Astor Library. *Mr. J. Terry Bates* announced that the Astor-Place Opera House had been purchased for the Mercantile Library Association.

At a recent meeting of the *National Historical Society* of this city, the special committee, to whom was referred the subject of a proposition at a former meeting for a general historical and analytical index of American newspapers, reported that the importance of the proposed Index is admitted by thinking men of all classes; and merchants, bankers, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, scholars, and those engaged in the busy pursuits of industry and commerce, to whom the subject has been mentioned, have promised their countenance and support to the undertaking. It was recommended by this committee that an Index Association be formed of those persons who will subscribe $50 each, amounting in all to two hundred shares, and the books issued, in a similar shape to "Holmes' American Annals," to the number of one thousand copies, in two volumes, octavo, to belong to the subscribers; leaving the Society free from pecuniary responsibility.

It is proposed to establish a female college at Huntsville, to be under the care of the Texas Conference of the Methodist Church, South. $4,000 have already been subscribed to erect the building.

The *New-York Recorder* states "that a benevolent gentleman of Newark, N. J., has determined to make a liberal donation to the *University of Rochester*, for the purpose of founding a department of "American History." The donor has begun the work by purchasing and sending on to Rochester fifty-five volumes of collections of the various State Historical Societies.

Religious Summary.

In Rangoon, India, the Baptist mission has two hundred and fifty pupils in one school, and thirty-one of them are young men preparing to preach the gospel to their countrymen. Preaching is sustained in three languages—Burman, Karen, and English.

The *Episcopalians* in this country have twenty-nine dioceses, one thousand six hundred and fifty clergymen, one thousand six hundred and fifty parishes, and one hundred thousand communicants.

Of one hundred and fifty male missionaries who have gone to China, eighty-eight were from this country, forty-seven from England, and fifteen from the continent of Europe.

In the churches connected with the *Baptist Western Union*, Jamaica, are eighteen thousand three hundred and eighty members. In thirty-four of these churches, one thousand and fifty-six baptisms are reported for last year.

The last General Conference of the *Wesleyan Methodist Connection*, convened at Syracuse, in this state, was composed of thirty-two clergymen and thirty-two laymen, representing twelve annual conferences.

The income of the *Church Missionary Society*, England, the last year amounted to $600,000, of which more than $50,000 were raised in the various missions, chiefly in India, being an increase of at least $30,000 on the year before.

We learn that, during the past year, there has been a net increase of one thousand five hundred persons in the *German Methodist Episcopal Church* in the United States. The whole German Methodist membership is now about ten thousand.

The receipts in full of the *British and Foreign Bible Society*, during the past year, amounted to $542,245, being an increase, as compared with the former year, of $25,590. The expenditure of the year amounted to $519,650, being $1,930 more than in the preceding year. The donations amounted to $33,970, and the legacies to $64,185. The issues of the year reached one million one hundred and fifty-four thousand six hundred and forty-two copies, showing an increase of seventeen thousand one hundred and eight copies over the preceding year. The total issues have now amounted to twenty-five million four hundred and two thousand three hundred and nine copies.

An effort is being made, in the bounds of the *Virginia Conference* of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to raise a fund of $22,000, for the education of the daughters of the traveling preachers of that body.

The Pope has resolved to send an apostolic delegate to the Haytien Government, and has chosen for the purpose *Padre Spaccapietra*, a Neapolitan.

An eminent clergyman at *Wurtemburg* has come into possession of a part of a scroll of the law, which had been found in Pompeii. It was discovered in an Egyptian temple in that city, and it is presumed that it was brought thither from Jerusalem, since the Romans looked upon Judaism as originating with the Egyptians. It is hoped the missing parts will yet be added. This newly-discovered treasure will prove interesting to the student of the Bible.

We learn that the *American Board of Foreign Missions* has under its care 26 missions, with 109 stations and 45 out-stations, at which are employed 163 ordained missionaries, (seven of whom are physicians,) two licentiates, 6 physicians not ordained, 24 male assistants, and 222 females. There are 39 native preachers and 214 native helpers, making a total of 670 laborers connected with the missions. There are 94 churches, with 22,061 members, 1,595 of whom were added last year. There are ten seminaries, 17 other boarding schools, and 783 free schools; 441 of which are supported by the Hawaiian Government. The seminaries have 485 pupils, the boarding schools 484, and the free schools 22,595, making a total of young persons under instruction of 23,564. There are eleven printing establishments which issued in different forms last year 55,225,203 pages, and which have sent out since the commencement 921,595,924 pages.

We learn that the Sunday-school connected with the Methodist Episcopal Mission at *Buenos Ayres*, South America, consists of twenty-eight officers and teachers, and two hundred scholars in regular attendance. The superintendent of the mission, the Rev. D. D. Lore, reports twenty conversions in the school during the past year, and that the most encouraging indications in this department of the mission are still seen.

The number of *Jews* in Jerusalem has greatly increased of late, and they are supported by Jews in other parts of the world, particularly those in America and Holland. These Jews reside chiefly on the rugged slope of Mount Zion, over against the temple, and still anticipate the speedy coming of the Messiah.

At a late meeting of the Managers of the *American Bible Society*, a grant of $1,000 was made for preparing the Arabic Scriptures for the Syrian mission. Grants of Bibles and Testaments were also made for distribution among the Jews of New-York and vicinity, and for the Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians.

At the last session of the *Georgia Conference*, the secretaries reported an increase of nine hundred and twenty-five in the white membership, and of five hundred and sixty-seven in the colored. $17,000 were contributed during the year for missionary purposes, and $4,000 for the Bible cause.

It is stated that there are one hundred and twenty-five thousand Europeans, chiefly French and Spaniards, among the three millions of people inhabiting Algiers, now under the rule of the French. Of these about six thousand are Protestants. Protestant worship is sustained in the city of Algiers, and in six other places. Protestant preachers and colporteurs have free access to Europeans; and by preaching the gospel to the Spaniards they are virtually giving the gospel to Spain, while Spain is shutting it out. A door of access is open also to the Jews and to the Mohammedans; and one of the missionaries has preached the gospel in a mosque to a mingled assembly of Arabs, Protestants, and Papists.

There are in the United States eight thousand seven hundred and ninety-one *Baptist* churches, valued at $10,931,000, and capable of seating three million one hundred and thirty thousand people.

At the late session of the Southern Illinois Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, it was resolved, "That each member of the annual conference be and is requested to write a sketch of his life, conversion, and such other facts as he may think proper, to be deposited with the secretary of the conference."

Princeton Theological Seminary has one hundred and nineteen students this year, who represent nineteen States, besides Germany, Scotland, and Ireland.

Upon the application of the Committee of the *Wesleyan Missionary Society* to the British and Foreign Bible Society, ten thousand copies of the Tongese New Testament have been ordered to be printed, and also an edition of five thousand copies of the New Testament, in Feejee.

The *London Jews' Society*, by their missionaries, have distributed fifty thousand copies of the New Testament, in Hebrew, and one hundred thousand copies of the Old Testament, besides thousands in other languages read and spoken by the Jews.

At the last session of the *Alabama Conference*, twenty-three missions were recognized within the bounds of the conference. This conference has increased its membership one thousand six hundred and eighty whites, and two hundred and three colored, during the past year. It has raised $20,329 for the cause of missions.

At the last *Mormon Conference*, at Salt Lake, a large number of elders were appointed to missions in various parts of the globe. They have missionary establishments in Europe, parts of Asia and Africa, and the islands of the sea.

The Church missionaries from England are aiming to form a line of stations across *Central Africa*. Two are already formed—Badagry and Abbeokuta; for a third, they have their eye on Ibadan, a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, a day's journey farther northeast, on the road to the Niger. Ilorin may constitute a fourth, and the fifth bring them to this great river. As many more will bring them to the Lake Tchad, where they expect to greet their brethren from the eastern coast.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions have sent out the Rev. *William Speer*, lately from the China Mission, as a missionary to the Chinese of California.

The famous Countess *Hahn Hahn*—authoress of "Jerusalem and Babylon," and other works—whose recent conversion to Catholicism made some noise, has just entered the convent of the Order of the Good Shepherd, at Angers, in France; and will, after due probation, found a similar convent in Coblentz or Cologne.

During the period of about twenty years that the *American Baptist Home Mission Society* has been in operation, it has been instrumental in gathering and organizing seven hundred and eighty-five Churches, besides many hundreds of other Churches aided from its funds.

The *Methodist Tract Society* has commenced effective operations. It starts with a catalogue of more than four hundred tracts, well classified, and a *volume series*, the first book of which is a very neatly bound edition of *Carvosso's Life*—one of the best illustrations of "the life of faith" in our language. One of the main designs of the Society is to furnish *translations* of volumes and tracts for the German and Scandinavian missions of the Church. This demand is very urgent, and affords a great opportunity of usefulness. Funds are needed immediately to begin the translations. J. B. Edwards, Methodist Book Concern, New-York, is treasurer.

At a late meeting of the *New-York Bible Society*, it was stated in the report that the agent, in the course of his regular distribution, had furnished a Bible in the Italian language to Agostino Francis, mate of the brig Anna, of Palermo, Sicily, at his earnest request. A few weeks since, while visiting another Sicilian brig, the agent learned from the mate of the latter vessel that Agostino Francis had been discovered after his return to Palermo to be the possessor of the Bible which had been procured by him at New-York, and for this *crime* had been arrested and sentenced to imprisonment for ten months, and a fine of sixty dollars.

Mark H. Newman, Esq., has left by his will twenty-five thousand dollars to the American Home Missionary Society. He gave also ten thousand dollars to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; and then made the American Home Missionary Society his residuary-legatee, from which it is expected a large amount will be realized by the society.

It is said that a gentleman, who attended the *Madiai* meeting recently held at the Metropolitan Hall, in this city, sent to the American Bible Society a check for $1,000, to aid in circulating the Bible.

The number of regular *Baptists* in Wisconsin is four thousand and eleven; of Free-Will, one thousand and nineteen; and of Campbellite Baptists, five hundred; total, five thousand five hundred and thirty. The population of the State is four hundred thousand, making almost one Baptist to every eighty persons in the State.

The Mormons report that they have in the London Conference, England, one hundred and sixty elders, one hundred and twenty-one priests, ninety-eight teachers, sixty-seven deacons, and two thousand three hundred and fifty-two members.

It is said that from seven to ten thousand Christian pilgrims, besides Jews and Mohammedans, annually flock to Jerusalem.

The *American and Foreign Christian Union* has one hundred and fourteen missionaries, of which eighty-five are employed in the home field, and additions to this number are made as fast as the Society's means permit.

Art Intelligence.

It is said that *Raffaelle Monti*, the Milanese sculptor, sends his wonderful vailed statue of the Bashful Beggar to the New-York Crystal Palace for exhibition, in May. This is pronounced to be the only work in which apparent transparency has been given to solid marble.

A picture has been drawn in England, called "The Last Return from Duty," representing the Duke of Wellington, on horseback, leaving the Horse Guards for the last time, on a day in August last.

At a recent meeting of the *Kilkenny Archæological Society*, Ireland, the secretary drew attention to a splendid series of drawings, by Mr. Henry O'Neill, of the ancient sculptured crosses of the county of Kilkenny. The style of ornament observable in these crosses is peculiar to the Celtic race; it prevailed throughout Ireland, in the Isle of Man, Cornwall, Wales, the northern shires of England, and Scotland,—in short, wherever the influence of the early Irish preachers of Christianity extended. The peculiar interlaced work is also to be traced over Germany and Italy, wherever these zealous heralds of the gospel directed their footsteps.

Mr. George L. Brown has been engaged recently in making elaborate and finished drawings of the neighborhood of Rome, comprising Albano, Tivoli, &c. They are to be engraved and issued in parts of twelve or fifteen numbers each.

We learn that the Sultan has resolved to repair the defect in the cupola of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem, at his own expense, to appease the disputes to which the state of the building has given rise among the Greek and Latin Christians. A Turkish engineer had arrived with orders to survey the edifice, and make the necessary measurements and estimates for the repairs.

The Alumni of the University of Virginia have on foot a project, to raise by subscription $2,500, for the purchase of Raphael's immortal picture, the "School of Athens."

The statue of Thomas Jefferson—the second in Crawford's Washington Monumental Group—has been cast in the Royal Foundry in Munich.

Madrid papers announce that the statue of *Columbus*, of large size, in bronze, is about to be erected in the principal square of the Spanish capital.

At a late meeting of the *London Asiatic Society*, a portfolio of fine drawings, from the temples of Jwullee, in the Belgaum Zillah, India, by Lieutenant Biggs, of the Bombay army, was laid upon the table for the inspection of the members. Jwullee is a village on the Malpurba River, and is rarely visited by Englishmen. It is wholly composed of caves and temples in every stage of decay, the best preserved of which are made habitable by the addition of mud walls and thatched roofs. The most beautiful of the whole, which is also the least decayed, is called the Maha Lakshmi Devi. Very many inscriptions exist in the Canarese character, but in the older dialects of the language, not now understood by the common people. The temples extend to the south along the river, in groups of from twenty to thirty. These temples appear to be built, without cement, of enormous stones, those of the roof being twelve feet long, by eighteen inches in thickness. There are many similar structures in the neighborhood, particularly at Pundkul, about ten miles distant; and there is also a remarkable inscription on a rock not far from Jwullee.

A letter has been written to the United States Consul at Leghorn, by the Secretary of State, directing him to ship *Greenough's* group for the capitol in the first merchant vessel that will take it directly, and without transhipment, to Washington.

The erection of the *Jackson Statue* at Washington occurred recently. An imposing military procession, followed by surviving officers and soldiers who served under Jackson, and a civic procession, escorted the official dignitaries and the public to Lafayette Square, the place where the monument is to stand; a prayer was delivered by the Rev. Clement C. Butler, and an oration was pronounced by the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas. He paid a deserved tribute to the genius of Mr. Mills, the artist, a native of the State of New-York; and concluded with a succinct account of the achievements which have given to the name of Andrew Jackson such substantial claims upon the affectionate remembrance of his countrymen.

A bill, appropriating $50,000 for an *Equestrian Statue of Washington*, was recently passed by a unanimous vote of both Houses of Congress.

Didot, of Paris, has undertaken a splendid work under the direction of Mongez, a member of the Institute, and with the instrumentality of able artists—engravings (with explanations) of all the contents of the Gallery of Florence and the Patti Palace. The work is to consist of a hundred *livraisons*, the price of each five francs.

The collection of pictures belonging to the *Duchess of Orleans* is about to share the fate of the rest of the Orleans property in France, and be disposed of by auction. Among the specimens of modern art which this collection includes, may be mentioned the well-known Francesca da Rimini of M. Ary Scheffer.

In the city of Strasburg, on the eastern frontier of France, there stands, in the principal square, a large bronze statue of *Guttenberg*, in full-length figure, with a printing-press at his side, and an open scroll in his hand, bearing this inscription: *And there was light.*

At a special meeting of the mayor and aldermen of Boston, held recently, provision was made for the purchase of *Mr. Healey's* picture of *Webster* replying to Hayne.

M. Decaisne, one of the most distinguished of French portrait painters, is dead.

Scientific Items.

About two hundred coins of the Roman emperors—Gordian, Antoninus Pius, Gallienus, and Valerian—were found recently in digging for a railway near *Villefranche, in France*. The medals stuck together, and appeared to have been deposited in a vase. Near them were a quantity of human bones, and among them several men's jaws containing teeth in a fine state of preservation. Local antiquaries suppose that the bones may have belonged to the slain in the grand battle between Severus and Albinus, which was fought in those parts, A. D. 198; but it is, perhaps, more probable that they were buried there after some battle in the middle ages.

At a late meeting of the *American Geographical and Statistical Society*, in this city, Dr. Kane, under whose charge an expedition to the Polar Seas has been organized, delivered an address. The society at once resolved that funds should be procured for the purpose of securing the services of a practical and scientific assistant to accompany the expedition.

There are now in operation in the United States eighty-nine main and branch lines of telegraph, whose united length is 16,729 miles. The cost of construction averages $150 per mile. Total length of the Bain line, 2,012 miles; of the House line, 2,400 miles; the balance is mostly Morse's, whose instruments can transmit 8,000 to 9,000 words per minute.

M. Mare, of Nantes, France, has patented a new process of tinning iron articles. The process is as follows: The articles are scoured with sulphuric acid, and when quite clean are placed in warm water, then dipped in a solution of muriatic acid, copper, and zinc, and finally plunged into a tin bath in which has been placed a small quantity of zinc. When the tinning is completed the articles are taken and dipped into boiling water, and lastly are placed in a warm sand-bath, which last process softens the iron.

Mr. Hind, the distinguished astronomer at Regent's Park, London, has recently discovered another planet, the seventh first seen by him, and the twenty-first now known to exist between Mars and Jupiter. The new planet when first found was in the constellation Taurus.

Mr. *L. B. Swan*, of Rochester, has discovered a new solution for the *Galvanic Battery*, which promises a saving of seventy-five per cent. in the material used by telegraph companies, independent of its saving labor and time. The solution produces an electric and galvanic current of uniform power and intensity, without the rapid decomposition of the metals and acids hitherto unavoidable. The solution discovered does not act chemically on the mercurial amalgam; and during a trial test by Mr. Barnes, the operator at Rochester, of forty-five days, this solution was used without alteration, or fresh amalgram or acids, and without perceptible destruction of mercury or zinc.

At a recent meeting of the *Farmers' Club*, held in this city, it was stated that a new article of the gutta percha genus has been obtained from trees near Palembang (Sumatra), and is called "Getah-Mata-Buay." When mixed with gutta percha, it can be adapted to purposes of great utility. Among the other articles presented was the specimen of the seed of a new tree, the Paulonica Imperialis, which would prove a valuable addition to our shade trees. This tree grows rapidly, has a large sunflower-like leaf, and blossoms with a delightful fragrance in the month of June. It attracts no insects whatever.

We learn from the *Tribune* that the second trial trip of the *caloric ship Ericsson*, recently made up New-York bay, proved fully, and beyond the possibility of doubt, the existence of a new motive power as sure and efficient as steam, while it is free from all danger of accident, and is vastly cheaper and more manageable. The owners of the caloric steamer Ericsson are so well satisfied with their experiment, that they announce their intention of building on the same principle, during the present season, six ships of four thousand tons each.

The *Evening Post* says that all the power used in Captain Ericsson's engines is obtained from the expansion of the atmosphere by heat. He uses no water and makes no steam, but employs the atmosphere very much as the steamers employ water, with this difference, that instead of throwing away the heat after it has been used, as the steam engine does by condensation, he separates it from the escaping air, and uses it over again in heating each new change of air which is supplied to his cylinders. This economy of the heat, of course, results in a corresponding economy of fuel, furnace-rooms, and firing equipage, equal, it is supposed, to a difference, in point of expense, of five parts in every six.

In the *Academy of Sciences* at Paris, at a late meeting, it was announced that *M. Goldsmith*, a German gentleman, residing in that city, had discovered another new planet, different from that of Mr. Hind. It is between the eighth and ninth magnitude. On M. Arago's suggestion it has been named Lutetia, in honor of Paris. The planet recently discovered at Marseilles had been definitely named Massilia, with the consent of M. de Gasparis, who had some share in the discovery.

Quite a large number of spectators assembled at the Hippodrome, in Paris, lately, to witness another experiment in aërial navigation. The aërostatic machine which was to ascend on this occasion is the invention of M. Giffard. It is an oblong cylinder, somewhat in the form of a fish, of about one hundred and twenty feet in length, and about twenty feet in diameter at its thickest part, and gradually tapering off at both ends. The directing apparatus is a very small and beautifully-finished steam-engine, setting in motion a propeller resembling in form the screw used in steam vessels. This is suspended, at twenty feet beneath the balloon, from a long boom which is attached to it, and which supports at its extremity a triangular sail.

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BAYARD TAYLOR.

BAYARD TAYLOR was born on the 11th of January, 1825, at Kennett's Square, Pennsylvania, where he resided until his nineteenth year. Who and what his parents were has not transpired, save that they were, and we believe still are, members of the society of Friends. From his earliest years he was fond of writing verses, and of poring over books of travel and adventure; now deep in the antique Munchausenisms of Mandeville and Marco Polo, now with Crusoe and his man Friday on their desert island, and anon in the charmed region of poesy, enraptured with Milton and Wordsworth, (still his prime favorites,) or bewildered in the maze of his own ambitious rhymes. His young life was full of dreams, yet he himself was not a dreamer of the old sort—bright-eyed, but sickly and useless; on the contrary, he was a strong-limbed and active boy, foremost in all athletic exercises and games of strength, and much addicted to long walks. Walking seems never to have tired him, exposure never to have affected his health, he was so stout and hardy. By-and-by he enters the office of a country newspaper, to learn the art and mystery of printing: and now behold him at the "case," with his sleeves rolled up, and his quick-moving fingers dingy with the smut of mysterious bits of lead; now "setting up" a President's Message, or an account of the last mammoth turnip; and now some of his own verses, which he palms off on the unsuspecting public as Bryant's. So pass the days and the months, and he becomes a printer; but he does not give up his long walks, and his dreams of travel and adventure, nor yet his habit of writing poetry; for now he is becoming known, having scraped acquaintance with Willis and other literati.

About this time—say in '42 or '43—we, as individuals, first heard the name of Bayard Taylor. Youthful ourselves, we were always on the look-out for youthful talent, and the first source to which we used to turn was the "Weekly Mirror," now defunct, but then edited by Willis and Morris. One day we saw a paragraph in it about a young poet in Pennsylvania, accompanied with a poem from his pen. The poet was named Bayard Taylor, and the poem in question was entitled, "To a Friend." From the tenor of it, the "friend" was evidently a lady. The poem is to be found in Bayard Taylor's first volume; the lady only in heaven! (but of that by-and-by.) A year or two later, in 1844, from another source, we came across another paragraph about Bayard Taylor, and a volume of his, which had just appeared,—"Zimenia and other poems." We could not at that time procure it, but we made a note of it for future reference. It lies before us now, a small duodecimo of eighty-four pages. It is cleverly and smoothly versified; imitative, of course; a little remarkable for its fine rhetoric, but not otherwise note-worthy. The usual themes of young poets are treated in their usual manner. The narrative-measure of Scott and Byron is copied in "Zimenia," which, by-the-way, is a Spanish story, and Mrs. Hemans tinges the "other poems." Had Bayard Taylor written nothing else, the world would never have heard of him. The first volumes of poets are not generally interesting, save as incidents in their lives, and as foot-prints by which their progress can be marked. "Zimenia" was of little importance to Bayard Taylor, and he has doubtless forgotten it. Not so his first tour in Europe—that he cannot forget while his memory holds her seat. The importance of that tour in forming his character, and in establishing his literary reputation, must not be overlooked. It was the result of his boyish reading of the old travelers—the realization of all his desires and dreams. But for that he would in all probability be still at the "case." For two years after reading the review of "Zimenia," alluded to above, we heard no more of Bayard Taylor; at the end of that time we saw him announced as among the latest arrivals from Europe, and shortly after that he had a book of travels in the press—"Views a-Foot,"—with a preface by N. P. Willis. We purchased the book in due season, and were delighted with it; and so were the public also, for it jumped at once into popularity, and ran through seven editions in less than two years. Prefixed to Willis's preface was the following letter; in it Bayard Taylor speaks for himself far better than we could speak for him:—

"TO MR. WILLIS.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Nearly three years ago (or the beginning of 1844) the time for accomplishing my long-cherished desire of visiting Europe seemed to arrive. A cousin, who had long intended going abroad, was to leave in a few months; and, although I was then surrounded by the most unfavorable circumstances, I determined to accompany him at whatever hazard. I had still two years of my apprenticeship to serve out, I was entirely without means, and my project was strongly opposed by my friends as something too visionary to be practicable. A short time before, Mr. Griswold advised me to publish a small volume of youthful effusions, a few of which had appeared in *Graham's Magazine*, which he then edited; the idea struck me that by so doing I might, if they should be favorably noticed, obtain a newspaper correspondence which would enable me to make the start.

"The volume was published; a sufficient number was sold to enable my friends to defray all expenses, and I was charitably noticed by the Philadelphia press. Some literary friends, to whom I confided my design, promised to aid me with their influence. Trusting to this I made arrangements to leave the printing-office, which I succeeded in doing by making a certain compensation for the remainder of my time. I was now fully confident of my success, feeling satisfied that a strong will would always make itself a way. After many applications to different editors, and as many disappointments, I finally succeeded, about two weeks before our departure, in making a partial engagement. Mr. Chandler, of the *United States Gazette*, and Mr. Patterson, of the *Saturday Evening Post*, paid me fifty dollars each, for twelve letters, to be sent from Europe, with the probability of accepting more if these should be satisfactory. This, with a sum which I received from Mr. Graham for poems published in his magazine, put me in possession of about one hundred and forty dollars, with which I determined to start, trusting to future remuneration for letters, or, if that should fail, to my skill as a compositor, for I supposed I could, at the worst, work my way through Europe like the German handwerker. Thus with another companion we left home, an enthusiastic and hopeful trio.

"I need not trace our wanderings at length. After eight months of suspense, during which time my small means were entirely exhausted, I received a letter from Mr. Patterson, containing the engagement for the remainder of my stay, with a remittance of one hundred dollars from himself and Mr. Graham. Other remittances, received from time to time, enabled me to stay abroad two years, during which I traveled, on foot, upward of three thousand miles in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France. I was obliged, however, to use the strictest economy,—to live on pilgrim fare, and do penance in rain and cold. My means several times entirely failed; but I was always relieved from serious difficulty through unlooked-for friends, or some unexpected turn of fortune. At Rome, owing to the expenses and embarrassments of traveling in Italy, I was obliged to give up my original design of proceeding on foot to Naples, and across the peninsula to Otranto, sailing thence to Corfu, and making a pedestrian journey through Albania and Greece. But the main object of my pilgrimage is accomplished; I visited the principal places of interest in Europe, enjoyed her grandest scenery and the marvels of ancient and modern art; became familiar with other languages, other customs, and other institutions; and returned home after two years' absence, willing now, with satisfied curiosity, to resume life in America.

"Yours most sincerely,
"BAYARD TAYLOR."

We quite agree with Willis in his preface, when he calls this "a fine instance of character and energy," and with the public in their appreciation of the "Views a-Foot." Bayard Taylor's method, or rather the method of his poverty, poor fellow, though not exactly *en règle*, is the only method of really becoming acquainted with other lands and nations. Putting up at fashionable hotels in large cities, visiting *cafés* and places of public amusement, hurrying from place to place by coach or diligence, and "doing up" the continent generally in a month or two, is all well enough in its way, though rather expensive; but not the way to study men and manners, and to gain a knowledge of the world. The world, the peculiarities of a nation are to be found elsewhere—in lanes, and courts, and alleys, and above all in the rural districts, among what is commonly considered "low people." It was among these that Shakspeare discovered inexhaustible mines of character in his time; and it is among these that Dickens, the most genial of humorists since Shakspeare, discovers them to-day. Bayard Taylor *traveled* through Europe, while others have only *visited* it. The "Views a-Foot" were literally written during his wanderings, partly by the way-side when resting at mid-day, and partly on the rough tables of pleasant inns, in the stillness of deserted ruins, or amid the sublime solitude of the mountain-tops. At such times, and in such places, were also written many of the poems in "The Rhymes of Travel," published in 1848, Bayard Taylor's next volume; dating respectively from London, Aix-la-Chapelle, Heidelberg, Frankfort, Vienna, Munich, Florence, Rome, Paris, and London. One of the sweetest poems in "The Rhymes of Travel" is headed "In Italy," and addressed to the lady-friend we have already alluded to:—

"IN ITALY.

"Dear Lillian, all I wish'd is won!
I sit beneath Italia's sun,
Where olive orchards gleam and quiver
Along the banks of Arno's river.

"Through laurel leaves, the dim green light
Falls on my forehead as I write;
And the sweet chimes of vesper, ringing,
Blend with the contadina's singing.

"Rich is the soil with fancy's gold;
The stirring memories of old
Rise thronging in my haunted vision,
And wake my spirit's young ambition.

"But as the radiant sunsets close
Above Val d'Arno's bowers of rose,
My soul forgets the olden glory,
And deems our love a dearer story.

"Thy words in memory's ear outchime
The music of the Tuscan rhyme;
Thou standest here—the gentle-hearted—
Amid the shades of bards departed!

"Their garlands of immortal bay
I see before thee fade away,
And turn from Petrarch's passion-glances
To my own dearer heart-romances.

"Sad is the opal glow that fires
The midnight of the cypress spires;
And cold the scented wind that closes
The hearts of bright Etruscan roses.

"The fair Italian dream I chased,
A single thought of thee effaced;
For the true clime of song and sun
Lies in the heart which mine hath won!"

After publishing the "Views a-Foot," Bayard Taylor went back home into the country again, and was for a while connected with some newspaper there, either as editor or proprietor. Not succeeding very well, he came to New-York, and eventually became connected with *The Tribune* daily newspaper in the capacity of editor, attending to the city department.

The work of *The Tribune* is not hard, but it is dry and uncongenial, as is that of most newspapers daily or weekly. It required just what Bayard Taylor has—industry and tact; beyond these two qualifications little is necessary; imagination is not wanted—unless at election time, when the party is hard up for facts against their opponents—and taste is utterly thrown away. What taste, for instance, can an editor exhibit in the "city item" business; in a description of the last fire, or a full account of the last rowdy fight; in the launch of a new ship, or the sinking of an old steamer; the last pair of dwarfs, or the expected giant; the happy family, or The Bottle, a drama in three acts; in writing puffs for somebody's hats, somebody else's boots, or somebody else's inimitable cough-candy; not to forget the poetical weather items, the state of the thermometer, whether below or above zero; the density of the clouds of dust, and the refreshing shower which watered the earth just at nightfall? What taste, we repeat, can be shown in these things, not forgetting the political, moneyed, and shipping department, any, or all of which, might fall on Bayard Taylor in the absence of his editorial colleagues? What fine writing can we expect from a man in such a situation? In the end, it is very apt to unfit a man for writing at all; but Bayard Taylor, being a poet, was not to be so undone.

Working on *The Tribune* in the spring of 1849, he departed for California, where he remained eight or nine months, writing letters about men and things in the gold regions. The result of his observations there was embodied in a couple of volumes, entitled, "El Dorado; or, Adventures in the Path of Empire," and published in the spring of 1850. This book was very successful both in this country and England, where it was reprinted in cheap editions; and also in Germany, where it was translated shortly after its appearance in America. Not long ago, a friend of ours saw it in the library of Hans Christian Andersen, who is one of Bayard Taylor's warmest admirers. On his return to the United States, Taylor resumed his desk and duties in *The Tribune* office, where he remained till the summer of 1851. But, in the mean time, a change came over the spirit of his dream; the "friend" of his early poem, the "Lillian" of his Rhymes of Travel, died. Years before, they had betrothed themselves in sincerity and truth; it was their only wish in life to call each other by the endearing names of "wife" and "husband," two of the sweetest and most holy words ever uttered on earth. For years the marriage was deferred, "perhaps," says Dr. Griswold, in an affectionate allusion to the circumstance, "for the poet to make his way in the world; and when he came back from California there was perceived another cause for deferring it—she was in ill health, and all that could be done for her was of no avail; and the suggestion came, the doubt, and finally the terrible conviction, that she had the consumption and was dying. He watched her, suffering day by day, and when hope was quite dead, that he might make little journeys with her, and minister to her gently as none could but one whose light came from her eyes, he married her; while her sun was setting he placed his hand in hers, that he might go with her down into the night. There are not many such marriages; there were never any holier since the Father of mankind looked up into the face of our mother. She lived a few days, a few weeks perhaps, and then he came back to his occupations, and it was never mentioned that there had been any such events in his life." Could the sanctity of private letters be exposed to the public eye, his grief and manliness on the occasion would shed a new luster upon his character; but why allude to these things? It is the old sad story: the beloved have been dying, and the bereaved have been weeping for them, ever since time began.

In the summer of 1851, feeling in need of relaxation from work, and finding his health gradually failing, Bayard Taylor departed for Europe again, intending, before returning, to explore the Mountains of the Moon, where the White Nile is supposed to have its source, to visit Ethiopia and Nineveh, and the untraveled parts of Northern Africa generally. How far this has been accomplished we are not able to say, not having kept the run of the letters in which his journey is chronicled. If we mistake not, however, he visited neither the Mountains of the Moon nor Nineveh, having been recalled to Europe again to join the Expedition to Japan, where, we presume, he is at present, dreaming of his early friends, Manderville and Marco Polo! Shortly after his departure for Europe appeared his third volume of poetry, "A Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs." It is unquestionably his best book, and contains one or two poems worthy of any poet, living or dead. I am not certain but I would rather be the author of "The Metempsychosis of the Pine" than of any other poem yet written in America. "Mon-da-Min, or the Romance of Maize," "Love and Solitude," "Hylas," "Kubleh," "Ariel in the Cloven Pine," "Manuela," "Serapion," "Sorrowful Music," and the "Ode to Shelley," are all elaborate and beautiful poems.

The poems and prose writings of Bayard Taylor have been widely and thoroughly reviewed, but by no one more appreciatingly than Boker, his associate, and brother in the Muses. We quote a few paragraphs from his review of the "Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs," partly to refute the prevailing opinion that literary men never speak well of each other, and partly because we agree with them thoroughly :—

> "Mr. Taylor's inclinations (says Boker) are for scenes of grandeur. Sublime human actions, nature in her awful revolutionary states, the wild desolation of a mountain peak or a limitless desert, the storm, the earthquake, the cataract, these are the chief inspiration of his powers. Whatever is suggestive of high emotions that act upon his moral nature, and, in turn, are acted upon by it, forms an unconquerable incentive to his poetical exertions. Mere word-painting he has no affection for. A scene of nature, however beautiful, would be poetically valueless to him, unless it moved his feelings past the point of silent contemplation. The first poem in his volume,—'Mon-da-Min, the Romance of Maize,'—affords a striking illustration of his apprehension of intellectual bravery. Through fasting that approaches starvation, unanswered prayers, and repeated discomfitures, the soul of the hero burns undimmed, and his eyes remain steadily fixed on his purpose. Physical suffering only strengthens his resolution, and defeat only nerves him to renewed efforts. Round these ideas the poet lingers with a triumphant emotion that proves his sympathies to be centered less in the outward action of the poem than in the power of the human will—a power which he conceives to be capable of overcoming even the gods themselves. We have before stated that nature, unless suggestive of some intellectual emotion, is nothing to Mr. Taylor. To arouse himself to song he must vitalize the world—must make it live, breathe, and feel—must find books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones, or brooks and stones are to him as if they had not been. In 'The Metempsychosis of the Pine,' this characteristic is finely displayed. The poet imagines himself to be a pine, and retraces his experience while in that state of being. The pine becomes a conscious creature, reveling in the joys of its own existence, feeling the sap stir in its veins, and pour through a heart as susceptible as man's. Many poets have recalled the memories which linger around a particular tree, or, apostrophizing it, have bid it relate certain histories; but in Mr. Taylor's poem the tree speaks from within its own nature—not with the feelings of a man, not with what we might suppose would be the feelings of a common tree, but as a pine of many centuries—and no one can mistake its voice. A nobler use of the dramatic faculty in lyrical poetry is not within our recollection.
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> "As may be supposed, Mr. Taylor's poetry is written under the excitement of passion, and does not proceed from that laborious process of constructing effects to which a large number of poets owe their success. The consequence is, that his language is vividly metaphorical, only dealing in similes when in a comparative repose, and never going out of the way to hunt up one of those eternal *likes* which have emasculated our poetic style, and are fast becoming a leading characteristic of American verse to the destruction of everything like real passion. Mr. Taylor is an instructive study in this respect. He uses ten metaphors to one simile. His ideas come forth clothed in their figurative language, and do not bring it along neatly tied up in a separate bundle. From this cause there is a steady strength and genuine feeling about his poems that more than compensate for the ingenious trinkets which he despises, and leaves for the adornment of those who need them. In him imagination predominates over fancy, and the latter is always sacrificed to the former. We do not intend to say that Mr. Taylor is without fancy. Far from it; he has fancy, but it never leads him to be fanciful. His versification is polished, correct, and various, but more harmonious than melodious; that is to say, the whole rhythmical flow of his verse is more striking than the sweetness of particular lines. Some of the minor poems in his volume border on the sensuous, and in 'Hylas' he has paid a tribute to ancient fable worthy of its refined inventors; but scenes of moral and natural sublimity are those in which he succeeds best, and by them he should be characterized."

The following sonnet, from "The Rhymes of Travel," will give a fair idea of Bayard Taylor's general style. The reader will notice the poet's intense exultation in the thought of such scenes, and the felicity and grandeur of his diction :—

THE MOUNTAINS.

"O deep, exulting freedom of the hills!
  O summits vast that to the climbing view,
  In naked glory stand against the blue!
O cold and buoyant air, whose crystal fills
Heaven's amethystine bowl! O speeding streams
  That foam and thunder from the cliffs below!
  O slippery brinks, and solitudes of snow,
And granite bleakness where the vulture screams!

O stormy pines that wrestle with the breath
Of the young tempest, sharp and icy horns,
And hoary glaciers, sparkling in the morns,
And broad, dim wonders of the world beneath!
I summon ye, and, mid the glare that fills
The noisy mart, my spirit walks the hills!"

Somewhat different, but equally fine, is this extract from "Love and Solitude:"—

"I see the close defiles unfold
Upon a sloping mead that lies below
A mountain black with pines,
O'er which the barren ridges heave their lines,
And high beyond, the snowy ranges old!
Fed by the plenteous mountain rain,
Southward, a blue lake sparkles, whence outflows
A rivulet's silver vein,
Awhile meandering in fair repose,
Then caught by riven cliffs that guard our home,
And fling upon the outer world in foam!
The sky above, that still retreat,
Through all the year serene and sweet,
Drops dew that finds the daisy's heart,
And keeps the violet's tender lids apart:
All winds that whistle drearily
Around the naked granite, die
With many a long, melodious sigh
Among the pines; and if a tempest seek
The summits cold and bleak,
He does but sift the snow from shining peak to peak!"

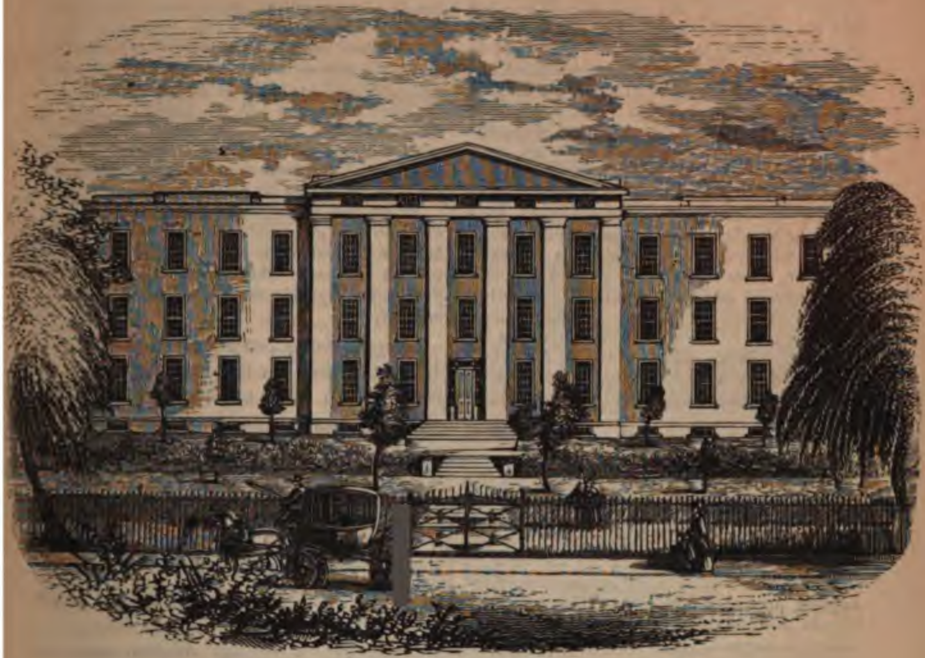
Bayard Taylor's prose is by many preferred to his poetry: it is bare, concise, and direct—bare, almost barren, in its simplicity—almost wholly devoid of imagination, the chief excellence of his verse. A greater contrast than exists between the two can hardly be imagined. If each could borrow the other's strong points it would, perhaps, be better for both; his poetry losing some of its gorgeousness, and his prose some of its naked, sharp detail. In traveling, I should say that Bayard Taylor regards everything in detail, with a view to the putting it in description afterward. He seems to *see* everything, and to *feel* nothing. He presents a landscape, not as it appears to a poet, but a practical man of the world. If it gives him any feeling beyond that of form and color, he does not give the feeling to us; nay, what he must really have felt, to be able to describe it at all, is wanting; we see nothing but the most obvious facts. Had he the glowing outline and the ripe sensation of "Howadji" Curtis, he would be perfect.

What the result of Bayard Taylor's present tour will be, remains to be seen. From the matured power of his last books, and our knowledge of the man, we predict something unusually fine.

STEEL PENS.

ALL the steel pens made in England, and a great many of those sold in France, Germany, and America, whatever names or devices they may bear, are manufactured in Birmingham. In this respect, as in many others of the same nature, the Birmingham manufacturers are very accommodating, and quite prepared to stamp on their productions the American eagle, the cap of liberty, the effigy of Pio Nono or of the Comte de Chambord, if they get the order, the cash, or a good credit. There are eighteen steel pen manufacturers in the Birmingham Directory, and eight penholder makers. Two manufacturers employ about one thousand hands, and the other seventeen about as many more. We can most of us remember when a long hard steel pen, which required the nicest management to make it write, cost a shilling, and was used more as a curiosity, than as a useful, comfortable instrument. About 1820 or 1821 the first gross of three-slit pens was sold wholesale at £7 4*s*. the gross of twelve dozen. A better article is now sold at 6*d*. a gross. The cheapest pens are now sold at 2*d*. a gross; the best at from 3*s*. 6*d*. to 5*s*.; and it has been calculated that Birmingham produces not less than *a thousand million steel pens every year.* America is the best foreign customer, in spite of a duty of twenty-four per cent.; France ranks next, for the French pens are bad and dear.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

Working in Faith and Hope.—We live in a season of fermentation, which some deprecate as change, others hail as progress; but those who venture, as they walk on their path through life, to scatter a few seeds by the wayside in faith and charity, may at least cherish a hope that, instead of being trampled down, or withered up, or choked among thorns, they will have a chance of life at least, and of bringing forth fruit, little or much, in due season; for the earth, even by the waysides of common life, is no longer dry and barren and stony hard, but green with promise, grateful for culture; and we are at length beginning to feel that all the blood and tears by which it has been silently watered have not been shed in vain.



COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

THE visitor to the "Reservoir" or the "New-York Crystal Palace" will recognize immediately in their neighborhood the edifice pictured in the above engraving, and, if the day is pleasant, his ear as well as his eye will be attracted by the jocund gambols of its little black inmates, amusing themselves with gymnastic pranks in its ample playgrounds. A more interesting charity does not exist among the numerous and truly generous provisions for the afflicted, in our city. We need hardly say that it originated in a Quaker heart. Its foundress was, we believe, Anna H. Shotwell, its present indefatigable advocate and secretary. Associating with herself a few friends, she began its scheme in much feebleness, but has lived to see it become one of the most vigorous charitable institutions of our metropolis. One of its reports details its progress. Anna Shotwell and her associates, it says—

> Soon found the circle of generous sympathy enlarged, new friends gradually were enlisted, and the sum of $2,000 was obtained, mostly by small subscriptions. Near the close of the year 1836 twenty-two managers were elected, some of whom still officiate, and five gentlemen were chosen as an Advisory Committee. A Constitution was adopted, as well as a set of By-Laws, and the managers now began to turn their attention toward hiring and furnishing a suitable house; but after a search of three months, in the spring of the year, when tenements to let were abundant, the pursuit had to be relinquished from the existing prejudice against color—owners resolutely refusing the use of their property on any consideration the managers could offer, preferring their buildings should remain unoccupied rather than be applied to shelter these helpless and afflicted ones. As an only alternative, and by the coöperation of their advisers, a purchase was finally decided upon, of an old but pretty white cottage, shaded by two horse chestnuts, appropriate, as was thought, in size and location, affording a well-spring of enjoyment to cherished hopes. Property at this time was commanding prices far above its intrinsic value, and the enormous sum of $9,000 was required to place the building in the possession of the managers; to effect which, the Trustees of Lindley Murray's Charitable Fund subscribed $1,000, to be added to the amount already obtained, and a mortgage of $6,000 was given on the premises.
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> A promise of $500 from the Manumission Society towards education authorized the formation of a school, to which neighboring children might be invited. A room was accordingly fitted up, and forty scholars were soon found in attendance, whom the managers instructed by turns.
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> The utmost caution was used in the admission of orphans, supplies for their table being obtained from interested friends. One little girl of four years old was at first intro-

duced, others soon followed, and, as their numbers increased, the managers discovered that the means of support were proportionably provided; and up to this time it may truly be said, 'The barrel of meal has not wasted, nor the cruse of oil failed.' At the close of their financial year, being seven months from the opening of the house, with a family of twenty-three children, their current expenses were found to have been $234 03. On visiting the Alms House at Bellevue about this period, the colored children were found collected in a cellar, under the care of a man of intemperate habits, who was also at intervals deranged. At other times they were crowded together with degraded adults, in a miserable building, but illy adapted to promote health, comfort, or enjoyment. Under these circumstances the managers selected seven of these, for whom they provided a happy home; but most of them were subsequently found to be incurably diseased.

An Act to incorporate the Society was obtained from the Legislature in 1838.

Ascertaining that William Turpin, of this city, had left in charge of two trustees the sum of $6,000 for the support and maintenance of colored persons; that several years had elasped since the death of the testator; and that no appropriation was decided upon, the infant Asylum presented its claims through their friends and advisers, William F. Mott and Robert C. Cornell, (the latter since deceased,) and although several other applicants came forward, a final decision was made in its favor.

Applications were made to the Common Council, several successive years, for a grant of land on which to erect a new building. To the persevering efforts of their advisers, William F. Mott and William Kelly, the managers are mainly indebted for the valuable site now in their possession, consisting of twenty lots of ground on Fifth-avenue, between Forty-third and Forty-fourth-streets. After carefully digesting their plans for a building of one hundred and forty feet front, varying from forty-two to fifty feet in depth, arrangements were speedily entered into for its erection. A gift of $5,000 from a friend of the Institution, $6,000 from the Manumission Society, $1,000 from the Murray Fund, $1,000 from John Horsburgh, and many smaller donations, amounting to $7,000, covered the original cost of the building and expenses on the grounds. In the spring of 1843 the children were removed to their new home, and the Report of this year is expressive of gratitude and praise for the seal of His blessing, which a kind Providence has set upon this work of faith.

During the winter of 1847 fifty-six children were visited by measles; and although the disease was subdued, with but one exception, yet many of those who were attacked, being of scrofulous habit, were peculiarly susceptible to pulmonary diseases, to which a number of them fell victims. During this calamity, the managers felt required to exclude from admission scrofulous patients, which at times was peculiarly trying. The beseeching look of one little girl, who, with her brother, was denied admission, led to efforts for the establishment of the Hospital, which now holds a conspicuous position in the establishment, being appropriately fitted up, and well adapted to the comfort and restoration of the sick. Thus, amid trials and vicissitudes, have the managers been enabled firmly to rely on Him who, with an unerring eye, discerns the end from the beginning.

John Horsburgh left, in 1849, a legacy of $5,000 to the Institution, and had given at various times during his life about the same amount. This legacy was appropriated toward the erection of the Hospital.

Since the establishment of the Hospital, children are admitted who are not likely to become permanent inmates and have no contagious disease. This increases the list of deaths, but smooths the pillow of many a little sufferer.

The following are the statistics of the Institution for the last year, as stated in its Fifteenth Annual Report:—

Admitted since the opening of the Asylum,	574
Number of children at date of last Report,	176
Admitted during the present year, boys 38, girls 27, ...	65
Under care during the year, ...	241
Present number, boys 120, girls 81, . . .	201

Number of children in the Asylum under eight years of age, eighty.

The Colored Orphan Asylum may be considered a counterpart to the Nursery at Randall's Island, and our city government has recently made an appropriation for it. No colored children are, we believe, found now at the Island. Visitors to both of these interesting institutions will, we think, be inclined to consider the former as in all respects the most satisfactory. Its inmates appear happier than the poor little creatures at the Nursery. The latter are gathered from a wider field of degradation perhaps; they look degraded and battered, as if they had once been the sport of demons. If you look at them, as they stand in rows in their schools, you will observe that at least every alternate one has either some disease, or distortion about the eyes or forehead. They have everything good in most comfortable abundance, and they seem to try—God pity them—to make themselves happy in their school exercises, military drills, &c.; but there appears to be an indelible stamp of degraded remembrance on their very brows. The little urchins at the Asylum, on the contrary, retain the light-heartedness of their race, and its good-heartedness too. If there are happy children anywhere, they are there. Go and see them, if you wish a pleasant sight.

THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE.*

JOHN LAW.

THE personal character and career of one man are so intimately connected with the great scheme of the years 1719 and 1720, that a history of the Mississippi madness can have no fitter introduction than a sketch of the life of its great author, John Law.

John Law was born in Edinburgh in the year 1671. His father was the younger son of an ancient family in Fife, and carried on the business of a goldsmith and banker. John was received into his father's counting-house at the age of fourteen, and for three years labored hard to acquire an insight into the principles of banking as then carried on in Scotland. He had always manifested great love for the study of numbers, and his proficiency in mathematics was considered extraordinary in one of his tender years. At the age of seventeen he was tall, strong, and well made; and his face, although deeply scarred with the small-pox, was agreeable in its expression, and full of intelligence. At this time he began to neglect his business, and, becoming vain of his person, indulged in considerable extravagance of attire. He was a great favorite with the ladies, by whom he was called Beau Law; while the other sex, despising his foppery, nicknamed him Jessamy John. At the death of his father, which happened in 1688, he withdrew entirely from the desk, which had become so irksome, and being possessed of the revenues of the paternal estate of Lauriston, he proceeded to London, to see the world.

He was now very young, very vain, good-looking, tolerably rich, and quite uncontrolled. It is no wonder that, on his arrival in the capital, he should launch out into extravagance. He soon became a regular frequenter of the gaming-houses, and by pursuing a certain plan, based upon some abstruse calculation of chances, he contrived to gain considerable sums. After he had been for nine years exposed to the dangerous attractions of the gay life he was leading, he became an irrecoverable gambler. As his love of play increased in violence it diminished in prudence. Great losses were only to be repaired by still greater ventures, and one unhappy day he lost more than he could repay without mortgaging his family estate. To that step he was driven at last. At the same time his gallantry brought him into trouble. A love affair, or slight flirtation with a lady of the name of Villiers,* exposed him to the resentment of a Mr. Wilson, by whom he was challenged to fight a duel. Law accepted, and shot his antagonist dead upon the spot. He was arrested the same day, and brought to trial for murder by the relatives of Mr. Wilson. He was afterward found guilty, and sentenced to death. The sentence was commuted to a fine, upon the ground that the offense only amounted to manslaughter. An appeal being lodged by a brother of the deceased, Law was detained in the King's Bench, whence, by some means or other, which he never explained, he contrived to escape; and an action being instituted against the sheriffs, he was advertised in the *Gazette*, and a reward offered for his apprehension. He was described as "Captain John Law, a Scotchman, aged twenty-six; a very tall, black, lean man; well shaped, above six feet high, with large pock-holes in his face; big-nosed, and speaking broad and loud." As this was rather a caricature than a description of him, it has been supposed that it was drawn up with a view to favor his escape. He succeeded in reaching the Continent, where he traveled for three years, and devoted much of his attention to the monetary and banking affairs of the countries through which he passed. He stayed a few months in Amsterdam, and speculated to some extent in the funds. His mornings were devoted to the study of finance and the principles of trade, and his evenings to the gaming-house. It is generally believed that he returned to Edinburgh in the year 1700. It is certain that he published in that city his *Proposals and Reasons for constituting a Council of Trade*. This pamphlet did not excite much attention.

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* Condensed from Mackay's Popular Delusions.

* Miss Elizabeth Villiers, afterward Countess of Orkney.

In a short time afterward he published a project for establishing what he called a Land-bank,* the notes issued by which were never to exceed the value of the entire lands of the state, upon ordinary interest, or were to be equal in value to the land, with the right to enter into possession at a certain time. The project excited a good deal of discussion in the Scottish Parliament, and a motion for the establishment of such a bank was brought forward by a neutral party, called the Squadrone, whom Law had interested in his favor. The Parliament ultimately passed a resolution to the effect, that, to establish any kind of paper credit, so as to force it to pass, was an improper expedient for the nation.

Upon the failure of this project, and of his efforts to procure a pardon for the murder of Mr. Wilson, Law withdrew to the Continent, and resumed his old habits of gaming. For fourteen years he continued to roam about, in Flanders, Holland, Germany, Hungary, Italy, and France. He soon became intimately acquainted with the extent of the trade and resources of each, and daily more confirmed in his opinion that no country could prosper without a paper currency. During the whole of this time he appears to have chiefly supported himself by successful play. At every gambling-house of note in the capitals of Europe he was known and appreciated as one better skilled in the intricacies of chance than any other man of the day. It is stated in the *Biographie Universelle* that he was expelled, first from Venice, and afterward from Genoa, by the magistrates, who thought him a visitor too dangerous for the youth of those cities. During his residence in Paris he rendered himself obnoxious to D'Argenson, the lieutenant-general of the police, by whom he was ordered to quit the capital. This did not take place, however, before he had made the acquaintance, in the saloons, of the Duke de Vendôme, the Prince de Conti, and of the gay Duke of Orleans, the latter of whom was destined afterward to exercise so much influence over his fate. The Duke of Orleans was pleased with the vivacity and good sense of the Scottish adventurer, while the latter was no less pleased with the wit and amiability of a prince who promised to become his patron. They were often thrown into each other's society, and Law seized every opportunity to instill his financial doctrines into the mind of one whose proximity to the throne pointed him out as destined, at no very distant date, to play an important part in the government.

Louis XIV. died in 1715, and the heir to the throne being an infant only seven years of age, the Duke of Orleans assumed the reins of government, as regent, during his minority. Law now found himself in a more favorable position. The tide in his affairs had come, which, taken at the flood, was to waft him on to fortune. The regent was his friend, already acquainted with his theory and pretensions, and inclined, moreover, to aid him in any efforts to restore the wounded credit of

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* The wits of the day called it a *sand-bank*, which would wreck the vessel of the state.

DUKE OF ORLEANS.

France, bowed down to the earth by the extravagance of the long reign of Louis XIV. The finances of the country were in a state of the utmost disorder. The national debt amounted to three thousand millions of livres, the revenue to one hundred and forty-five millions, and the expenses of government to one hundred and forty-two millions per annum; leaving only three millions to pay the interest upon three thousand millions. The first care of the regent was to discover a remedy for an evil of such magnitude. The measures adopted, though they promised fair, only aggravated the evil. The first and most dishonest measure was of no advantage to the state. A recoinage was ordered, by which the currency was depreciated one-fifth; those who took a thousand pieces of gold or silver to the mint received back an amount of coin of the same nominal value, but only four-fifths of the weight of metal. By this contrivance the treasury gained seventy-two millions of livres, and all the commercial operations of the country were disordered.

A Chamber of Justice was next instituted to inquire into the malvérsations of the loan-contractors and the farmers of the revenues. Tax-collectors are never very popular in any country, but those of France at this period deserved all the odium with which they were loaded. As soon as these farmers-general, with all their hosts of subordinate agents, called *maltòtiers*,* were called to account for their misdeeds, the most extravagant joy took possession of the nation. The Chamber of Justice, instituted chiefly for this purpose, was endowed with very extensive powers. It was composed of the presidents and councils of the parliament, the judges of the Courts of Aid and of Requests, and the officers of the Chamber of Account, under the general presidence of the minister of finance. Informers were encouraged to give evidence against the offenders by the promise of one-fifth part of the fines and confiscations. A tenth of all concealed effects belonging to the guilty was promised to such as should furnish the means of discovering them.

The promulgation of the edict constituting this court caused a degree of consternation among those principally concerned, which can only be accounted for on the supposition that their peculation had been enormous. But they met with no sympathy. The proceedings against them justified their terror. The Bastille was soon unable to contain the prisoners that were sent to it, and the jails all over the country teemed with guilty or suspected persons. An order was issued to all innkeepers and postmasters to refuse horses to such as endeavored to seek safety in flight; and all persons were forbidden, under heavy fines, to harbor them or favor their evasion. Some were condemned to the pillory, others to the galleys, and the least guilty to fine and imprisonment. One only, Samuel Bernard, a rich banker and farmer-general of a province remote from the capital, was sentenced to death. So great had been the illegal profits of this man—looked upon as a tyrant and oppressor of his district—that he offered six millions of livres, or $1,250,000, to be allowed to escape.

His bribe was refused, and he suffered the penalty of death. Others, perhaps more guilty, were more fortunate. Confiscation, owing to the concealment of their treasures by the delinquents, often produced less money than a fine. The severity of the government relaxed, and fines, under the denomination of taxes, were indiscriminately levied upon all offenders; but so corrupt was every department of the administration, that the country benefited but little by the sums which thus flowed into the treasury. Courtiers and courtiers' wives and mistresses came in for the chief share of the spoils. One contractor had been taxed, in proportion to his wealth and guilt, at the sum of twelve millions of livres.

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* From *maltôte*, an oppressive tax.

About a hundred and eighty millions of livres were levied in this manner, of which eighty were applied in payment of the debts contracted by the government. The remainder found its way into the pockets of the courtiers.

The people, who after the first burst of their resentment is over, generally express a sympathy for the weak, were indignant that so much severity should be used to so little purpose. They did not see the justice of robbing one set of rogues to fatten another. In a few months all the more guilty had been brought to punishment, and the Chamber of Justice looked for victims in the humbler walks of life. Charges of fraud and extortion were brought against tradesmen of good character in consequence of the great inducements held out to common informers. They were compelled to lay open their affairs before this tribunal in order to establish their innocence. The voice of complaint resounded from every side; and at the expiration of a year the government found it advisable to discontinue further proceedings. The Chamber of Justice was suppressed, and a general amnesty granted to all against whom no charges had yet been preferred.

In the midst of this financial confusion Law appeared upon the scene.

When Law presented himself at court he was most cordially received. He offered two memorials to the regent, in which he set forth the evils that had befallen France, owing to an insufficient currency, at different times depreciated. He asserted that a metallic currency, unaided by a paper money, was wholly inadequate to the wants of a commercial country; and particularly cited the examples of Great Britain and Holland to show the advantages of paper. He used many sound arguments on the subject of credit, and proposed as a means of restoring that of France, then at so low an ebb among the nations, that he should be allowed to set up a bank, which should have the management of the royal revenues, and issue notes both on that and on landed security. He further proposed that this bank should be administered in the king's name, but subject to the control of commissioners to be named by the States-General.

While these memorials were under consideration, Law translated into French his essay on money and trade, and used every means to extend through the nation his renown as a financier. He soon became talked of. The confidants of the regent spread abroad his praise, and every one expected great things of Monsieur Lass.*

On the 5th of May, 1716, a royal edict was published, by which Law was authorised, in conjunction with his brother, to establish a bank under the name of Law and Company, the notes of which should be received in payment of the taxes. The capital was fixed at six millions of livres, in twelve thousand shares of five hundred livres each, purchasable one-fourth in specie, and the remainder in *billets d'état.* It was not thought expedient to grant him the whole of the privileges prayed for in his memorials until experience should have shown their safety and advantage.

Law was now on the high road to fortune. The study of thirty years was brought to guide him in the management of his bank. He made all his notes payable at sight, and in the coin current at the time they were issued. This last was a master-stroke of policy, and immediately rendered his notes more valuable than the precious metals. The latter were constantly liable to depreciation by the unwise tampering of the government. A thousand livres of silver might be worth their nominal value one day, and be reduced one-sixth the next; but a note of Law's bank retained its original value. He publicly declared at the same time, that a banker deserved death if he made issues without having sufficient security to answer all demands. The consequence was, that his notes advanced rapidly in public estimation, and were received at one per cent. more than specie. It was not long before the trade of the country felt the benefit. Languishing commerce began to lift up her head; the taxes were paid with greater regularity and less murmuring, and a degree of confidence was established, that could not fail, if it continued, to become still more advantageous. In the course of a year Law's notes rose to fifteen per cent. premium, while the

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* The French pronounced his name in this manner to avoid the ungallic sound, *aw.* After the failure of his scheme, the wags said the nation was *lasse de lui*, and proposed that he should in future be known by the name of Monsieur H*elas!*

billets d'état, or notes issued by the government as security for the debts contracted by the extravagant Louis XIV., were at a discount of no less than seventy-eight and a half per cent. The comparison was too great in favor of Law not to attract the attention of the whole kingdom, and his credit extended itself day by day. Branches of his bank were almost simultaneously established at Lyons, Rochelle, Tours, Amiens, and Orleans.

The regent appears to have been utterly astonished at his success, and gradually to have conceived the idea that paper, which could so aid a metallic currency, could entirely supersede it. Upon this fundamental error he afterward acted. In the meantime, Law commenced the famous project which has handed his name down to posterity. He proposed to the regent (who could refuse him nothing) to establish a company that should have the exclusive privilege of trading to the great river Mississippi and the province of Louisiana, on its western bank. The country was supposed to abound in the precious metals; and the company, supported by the profits of their exclusive commerce, were to be the sole farmers of the taxes and sole coiners of money. Letters patent were issued, incorporating the company, in August 1717. The capital was divided into two hundred thousand shares of five hundred livres each, the whole of which might be paid in *billets d'état*, at their nominal value, although worth no more than a hundred and sixty livres in the market.

It was now that the frenzy of speculating began to seize upon the nation. Law's bank had effected so much good, that any promises for the future which he thought proper to make were readily believed. The regent every day conferred new privileges upon the fortunate projector. The bank obtained the monopoly of the sale of tobacco, the sole right of refinage of gold and silver, and was finally erected into the Royal Bank of France. Amid the intoxication of success, both Law and the regent forgot the maxim so loudly proclaimed by the former, that a banker deserved death who made issues of paper without the necessary funds to provide for them. As soon as the bank, from a private, became a public institution, the regent caused a fabrication of notes to the amount of one thousand millions of livres. This was the first departure from sound principles, and one for which Law is not justly blamable. While the affairs of the bank were under his control the issues had never exceeded sixty millions. Whether Law opposed the inordinate increase is not known; but as it took place as soon as the bank was made a royal establishment, it is but fair to lay the blame of the change of system upon the regent.

Law found that he lived under a despotic government; but he was not yet aware of the pernicious influence which such a government could exercise upon so delicate a framework as that of credit. He discovered it afterward to his cost; but in the meantime suffered himself to be impelled by the regent into courses which his own reason must have disapproved. With a weakness most culpable, he lent his aid in inundating the country with paper-money, which, based upon no solid foundation, was sure to fall, sooner or later. The extraordinary present fortune dazzled his eyes, and prevented him from seeing the evil day that would burst over his head, when once, from any cause or other, the alarm was sounded. The parliament were from the first jealous of his influence as a foreigner, and had, besides, their misgivings as to the safety of his projects. As his influence extended, their animosity increased. D'Aguesseau, the chancellor, was unceremoniously dismissed by the regent for his opposition to the vast increase of paper money, and the constant depreciation of the gold and silver coin of the realm. This only served to augment the enmity of the parliament, and when D'Argenson, a man devoted to the interests of the regent, was appointed to the vacant chancellorship, and made at the same time minister of finance, they became more violent than ever. The first measure of the new minister caused a further depreciation of the coin. In order to extinguish the *billets d'état*, it was ordered that persons bringing to the mint four thousand livres in specie and one thousand livres in *billets d'état*, should receive back coin to the amount of five thousand livres. D'Argenson plumed himself mightily upon thus creating five thousand new and smaller livres out of the four thousand old and larger ones, being too ignorant of the true principles of trade and credit to be aware of the immense injury he was inflicting upon both.

The parliament saw at once the impolicy and danger of such a system, and made repeated remonstrances to the regent. The latter refused to entertain their petitions, when the parliament, by a bold and very unusual stretch of authority, commanded that no money should be received in payment but that of the old standard. The regent summoned a *lit de justice*, and annulled the decree. The parliament resisted, and issued another. Again the regent exercised his privilege, and annulled it, till the parliament, stung to fiercer opposition, passed another decree, dated August 12th, 1718, by which they forbade the bank of Law to have any concern, either direct or indirect, in the administration of the revenue; and prohibited all foreigners, under heavy penalties, from interfering, either in their own names, or in that of others, in the management of the finances of the state. The parliament considered Law to be the author of all the evil, and some of the councillors, in the virulence of their enmity, proposed that he should be brought to trial, and, if found guilty, be hung at the gates of the Palais de Justice.

LAW'S HOUSE, RUE DE QUINCAMPOIX.

Law, in great alarm, fled to the Palais Royal, and threw himself on the protection of the regent, praying that measures might be taken to reduce the parliament to obedience. The regent had nothing so much at heart, both on that account and because of the disputes that had arisen relative to the legitimation of the Duke of Maine, and the Count of Thoulouse, the sons of the late king. The parliament was ultimately overawed by the arrest of their president and two of the councillors, who were sent to distant prisons.

Thus the first cloud upon Law's prospects blew over: freed from apprehension of personal danger, he devoted his attention to his famous Mississippi project, the shares of which were rapidly rising, in spite of the parliament. At the com- [illegible] of the year 1719, an edict was [illegible] ting to the Mississippi Com- [illegible] sive privilege of trading to China, and the South Seas, and to all the possessions of the French East India Company, established by Colbert. The Company, in consequence of this great increase of their business, assumed, as more appropriate, the title of Company of the Indies, and created fifty thousand new shares. The prospects now held out by Law were most magnificent. He promised a yearly dividend of two hundred livres upon each share of five hundred, which, as the shares were paid for in *billets d'état*, at their nominal value, but worth only one hundred livres, was at the rate of about one hundred and twenty per cent. profit.

The public enthusiasm, which had been so long rising, could not resist a vision so splendid. At least three hundred thousand applications were made for the fifty thousand new shares, and Law's house in the Rue de Quincampoix was beset from morning to night by the eager applicants. As it was impossible to satisfy them all, it was several weeks before a list of the fortunate new stockholders could be made out, during which time the public impatience rose to a pitch of frenzy. Dukes, marquises, counts, with their duchesses, marchion-

THE HUNCHBACK.

esses, and countesses, waited in the streets for hours every day before Mr. Law's door to know the result. At last, to avoid the jostling of the plebeian crowd, which, to the number of thousands, filled the whole thoroughfare, they took apartments in the adjoining houses, that they might be continually near the temple whence the new Plutus was diffusing wealth. Every day the value of the old shares increased, and the fresh applications, induced by the golden dreams of the whole nation, became so numerous, that it was deemed advisable to create no less than three hundred thousand new shares, at five thousand livres each, in order that the regent might take advantage of the popular enthusiasm to pay off the national debt. For this purpose the sum of fifteen hundred millions of livres was necessary. Such was the eagerness of the nation, that thrice the sum would have been subscribed if the government had authorized it.

Law was now at the zenith of his prosperity, and the people were rapidly approaching the zenith of their infatuation. The highest and the lowest classes were alike filled with a vision of boundless wealth. There was not a person of note among the aristocracy, with the exception of the Duke of St. Simon and Marshal Villars, who was not engaged in buying or selling stock. People of every age, and sex, and condition in life, speculated in the rise and fall of the Mississippi bonds. The Rue de Quincampoix was the grand resort of the jobbers; and it being a narrow, inconvenient street, accidents continually occurred in it, from the tremendous pressure of the crowd. Houses in it, worth, in ordinary times, a thousand livres of yearly rent, yielded as much as twelve or sixteen thousand. A cobbler, who had a stall in it, gained about two hundred livres a day by letting it out, and furnishing writing materials to brokers and their clients. The story goes, that a hunchbacked man who stood in the street gained considerable sums by lending his hump as a writing-desk to the eager speculators! The great concourse of persons who assembled to do business brought a still greater concourse of spectators. These, again, drew all the thieves and immoral characters of Paris to the spot, and constant riots and disturbances took place. At nightfall, it was often found necessary to send a troop of soldiers to clear the street.

Law, finding the inconvenience of his residence, removed to the Place Vendôme, whither the crowd of *agioteurs* followed him. That spacious square soon became as thronged as the Rue de Quincampoix: from morning to night it presented the appearance of a fair. Booths and tents were erected for the transaction of business and the sale of refreshments; and gamblers with their roulette tables stationed themselves in the very middle of the place, and reaped a golden, or rather a paper, harvest from the throng. The boulevards and public gardens were forsaken; parties of pleasure took their walks in preference in the Place Vendôme, which became the fashionable lounge of the idle, as well as the general rendezvous of the busy. The noise was so great all day, that the chancellor, whose court was situated in the square, complained to the regent and the municipality that he could not hear the advocates. Law, when applied to, expressed his willingness to aid in the removal of the nuisance, and for this purpose entered into a treaty with the Prince de Carignan for the Hôtel de Soissons, which had a garden of several acres in the rear. A bargain was concluded, by which Law became the purchaser of the hotel at an enormous price, the prince reserving to himself the magnificent gardens as a new source of profit. They contained some fine statues and several fountains, and were altogether laid out with much taste. As soon as Law was installed in his new abode, an edict was published, forbidding all persons to buy or sell stock anywhere but in the gardens of the Hôtel de Soissons. In the midst, among the trees, about five hundred small tents and pavilions were erected, for the convenience of the stock-jobbers. Their various colors, the gay ribbons and banners which floated from them, the busy crowds which passed continually in and out, the incessant hum of voices, the noise, the music, and the strange mixture of business and pleasure on the countenances of the throng, all combined to give the place an air of enchantment that quite enraptured the Parisians. The Prince de Carignan made enormous profits while the delusion lasted. Each tent was let at the rate of five hundred livres a month; and, as there were at least five hundred of them, his monthly revenue from this source alone must have amounted to 250,000 livres, or upward of $50,000.

The honest old soldier, Marshal Villars, was so vexed to see the folly which had smitten his countrymen, that he never could speak with temper on the subject. Passing one day through the Place Vendôme in his carriage, the choleric gentleman was so annoyed at the infatuation of the people, that he abruptly ordered his coachman to stop, and, putting his head out of the carriage window, harangued them for full half an hour on their "disgusting avarice." This was not a very wise proceeding on his part. Hisses and shouts of laughter resounded from every side, and jokes without number were aimed at him. There being at last strong symptoms that something more tangible was flying through the air in the direction of his head, the marshal was glad to drive on. He never again repeated the experiment.

Two sober, quiet, and philosophic men of letters, M. de la Motte and the Abbé Terrason, congratulated each other that they, at least, were free from this strange infatuation. A few days afterward, as the worthy abbé was coming out of the Hôtel de Soissons, whither he had gone to buy shares in the Mississippi, whom should he see but his friend La Motte entering for the same purpose. "Ha!" said the abbé smiling, "is that *you?*" "Yes," said La Motte, pushing past him as fast as he was able; "and can that be *you?*" The next time the two scholars met, they talked of philosophy, of science, and of religion, but neither had courage for a long time to breathe one syllable about the Mississippi. At last, when it was mentioned, they agreed that a man ought never to swear against his doing any one thing, and that there was no sort of extravagance of which even a wise man was not capable.

During this time, Law, the new Plutus, had become all at once the most important personage of the state. The ante-chambers of the regent were forsaken by the courtiers. Peers, judges, and bishops thronged to the Hôtel de Soissons; officers of the army and navy, ladies of title and fashion, and every one to whom hereditary rank or public employ gave a claim to precedence, were to be found waiting in his ante-chambers to beg for a portion of his India stock. Law was so pestered that he was unable to see one-tenth part of the applicants, and every manœuver that ingenuity could suggest was employed to gain access to him. Peers, whose dignity would have been outraged if the regent had made them wait half an hour for an interview, were content to wait six hours for the chance of seeing Monsieur Law.

Enormous fees were paid to his servants, if they would merely announce their names. Ladies of rank employed the blandishments of their smiles for the same object; but many of them came day after day for a fortnight before they could obtain an audience. When Law accepted an invitation, he was sometimes so surrounded by ladies, all asking to have their names put down in his lists as shareholders in the new stock, that, in spite of his well-known and habitual gallantry, he was obliged to tear himself away *par force*. The most ludicrous stratagems were employed to have an opportunity of speaking to him. One lady, who had striven in vain during several days, gave up in despair all attempts to see him at his own house, but ordered her coachman to keep a strict watch whenever she was out in her carriage, and if he saw Mr. Law coming, to drive against a post and upset her. The coachman promised obedience; and for three days the lady was driven incessantly through the town, praying inwardly for the opportunity to be overturned. At last she espied Mr. Law, and, pulling the string, called out to the coachman, "Upset us now! upset us now!" The coachman drove against a post, the lady screamed, the coach was overturned, and Law, who had seen the *accident*, hastened to the spot to render assistance. The cunning dame was led into the Hôtel de Soissons, where she soon thought it advisable to recover from her fright, and, after apologizing to Mr. Law, confessed her stratagem. Law smiled, and entered the lady in his books as the purchaser of a quantity of India stock. Another story is told of a Madame de Boucha, who, knowing that Mr. Law was at dinner at a certain house, proceeded thither in her carriage, and gave the alarm of fire. The company started from table, and Law among the rest; but, seeing one lady making all haste into the house toward him, while everybody else was scampering away, he suspected the trick, and ran off in another direction.

LAW ASSISTING A LADY FROM A COACH.

Many other anecdotes are related, which, even though they may be a little exaggerated, are nevertheless worth preserving, as showing the spirit of that singular period.

The regent was one day mentioning, in the presence of D'Argenson, the Abbé Dubois, and some other persons, that he was desirous of deputing some lady, of the rank at least of a duchess, to attend upon his daughter at Modena; "but," added he, "I do not exactly know where to find one." "No!" replied one, in affected surprise; "I can tell you where to find every duchess in France; you have only to go to Mr. Law's; you will see them every one in his antechamber."

M. de Chirac, a celebrated physician, had bought stock at an unlucky period, and was very anxious to sell out. Stock, however, continued to fall for two or three days, much to his alarm. His mind was filled with the subject, when he was suddenly called upon to attend a lady who imagined herself unwell. He arrived, was shown up-stairs, and felt the lady's pulse. "It falls! it falls! good God! it falls continually!" said he musingly, while the lady looked up in his face all anxiety for his opinion. "O, M. de Chirac!" said she, starting to her feet and ringing the bell for assistance; "I am dying! I am dying! it falls! it falls! it falls!"

"What falls?" inquired the doctor in amazement. "My pulse! my pulse!" said the lady; "I must be dying." "Calm your apprehensions, my dear madam," said M. de Chirac; "I was speaking of the stocks. The truth is, I have been a great loser, and my mind is so disturbed, I hardly know what I have been saying."

The price of shares sometimes rose ten or twenty per cent. in the course of a few hours, and many persons in the humbler walks of life, who had risen poor in the morning, went to bed in affluence. An extensive holder of stock, being taken ill, sent his servant to sell two hundred and fifty shares, at eight thousand livres each, the price at which they were then quoted. The servant went, and, on his arrival in the Jardin de Soissons, found that in the interval the price had risen to ten thousand livres. The difference of two thousand livres on the two hundred and fifty shares, amounting to 500,000 livres, or about 100,000 dollars, he very coolly transferred to his own use; and, giving the remainder to his master, set out the same evening for another country. Law's coachman in a very short time made money enough to set up a carriage of his own, and requested permission to leave his service. Law, who esteemed the man, begged of him as a favor that he would endeavor before he went to find a substitute as good as himself. The coachman consented, and in the evening brought two of his former comrades, telling Mr. Law to choose between them, and he would take the other. Cookmaids and footmen were now and then as lucky, and, in the full-blown pride of their easily-acquired wealth, made the most ridiculous mistakes. Preserving the language and manners of their old, with the finery of their new station, they afforded continual subjects for the pity of the sensible, the contempt of the sober, and the laughter of everybody. But the folly and meanness of the higher ranks of society were still more disgusting. One instance alone, related by the Duke de St. Simon, will show the unworthy avarice which infected the whole of society. A man of the name of André, without character or education, had, by a series of well-timed speculations in Mississippi bonds, gained enormous wealth in an incredibly short space of time. As St. Simon expresses it, "he had amassed mountains of gold." As he became rich, he grew ashamed of the lowness of his birth, and anxious above all things to be allied to nobility. He had a daughter, an infant only three years of age, and he opened a negotiation with the aristocratic and needy family of D'Oyse, that this child should, upon certain conditions, marry a member of that house. The Marquis D'Oyse, to his shame, consented, and promised to marry her himself on her attaining the age of twelve, if the father would pay him down the sum of a hundred thousand crowns, and twenty thousand livres every year until the celebration of the marriage. The marquis was himself in his thirty-third year. This scandalous bargain was duly signed and sealed, the stock-jobber furthermore agreeing to settle upon his daughter, on the marriage-day, a fortune of several millions. The Duke of Brancas, the head of the family, was present throughout the negotiation, and shared in all the profits. St. Simon, who treats the matter with the levity becoming what he thought so good a joke, adds, "that people did not spare their animadversions on this beautiful marriage;" and further informs us, "that the project fell to the ground some months afterward by the overthrow of Law, and the ruin of the ambitious Monsieur André." It would appear, however, that the noble family never had the honesty to return the hundred thousand crowns.

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Sir E. Bulwer's Early Education.—I was smart, and was in the head class when I left ———. I could make twenty Latin verses in half an hour; I could construe, without an English translation, all the easy Latin authors, and many of the difficult ones with it. I could read Greek fluently, and even translate it. I was thought exceedingly clever, for I had only been eight years acquiring all this fund of information, which, as one can never recall it in the world, you have every right to suppose that I had entirely forgotten before I was five-and-twenty. As I was never taught a syllable of English during this period, of everything which relates to English literature, English laws, and English history, you have the same right to suppose that I was, at the age of eighteen, when I left ——— in the profoundest ignorance.

WATERLOO.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THE weather, which, during the 17th of June, 1815, was unsettled and stormy, grew worse as darkness set in. The rain fell incessantly, sometimes in torrents, and was accompanied by loud peals of thunder and almost a hurricane of wind. It continued cloudy the whole of the next day, but the rain ceased with the darkness. At dawn the soldiers started from their cheerless bivouac, and made ready for the battle; and when the trumpets and drums sounded and beat to arms, the whole of the forces sprang to their posts with the utmost alacrity and zeal. Of the 18th of June it is needless to give many particulars; for there are few that have not read the story of that "day of battles," and fewer still from whose memory the details have escaped. The effective strength of the allied army, according to Captain Siborne, was as follows:—Infantry, 49,608; cavalry, 12,402; artillery, 5,645: total, 67,655 men and 156 guns. The French army comprised: — Infantry, 48,950; cavalry, 15,765; artillery, 7,232: total, 71,947 men and 246 guns. Other accounts raise the allies to 74,000 men, and the French to 90,000 and 296 guns. Nothing could exceed the surprise and delight of Napoleon and his generals at the allied movement of the 17th, which, attributing it to any cause but the right one, they tortured into evidence of defeat. Soult sent a dispatch to Davoust, the Minister of War, in which he fairly out-Soulted Soult. He announced that Wellington and Blucher had been separated, and had only "saved themselves with difficulty." "The effect," he said, "was theatrical. In an instant the enemy was routed in all directions." Another account in the *Moniteur* naively remarked that a whole Scotch division of five or six thousand men had been cut to pieces, for they had not "seen any of them prisoners!" A third narrative concluded by stating that they would not hear of the Prussians again for some time, even if they should be able to rally. The two rival armies had bivouacked, on the night of the 17th, within three-quarters of a mile, and in some places at even less than that from each other; and Napoleon expected the next day to resume his pursuit. He was, therefore, much pleased at discovering the allies setting their battle in array; and, turning to one of his staff, he exclaimed, "*Ah! je les tiens donc, ces Anglais!*" (Ah, I have got them then, these English!) He is also reported to have praised the soldierly manner in which the army took up their ground, adding, that "they must run." Soult, who, notwithstanding his Munchausenic dispatches, thoroughly appreciated British prowess, expressed some doubts, and Napoleon turning quickly round, asked him, "Why?" The curt reply was, "Because they will be cut to pieces first."

The positions of the two armies were both masterly, and the manœuvring took up a considerable portion of the morning. Napoleon's first thought was to attack the center; but he postponed his assault on that part of the allied lines, and ordered his brother Jerome to advance with the second corps, consisting of thirty thousand men, against the farm of Hougoumont. About half-past ten, or a quarter to eleven o'clock, Sir George Wood, by the Duke's direction, caused the first gun to be fired at an advancing column of the enemy. The discharge killed six or eight, and was soon followed by a general cannonade in support of the attack, and one in reply from the British batteries. The enemy succeeded in carrying the wood, but against the buildings they could effect nothing. On the contrary, as they confidently rushed toward the garden wall, they were received with a tremendous volley that prostrated the leading files, and this was supported by a fusilade so telling that they quickly began to give way. The guards sallied and cleared part of the wood; and the Duke, justly relying on the skill of his artillery, then ordered Major Bull to open his howitzer batteries upon the remainder. In ten minutes the whole was abandoned by the French.

Napoleon now commenced a tremendous cannonade throughout the line, which was promptly returned by the English guns—every piece that could be brought to bear on both sides being vigorously employed. Large masses of cavalry were observed concentrating on the French side of the field, and it was apparent that some new attack was intended. The Duke of Wellington, therefore, formed his centre divisions into squares, and withdrew them behind the ridge, so as to shelter them from the storm of cannon balls. Meanwhile Jerome had reinforced his troops, and returned with still greater fury to the attack on Hougoumont. The guards outside the farm made a gallant resistance, and when driven back retired to the cover of a haystack, from which they kept up the fight till it was set on fire. Finding themselves also outflanked, and in danger of being cut off, they retired hastily into the farm-yard, the gate of which they strove to barricade with ladders, posts, barrows, or anything they could lay hands upon. All was in vain; the gate was forced open, and a few Frenchmen rushed into the yard. The defenders instantly

HOUGOUMONT.

LA HAYE SAINTE.

ran to the nearest cover, and opened such a fire as soon checked their advance, and then made a fierce attack in return, and after an intrepid struggle on both sides, Colonel Macdonnell, Captain Wyndham, Lieutenants Gooch and Harvey, and Serjeant Graham, contrived, by the exercise of great daring and personal strength, to close the door, while the intruders paid the penalty of their rashness. The attempt, so nearly successful, thus entirely failed.

Napoleon had now determined to make his left and center attack on the British lines, intending thereby to turn the former and force the latter; and, by possessing himself of La Haye Sainte and Mont St. Jean, to cut off the Duke's communications by the main road with Brussels, as well as to sever the allied from the Prussian army. For that important enterprise he had selected the whole of Drouet's corps, amounting to eighteen thousand infantry, in four columns, in addition to Roussel's cavalry division. To support this imposing force, he had placed ten batteries, containing seventy-four guns, with ranges of from six to eight hundred yards of the English line. Between half-past one and two the advance commenced, the French guns gradually becoming silent as the columns approached the English lines. On they came, shouting, "*En avant!*" "*Vive l'Empereur!*" till, driving back a Belgian brigade, they reached a broken hedge, behind which Picton was posted with the fifth division. The columns halted, and began to deploy; and while so engaged, a tremendous volley, at less than forty yards, threw them into confusion. Picton thundered the words, "Charge, charge! hurrah!" and fell from his horse, pierced in the right temple by a musket shot. His death was revenged; for the fifth, struggling through the hedge, fell upon the enemy and routed them with great slaughter. The second Cavalry Brigade, numbering thirteen hundred men, and consisting of the Royals, Greys, and Enniskilleners, led by the Earl of Uxbridge, fell on the discomfited troops with terrific violence, and covered the ground with slain. In vain did the Cuirassiers and Lancers, who had been drawn up to charge the fifth in flank, seek to oppose them; they were swept away with the rest, and two eagles, as well as two thousand prisoners, were taken. The English cavalry, in fact, succeeded in completely destroying a division five thousand strong, and cut the traces of all Drouet's cannons, which were thus rendered useless for the remainder of the day.

These successes, however, were purchased at a considerable cost. While the victorious troops were disorganized by their pursuit, they were charged in their turn and repulsed, scarcely a fifth of their gross number returning from the conflict. Sir

William Ponsonby was overtaken by a troop of Polish Lancers in a newly plowed field, in which his horse stuck fast, and, together with his aid-de-camp, was speared as he was giving the latter his watch and his lady's picture to deliver to her in case he should escape. Sir William's death also was terribly avenged; for his brigade, falling in with the Polish Lancers again, scarcely left one alive.

At this time Hougoumont continued to be a principal point of attack. Foiled in every attempt to carry it by storm, Napoleon had at last ordered it to be bombarded, and by this means it was set on fire. The chapel was burnt down, and many of the wounded of both sides perished in the flames. Still the blazing ruins were as obstinately held as ever; and though ten thousand Frenchmen were killed and wounded in the numberless attacks upon it, the old chateau was never for an instant in the hands of the enemy. Another and more desperate assault than ever was made about this period upon the devoted building; but its defenders having been reinforced by Byng's brigade, the attempt failed as signally as its predecessors. The farm of La Haye Sainte, which stood about two hundred and fifty yards in advance of the allied line, and formed an important outpost, did not fare so well. Three attacks were made upon it, and all of them were gallantly beaten off. Twice a barn, or outhouse, close to the main building, was fired, and twice the flames were extinguished; but when the operations against it had continued about two hours, the ammunition of the defenders began to fall short, and unhappily the communications with the main body were all cut off. The little garrison, overpowered, but fearless still, husbanded well each shot, and when it was all gone, they made a desperate defense with their bayonets. They were, of course, forced to yield, and, it is said, were all sacrificed to the rage of their captors. The enemy could make but little use, after all, of this dearly-acquired conquest, as the ruined house was opposed to the destructive and incessant fire of the guns on an adjacent ridge.

One of the most furious cannonades on record was now turned upon the English center, and formed the overture to Napoleon's last and most desperate attack. Before, however, describing the concluding scene of this bloody day, it is necessary to digress for a few moments to narrate the state of affairs at Wavre. The Duke, in giving battle, had calculated on receiving Blucher's aid at two or three o'clock; but the badness of the roads, occasioned by the rain of the previous night, rendered it impossible for it to come until nearly four hours later; and the allied resources had thus been taxed to support the contest for that long period beyond what their commander had intended. This is a point which, in estimating the merits of victory, ought not to be overlooked; for, to have held the position a single hour against the terrible cannonade which Napoleon's enormous park enabled him to pour upon the allied troops, was a task that would have severely tried the mettle of the best disciplined and most experienced troops. In a letter the Duke wrote to Lord Beresford from Paris, he said: "Never did I see such a pounding match. Both were what boxers call 'gluttons.' Napoleon did not manœuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns—and was driven off in the old style. I never saw British infantry behave so well." The routine was, in every instance, nearly the same. The British were mostly in square. The French cannonaded them for some time, and then ceased firing; the cavalry rushed on them; fell upon an immovable rock; retired, and were charged by the allied cavalry in return. This was repeated innumerable times. Occasionally the French would concentrate their fire on some devoted regiment, which, to avoid the iron hail, would lie down; but as soon as the cannonade ceased, would rise and repulse the cavalry attack, with the calm steadiness which all the British regiments showed throughout the day. The loss, however, was awful. The twenty-seventh regiment had four hundred killed in square, without returning a shot; the ninety-second, though reduced to less than two hundred, undauntedly charged, pierced, and routed a whole French column; the officer commanding the thirty-third sent to beg for support, and the only answer that could be given him was, that he must stand or fall where he was. The English guns were many times taken and retaken.

It was with an anxious eye that the great Duke, all of whose reserves had been gradually sent into action, watched the battle. Often was he seen to glance at his watch; and once he was heard to exclaim, "Would to God that night or Blucher would come!" Still he kept a composed countenance, and, regardless of danger, rode about in the thickest of the fire, seeing that all went well, and giving his men the encouragement they so much needed; for it is an admitted fact that the intrepidity which enables a soldier to stand still is of a much higher description than that required to make a charge, in which excitement often supplies the place of valor.

At a little before five, Bulow, with a portion of his corps, arrived, and commenced his attack; the cannon balls of his artillery reaching as far as the Charleroi-road. Napoleon immediately dispatched part of his reserves, under Count Lobau, against him. These troops soon repulsed Bulow, and separated him from the English army. A report in the meantime was spread along the French line that the fire proceeded from Grouchy's guns, and victory now seemed certain. At half-past six, Pirch's corps, reinforcing the Prussians to forty-six thousand men, began to show themselves, and Napoleon, still full of confidence as to the result, made his grand attack on the left center. Throwing back half his right wing to hold the Prussians in check, he collected the reserve of his Imperial Guards, amounting to fifteen thousand men, and ordered their attack to be supported by the simultaneous advance of the whole front line. Having led the Guards to the bottom of the hill, he pointed to the English lines and said, "There, gentlemen, is the way to Brussels!" The response was a hearty "Vive l'Empereur!" and the attack was handed over to Ney. The French marched proudly on to the encounter, preceded by a cloud of skirmishers, who, carrying on a smart battle with the light troops to the left, rapidly advanced to cover with the smoke of their pieces the movement of the Guards, and to drive the men from the English guns, which were making frightful havoc with the approaching colums. At last the leading one reached the crest of the hill, behind which the Duke of Wellington had made the Foot Guards lie down to avoid the tremendous fire which we have said formed a preliminary to the attack. To the surprise of the French in the front ranks, there appeared no obstacle except a few mounted officers, whom they could just discern through the smoke from Napier's battery, which the minute before had been engaged in driving back the skirmishers by a shower of canister, grape, and shrapnel shells. One of these officers was the Duke himself, who shouted, "Up, Guards, and at them!" Instantly they sprang up in a compact line of four deep, and at fifty paces poured into the column a volley that fairly staggered it. The Imperial Guards attempted to deploy; but the rapid and telling fire which was kept upon them rendered the movement a failure, and the Duke ordered Maitland to charge. A tremendous cheer was the reply. Guard met Guard for the first time, and in an instant the French were fleeing before the English. The second column now came on with imposing steadiness, disregarding the fire of Napier's battery, and returning with effect the musketry with which it was received. Sir John Colborne, who had been anxiously watching its advance, suddenly wheeled the fifty-second, so as to bring its fire on the left flank of the column, the front of which was exposed to that of Maitland's Guards. The Duke, whose intentions Sir John had anticipated, instantly supported him with the seventy-first, and two companies of the third battalion of the ninety-fifth. The cross fire, added to the cannonade, soon broke the Imperials, and the English regiments giving three cheers, charged on both faces, and routed them. The Duke, as they ran in confusion down the hill, launched Vivian and Vandeleur's cavalry upon the flying mass, and rendered a rally impossible. Meanwhile Druet's corps had been desperately engaging Alten's division, and the fugitives to whom the flank charge had given a sidelong impulse, rushed against it, and communicated the panic to their comrades, so that they also broke and fled. Fresh cavalry now advanced to keep back the French horse; and the Duke, perceiving that the Prussians were at hand, closed his telescope with the exclamation, "The hour is come!" and ordered the whole line to charge. Just at this moment the sun, as if to light the English troops to victory, burst forth for the first time on that eventful day, and the lurid glare struggling through the battle smoke produced the strangest effect perhaps ever beheld. It did not, however, last long. The "regent of the skies" set to rise on the morrow; but the sun of Napoleon's fame, as bright and fleeting as these last rays, had sunk forever! The desperate determination to stand or die, which, up to this period, had sustained the allies, now gave way to an indescribable tide of emotions. The conviction rushed with irresistible force into every mind, that the same judgment which had caused their illustrious commander to turn so long a deaf ear to their demands to be led on, could not be at fault when he now bade them to advance. Every one, therefore, felt that victory was certain. Then the presentiment that the field they were now contesting would be the most glorious in the world's history, begot in each soldier's breast a fervent desire to distinguish himself; and, lastly, there was not a regiment that had not some beloved officer, for whose death they had to exact a terrible reckoning—not a man that had not some brother, some friend, some comrade to avenge. Thus it was that the Duke's command was received with a thrilling cheer; and, forming one long and splendid line, the infantry hurry on to certain conquest. Every man is a hero. No troops can resist such a host, for "Victory sits upon their helms."

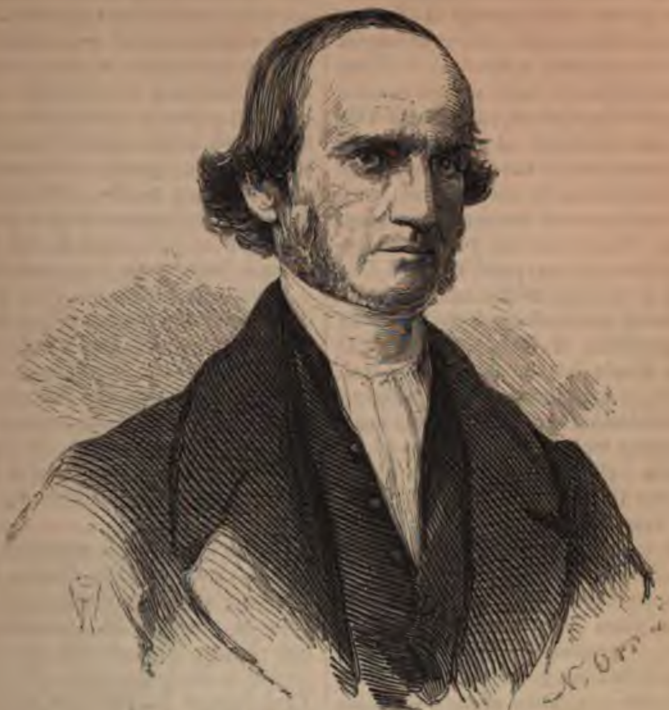
The French flee at their approach—the horse artillery open on the panic-stricken mass—the cavalry thunder upon their broken ranks. "*Sauve qui peut!*" becomes the cry—order, discipline, courage, are forgotten, and in a few short moments one of the bloodiest and most complete routs ever experienced by an army has taken place. Three squares of the Old Guards attempted to stand; but the Duke ordered Adams' brigade to charge, and as it approached they faced about, and began to retire. This movement soon degenerated into a confused flight, and, with scarcely an attempt to rally, the French army was a total wreck. The portion of the right wing opposed to Blucher being unsupported, collapsed before the Prussians, who took Planchenoit with little trouble, and cut off all chance of an orderly retreat.

The news of Waterloo reached England on the twentieth, by Mr. Sutton, the proprietor of a number of vessels plying between Colchester and Ostend, who made the voyage at his private cost for that special purpose. The Duke's dispatches arrived two days later, and were immediately conveyed to the two Houses of Parliament. They produced the most rapturous expressions of joy. A vote of thanks to the Duke and his army was carried by acclamation in the Lords, on the motion of the Earl Bathurst; and in the Commons the minister (Lord Castlereagh) brought a message from the Prince Regent, in consequence of which an additional grant of $1,000,000, accompanied by the most flattering encomiums, was made, to purchase a mansion and estate for His Grace. Illuminations were general throughout the country, and almost every steeple rang out its merriest peals. A prayer of thanksgiving was said in the churches on Sunday, the ninth of July, and a subscription, amounting to upward of $500,000 was made for the widows and orphans of the slain.

All the regiments which had been in the battle were permitted to inscribe "Waterloo" on their banners; and every surviving soldier was presented with a silver medal, and was allowed to reckon that day as two years' service.

CURIOSITY OF CHILDREN.

THE curiosity of the child is the philosophy of the man, or at least, to abate somewhat of so sweeping a generality, the one very frequently grows into the other. The former is a sort of balloon—a little thing, to be sure, but a critical one nevertheless, and pretty surely indicative of the heights, as well as the direction, to be taken by the more fully expanded mind. Point out to me a boy of original, or what would generally be called eccentric habits, fond of rambling about, a hunter of the wood-side and river-bank, prone to collect what he can search out, and then on his return to shut himself up in his room, and make experiments upon his gatherings—to inquire into the natural history of each according to its kind—point such a one out to me, and I should have no difficulty in pronouncing him, without the aid of physiognomy, to be a far better and happier augury than his fellow, who does nothing but pore over his books, never dreaming that there can be any knowledge beyond them. The spirit that is powerful enough to choose, instead of resigning itself to the tide, must be a very powerful spirit indeed —a spirit of right excellent promise.



STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D.

PROMINENT among the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and occupying a no less conspicuous position among the pulpit orators of our country, stands the Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New-York. He is, intellectually, a great man—great in the pulpit, as great on the platform, and one who would attain the same eminence in any other direction in which he should choose to exert the energies of his mind. This is the *vox populi*—the general verdict—and is amply sustained by a more careful investigation of the character and abilities of the man. No person can listen to one of Dr. Tyng's extempore addresses at the anniversaries of our Benevolent Societies, without being convinced that a mind of no common order has been unfolding itself before him.

The particulars which we have been able to obtain of the early history of the subject of our sketch, although meager and few, must be interesting to many readers as connected with one with whom the Christian public have been so long and so favorably acquainted. Dr. Tyng was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the 1st of March, 1800. His father was a lawyer of distinction, Hon. Dudley Atkins Tyng; and his maternal grandfather, the Hon. Stephen Higginson, of Boston, a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. Young Tyng prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, which has helped to train more great men for active life than any similar institution in America. An incident of his residence at this academy Dr. Tyng incorporated, in his own felicitous manner, in an address made by him at the annual meeting of the Tract Society in May last. Forty years ago, on a fast-day, six young men, preparing for college at Andover, retired to the woods, and met around an old stump for prayer. "Of those six," said the speaker, "Samuel Green found an early entrance into heaven, from successful labors in Boston. Daniel Temple went up to his reward, after a quarter of a century of usefulness in Syria. Asa Cummings is still living, the editor of a widely useful religious paper. Alva Wood was the honored president of a western college.

William Goodell, who has spent more than a quarter of a century in Turkey, meets us here to-day; and your humble brother, the speaker, is the sixth." From such associates the youth parted, to enter Harvard College, at the early age of thirteen. He graduated at seventeen, and evincing no decided taste for any professional occupation, he entered upon mercantile business with the prospect of great success. But he was still young, and two years afterward the providence of God seemed to call him to the ministry. He commenced his theological studies under the supervision of Bishop Griswold, at Bristol, Rhode Island. During his residence there a most remarkable religious interest extended through the whole town, commencing with the congregation of St. Michael's. Here he was ordained a deacon on the 4th of March, 1821.

Mr. Tyng then removed to the South, and was settled a few months after as the pastor of St. John's Church, Georgetown, District of Columbia, where he labored for two years with activity, zeal, and success. Opportunities of more extended usefulness led the young minister to accept, at the expiration of that time, the charge of Queen Anne Parish, Prince George's County, Maryland. Here he had access to the best of society, some leisure for study, which he eagerly improved, and a wide field for missionary operations. There were then large tracts of country in that region in which the population was so scattered that public worship was seldom enjoyed by many. In addition to his regular duties, Mr. Tyng undertook to supply this destitution by making preaching tours in all directions; and during one of these tours preached seventeen times, and traveled four hundred and fifty miles, on horseback, in fourteen days.

After six years of labor in this field, he became rector of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, in May, 1829. During the three years which he spent here, Dr. Tyng's audience was the largest in the city. Three times each Sabbath he addressed a congregation which thronged the church to its utmost capacity, besides holding a daily morning meeting at six o'clock, preparing a weekly lecture, and delivering numerous addresses before benevolent societies of every description. At the general commencement of Jefferson College in 1832, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him. "Whatever mistakes have been made by our literary institutions, of late years, in the lavish conferring of this degree, if sound learning, accurate scholarship, extensive theological acquirements, vigorous intellect, and very superior pulpit powers, with great devotion to his professional work, constitute legitimate grounds for the bestowment of this honor, it was not injudiciously bestowed in the present instance."

In the fall of 1833, Dr. Tyng was elected rector of the Church of the Epiphany. His ministry at St. Paul's had been wonderfully successful, as will be evident from the fact that during the four years of his connection with that Church two hundred and fifty persons had been admitted to its communion, and these were but a portion of the fruits of his labor during that period.

On the death of the venerable and universally lamented Dr. Milnor, in 1845, Dr. Tyng was called to supply his honored place as rector of St. George's Church, New-York. This church was originally located in Beekman-street; but, after Dr. Tyng became its pastor, it was removed to Sixteenth-street, where a fine edifice has been erected, fronting on one of the beautiful parks which abound in the upper part of the city. At the time of Dr. Tyng's installation there were four hundred and fifty members in communion; the present number we have not been able to learn. St. George's Church, however, receives a crowded congregation every Sabbath, and the Sabbath-school connected with the Church numbers one thousand teachers and pupils.

Dr. Tyng's appearance, at present, is that of a man in the prime of life, possessing much physical as well as mental energy. He is rather above the average height, or his erect and dignified bearing gives that impression. He is calm and dignified upon the platform. In the pulpit he wears the robes of his office with an ease and grace which serves to heighten the dignity of his general appearance. His countenance, not untruthfully, bespeaks the diligent and laborious student—a strong mind, thoroughly disciplined and developed. The forehead is high and broad, affording a fine study for the physiognomist. The eyebrows are dark and heavy, concealing an orb which is wont to animate, with its flashing glance, the souls of assembled thousands. The eye has been said to be the orator's magnet; and certainly we know of no one who uses it with more magnetic power than Dr. Tyng. The contour of the lips denotes a strong and determined will, which is fully verified in the actual character of the man. Though his head has become slightly bald, and his locks are beginning to silver, none other of the monitions of age are apparent; his voice is still as clear and full, and his step, apparently, as vigorous as ever.

Dr. Tyng is an accomplished elocutionist. Nature has given him a well-toned and powerful voice, which cultivation has, it is evident, greatly improved. It seems to be as fully at his command as an instrument in the hands of a skillful performer. Every word is distinctly articulated; the emphasis is marked and frequent, but always, even in extempore speaking, given with admirable propriety. His manner in public addresses has been remarked to resemble that of an accused person defending his own cause. This remark may more justly refer to certain occasions, perhaps, than to his usual performances. The prominent features of his mind—accuracy, boldness, energy, and independence—are as visible in the manner as in the matter of Dr. Tyng's public speaking. The individuality of the speaker, also, is rarely lost in the consideration of the subject in hand. This does not amount to egotism, or any disagreeable or excessive prominence of self; but he is not in the habit of dodging the personal pronoun, and his listeners are generally little less impressed with the magnitude of the man than with the importance of the subject. But Dr. Tyng uses the forms of his Church without being formal; for he breathes into them a living spirit and a freshness which makes the prescribed ritual appear the spontaneous and heart-felt expression of his own emotions.

A fervent spirit enlivens the performance of all his public duties, which is the key to his popularity and success. A man who acts on the wise admonition of Solomon, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," can hardly fail to succeed in whatever direction he may choose to exert himself.

But Dr. Tyng refuses to be confined entirely and invariably to the Book of Prayer. He came to New-York a leading member of the Low Church party, and took charge of a congregation thoroughly Low Church, and at an early opportunity avowed his belief on the subject of extempore prayer. He declared that he considered such prayer as a duty and a privilege, and should not hesitate to employ it at discretion. In a published work of Dr. Tyng's, ("Recollections of England,") he says:—

> "Wherever in England I met with faithful, pious men, I found them men of prayer. The prayers, on all these occasions, were uniformly extemporaneous."

Again he says:—

> "How destructive to the influence of true piety among us, and to the actual increase of the power of the gospel, would be the success of their endeavors, who would shut out from us the use of extemporaneous prayer! The converted soul must pray; and although our liturgy, for the purposes of strictly public worship, for which it is designed, is unrivaled, and all that we want, it does not, and cannot, answer the purpose of many other occasions, when we need prayers most special and adapted. The attempt to make it the only vehicle of united prayers is the inevitable result of a formal spirit, and the parent of this spirit in others."

In the defense of this, his belief, he is earnest, bold, and independent—so much so as to become, perhaps, rather obnoxious to those who hold a different opinion. This position he did not hesitate to indorse on the trial of Bishop Onderdonk, and other occasions. Notwithstanding his habitual use of the prescribed forms, Dr. Tyng often makes very felicitous original prayers. An instance occurred, at one of the late anniversaries, where he offered a prayer, expressed almost entirely in Scripture language, and a performance of remarkable beauty.

His matter and manner are entirely his own. As eccentricity appears to be a distant relation of originality, many young aspirants for fame assume the one in order to obtain the reputation of possessing the other, and sometimes succeed, in part. But Dr. Tyng's originality is not protruded; it is impossible for him to be otherwise than original. He borrows nothing from another, for the simple reason that he has abundance in his own coffers. Nature has given him a mind of uncommon depth, and long and severe study has made it equal to the performance of any duty depending solely upon its own resources. Hence the most ordinary subject reveals, under his treatment, new and unsuspected beauties, and the barren waste blossoms beneath the rays of his genial intellect.

It has been previously remarked that Dr. Tyng possesses an eminently well-disciplined mind. Like his voice, it is entirely under control; and in this respect he presents a most striking contrast to a celebrated minister of a neighboring city, whose discursive genius gathers gems from distant rivulets—who possesses a mind of a very singular construction—a kind of composite or mosaic, yet withal a most brilliant intellect. Dr. Tyng's mind, on the contrary, resembles in its operations a well-trained pointer, who follows one scent through briar and bush, seeking it out with unerring certainty from a hundred others; but this power of concentration is not the gift of genius—long years of laborious study have produced it. To years of such study Dr. Tyng's personal appearance bears witness, and still greater testimony is the abundant furniture of his mind on every subject, the closeness of his style, and the number of his sermons. During one winter, of which we happen to have special knowledge, he preached three times each Sabbath, and during Lent six times a week.

His style is close, as being free from any superfluity of expression, but by no means meager or confined. His sentences are well constructed, rounded, and rolled out in Ciceronian completeness. In attacking error he deals with the understanding as well as the feelings, and brings to bear upon his opponent solid argument rather than empty declamation. What has been said of the great man lately departed might be repeated with considerable truth of Dr. Tyng. Mr. Webster always treated his hearers with great respect; he never attempted to impose his *dicta* upon his hearers, in the manner of a political pedagogue, but spoke as to an assembly possessed of understandings equal to his own, and only to be convinced by sound and weighty reasoning.

A strong man in the pulpit, Dr. Tyng is still greater upon the platform. Here his command of language, discipline of mind, and oratorical talent become strikingly manifest. His extempore speeches, on most occasions, wear the aspect of most finished and elaborate productions. The same symmetry, force, and completeness is evident in these fifteen-minute efforts which characterize his sermons and written addresses. The whole English vocabulary seems to lie within his reach, and in the heat of emotion the proper words flow into their proper places in an unfailing stream. His reputation as a speaker is firmly established; he is one whose name upon a programme is a guarantee for at least one excellent treat in the entertainment. To a stranger, hearing Dr. Tyng for the first time in these extempore efforts, it appears scarcely credible that there has been no preparation—but so it is. This readiness and fullness is the result of a preparation which began in the academy, was continued in the college, and which is going on now. It is a great pleasure to listen to such a speaker. You feel confident that he is a man well fortified on every point—one who can meet any subject, and hold your attention unflagging to the close. He is, emphatically, a *master* of the art of extemporaneous speaking. We extract the following description of one of his efforts of this kind from a defunct periodical:—

> "Perhaps he was never more eloquent and impressive in his life, never clothed his thoughts in more beautiful or forcible language, than on the occasion of a temperance anniversary at the Broadway Tabernacle, when he was called on to speak until another gentleman, appointed for the occasion, should arrive. He spoke ten minutes superbly, fully developed the thought he had presented, and would have sat down; but the expected speaker had not arrived; the audience insisted on his proceeding; and another ten minutes he poured out a strain of still more impassioned eloquence. Still there was no arrival; cries of 'go on,' 'go on,' again prevailed, and he started forward on the third heat, bearing away the hearts of all in their admiration of his burning words; eclipsing in his last effort all previous displays, and accomplishing in that most difficult task of 'speaking against time,' the most superb feat of platform oratory."

He has a large fund of anecdote, which he uses abundantly and with great effect in his speeches. He also abounds in metaphor and happy illustrations, and many a gem falls from his lips endowed with a peculiar beauty which the reporter's pen must fail to secure. Many of these happy hits are well worthy of more durable record than the memories of his hearers at the Tabernacle. We recollect a passage of a speech of Dr. Tyng's before the Tract Society in May of last year. In speaking of the advantages of the colporteur system above those which could be attained by the separate Church action of denominations, he said—

> "For us to enter upon this field is to enter upon our appropriate work. These five millions of emigrants, who have already passed over the ocean, and those who are coming still, need a *saddle-bags* ministry. Before I can go home and put on my gown, a thousand of them are gone by; and, before our doctors can get out with their written sermons, they are away over the hills! Now, unless we can get out an artillery that can shoot them flying, we can do nothing with them. And this is just what the colporteurs are doing."

We extract the following paragraph from a speech of Dr. Tyng's, at a meeting of the New-York Bible Society, held not long since in the Tabernacle:—

> "William Tyndal, who commenced the translation of the Bible after it had been buried in the darkness of centuries, compared it to Isaac's opening the wells which his father Abraham had dug, and which the Philistines, in their hatred, had stopped. When they found a well of springing water the Philistines strove for it, and he called it 'Esek,' i. e., contention. And they digged another, and they strove for that also, and he called it 'Sitnah,' hatred. And they digged another, and for that they strove not, and therefore he called it 'Rehoboth,' room. And so it has always been in our attempts to open the well of God's word. It has produced hatred and strife, and we have not yet come to 'Rehoboth,' the broad 'Rehoboth,' where we may go on diffusing these waters of life without molestation."

Dr. Tyng's movements are those of a self-reliant and well-girded warrior, ready to do instant battle in the cause of truth, even though unassisted and alone. He is one of those who abhor neutrality, whose name is no dead-letter when enlisted on either side of a question. Such men are they who are found the ruling spirits when the masses rise for the destruction of tyranny; such men are foremost in the bloody charge of battle—the first to storm the breach and plant the banner; such men lead senates, and stand in the prominent places of the earth.

Dr. Tyng is somewhat impulsive, which indeed is to be expected in a man of such strong feelings; and this leads him sometimes, in the heat of public speaking, and excited by popular applause, to say things which his calmer judgment might not wholly approve. This is a common peccadillo among our distinguished platform orators —one which it is, perhaps, hardly fair to notice, as perfect caution and entire accuracy can scarcely be demanded in rapid and unpremeditated discourse, when the "demonstration of power," rather than of logic, is sought.

Dr. Tyng's bump of combativeness appears to be largely developed, although this impression may have been received from the fact of his having been so frequently compelled to act on the defensive. The necessity may, however, have been provoked, in part, by the trait of character mentioned above, but especially by the stand which he has taken in the controversy between the two parties of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Yet this combative disposition, when confined within proper limits, is not objectionable; combative error demands combative opponents, and there is an inspired exhortation to the Christian minister to be "a good soldier" of Christ. Luther, the mightiest champion of truth that this earth ever bore on her bosom, was of a disposition pugnacious to the last degree—almost quarrelsome. He often assumed a rude and bitter manner to his adversaries, in which respect, we are happy to say, Dr. Tyng is far from resembling that great man.

He is living a life of great results; he has accomplished much thus far, and appears still active, earnest, and vigorous enough to do much more. In New-York, he has done and is still doing a great work. His preaching evinces remarkable analytical powers. He seizes upon the strong points of a subject and treats them with a master's hand. The Scriptures seem to have received no small share of his attention and laborious investigation. This is evident in the lucid manner with which he evolves the meaning of a text, seldom failing to convey new and luminous ideas to the hearer during the exposition. The person, work, and character of Christ, appears to be his favorite subject of discourse, and he is never more animated than on days of communion, when the theme becomes peculiar to the occasion.

Dr. Tyng does not, usually, employ a manuscript, and in extemporaneous discourse he appears to possess no less accuracy of expression, readiness of utterance, and richness of style than in his written productions. He has published several works on religious subjects, and "Recollections of England."

He is now in the richest maturity of his faculties, and will evidently be a man of mark for years to come.

LADY MARY.

BY THE REV. H. ALFORD.

Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun:
And fairer yet thou mightest be,
Thy youth was but begun:
Thine eye was soft and glancing,
Of the deep bright blue;
And on the heart thy gentle words
Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Even as thou hadst been praying,
At thine hour of rest:
The cold pale moon was shining
On thy cold pale cheek,
And the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,
All of pure white stone,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
In the chancel all alone:
And I saw thee when the winter moon
Shone on thy marble cheek,
When the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

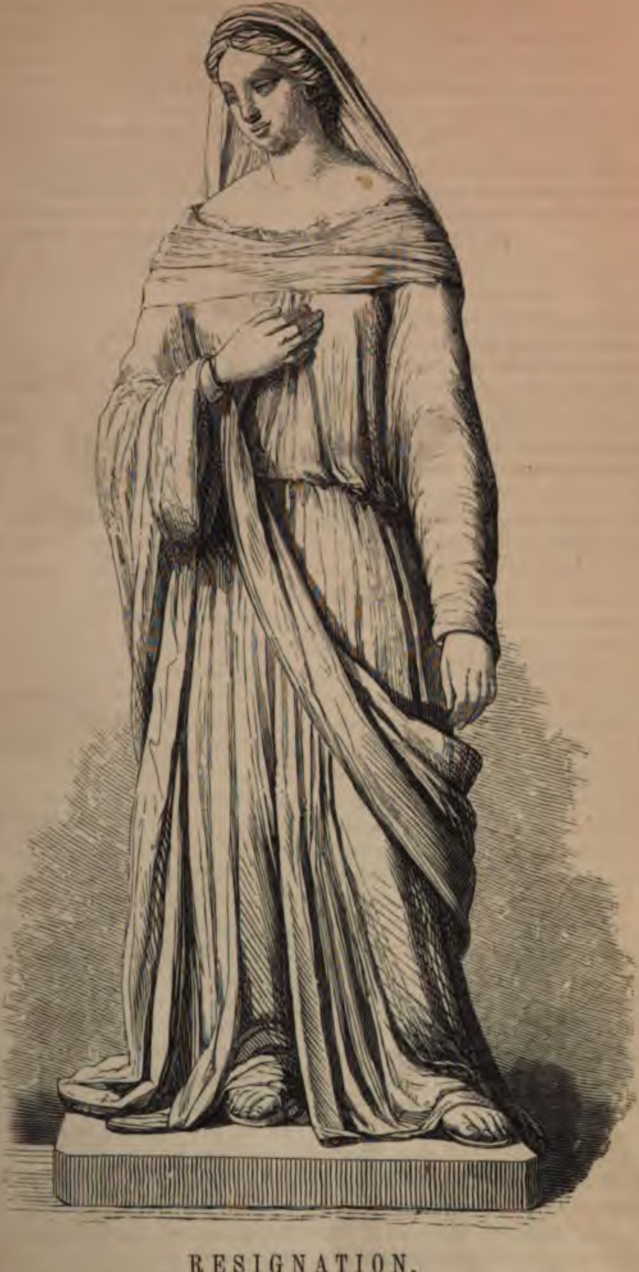
But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Among the perfect spirits,
In the land of rest:
Thou art even as they took thee
At thine hour of prayer,
Save the glory that is on thee
From the Sun that shineth there.

We shall see thee, Lady Mary,
On that shore unknown,
A pure and happy angel,
In the presence of the throne;
We shall see thee when the light divine
Plays freshly on thy cheek,
And the resurrection morning
Hath just begun to break.

A THOUGHT.

And 'tis known
That when we stand upon our native soil,
Unelbow'd by such objects as oppress
Our active powers, those powers themselves become
Strong to subvert our noxious qualities;
They sweep distemper from the busy day,
And make the chalice of the big round year
Run o'er with gladness; whence the being moves
In beauty through the world, and all who see
Bless him, rejoicing in his neighborhood.

Wordsworth.



RESIGNATION.

THE above graceful engraving is an exact representation of Hermann's much-admired statue. A late number of *L'Illustration*, a French popular periodical, says "he has not his equal in the world" in the execution of drapery. "This able production," adds *L'Illustration*, "will be appreciated by artists and amateurs; the attitude is touching, the lines are pure; the author has, above all, succeeded in the drapery." The picture expresses its own lesson better than could pages of homiletics.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNSON.

JOHNSON did not abandon all other literary pursuits while he was prosecuting his great philological task. At first he continued his occasional issues of pieces of moderate extent, and afterward for more than two years he devoted himself, with wonderful steadiness and with a rare fecundity of mental resource, to the production of a work upon whose merits his reputation is chiefly built. In the *Magazine* for May (1748) appeared his life of Roscommon, the same that now, improved and somewhat enlarged, makes one of the "Lives of the English Poets." The same year Dodsley brought out his "Preceptor," a compilation of choice pieces, designed for the instruction of young persons. To this work Johnson wrote the preface, in which each piece is noticed, and its excellences pointed out. In this volume also appeared an original allegory, from the pen of the future moralist, which, had he written nothing else, would have entitled him to the lasting gratitude of his race. That piece was the "Vision of Theodore, the Hermit of Teneriffe." It is exceedingly doubtful whether any other human production embodies in the same space so much deep and yet practical Christian philosophy as does this brief allegory. It is, in fact, a practical system of the moral and religious philosophy of life, clothed in the beautiful language of the imagination, and expressed in a style at once forcible and felicitous. Johnson himself esteemed it the best thing he ever wrote; and yet it was begun and finished in a single night.

To this year, also, belongs his second and best poetical production, "The Vanity of Human Wishes," an imitation of the tenth Satire of Juvenal—though it was not published till after the beginning of the next. Like "London," it seems to have cost its author no great amount of labor, as it is stated, on good authority, that he composed seventy lines in one day, and that without putting one of them on paper till all were completed. The poem was issued by Dodsley, and the author received fifteen guineas for it, reserving to himself, as in all similar cases, the right of printing one edition. This new effusion of his muse was well received by Johnson's literary friends, and the verdict of posterity has assigned to it a high place among moral and didactic poems.

The remarks of Boswell upon this production, quite unlike most of his criticisms, are singularly just and appreciative. "It has," he remarks, "less of common life, but more of a philosophic dignity, than his 'London.' More readers, therefore, will be delighted with the pointed spirit of 'London' than with the profound reflection of the 'Vanity of Human Wishes.' It is, in the opinion of the best judges, as high an effort of ethic poetry as any language can show. The instances and variety of disappointment are chosen so judiciously, and painted so strongly, that, the moment they are read, they bring conviction to every thinking mind. That of the warrior, Charles of Sweden, is as highly-finished a picture as can possibly be conceived. That of the scholar [his own experience no doubt] must have depressed the too sanguine expectation of many an ambitious student. But were all the other excellences of this poem annihilated, it must ever have our grateful reverence for its noble conclusion, in which we are consoled with the assurance that happiness may be attained if we apply our hearts to piety."

The last four years of Johnson's history constitute a part of the most important and fruitful period of his whole life. During this period we have to contemplate him steadily and vigorously employed in scaling the rugged steep that lay between the low condition that he had so long held, and the elevated level which he subsequently attained. In this ascent he exhibited at once, and in harmonious coöperation, the distinct characteristics of genius and application, so happily illustrated by a kindred spirit in the allegory of the "Hill of Science." No slave at the oar ever bent himself more lustily to toil than did he, and the steadiness of his devotion to labor was such that had he been wholly without genius he could not have more fully availed himself of the aid of plodding application; and yet the evidences of transcendent genius were never more clearly and forcibly given than by the results of some of his efforts during this period of fruitful industry. The accumulation of that period purchased, with an ample price, the reputation, and the grosser, but not less essential rewards of labor, that sustained him during his later life.

Twelve years had now passed since Johnson first came to London, a forlorn adventurer, without friends, or fortune, or reputation, and even without the mental culture and development necessary to insure success in the calling to which he had devoted himself. The interval had been passed in toil, obscurity, and want; by which his heart had been trained to endure, and his hands to act, while his genius had risen with the occasion, and his powers acquired facility by their unremitted exercise. The results were now manifesting themselves. He began gradually to emerge from his obscurity, and to rise to a more conspicuous position in society. The great world had not only heard his name, but had received assurances of his powers. He was now rapidly advancing to the position of the first of living authors, and had also the proud satisfaction of knowing that his acquisitions were all made by his own energies, and that he owed very little to friends or patrons. He was still, however, in the midst of the conflict, and much yet remained to be done before he could remit his painful and protracted labor to enjoy its full recompense. His recently-published works had won for him an invaluable reputation in the learned circles of London, and also raised him above the distressing poverty that had hitherto rested upon him with the weight of a millstone; and the published "Plan" of his Dictionary had excited public expectation, and fixed upon him the interested gaze of all who were capable of appreciating the value of such a production. Another portion of this period of Herculean labor is therefore to be traversed by his biographer, but one greatly relieved from the painful depression of former times.

More than once in the preceding pages reference has been made to an original tragedy undertaken by Johnson while residing near Lichfield, just before his first coming to London. The period of the growth of that production, unlike most of the works of its author, was somewhat protracted, reaching over a space of nearly three years; and the writer's estimate of its value seems to have been in some degree regulated by the labor it cost him. But an author's partialities are not always coincident with the judgment of the public, and Johnson's estimate of *Irene* was seconded by but few of his friends who had seen it, or heard it read. For twelve years it had been upon his hands, an unsuccessful suitor for an introduction to the public on the metropolitan stage. At length this long night of disappointment gave place to hope's dawning.

David Garrick, the early associate and fellow-adventurer of Johnson, and also his steady companion and faithful friend, had early taken to the stage, where his success as an actor had been highly flattering. He had steadily gone forward in his profession, till now, by common consent, he stood at its head. This unusual success had been achieved by the joint influence of his unequaled abilities as an actor, and the comparative excellence of his moral character, united to no small share of shrewdness as a man of business. His recompense was both early and abundant. Two years before he had become joint lessee, and the principal manager of the Theater Royal of Drury Lane. Two years of successful management had sufficed to make him the sole dictator of the London stage. The set time for the production of *Irene* seemed now to have arrived, and Garrick, with characteristic generosity, undertook to bring it out. But this was a more difficult undertaking than might at first be apprehended. *Irene*, with all its excellences, and notwithstanding its elaborate finish, was found to be not well adapted to the stage. The preparations of the closet are often unsuited to the circumstances of a public exhibition, and the author whose imagination does not *realize* the state of things for which his production is designed cannot expect to succeed as a dramatic writer. That Johnson, who at the time of writing his tragedy had never witnessed a theatrical performance, and with whom the imagination was at no time the predominating faculty, should have failed in these things, can surprise no one. It was found necessary to make very considerable changes to adapt the piece to the stage, to which however Johnson, with whom *Irene* was a great favorite, strenuously objected. But the manager knew his business—and, being convinced that what the writer esteemed real excellences, because of their literary and didactic properties, were incompatible with theatrical effect—he insisted on the required changes. He especially objected to the staid rigidity of the enamored Sultan, at the catastrophe of the plot, as unsuitable to the occasion, and desired that there should be a greater exhibition of passion. To this Johnson objected vociferously: "The fellow," said he, "wants me to make Mahomet run mad, that he may have an opportunity of tossing his head and kicking his heels." So strong was Johnson's repugnance to the proposed emendations, that it was not until induced to do so by the entreaties of a mutual friend that he assented that they should be made.

The conduct of Garrick in this whole affair was most generous. The best performers were selected for the several parts; all the usual arts for raising public expectation were employed, and every advantage of dress and decoration made available. But all these combined did not avail. The success of *Irene* on the stage was only partial, and for this partial success it was probably quite as largely indebted to the circumstances of its production as to its own intrinsic merits. It was acted for nine successive nights to considerably large and highly respectable audiences, who received this new production with a good degree of favor. On the first night, when, according to the original plan of the play, to which Garrick had made no objection, the bow-string was put around the neck of the Grecian princess, by which she was to be strangled on the stage, the spectators raised the cry of murder, and the fair victim was carried off alive. The play was afterward so altered that this part should take place behind the scene; for an English audience would not tolerate a form of execution so unfashionable among them, though in other forms equally revolting spectacles were witnessed without complaint. The profits to Johnson from these performances amounted to about two hundred pounds; and the copyright, which was immediately bought by Dodsley, brought another hundred pounds,—making altogether a greater sum than Johnson had been accustomed to have in hand at one time.

The merits of *Irene* have been very differently estimated. Its dramatic character is not of the highest order. It lacks the vivacity, the keenness, and especially the dramatic illusion by which apparent reality is given to the scene and its actions. The speakers are mere speakers, impassive and unimpassioned; and though they declare themselves to be bursting with emotion, they seem rather to be acting their assumed parts than expressing their own heart-felt sentiments. For these reasons it is not calculated to awaken strong emotions in the minds of the spectators; for why should they be moved when the actors themselves are not? The play of the passions is also prevented by the many and apt philosophical suggestions of the speakers; for reflection and emotion are not often consentaneous—and Johnson's characters are all philosophers. Garrick, whose judgment in such matters is worthy of much respect, declared that Johnson had neither the power to produce the impressions of tragedy, nor the sensibility to perceive them. It is probable that he discovered this himself, for few men have been better acquainted with their own powers and susceptibilities; and therefore he never made a second attempt to write for the stage.

Considered however apart from its dramatic character, as a poem to be read in the closet, or to a private circle, *Irene* has many excellences. Its language is pure, dignified, and simple; its imagery is pleasing but not gorgeous; its sentiments are noble and its philosophy profound. It may be read with both pleasure and profit by all who are delighted with elevated moral sentiments expressed in affluent and nervous language; and who choose to view things in their truthful reality rather than in the deceptive imagery of fancy or passion. But such are not the characters that make up the assemblage of the playhouse. Men go to the theater to be amused rather than to be profited, and require that their passions shall be aroused rather than their understanding enlightened or their consciences rectified. For this cause, as a judicious critic has remarked, "*Irene* may be added to some other plays in our language, which have lost their place in the theater but continue to please in the closet."

The production of *Irene* was neither a successful *hit* nor yet a failure. Johnson, no doubt, was disappointed; but as it brought him a considerable sum of money, and was commended by the judicious few whose good opinion he especially prized, he might patiently forego the popular applause; at least it was wise in him to bow uncomplainingly to the decree of the public judgment, and submit to his fate without irritation or despondency.

In pursuing the personal history of Johnson, long intervals must sometimes be passed over in silence, because they afford nothing that deserves to be recorded. Such a chasm extends over the year 1749, from the beginning of March to about the same period of the next year. As yet he was known to the public only by his works; and only as from time to time he issued one or another of the productions of his pen does his history present any notable points. It is easy to presume that, what with his Dictionary, which was then in full progress, and such miscellaneous pieces as he contributed to the magazines, he wanted neither employment nor its recompense. When wearied with his protracted labors he found rest and relaxation at the Ivy Lane Club, while diligent application to business and improved financial resources in a good degree mitigated his constitutional melancholy, and fitted him to enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse. He was also at that time meditating, and probably to some extent preparing for another great work, which was soon after undertaken and successfully carried forward to its completion—a work upon which, more than upon any other, rests his reputation as an author.

Johnson was always more a student of men and principles than of books. He had accumulated knowledge from whatever had come under his observation, which his unequaled reflective powers had thoroughly digested and reduced to elementary rules of life and manners. But he lacked the method and arrangement that was needed to enable him to form his knowledge into systems, and to embody it in treatises. The rambling manner of the periodical essayists of the age of Queen Anne seemed especially adapted to the structure and habitudes of his mind. But the essay had had its day; and after declining from the elevation that it maintained when employed by Addison and Steele, into a vehicle of commonplace thoughts and stale witticisms, it had more recently been almost wholly disused. This long interval of its suspension, Johnson hoped had somewhat prepared the public mind to welcome its revival in its original energy and purity; and when it was known that he had undertaken the work of restoring it, his reputation, both as a man and a writer, was considered a sufficient pledge that the work would not be permitted to languish.

Accordingly, on Tuesday morning, March 20th, 1750, appeared in the shops of the London booksellers a small folio sheet, headed, "The Rambler," whose contents consisted chiefly of an elaborate preliminary essay, designed to introduce a series of miscellaneous articles, which it promised for each succeeding Saturday and Tuesday. The new periodical was thus fairly begun before the public had been informed that it was even thought of, the author proudly refusing to court that favor which he knew himself to be worthy to command; and as it came forth unheralded, so its appearance made no great stir in the metropolis. But as sheet followed sheet, with the regularity of the calendar, and each new paper seemed to be an improvement upon its predecessor, public attention was drawn to it, and its varied contents were eagerly read and highly commended by those who could appreciate its worth. Still, during its periodical progress, it did not become popular—it was too full of thought for that—and its circulation seldom exceeded five hundred copies. Its authorship was not publicly acknowledged, but it could not be concealed; and though the name of Johnson at first gave strength and stability to the *Rambler*, yet in turn this debt was more than canceled, for the *errant* sheet bore the mental image of its author to many who had not hitherto heard his name. For two whole years the semi-weekly issues continued to appear, without a single omission, while the tone and spirit of the essays did not deteriorate to the last number—which is an admirable conclusion to the series, and a most dignified valedictory of the author to his readers.

In projecting and carrying forward this design, Johnson had neither counselors nor assistants; he consulted only his own judgment in the matter, and relied solely on his own resources and industry for its execution. Of the two hundred and eight papers that make up the series, all but eight were the product of his own unaided pen; and of these, four were partly written by himself. From the beginning he seems to have considered it the great work of his life, upon which his future reputation would depend, and by which his relation to mankind, as a benefactor or otherwise, would be determined. He therefore evoked to its performance the best resources of his well-stored intellect, and aroused for it all the energies of his soul. Deeply impressed with a conviction of the responsibility that such a work would devolve upon him in his relations to his fellow-men, he turned his heart to the only sure source of wisdom and strength, and, according to his custom on all great occasions, composed a prayer adapted to the case, in which, after confessing that, without divine help and grace, "all labor is ineffectual, and all wisdom is folly," he prayed that in this undertaking the Holy Spirit might not be withheld from him, but that he might [in it] promote the divine glory and the salvation of both himself and others. In the same spirit the work was prosecuted to the end, as all who have read it will be able to declare.

The title assumed for this series of essays has been thought not happily chosen, and some have censured it as especially inappropriate. But the work has given meaning to the name, and its inappropriateness is no longer felt. The author's account of the selection of this title is this:—"When I was to begin that paper, I was at a loss how to name it; I sat down at night upon my bedside, and resolved that I would not go to sleep till I had fixed its title. *The Rambler* seemed the best that occurred, and I took it." No doubt there were sufficient reasons present to his mind why that name "seemed best," and that it was especially designed to indicate the miscellaneous character of the essays—in which, probably, greater variety was anticipated than was realized. Nor is there any great force in the objections that have been urged against it by certain hypercritical writers. What if it was rendered in Italian, *Il Vagabondo?* A literal translation out of one language into another will almost always destroy the sense of the discourse and present grotesque absurdities, and he must be very keen of perception that could see in a literary *Rambler* any likeness to a *vagrant.*

The history of literature affords very few instances of such tireless assiduity as was evinced in the production of *The Rambler.* There is reason to believe that when the first number issued from the press, not one of its successors was completed; and, of the two hundred essays thus written by the same hand, not more than thirty were from materials previously arranged. Thus, with the steadiness of the sun, during two whole years, at each successive period of three days—he never wrote on Sundays—did Johnson compose from the stores of his own mind one of those essays which remain, and are destined to remain, the delight and admiration of the wise and good, while virtue and taste are found among men. Such a work would seem a great one had it been the sole occupation of its author for the time being; but during this entire period his chief occupation was with his Dictionary, which was steadily carried forward toward completion. It will be readily believed, therefore, that many of these papers were written hastily, and under the pressure of circumstances. A summons from the press sometimes found the work of preparation to be commenced; but the summons was always responded to in time to meet the appointed day of publication. This was literally true of the valuable paper on "Procrastination," (No. 134,) which was written in Sir Joshua Reynolds's parlor, while the boy waited to carry the copy to the printer. The materials that make up *The Rambler,* though not written, were very fully elaborated before its first number was published, and it was only necessary for its author to arouse himself, to enable him to draw upon those vast resources for the required measure of wisdom, wit, or philosophy. His mind was, during this period of his life, wonderfully vigorous and prolific, and its accumulated stores were thrown off with great facility, and in exhaustless profusion. So completely had he yoked his understanding to his pen, and disciplined both to a steady and regulated movement, that with him writing and thinking were equally natural and agreeable exercises.

It should not be supposed, however, that *The Rambler,* as we now have it, is in all particulars the same that appeared in the original sheets. The author continued to polish and correct it down to the fourth edition, and so extensive were the emendations in some instances as to amount to a reconstruction of the original pieces. No other method is so favorable to the attainment of high literary excellence as this frequent revisal of one's works after their publication; but it is now seldom practicable, on account of the extensive application of the art of stereotyping. To such frequent and thorough revisals, as well as to the extensive knowledge and great mental energy shown in their composition, are we indebted for the unparalleled excellence of these noble essays.

Though the author of *The Rambler* found cause, at the close of the series, to acknowledge that he "had never been much of a favorite with the public," yet his works did not, even in that period, fail to elicit the commendation of many of those whose good opinions he most highly valued. The better part of the literary press spoke of *The Rambler* in high terms of praise; and frequent allusions to *The Spectator*, when its merits were discussed, showed that a higher note had been struck than had sounded in English ears since the days of Addison. But above all was Johnson gratified by the commendations of his wife, in whose judgment he had great confidence, and who, after a few numbers of *The Rambler* had come out, said to him, "I thought very well of you before, but I did not imagine that you could have written anything equal to this." This is a form of praise, says Boswell, "that comes home to a man's bosom."

Among the early indications of the public estimation of these essays was their serial reproduction at Edinburgh as they came forth from the London press. Mr. James Elphinstone, the master of a grammar-school near that city, having become acquainted with the earlier numbers of *The Rambler*, was so well pleased with them that he persuaded a bookseller at the Scotch capital to reprint them. They were accordingly issued in a beautiful duodecimo edition, elegantly printed on writing paper, and scrupulously copied from the London sheets. In this edition, Mr. Elphinstone inserted versified translations of the classical mottoes placed at the head of each paper, in which he was followed by Johnson himself in the subsequent editions of *The Rambler;* and so well was he pleased with Elphinstone's translations that he retained many of them in preference to those of the great poets who had rendered the authors from which they were taken into English verse. Johnson was greatly pleased with so decided an evidence that his labors were appreciated, and, in a letter to Mr. Elphinstone, heartily thanked him for the interest he had manifested in the work.

This first reprint of *The Rambler* was completed in eight volumes, but, as the impression was a small one, copies of it have become scarce, and command large prices as literary curiosities. Though it was often commended for its accuracy, it differs largely from the later editions issued by the author, owing to the extensive emendations found in these impressions. Before the periodical issues had terminated, four volumes of the essays had been reissued by the original publisher, and two more, with indexes and translations of the mottoes, followed soon after the close of the work. Ten large editions were published during the author's lifetime, besides those issued in Scotland and Ireland.

Like most works designed to illustrate human character, and to act directly upon public manners, *The Rambler* contains allusions to cotemporaneous facts, and some of its ideal images were, in their day, thought to be life-pictures of well-known characters. Of the former class is the seventh paper, treating of the necessity and value of religious meditation; it was written during Passion-week, and not improbably on Good Friday—a day that the writer regarded with much solemnity. That on "Procrastination," we have seen, was suggested by his own neglect to make timely preparations for the required publication of the essay. Of his sketches of characters, that of *Prospero* (No. 200) was assigned to Garrick. Those of *Gelidus* and *Eupheus*, (No. 24,) respectively to Professor Coulson, the mathematician, and Lord Chesterfield. But in this last case the reference is exceedingly doubtful, since it has been assigned to two others, both very unlike the great "king among wits," and equally unlike each other. Nor is it at all certain that Johnson had Coulson in his mind when he drew the character of *Gelidus;* and one would gladly be persuaded that *Prospero* was not intended for Garrick. In this case there is, however, but little room for doubt. It was immediately recognized by its subject, and by many of the mutual friends of the parties; and Johnson did not deny the correctness of the application. Satire is always a dangerous weapon, especially so because he who uses it is apt so much to delight in the displays of his cruel power that he employs it almost indiscriminately against friends and enemies. Johnson had much cause to regard Garrick kindly, and there is no doubt that he did; but seeing him becoming elated by prosperity, *and knowing his tender spots*, the temptation to sting him with grave ridicule was too strong to be resisted. It is said that Garrick, who had patiently submitted to many a hard thrust from his old instructor, writhed grievously under this infliction, and never entirely forgave it.

Among the distinguishing properties of *The Rambler*, the knowledge of human character that it displays is especially remarkable. In no other work may be found so great a variety of sententious aphorisms relating to the original properties and operations of the mind. Psychological axioms, which in treatises on mental philosophy are elaborated with voluble diffuseness, here stand out stated in direct terms, and commended to universal favor by their obvious fitness. The author's views of life are, indeed, generally sombre, but their rigid truthfulness is not therefore the less probable. A teacher of morals is almost necessarily a censor; and Johnson had too much sympathy with human misery to allow him to laugh at the follies that produce it. No doubt his constitutional melancholy had something to do with his writings, but it may be questioned whether this did more to obscure the aspects of life, or to dispel the illusion that too commonly rests upon it. He had already attempted to illustrate "the vanity of human wishes;" the theme, however, was not exhausted, but required to be viewed in all its aspects, and to be discussed in the familiar style of the essayist. Nevertheless, the tendency of *The Rambler* is not to create a moping sadness and fruitless despondency. Hope is everywhere its pervading spirit; but the objects which it sets before hope are not airy castles based upon emptiness, nor is the way to their attainment over flowery plains and along the banks of gently-flowing streams. Labor, study, and effort are constantly insisted upon as the indispensable price of improvement, and true greatness is everywhere shown to be the result of virtuous self-control. A system of practical morals more pure and elevated cannot be found outside of the New Testament, while the motives by which they are urged in opposition to the indiscretion of youth and the selfishness of maturer life are at once wholesome and strongly impulsive. The author was too much in earnest in this business to treat it otherwise than seriously and zealously. He would, indeed, at times unbend himself to play with fictions, and to amuse his readers with allegories; but the great purpose for which he wrote was never lost sight of.

One feature of *The Rambler* has not been sufficiently noticed by those who have attempted to estimate its worth—the decidedly evangelical character of its religious teachings. It was not the design of the work to present a system of theological doctrines, nor yet to employ the hortatory style that befits the pulpit; yet have we here an exhibition of the fundamental practical truths of Christianity, and the motives to repentance, and the obedience of faith presented in a style and manner scarcely less direct and earnest than may be found in the exercises of the pulpit itself. Too often nominally Christian writers, when treating of religious matters, studiously avoid the peculiarities of the Christian system—those sublime verities of revelation, in which not only the chief excellence, but the very essence of Christianity consists. But it was not so with Johnson. Seldom does one find a more Scriptural statement of the nature of repentance and forgiveness of sins than that given in the one hundred and tenth *Rambler*. Like praise may be bestowed on the seventh, relative to religious meditation; and also on the fifty-fourth, as a contemplation on death, of almost unrivaled excellence. So much does this wear the appearance of reality that it was presumed to have been written under the influence of a personal contact with the scenes and circumstances that are depicted so truthfully, till the author himself declared that such was not the case. Those eminent Christian duties—the forgiveness of injuries, forbearance toward the erring, patience under sufferings, purity of life, and the government of the imagination and thoughts are all frequently and earnestly inculcated—but not in the spirit of a selfish philosophy which commends virtue chiefly because it is temporally profitable, but by the authority and motives that arise from the revelation of holiness and immortality. The standpoint of *The Rambler* is that of the moralist rather than that of the divine; but its morality is that of the Bible, and for both its impelling spirit and directing wisdom, as well as for its great and final recompense, it is indebted to revelation—an indebtedness that is always cheerfully acknowledged.

But though *The Rambler* is always serious and in earnest in its purposes, yet it not unfrequently descends to the familiarities of companionship, and regales its readers with the elegances of figures and the pleasantries of humor. Some of its fancy sketches of character are equal to anything of the kind in the whole range of letters, displaying at once a deep insight into human nature and a genial sympathy with the miseries of human life. As an example, let the hundred and sixty-fifth be consulted—the story of the man who late in life returns to receive the honors of his native country, and meets with only mortification instead of respect; or, for an illustration of the burden of a great reputation, the sixteenth may be read, detailing, half in earnest and half in irony, the misery into which an author had plunged himself by the publication of his works, arousing by his suddenly-attained distinction all the malignity of his enemies, and frightening his friends into an unapproachable distance from him, and giving such importance to whatever he uttered that he feared to speak at all, lest he should mislead. Its oriental tales and allegories are especially brilliant, and, by reason of the gorgeousness of their language and imagery, exceedingly life-like. The whole work abounds in classical quotations and allusions, and also in references to the best modern writers, evincing great intellectual resources, acquired by reading and study, as well as by observation and reflection.

The style of *The Rambler* has been very generally censured as wanting the simplicity and naturalness that distinguish that of the "Spectator." By some, indeed, it has been strongly condemned as turgid, involved, and deformed with unusual and high-sounding words. The justice of these complaints, at least in a mitigated degree, will not be denied by any intelligent reader. But the style is Johnson's own; and though somewhat stiff and pompous, it is not affected. Every original thinker has his own way of clothing his thoughts, and the differences may generally be traced to constitutional differences of mind. Accidental causes frequently modify these natural tendencies; but only feeble writers can be conformed in style to a foreign model. There is a good degree of agreement between the thoughts of *The Rambler* and its language and manner, and in many instances the words seem to labor under the excessive weight of meaning that is laid upon them. Still, an easier mode of expression would have been preferable, and especially a less proportion of naturalized classical terms would have been more pleasing. But many of the censures against the style of *The Rambler* are quite unreasonable, and a great proportion of the terms whose use was at first condemned as intolerable and ridiculous, have since come into general vogue, both in writing and conversation. The writers of the age of Queen Anne did much to simplify, but very little to strengthen, the language; but this deficiency was abundantly supplied by the swelling periods and gorgeous diction of *The Rambler* and other works of its author. The union of these extremes by later writers has raised our language to its present state of fullness and elegance, and proved that strength and simplicity are not incompatible.

It was wisely managed that this great work should not be permitted to decline from the high level at which it had been begun and continued, and that when its course had been sufficiently protracted it should cease while in its full strength. Its later numbers show, as we have said, no declension from the vigor and sprightliness of the earlier ones, and the final one is a noble effort of self-possessed genius, reviewing its own works and justly estimating their value.

On Saturday morning, March 14th, 1752, the day that brought *The Rambler* to the end of its second year, the regular semi-weekly essay opened with the announcement, that "Time, which puts an end to all human pleasures and sorrows, has likewise concluded the labors of *The Rambler*." No reason is assigned for its cessation, but the cool reflection, that as few had taken much interest in its progress, so probably its close would cause but little inquiry. This, however, was not the language of disappointed hopes, nor of voluntary self-depreciation. With just self-respect the writer proceeds: "But I have no design to gratify pride by submission, or malice by lamentation; nor think it reasonable to complain of neglect from those whose regard I never solicited. If I have not been distinguished by the distributors of literary honors, I have seldom descended to the arts by which favor is obtained . . . . . In my papers no man could look for censures of his enemies or praises of himself; and they only were expected to peruse them whose passions left them leisure for abstracted truth, and whom virtue could please by its naked dignity." This was worthy of the retiring *Rambler*—a noble exemplification of his own precepts. His greeting to the critics, to whom he was now committing his perfected series of essays, is in much the same spirit. Like the prologue to *Irene*, it rather defies than deprecates criticism; and, proudly conscious of the value of the work his unaided powers had originated, the author now declined to divide the honor with another. "The supplications of an author never yet reprieved him for a moment from oblivion; and though greatness has sometimes sheltered guilt, it can afford no protection to ignorance or dullness. Having hitherto attempted only the propagation of truth, I will not at last violate it by the confession of terrors that I do not feel; having labored to maintain the dignity of virtue, I will not now degrade it by the meanness of a dedication." And, at last, considering the probable influence of his work upon the moral and eternal destinies of men, with that consolation of a good conscience, which is the exclusive privilege of real virtue, he adds: "I therefore look back on this part of my work with pleasure, which no blame or praise of man shall diminish or augment. I shall never envy the honors which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if I can be numbered among the writers who have given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth." So ended *The Rambler*, like the swan of classic fable, giving forth its richest notes with its expiring breath. In a subsequent edition, while looking forward for an infinitely better recompense than any of those that he had cast aside, though usually most earnestly coveted, he added a Greek motto, expressive of his expectation of a reward from Heaven.

For the purpose of saying all that needed to be said of *The Rambler* in one place, the whole period of its issue, extending over two whole years, has been considered together. Several cotemporary affairs, however, require to be noticed. It might seem that, between *The Rambler* and the Dictionary, Johnson would have found but little time for any other literary undertaking; still others, though generally of comparatively little importance, were undertaken. In 1751 he wrote the "Life of Cheynel," which was first published in a miscellany, called *The Student*. About this time he also became engaged in an affair of a strange and almost unaccountable character. Between Johnson and Milton were many strong points of resemblance, though often their common characteristic traits were arrayed in antagonistic positions. This was especially the case as to political opinions and affinities; Milton was a partisan republican, and Johnson, with even greater violence, was a high-toned monarchist. The character and genius of Milton could not be wholly separated in Johnson's mind from his hated political creed; and, as he was greatly the subject of his own prejudices, it is not strange that his admiration for genius yielded to his hatred of republicanism. Johnson was quite incapable of doing justice even to the genius of Milton, to say nothing of his personal and political character; and while he yielded just praise to his one great work, he was quick to detect and inexorable in condemning any real or imaginary fault in his minor poems. A striking example of this is seen in his criticism on Samson Agonistes in the *Rambler*; a more palpable case was given in an affair that occurred about this time. But first we must observe him doing homage to the genius of the author of "Paradise Lost."

There was then residing at London a granddaughter of the great poet, in deep penury, for whose benefit a project was set on foot to have the *Comus* of Milton acted in Drury-Lane Theater. The affair was adapted to awaken a lively interest in the heart of the great moralist, who adored genius as far as he could get the better of his prejudices, and was always ready to do good to distressed merit. He therefore entered into the affair with characteristic impetuosity, and wrote the Prologue for the occasion, spoken by Garrick, in which the genius of Milton is confessed, and his claims on the admiration of the nation are set forth in decided but not extravagant terms. Not content with this, on the day before the performance he addressed a letter to the public through the *General Advertiser*, stating the object of the proposed exhibition, and soliciting their patronage, as a worthy token of gratitude to exalted genius, as well as of kindness to distressed worth. In all this the kindness of a genial nature was predominant, while for the time the demon of prejudice was effectually exorcised.

Not long afterward, however, the scene was reversed, and the partisan was raised above both the scholar and the man. The affair in which he now became engaged, and in which he was more sinned against than a sinner, forms a curious page in the history of literature, and some of its passages are still vailed in hopeless obscurity. One Lauder, a Scotch schoolmaster, with a strange mixture of impudence and perverted ingenuity, attempted to convict the author of "Paradise Lost" of wholesale plagiarism, in stealing from a great number of modern Latin poets the principal parts of that admired production. Lauder's pretended disclosures were at first given out by littles, through the periodical press, and afterward collected together with additional matter in a pamphlet; and to this odd production Johnson was by some means induced to furnish a Preface and a Postscript, and thus in some degree to indorse the whole production. Boswell, who seems extremely anxious to exonerate his friend from the odium of an affair so discreditable, casts the whole blame of the transaction on Lauder, (who was indeed a chief sinner in the affair,) and pleads in Johnson's favor the interest he was at that very time manifesting for Milton's granddaughter. But Sir John Hawkins being less tender of Johnson's reputation, and also having much better opportunities of forming a correct judgment of the matter than Boswell, speaks unhesitatingly of Johnson's enmity toward Milton as well-known and undisputed, and to this he ascribes the course pursued in the present case. After stating the facts as to Lauder, much as Boswell did after him, he remarks: "While the book [Lauder's Pamphlet] was in press the proof-sheets were submitted to the inspection of our club by a member of it, who had an interest in its publication; and I could all along observe that Johnson seemed to approve not only of the design but of the argument, and seemed to exult in a persuasion that the reputation of Milton was likely to suffer by the discovery. That he was not privy to the imposture I am well persuaded, but that he wished well to the argument must be inferred from the preface." The reply of Johnson's friend to Sir John's free criticism of the strange course pursued by him in this matter fails to entirely exculpate him. It is not enough to show that about the same time Johnson was speaking highly of Milton's genius, and exerting himself in behalf of his impoverished granddaughter. Consistency was not among the distinguishing traits of Johnson's mind; and it is not incredible that he should nearly at the same time praise the poetical excellence of Milton, and also half-unconsciously exult in the thought that the fame of the arch-republican was likely to be somewhat abated. If, as his apologists contend, he was actuated "by an ardent love of truth," how did it happen that he who had once proposed to write a history of modern Latin poetry made no attempt to verify the pretended quotations of Lauder before he lent to them the influence of his pen? That Johnson expected less from these pretended discoveries than Lauder seemed to, is very probable; nor can we suppose that he anticipated the overthrow of Milton's reputation as a thing either possible or to be desired—though it is said that that reputation was for a while evidently sinking in the public estimation—but it is quite evident that Milton's politics had something to do with the course that Johnson took in the case.

But the whole affair was presently brought to the light, and the intended disgrace made to recoil upon the guilty author of the libelous criticism; nor did his abettors wholly escape some share of the discredit of so base a transaction—though Johnson was treated very tenderly by the defenders of Milton's injured reputation. Dr. John Douglass, a clergyman of great moral worth, and a ripe scholar, having had his attention directed to the subject, as a matter of critical interest, set about verifying Lauder's quotations, when he discovered that the principal part of them were forgeries, or else quotations from Hogg's Latin version of "Paradise Lost," credited to other authors, and produced as instances of Milton's plagiarisms. These discoveries were, of course, immediately made public, and were at once fatal to the base designs of the author of the fraud.

Lauder was first called to account by his publisher, to whom he impudently acknowledged the fraud, and expressed no little surprise at the "folly of mankind in making such a route about eighteen or twenty lines." Johnson was deeply mortified when he came to see the position into which Lauder's baseness and his own indiscretion had brought him, and immediately adopted the most effectual means for his own vindication. He wrote, in the name of the libeler, a full and explicit confession of the imposition he had practiced, detailing all its principal features, and this he compelled Lauder to sign and lay before the public. Thus disgraced, it might have been expected that the miserable wretch would have hidden himself in friendly obscurity from the scorn of an insulted community; but his insolence was equal to his meanness. He presently recalled the confession he had made through fear rather than shame, and, by a new array of pretended evidence, renewed his attacks upon Milton. But a self-convicted libeler is not a formidable antagonist, especially as to the credibility of the statement adduced by the disputants, and, despite of the pertinacious efforts of insane malevolence, aided by falsehood and impudence, the reputation of the great English epic escaped without loss. Lauder, seeing the futility of his labors, and meeting everywhere the contempt he merited, soon after emigrated to Barbadoes, where, a few years later, he died in poverty and disgrace.

As a relief from the grave and earnest pursuits in which Johnson was principally occupied, the following account of a scene of conviviality, held in the Spring of 1751, is introduced from Hawkins :—

> "Mrs. Lenox, a lady since well-known to the literary world, had just written her first work, which was about to be issued from the press. Johnson proposed that the club should celebrate the event by spending a whole night in festivity. Accordingly about twenty persons, mostly members of the club, and their lady-friends, with Mrs. Lenox and her husband, assembled at a tavern, where the festivities had been provided for. The supper was a sumptuous one, and Johnson had directed that among the good things of the table should be a magnificent apple-pie, stuck full of bay-leaves, in honor of the prospective authoress. He had also prepared a laurel crown, with which, after appropriately invoking the Muses and performing certain rites invented for the occasion, he encircled her brows. The night was passed in lively conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled at intervals with refreshments of coffee and tea." About five in the morning, Johnson's face shone with meridian splendor, though his drink had been only lemonade; but most of the company were so exhausted that they were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day dawned!"

This account very faithfully illustrates Johnson's manner as a convivialist. He rigidly abstained from intoxicating drinks, though he did not hesitate to provide them for others, and he delighted in the boisterous glee and unrestrained liberty of such assemblies, while it seemed rather a relief than a labor for him to turn the night into day.

Early in the Spring of 1752 a dark shadow was thrown over Johnson's otherwise brightening affairs. Mrs. Johnson's health, which had been unsteady for two or three years previous, during the preceding winter had been much worse, and, declining rapidly toward the approach of Spring, on the seventeenth of March she expired. Nothwithstanding the disparity of their years, which, however, was steadily becoming relatively less, it is evident that the passionate affection with which their union began was perpetuated on his part, or changed into a settled esteem by the excellences of character which he gladly recognized in her. Of this he gave sufficient evidence during her lifetime; and had there before been a doubt on the subject, his conduct on the occasion of her death would have removed it. Her death took place at an early hour in the morning, and immediately a messenger was dispatched by the bereaved husband to Rev. Dr. Taylor, with whom he was then on terms of intimacy, and whom he seems to have recognized as his spiritual assistant, with a note announcing the sad event, and breathing the deepest sorrow. Taylor was at Westminster, where the intelligence reached him at three o'clock in the morning, and, agreeable to the request contained in the note, hastened at once to the house of mourning. He there found Johnson completely overwhelmed with sorrow, and terribly agitated both in mind and body. After an interview of a few moments Johnson proposed prayer, in which Taylor first led in an *extempore* petition adapted to the occasion, and Johnson followed, praying in the same manner, his supplications being mingled with deep groanings and subdued sobbings. His grief was somewhat allayed by these exercises and the presence of a sympathizing friend, so that he presently regained his self-control. As the morning advanced Taylor returned home, but after a short time he received a second note from Johnson, saying, "Let me have your company and instruction.

Do not live away from me. My distress is great. . . . Remember me in your prayers; for vain is the hope of man."

The sorrow that so overwhelmed his spirit while the sensible form of death was before him, was not wholly assuaged by its removal. The shock was terrible upon his morbidly susceptible system, and, coöperating with the constitutional tendencies of his mind, affected him for a long time, and most painfully. All the events of his life since his marriage were passed in review; and though he probably had as little cause as most men to reproach himself on account of neglects of his domestic duties, yet, with deep self-abasement, he confessed his faults and earnestly sought the forgiveness of Heaven.

His prayers and meditations, published since his death, disclose the depth and permanence of his sorrow, and also indicate the tendency of his mind in these afflicting circumstances. Believing as he did most implicitly the great Christian doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and of the conscious activity of disembodied spirits, he contemplated his departed wife as not dead, but withdrawn from his sensible perception, though not certainly from his presence. He accordingly desired and prayed that, if such might be the will of Heaven, he might be favored with the guardianship of her spirit, and also with intimations of her presence, " by appearances, impulses, dreams, or in any other manner agreeable to the divine government." In this matter probably his feelings did not differ very widely in kind, though in degree they were doubtless unusually intense, from those of many others who have been called to give up by death those to whom their hearts' affections were closely united.[*] One year after his bereavement he wrote in his diary: "I kept this day as the anniversary of my wife's death, with prayers and tears in the morning. In the evening I prayed for her *conditionally—if it were lawful.*" At another time he composed a prayer, in which were these petitions, " And, O Lord, *so far as it may be lawful in me*, I commend to thy fatherly goodness the soul of my departed wife; beseeching thee to grant her whatsoever is best in her present state, and finally to receive her to eternal happiness." It is certainly no dishonor to our nature, that the affections which linger with such intense interest around the memories of departed friends, should also follow them into the spirit-world, with some portion of the solicitude that we bore for them while on earth. And though we may be fully assured that Infinite Goodness will do all things well, still our yearning sympathies impel us to ask what we so strongly desire, though our judgment reprove us for our want of faith. Johnson no doubt, in common with the great mass of the Christian world, believed in the reality of an intermediate state of departed spirits, and anticipated the resurrection and general judgment as the beginning of the final recompense. It was therefore perfectly consistent with orthodox propriety for him to speak of her being received to *eternal* happiness as something yet in the future, though not therefore certainly contingent.

Mrs. Johnson was buried in the church of Bromley, in Kent, the residence of Dr. Hawkesworth, with whom Johnson was on terms of intimacy. Her funeral-sermon he wrote himself, in the interval between her death and burial, intending that it should be delivered by Dr. Taylor on that melancholy occasion; but, for sufficient temporary reasons, it was not. It has since, however, been given to the public, with other sermons from his pen; and when we consider at once its character, and the circumstances in which it was composed, it cannot fail to excite our admiration. As a perpetual remembrance of his departed wife, Johnson preserved her wedding-ring as long as he lived, carefully deposited in a little box, on the bottom of which was written her name, with the dates of her marriage and death, and certain significant indications of grief for her loss.

* * *

IDLENESS is the Dead Sea that swallows all virtues, and the self-made sepulcher of a living man. The idle man is the devil's urchin, whose livery is rags, and whose diet and wages are famine and disease.

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[*] In this, Johnson seems to have realized in his own heart what he had long before expressed with great force and elegance, in the Apostrophe of Demetrius to the soul of Aspasia:—

> From those bright regions of eternal day,
> Where now thou shinest among thy fellow-saints,
> Array'd in purest light, look down on me
> In pleasing visions and assuasive dreams.
> O! sooth my soul and teach me how to lose thee.
> *Irene.*

A VISIT TO WINDSOR—QUEEN VICTORIA.

ONE day, one of my beautiful days at ——, we drove—my amiable hostess and myself—to Windsor, where Queen Victoria was then residing with her family. The castle and its neighborhood are among the most noble and most magnificent in England, and deserve to be visited for their own sake. Nevertheless, it is possible that the chance which was thus afforded me of seeing England's Queen was the attractive power in my case. I had been assured that I might easily be presented; but there was not attractive power enough to draw me to the Queen on those terms, as then various requirements of the toilet would have had to be taken into consideration. Yet surely, for such a woman, and for such a Queen, I might very willingly take a deal of trouble, and put on my best clothes—merely for the pleasure of looking into her eyes and touching her hand.

Lightly rolled our easy little carriage on our way to Windsor. The day was mild, but cloudy; we had both umbrellas and parasols with us, that we might be prepared either for rain or sunshine. We drove along a garden-like, cultivated country, here and there scattered over with peasants' cottages and pretty country residences. After an agreeable drive of two hours, we reached the park of Windsor, which appeared to me extensive and rich in noble trees, while it lacked the romantic beauty and picturesque character of the royal parks of Sweden, as Djurgården, Haga, and Rosenborg.

From the commencement of the magnificent avenue, commanded by the equestrian statue of George III. on a rock, the Castle of Windsor presents itself in magnificent perspective, with its battlemented walls and tower, and its fluttering banner, reposing firmly and quietly on its height, with a background of ethereal space.

The Normans first erected the castle. William the Conqueror, charmed by the glorious prospect from this height, fortified the castle here by his own strong hand. And all the English monarchs who have resided there have left some memorial of their love for that proud and beautiful abode. The noble, magnanimous Edward III., born at Windsor, built nearly the whole of the castle. The tyrannical, sensual Henry VIII., the husband and murderer of many wives, built the gate which still bears his name. Bloody Queen Mary celebrated here her honeymoon with the husband so worthy of her, Philip II. Queen Elizabeth built the most magnificent of the terraces. Charles I. lived here, first as king, and afterward as prisoner. Charles II. left here traces of his love for pomp and luxury of all kinds. William III. and Queen Anne beautified the park by planting avenues of elm and beech. George III., who lived almost entirely at Windsor, restored the antique beauty of the castle. Windsor was his favorite residence. There he abode in his youthful days, and during his whole life, abounding in storms and victories; here he was confined when the eyeballs of mind and body became darkened; here he might be seen wandering about in dressing-gown and long white beard, the blind eyes rolling restlessly, now and then striking on the piano a few notes, a few accords of his favorite Handel, but deaf to the sound of the bell which tolled for the burial of his granddaughter, the heir of his crown, the beloved of his people—deaf to the rolling wheels of the funeral procession which conducted her to the grave, which seemed as if it would not open for him.

Next came George the Fourth, lavishing gold and finery upon Windsor, to make it a suitable home for pleasure and dissipation more heathenish than Christian, and shrinking from the public eye, and thus he was compelled to purchase, at a great cost, a lofty tower, which a curious subject had built close beside the park, for the opportunity of seeing what went forward there, especially in the neighborhood of the charming Virginia Water, where the monarch was accustomed to row about in a little boat ornamented with Mohammedan symbols.

George the Fourth left at Windsor many portraits and statues of himself, but not a single noble memory.

But that did William the Fourth, the sailor-king, as he is called, and the good Queen Adelaide. They made Windsor a favorite place of resort for the people, whose eyes they did not shun, but whom they loved to see around them, as parents do their children.

Under Queen Victoria and Prince Albert is Windsor less than ever a home of pomp and festivity? No! but more and more is it the home of human virtues, both public and private. People do not talk of the pleasures of the royal pair, but they speak of their excellent schools for poor children, and their excellent institutions for old servants. People do not build inquisitive towers in the enchanting neighborhood of Virginia Water, that they may spy out the secret pleasures of royalty, but they drive thither to see the beautiful farms which Prince Albert has designed, where happy human beings live and children play.

We drove through avenues three English miles long on each side the park, composed of beautiful trees, elms and beeches. The view of the castle the whole way, with its round tower and fluttering banner, is really magnificent. We drove through the little town of Windsor, and then up to the castle. We first visited the chapel, a beautiful antique building, which powerfully moves the excited mind to devotion, and then, while waiting for admission into the castle, walked to and fro upon the terrace—Queen Elizabeth's work and place of exercise; in truth, a promenade fit for a proud queenly spirit. The view from this point is so extensive and free that one seems to behold half the globe at one's feet. Through the vast expanse of meadow, the royal Thames meanders, gleaming forth like silver, while the spires of Eton College raise themselves commandingly above a multitude of lesser towers, country churches, villages, and towns, till at length, in the blue distance the horizon incloses the rich and immense landscape in a half-circle. How Queen Elizabeth must have felt as she gazed on this picture!

Elizabeth Tudor! I love her not, for she was not a noble woman, however grand she might be as a sovereign; but I love her picture in history, love it for the contrasts which it presents. The proud queen on the terrace at Windsor, with half the world at her feet; and then later, during the last days of her life, heart-broken by the treachery of Essex and his death on the scaffold, sitting silent, with eyes riveted on one spot, the finger pressed upon the closed lips, refusing medicine, wishing for death, deaf to all words, excepting those of prayer. How unlike are the pictures! I think that I love her best in the last, because she died with a yet warm heart.

This Elizabeth stands, nevertheless, with a rare glory in history, alone in more than one way. Happiness and misery, love and hate, victories and the scaffold; the utmost splendor of noon-day, the deepest darkness of night; and amid all these a will, an intellect, which knew how to govern, to govern itself as well as others—an extraordinary human life!

Beside this stands Queen Victoria, as a sunbright idyl.

We went into the apartments of the castle; I shall not say much of their magnificence or of their paintings. I was more struck with what I saw in Warwick Castle; besides, as the queen was now residing at Windsor, the most beautiful rooms and the best pictures were not shown. Of the latter, none made a deeper impression on my memory than the excellent portraits of Pope Pius VII., and of Cardinal Gonsalvi, perhaps in some degree from the remarkable contrast, in form and character, which these presented with those of the English statesmen, on the opposite side of the gallery. The most refined and the highest degree of intellectual character is expressed in these beautiful Italian forms, speaks in their penetrating eyes, seems to exist in the very touch of the tips of their fingers; one might say that the noblest Italian wine flowed in their veins.

Will Queen Victoria drive out to-day? we inquired from some of the castle attendants. No one could say positively; the queen had gone out on horseback several times last week, perhaps also to-day she might ride out in the afternoon.

We had already been two hours at Windsor, it was now past three in the afternoon, and as we wished to reach home before dusk, and as we saw no signs of a royal cavalcade, we determined to wait no longer, but to set out on our homeward way. We went down to the carriage which had drawn up below, outside the iron gates, the nearest approach to the castle. Here we found about a hundred persons assembled, mostly of the lower class, although well dressed, who appeared to be waiting for something that was to come from the castle, toward which they looked up.

We had just taken our seats in the carriage when we heard it said, "The queen is coming."

So it was! Queen Victoria with Prince

Albert, and their attendants, came riding down from the castle, and on toward the iron gates, which opened for them. We drew up our carriage in order to see the queen as perfectly as possible; and that was not difficult, for she came on slowly, and looked quietly around her. She was dressed in a black, closely-fitting riding habit, a black riding hat, without vail or ornament, and rode upon a brown horse. To the left of the queen rode Prince Albert, on her right an elderly gentleman, who looked like a German. After the queen, upon a pony, rode her eldest son, the young Prince of Wales, no one on either side; after him came a stately lady and two gentlemen, with three servants following. All were dressed in black, all rode upon brown horses; the whole cavalcade looked as simple and unpretending as possible. I had my eyes riveted upon the queen. She seemed to me, between the two tall gentlemen, almost like a little girl. I remembered the imposing figure and glance of our Northern Queen. I could not judge of the much-praised and beautiful form of the head on account of the riding hat, which also concealed the upper part of the forehead. However, the small figure appeared to me remarkably well proportioned and elegant, and she sate her horse, which seemed to carry her as if in sport, gracefully and well.

She looked at us, and saluted us with a short nod of the head. There was more of kindness, however, in Prince Albert's glance and bow. Then came the little Prince with his hat lifted from his head, and the light locks raised by the wind, a delicate-looking boy, but with eyes and an expression from which an angel seemed to glance, so grave and gentle did he look, that lovely nine years' old boy! The sight of him affected me greatly, and I could not help saying in Swedish, "God bless thee, thou beautiful child!"

Some over-loyal little boys waved their hats so zealously that the queen said to them "Put on your hats! you frighten the horses!" And, turning at the same moment toward where we were, I saw an expression on her pouting under-lip of which I would willingly have seen more, because there was in it suppressed merry laughter.

hey rode on, the cavalcade turned o a by-road of the woods, and g the green trees. I said farewell to the hope of ever seeing more of Queen Victoria; yet, nevertheless, I did see more of her, thanks be to fate and to my old Swedish umbrella, which for the last time in foreign parts did me now good service. Mrs. ——'s coachman, one of Queen Victoria's loyal subjects, who had, during our drive to Windsor, been especially desirous of avoiding a certain heavy and sandy road, now found reason for not avoiding it, probably because he had seen the queen take the same road; and hence it was that, to our surprise, we found ourselves, after half an hour's ploughing of the sand, close upon Queen Victoria's train. After we had driven slowly for a few minutes, the queen turned round and motioned with her hand for our coachman to drive past them. He obeyed, and just as we came past the Queen, he dashed forward in order to clear the way for Her Majesty. We had not gone fifty yards, when, in consequence of the rapid movement of the carriage, one of the doors flew open, and all the umbrellas and parasols flew up to cast themselves on the ground at the feet of Queen Victoria. I caught at them, but too late to save my Swedish umbrella, which resolutely seemed to fling itself out of the carriage upon the road. My Swedish umbrella! my faithful companion during a three years' travel—my traveling companion in America and the West Indies—no! I could not leave it here to be trampled upon by the feet of Queen Victoria's horse. I must pick it up even if from beneath that very horse's feet.

"We must stop! I must get out!" said I to my irresolute friend; "I must have my umbrella again!"

Mrs. —— called to her coachman to stop, and I alighted from the carriage. At the same moment up galloped the queen and Prince Albert, laughing and nodding kindly to me, who could not help laughing myself. Then they rode past us, one of the gentlemen indicating to us that the umbrella had been picked up and restored to the hands of the coachman. I was glad to have recovered my faithful traveling companion, and almost equally glad that, by means of its self-sacrificing interposition, I had received an impression of Queen Victoria which could scarcely have been improved.

There are countenances which we may see for whole days, and yet not understand them until one has seen a tear in the eye. Other countenances there are which are unexplained enigmas, until a smile, or a good hearty fit of laughter lights them up. And thus was it, when Queen Victoria, laughing and nodding to me, flew past me light and airy as a fairy queen. I at once understood the magic power of her person; for, like sunlight breaking through the cloud, like a flower bursting from its bud, was the laughter in the queen's countenance. There was in it a high degree of natural life, freshness, vivacity, good humor, and a good deal of peculiar character. After this, I can easily comprehend what a noble lady, who often sees the Queen, said on one occasion, in reply to my remark, "What a little queen you have!" "Yes, she is a little queen, but on a large scale! She seems to me always like a human being such as God made her, while the greater number of human beings seem to be such as God did not make them!"

A human being such as God made her, natural, true in everything! What a beautiful idea. And the "greater number of human beings such as God did *not* make them"—how true!

Alas! educators, establishments for education, books, the world—they take care that we shall not be that which God created us, and that it shall sometimes require half a life, nay, that we shall not succeed sometimes through the whole of life, in discovering what the Creator really intended us to be.

It is easy to see what a power of fascination a queen, perfectly natural in manner, and who possesses so much that is naturally noble and good in character, may exercise over the human mind in this artificial world.

On our return from Windsor we passed Runnymede, so remarkable in English history, which lies on a little island in the Thames, where Magna Charta was signed by King John. The sweet idyllian landscape, now illumined by the rays of the setting sun, scarcely recalled the gloomy times, and the bitter contests between the people and the kingly power, which led to the concluding of the contract between the two, and which thus made the place remarkable.

When at home, once more in that kind, beautiful home, at ———, I wrote that which it and its possessors made me feel:—

"From a good home it is not far to heaven!"

And if I carry with me, to my beloved home in Sweden, no other knowledge than that of the many good and beautiful homes on earth, it is no small gain for my long wanderings.

SENSATIONS IN DROWNING.

THE following letter, addressed by Admiral Beaufort to Dr. W. H. Wollaston, giving an account of the feelings of the former when apparently on the very point of death from drowning, was originally published in the Life of the late Sir John Barrow. It will repay the reader's perusal.

"The following circumstances which attended my being drowned have been drawn up at your desire: they had not struck me as being so curious as you consider them, because from two or three persons, who, like myself, have been recovered from a similar state, I have heard a detail of their feelings, which resemble mine as nearly as was consistent with our different constitutions and dispositions.

"Many years ago, when I was a youngster on board one of his majesty's ships in Portsmouth Harbor, after sculling about in a very small boat, I was endeavoring to fasten her alongside the ship to one of the scuttlerings; in foolish eagerness I stepped upon the gunwale, the boat of course upset, and I fell into the water, and, not knowing how to swim, all my efforts to lay hold either of the boat or the floating sculls were fruitless. The transaction had not been observed by the sentinel on the gangway, and therefore it was not till the tide had drifted me some distance astern of the ship that a man in the foretop saw me splashing in the water, and gave the alarm. The first lieutenant instantly and gallantly jumped overboard, the carpenter followed his example, and the gunner hastened into a boat and pulled after them. With the violent but vain attempts to make myself heard I had swallowed much water; I was soon exhausted by my struggle, and before any relief reached me, I had sunk below the surface;—all hopes had fled—all exertion ceased—and I *felt* that I was drowning.

"So far, these facts were either partially remembered after my recovery or supplied by those who had latterly witnessed the scene; for during an interval of such agitation a drowning person is too much occupied in catching at every passing straw, or too much absorbed by alternate hope and despair, to mark the succession of events very accurately. Not so, however, with the facts which immediately ensued: my mind had then undergone the sudden revolution which appeared to you so remarkable, and all the circumstances of which are now as vividly fresh in my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday. From the moment that all exertion had ceased—which I imagine was the immediate consequence of complete suffocation—a calm feeling of the most perfect tranquillity superseded the previous tumultuous resignation—for drowning no longer appeared to be an evil—I no longer thought of being rescued, nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now of rather a pleasurable cast, partaking of that dull but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, not so the mind: its activity seemed to be invigorated in a ratio which defies all description, for thought rose after thought with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation. The course of those thoughts I can even now in a great measure retrace; the event which had just taken place—the awkwardness that had produced it—the bustle it must have occasioned (for I had observed two persons jump from the chains)—the effect it would have on a most affectionate father—the manner in which he would disclose it to the rest of the family—and a thousand other circumstances minutely associated with home, were the first series of reflections that occurred. Then they took a wider range—our last cruise—a former voyage, and shipwreck—my school—the progress I made there, and the time I had misspent—and even all my boyish pursuits and adventures. Thus traveling backwards, every past incident of my life seemed to glance across my recollection in retrograde succession; not, however, in mere outline, as here stated, but the picture filled up with every minute and collateral feature; in short, the whole period of my existence seemed to be placed before me in a kind of panoramic review, and each act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right or wrong, or by some reflection on its cause or its consequences; indeed, many trifling events which had been long forgotten then crowded into my imagination, and with the character of recent familiarity. May not all this be some indication of the almost infinite power of memory with which we may awaken in another world, and thus be compelled to contemplate our past lives? But, however that may be, one circumstance was highly remarkable; the innumerable ideas which flashed into my mind were all retrospective; yet I had been religiously brought up; my hopes and fears of the next world had lost nothing of their early strength, and at any other period intense interest and awful anxiety would have been excited by the mere probability that I was floating on the threshold of eternity; yet at that inexplicable moment, when I had a full conviction that I had crossed that threshold, not a single thought wandered into the future—I was wrapt entirely in the past. The length of time that was occupied by this deluge of ideas, or rather the shortness of time into which they were condensed, I cannot now state with precision, yet certainly two minutes could not have elasped from the moment of suffocation to that of my being hauled up.

"The strength of the flood-tide made it expedient to pull the boat at once to another ship, where I underwent the usual vulgar process of emptying the water by letting my head hang downwards, then bleeding, chafing, and even administering gin; but my submersion had been really so brief, that, according to the account of the lookers-on, I was very quickly restored to animation.

"My feelings while life was returning were the reverse in every point of those which have been described above. One single but confused idea—a miserable belief that I was drowning—dwelt upon my mind; instead of the multitude of clear and definite ideas which had recently rushed through it, a helpless anxiety—a kind of continuous nightmare—seemed to press heavily on every sense, and to prevent the formation of any one distinct thought, and it was with difficulty that I became convinced that I was really alive. Again, instead of being absolutely free from all bodily pain, as in my drowning state, I was now tortured by pain all over me; and though I have been since wounded in several places, and have often submitted to severe surgical discipline, yet my sufferings were at that time far greater; at least, in general distress. On one occasion I was shot in the lungs, and, after lying on the deck at night for some hours bleeding from other wounds, I at length fainted. Now, as I felt sure that the wound in the lungs was mortal, it will appear obvious that the overwhelming sensation which accompanies fainting must have produced a perfect conviction that I was then in the act of dying. Yet nothing in the least resembling the operations of my mind when drowning then took place; and when I began to recover, I returned to a clear conception of my real state.

"If these *involuntary experiments* on the operation of death afford any satisfaction or interest to you, they will not have been suffered quite in vain by

"Yours very truly,
"F. BEAUFORT."

"This letter of Admiral Beaufort, (observes Sir John Barrow,) must give rise to various suggestions. It proves that the spirit of man may retain its full activity when freed from the trammels of the flesh; at least, when all the functions of the body are deprived of animal power, and the spirit has become something like the type and shadow of that which we are taught to believe concerning the immortality of the soul."

It is seldom that we meet with the experience of an individual so near the confines of the eternal world as was the one in the case now before us. If all the acts of transgression, all the deeds done in the body, can thus in a moment be brought back by memory to view, does it not seem to give a foreshadowing of that period when man is to stand at the solemn tribunal of his Creator? How unspeakably important, on such a contemplation, must it be to have an interest by faith in the blood of Christ, which cleanses from all sin—not a mere head-faith, but one which shows its genuineness by loving God and, in the strength of the Holy Spirit, keeping his commandments.

A TEXT WITH A COMMENT.

"THE present life is sleeping and waking; is good night on going to bed, and good morning on getting up; it is to wonder what the day will bring forth; it is sunshine and gloominess; it is rain on the window, as one sits by the fire; it is to walk in the garden, and see the flowers open and hear the birds sing; it is to have the postman bring letters; it is to have news from East, West, North and South; it is to read old books and new books; it is to see pictures and hear music; it is to have Sunday; it is to pray with a family morning and evening; it is to sit in the twilight and meditate; it is to have business to do, and to do it; it is to have breakfast, and dinner, and tea; it is to belong to a town, and to have neighbors, and to be one in a circle of acquaintances; it is to have friends to love one; it is to have sight of dear old faces; and with some men it is to be kissed daily by the same loving lips for fifty years; and it is to know themselves thought of many times a day, in many places, by children, grandchildren, and many friends."

So writes Mountford, in his delightful book "Euthanasy." A pleasant picture of ordinary tranquil life is this, and not untruthful as far as it goes. But this is not all of life. There is something still better and as common in our common pilgrimage: it is to suffer, and to grow strong and pure by suffering—to conquer by sore conflict our formidable selves, fighting down old prejudices and passions, breaking away from old and fetter-like habits, binding ourselves, in spite of our natural selfishness, to the altar of self-sacrifice; it is forbearing with weakness, forgiving wrongs, enduring evil, standing indomitable amidst calamities, and "having done all, still to stand" at our post with brave heart and calm brow, though everything dear lies in wreck around us. This is life often, and the nobler life—the life that grows in strength and prepares for eternal life. It may not be "happiness," but it is "blessedness;" and more ordinary in our average life are these conditions—conditions of self-development and purification—than the pleasant ones in Mountford's pleasant picture. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Lift up thy head then, O sufferer, though no other sorrow seems like thine. Think not that life is vain because to thee it is only suffering. The more real, the more holy, and therefore the more noble will it be for that suffering, if rightly sustained. Press on then in thy night-journey, the morning is at hand; streaks of the aurora occasionally cheer thee, and the full day, with its blessed light on hill and dale, its bland airs, and the singing of birds, will yet come. Lift up thy head and journey onward.

This is not rhapsody, it is the true logic of life. But, dropping its poetic tone, let us look more soberly at the subject.

To *endure* then, to suffer, is to live; but there is more in life. To *do* is preëminently to live. "Action, action, action," was the reply of Demosthenes to the question, "What is eloquence?" It is a befitting answer to the question, What is life? the most if not the whole of life. Activity is not only the law of life, but especially the law of the *happiness* of life. Here it is that men, even good and thoughtful men, blunder, some of them practically, most of them theoretically. They long for "retirement." The success which will enable them to retreat from the active pursuits of life is the goal of their endeavors. A shrewder thinker than Mountford, Dr. Chalmers, when entering his sixtieth year, had a beautiful fancy of this kind:—

> "It is a favorite speculation of mine," he says, "that if spared to sixty, we then enter on the seventh decade of human life; and that this, if possible, should be turned into the Sabbath of our earthly pilgrimage, and spent Sabbatically, as if on the shore of an eternal world, or in the outer courts, as it were, of the temple that is above—the tabernacle in heaven. What enamors me all the more of this idea is the retrospect of my mother's widowhood. I long, if God should spare me, for such an old age as she enjoyed," &c.

A fine but thorough fallacy this. Chalmers' instincts were truer than his imagination respecting it. He was in a maelstrom of agitation and labor when he uttered it, and went on, brave man as he was, striking right and left at every evil within his reach, until, going to bed one night, after a wearisome day, he woke up within the gates of heaven. There he found his Sabbatic life in its appropriate place. What sort of a close to such a life as his would that Sabbatic decade he longed for have been? One of downright wretchedness. Can the old war-steed browse calmly in the shade of a tree while the trumpets and the "shoutings of the captains" startle the air from the neighboring battle-field?

Not only does an original instinct of our constitution require that we should be active, but habit—especially the habit of a long life—renders this instinct inexorable. The only right rule for the *old* workman is to work on, work on manfully, slackening his work only as his faculties slacken, and the instinct which always corresponds with them abates. Fight your way right onward to the very gates of death, and drop not the weapon from your hand till death, "the last enemy," drops under its blow. Then come rest and the "crown of glory."

Thus much for the general law; but there are modifications of it—secondary laws—which should be borne in mind.

One of these is that *the activity of life should be sustained by an engrossing purpose*—a purpose high enough to give life a tendency above its ordinary level, and continuous enough to keep up this tendency uniformly. This was Goethe's great maxim, his summary philosophy of life. It sustained him through eighty-three serene, healthful, and successful years. He needed higher moral support to render him fully happy, but the engrossing pursuit of literature and fame sustained his life in spite of this want. His poetic sensibilities exposed him to the usual sufferings of intellectual men, and at one time in early life he tells us he did actually fall into "hypochondria;" but he threw it off by a manly resolution, and kept it off by the maxim we have quoted. Never be without something to do—not merely something ordinary (this you cannot easily escape), but something that would be extraordinary to most men, but which habit will render ordinary to you. And when one such achievement is done, find another and a still nobler one. The difficulty will be not the scarcity, but the multitude of opportunities.

Further. *The activity of life must be varied.* Monotony of life is like the stagnation of water. It breeds perversions—narrow views, the prejudices of an exclusive line of thought, petulant whims, morose views, and sometimes outright madness come of it.

With an engrossing aim, forget not to vary life by frequent *relaxations;* such as shall allow the tasked faculties to recruit themselves for their wonted labor. Bushnell (whatever his imputed heresies in other respects) presented the orthodox postulate under the title of "Work and Play" to the pale-faced Phi Beta Kappa brotherhood of old Harvard. *Work and Play;* yes, play that you may work; the instinct that will not let you rest if you will not work, will not let you work if you will not play.

Go forth, then, at goodly intervals from your study, O grave man of books; walk among the cheery breezes and the genial sunlight; behold how all nature around you is playing as well as working. The stars sing together, and the sons of God shout for joy. Escape to the vale or the mountain height; take to the oar, on the laughing waters; or to good old Izaak Walton's "Contemplative Man's Recreation," the angle on the banks of the shaded stream; you will think nobler thoughts for it in your cloister.

Turn often away from the mart or the counting-room, O man of mammon; look up and around you at God's blessed works; they have none of your keen and selfish intensity; they move on joyously and gently, though mightily. Look into good books. Is not knowledge gain as well as golden dust? Enjoy the bounties of God at your table in the midst of your household; eat not as if eating even were a part of your impetuous, never-abating task; and remember that you have an epigastrium, and that hell on earth sometimes finds a lodgment there. He that makes haste to eat, as well as he that "makes haste to be rich, shall not be innocent," or rather "impoverished," as saith the marginal reading. Play, man, play; and work will go the better with thee for it.

And thou, O man of God! come thou also out from even thy closet, at right times, into this every-day world of thy Master. Thy God himself will make thy very closet a mad-house instead of a sanctuary, if thou heedest not the laws of thy body in the study of those of thy soul. The first insane hospital that history records was for religious recluses.* Come down, then, seasonably from the solemn mount of vision, not to join the dance around the golden calf, but to walk with thy God "in the garden in the cool of the day." Cast from thee the "*odium theologicum*;" narrow not thy purified vision to sectarian lines of thought. Work as well as think, and "play" a little along with both. Regale thyself at times with joyous books, even if they bear not the imprint of Oxford or Rome, of Cambridge or New-Haven. Recall thy childhood amidst thy children. They play, tumble, romp, laugh, and yet "of such is the kingdom of heaven"—play, romp, laugh thou with them; thou wilt say thy prayers the better for it, and come to feel that thy heavenly Father has not only prepared a desirable heaven for thee hereafter, but a quite desirable home for thee here beforehand.

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* Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol. ii, cap. 37.

Again and lastly, (for we are becoming too Essayish,) the activity of life *must have a moral value* in order to have harmony and happiness. We have no preachment for you here, good reader, but a few words of practical common sense. Time and eternity are but complements of the one grand life of man. What, then, in the name of common sense, can be the consciousness of life in a man who habitually lives without the recognition of his eternity? What nobleness, what hopefulness can there be in such a life? Philosophically considered — and setting aside entirely the Christian Revelation—life, without reference to a future beyond it, is absolutely a farce, and the world we live in a stupendous sham. If there is no God even—if chance alone produced this marvelous planet and these marvelous lives of ours upon it—then has that chance maintained, in all the process, all the details of the drama, a perfect congruity, a grand dignity even, but ends it, if there is no future life, without a *denoûment*—the solemn and high-meaning tragedy (for tragedy, alas! it is) becoming a comedy in the last sentence of the last scene. *Everything else within the cognition of the human mind has symmetrical relations, and an ultimate and befitting import, except life, if life has not continuance in another world.*

Our being is no such absurdity. Life is but in its incipience here. He that would bear within him through it a sustaining consciousness of its reality, must live for eternity. Let not the thought dismay thee, O man! It is indeed full of grandeur, but full of consolation also. Look up to the coming and sunlight ages appointed thee, O brother! toiling in the narrow workshop, delving in the mine, pining in the prison-cell, or waiting death in the sick-chamber. Cannot the prospect give strength, and nobleness, and even gladness to thy lot, however humble or weary? Let not merely thy devotions, but thy daily toils, be done for that sublime future; then shall thy daily toils be a continual hymn of thy destiny, and thy hours—more beautiful than the mythic ones of old Greece, circling about and leading forth the chariot of the sun—will joyously lead thee up brighter and brighter heights of that destiny even unto the perfect day.

And thou, truckler to evil, whose whole life is pelf and self, who can chuckle with self-gratulation over the success of thy sordid aims and circumventions of the unwary and the good, what is life to thee? Thy marble tomb, purchased with fraudulent gains, is perchance in the cemetery; glance into it as its iron door is opened. Within a score of years thou shalt lie down in its darkness and silence. What then, O fool, will this life of thine avail thee? Wilt thou chuckle then over thy victims?—then when thy history is proved to have been a farce, and all its true purposes, forgotten in health, have come in death to a grand and irremediable failure. Poor wretch! a humble life of virtue, though spent in incessant conflict with disaster, is imperial and sublime compared with the farce of thy self-deluded career. Awake, thou that sleepest—

"For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

And thou, O weary and faltering seeker after a true life! lift up thy head; the heights before thee are steep, but they have been tracked by the feet of old saints and divine heroes; their summits are eternally effulgent, and when the night lowers upon thy path, angel watchers are there ascending and descending.

And thou, whose lot it is no more to act, but only to suffer—even thy life may be sublimely real. The struggle with pain, the weary days and nights of confinement and languishing, the battle with agony and death—what an occasion hast thou in these for the exercise of the noblest virtues—patience, trust, brave resolution, self-conquest, and the victory over the grave! Thou art living sublimely, even in thus dying daily. Struggle on meekly, but manfully; death is but a transient incident in thy life; the eternal future is still before thee. Lift up thy head and triumph.

o o o o o o

But this is rhapsody? No! It is the true Christian philosophy of this mortal life of ours. There is no dignity nor consolation in our existence without it.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

SHAKSPEARE'S MELANCHOLY.

LET it not be supposed that, in using the word melancholy, we mean anything so absurd as that the author of Falstaff was a Werther. What we mean is that there is evidence in the sonnets, corroborated by other proof on all hands, that the mind of Shakspeare, when left to itself, was apt to sink into that state in which thoughts of what is sad and mysterious in the universe most easily come and go.

At no time, except during sleep, is the mind of any human being completely idle. All men have some natural and congenial mood into which they fall when they are left to talk with themselves. One man recounts the follies of the past day, renewing the relish of them by the recollection; another uses his leisure to hate his enemy and to scheme his discomfiture; a third rehearses in imagination, in order to be prepared, the part which he is to perform on the morrow. Now, at such moments, as we believe, it was the habit of Shakspeare's mind, obliged thereto by the necessity of its structure, to ponder ceaselessly those questions relating to man, his origin, and his destiny, in familiarity with which consists what is called the spiritual element in human nature. It was Shakspeare's use, as it seems to us, to revert often, when alone, to that ultimate mood of the soul, in which one hovers wistfully on the borders of the finite, vainly pressing against the barriërs that separate it from the unknown; that mood in which even what is common and under foot seems part of a vast current mystery, and in which, like Arabian Job of old, one looks by turns at the heaven above, the earth beneath, and one's own moving body between, interrogating whence it all is, why it all is, and whither it all tends? And this, we say, is melancholy. It is more. It is that mood of man which, most of all moods, is thoroughly, grandly, specifically human. That which is the essence of all worth, all beauty, all humor, all genius, is open or secret reference to the supernatural; and this is sorrow. The attitude of a finite creature, contemplating the infinite, can only be that of an exile—grief and wonder blending in a wistful longing for an unknown home.

As we consider this frame of mind to have been characteristic of Shakspeare, so we find that he has not forgotten to represent it as a poet. We have always fancied *Hamlet* to be a closer translation of Shakspeare's own character than any other of his personations. The same meditativeness, the same morbid reference at all times to the supernatural, the same inordinate development of the speculative faculty, the same intellectual melancholy, that are seen in the Prince of Denmark, seem to have distinguished Shakspeare. Nor is it possible here to forget that minor and lower form of the same fancy—the ornament of *As you like it*, the melancholy Jaques.

> *Jaques.* More, more, I pr'ythee, more!
>
> *Amiens.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.
>
> *Jaques.* I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more! I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I pr'ythee, more!
>
> *Amiens.* My voice is rugged; I know I cannot please you.
>
> *Jaques.* I do not desire you to please me; I desire you to sing.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> *Rosalind.* They say you are a melancholy fellow.
>
> *Jaques.* I am so; I do love it better than laughing.
>
> *Rosalind.* Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.
>
> *Jaques.* Why, 't is good to be sad, and say nothing.
>
> *Rosalind.* Why, then, 't is good to be a post.
>
> *Jaques.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.

Jaques is not Shakspeare; but in writing this description of Jaques, Shakspeare drew from his knowledge of himself. His also was a "melancholy of his own," a "humorous sadness in which his own rumination wrapt him." In that declared power of Jaques of "sucking melancholy out of a song," the reference of Shakspeare to himself seems almost direct. Nay more, as Rosalind, in rating poor Jaques, tells him, on one occasion, that he is so abject a fellow that she verily believes he is "out of love with his nativity, and almost chides God *for making him of* *that countenance that he is;*" so Shakspeare's melancholy, in one of his sonnets, takes exactly the same form of self-dissatisfaction.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet, in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, &c.

Think of that, reader! Shakspeare's face Shakspeare himself did not like; and there were moments in which he was so abject as actually to wish that he had received from nature another man's physical features!

If Shakspeare's melancholy was, like that of Jaques, a complex melancholy—a melancholy "compounded of many simples," extracted perhaps at first from some root of bitter experience in his own life, and then fed, as his sonnets clearly state, by a habitual sense of his own "outcast" condition in society, and by the sight of a hundred social wrongs around him, into a kind of abject dissatisfaction with himself and his fate, yet, in the end, and in its highest form, it was rather, as we have already hinted, the melancholy of Hamlet,—a meditative, contemplative melancholy, embracing human life as a whole; the melancholy of a mind incessantly tending from the real to the metaphysical, and only brought back by external occasion from the metaphysical to the real.

Do not let us quarrel about the words, if we can agree about the thing. Let any competent person whatever read the sonnets, and then, with their impression on him, pass to the plays, and he will inevitably become aware of Shakspeare's personal fondness for certain themes or trains of thought, particularly that of the speed and destructiveness of time. Death, vicissitude, the march and tramp of generations across life's stage, the rotting of human bodies in the earth—these and all the other forms of the same thought were familiar to Shakspeare to a degree beyond what is to be seen in the case of any other poet. It seems to have been a habit of his mind, when left to its own tendency, ever to indulge by preference in that oldest of human meditations, which is not yet trite—"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble; he cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not." Let us cite a few examples from the sonnets:—

When I consider everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge state presenteth naught but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment.—*Sonnet* 15.

If thou survive my well-contented clay,
When that churl, Death, my bones with dust shall cover.—*Sonnet* 32.

No longer mourn for me, when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with viler worms to dwell.—*Sonnet* 71.

The wrinkles, which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou, by thy dial's shady stealth, may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.—*Sonnet* 77.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten."—
Sonnet 81.

These are but one or two out of many such passages, occurring in the sonnets. Indeed it may be said that, whenever Shakspeare pronounces the words time, age, death, &c., it is with a deep and almost cutting personal emphasis, quite different from the usual manner of poets in their stereotyped allusions to mortality. Time, in particular, seems to have tenanted his imagination as a kind of grim and hideous personal existence, cruel out of mere malevolence of nature. Death, too, had become to him a kind of actual being or fury, morally unamiable, and deserving of reproach—"that churl, Death."

If we turn to the plays of Shakspeare, we shall find that in them too the same morbid sensitiveness to all associations with mortality is continually breaking out. The vividness, for example, with which Juliet describes the interior of a charnel-house, partakes of a spirit of revenge, as if Shakspeare were retaliating, through her, upon an object horrible to himself.

Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house
O'ercover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow shapeless skulls."

More distinctly revengeful is Romeo's ejaculation at the tomb:—

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of Death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open!

And who does not remember the famous passage in *Measure for Measure?*—

Claudio. Death is a fearful thing.
Isabella. And shamèd life is hateful.
Claudio. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where—
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot!
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbèd ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling! 'T is too horrible.
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of Death."

Again, in the grave-digging scene in *Hamlet*, we see the same fascinated familiarity of the imagination with all that pertains to churchyards, coffins, and the corruption within them.

Hamlet. Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Horatio. What 's that, my lord?

Hamlet. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Horatio. E'en so.

Hamlet. And smelt so? Pah! (*Throws down the skull.*)

Horatio. E'en so, my lord!

Hamlet. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Horatio. 'T were to reason too curiously to consider so.

Hamlet. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. As thus:—Alexander died; Alexander was buried; Alexander returned to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might we not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away;
O that that flesh that kept the world in awe
Should stop a hole to expel the winter's flaw!

Observe how Shakspeare here defends, through Hamlet, his own tendency "too curiously" to consider death. To sum up all, however, let us turn to that unparalleled burst of language in the *Tempest*, in which the poet has defeated time itself by chivalrously proclaiming to all time what time can do:—

And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded,
Leave not a wreck behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

This, we contend, is no mere poetic frenzy, inserted because it was dramatically suitable that Prospero should so express himself at that place; it is the explosion into words of a feeling during which Prospero was forgotten, and Shakspeare swooned into himself. And what is the continuation of the passage but a kind of postscript, describing under the guise of Prospero, Shakspeare's own agitation with what he had just written?

——————— Sir, I am vexed;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled;
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose. *A turn or two I'll walk,*
To still my beating mind.

To our imagination the surmise is that Shakspeare here laid down his pen, and began to pace his chamber, too agitated to write more that night.

In this extreme familiarity with the conception of mortality in general, and perhaps also in this extreme sensitiveness to the thought of death as a matter of personal import, all great poets, and possibly all great men whatever, have to some extent resembled Shakspeare. For these are the feelings of our common nature, on which religion and all solemn activity have founded and maintained themselves. Space and time are the largest and the outermost of all human conceptions; to stand, therefore, incessantly upon these extreme conceptions, as upon the perimeter of a figure, and to view all inward from them, is the highest exercise of thought to which a human being can attain. Accordingly in all great poets there may be discerned this familiarity of the imagination with the world, figured as a poor little ball pendent in space, and moving forward out of the dark past to a future of light or gloom. But in this respect Shakspeare exceeds them all; and in this respect, therefore, no poet is more religious, more spiritual, more profoundly metaphysical than he. Into an inordinate amount of that outward pressure of the soul against the perimeter of sensible things, infuse the peculiar *moral* germ of Christianity, and you have the religion of Shakspeare.

> And our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.—*Tempest.*

Here the poetic imagination sweeps boldly round the universe, severing it as by a soft cloud-line from the Infinite Unknown.

> Poor soul! the center of my sinful earth,
> Fool'd by those rebel powers that lead thee 'stray.—*Sonnet* 146.

Here the soul, retracing its thoughts from the far and physical, dwells disgustingly on itself.

> The dread of something after death—
> The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
> No traveler returns.—*Hamlet.*

Here the soul, pierced with the new and awful thought of sin, wings out again toward the Infinite, and finds all dark.

> How would you be,
> If He which is the top of judgment should
> But judge you as you are?
> *Measure for Measure.*

Here the silver lamp of hope is hung up within the gloomy sphere, to burn softly and faintly forever!

And so it is throughout Shakspeare's writings. Whatever is special or doctrinal is avoided; all that intellectual tackling, so to speak, is struck away that would afford the soul any relief whatever from the whole sensation of the supernatural. Although we cannot, therefore, in honest keeping with popular language, call Shakspeare, as Ulrici does, the most Christian of poets, we believe him to have been the man in modern times who, breathing an atmosphere full of Christian conceptions, and walking amid a civilization studded with Christian institutions, had his whole being tied by the closest personal links to those highest generalities of the universe which the greatest minds in all ages have ever pondered and meditated, and round which Christianity has thrown its clasp of gold.

Shakspeare, then, we hold to have been essentially a meditative, speculative, and even, in his solitary hours, an abject and melancholy man, rather than a man of active, firm, and worldly disposition. Instead of being a calm, stony observer of life and nature, as he has been sometimes represented, we believe him to have been a man of the gentlest and most troublesome affections; of sensibility abnormally keen and deep; full of metaphysical longings; liable above most men to self-distrust, despondency, and mental agitation, from causes internal and external; and a prey to many secret and severe experiences which he did not discuss at the Mitre tavern. This, we say, is no guess; it is a thing certified under his own hand and seal. But this being allowed, we are willing to agree with all that is said of him, by way of vindicating the immense variety of faculties, dispositions, and acquirements of which his character was built up. Vast intellectual inquisitiveness, the readiest and most universal humor, the truest sagacity and knowledge of the world, the richest and deepest capacity of enjoying all that life presented—all this, as applied to Shakspeare, is a mere string of undeniable commonplaces. The man, as we fancy him, who of all others trod the oftenest the extreme metaphysic walk which bounds our universe in, he was also the man of all others who was related most keenly by every fiber of his being, to all the world of the real and the concrete. Better than any man he knew life to be a dream; with as vivid a relish as any man he did his part as one of the dreamers. If at one moment life stood before his mental gaze, an illuminated little speck or disc, softly rounded with mysterious sleep, the next moment this mere span shot out into an illimitable plain, whereon he himself stood—a plain covered with forests, parted by seas, studded with cities and huge concourses of men, mapped out into civilizations, over-canopied by stars.

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Self-Knowledge.—Who seeth not how great is the advantage arising from this knowledge, and what misery must attend our mistakes concerning it? For he who is possessed of it, not only knoweth himself, but knoweth what is best for him. He perceiveth what he can do, and what he cannot do; he applieth himself to the one, and gaineth what is necessary, and he is happy; he attempts not the other, and therefore incurs neither distress nor disappointment.

AN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF INSECTS.

AT a meeting of the most influential of the insect tribes, it was proposed to open a grand Exhibition for the works of all classes. This proposition was seconded by Mr. Spinner, the spider; and Mr. Bustle Buzz, the blue-bottle, and Mr. Burrow, the mole-cricket, having each in an eloquent speech supported the motion, it was agreed to unanimously, every insect present promising to furnish its portion in aid of the great design.

The next point to be discussed was the place most suitable for the exhibition. This gave rise to much agitation. Mr. Sweet, the honey bee, wanted to erect an edifice of wax, with a distinct cell for each exhibitor; but he was opposed by Mr. Snooze, the drone, on the grounds that it would take a lifetime to accomplish the undertaking, beside requiring too much labor to please the class to which he belonged. Mr. Busy, the ant, suggested the formation of a subterranean excavation, which he said would be a plan attended with much advantage, as by it the parties could be protected from the heat of the sun and the influence of the atmosphere. This idea was received with great satisfaction by Mr. Burrow, the mole-cricket, and he obligingly offered his services in constructing galleries and apartments of superior size, remarking that Mr. Busy could assist in the formation of the small passages, and in the removal of the rubbish. Mr. Bustle Buzz, the blue-bottle, strenuously opposed this scheme, wisely observing that, although his friends Messrs. Burrow and Busy might feel quite at home under-ground, yet he, and the class he represented, would be decidedly out of their element! If he might be allowed to make a proposition, he would say, occupy a portion of the superb Azure Palace, already in existence, and which was erected before any of the assembled party were called into being. This speech was greatly applauded, and Sir Harry Highflyer, the emperor butterfly, saying he was well acquainted with a situation every way fit for the purpose, the proposal was agreed to without any more discussion.

As soon as the arrangements for occupying the area selected by Sir Harry Highflyer were completed, each exhibitor was requested to forward his contributions to the care of Messrs. Sweet and Busy, who undertook to classify the articles, apportioning to each its allotted space.

In the locomotive department were some curious stilts, sent by the firm of Stride and Stumble, of the crane flies; also some apparatus for facilitating the game of leap-frog, by Messrs. Hop and Go-forward, of the grasshoppers. Mr. Airy, the gossamer spider, contributed a novel kind of jaunting car, formed of minute threads rolled together, and extremely buoyant, on which the luxurious possessor could float in the atmosphere, and glide joyously over the meadows and downs in the bright sunshine.

In the next compartment were the various contrivances used for habitations and shelter among the insect tribes. Mr. Sweet, the honey bee, sent a magnificent palace of wax, separated into many divisions, with royal cells, fit for a queen; others of smaller dimensions, suited to the wants of royal consorts; and some still less, for the accommodation of the majority of her majesty's loyal subjects; also a proper number of apartments in which the supplies of bread and honey could be retained till required for use. Cosy and Snug, the leaf-rolling caterpillars, exhibited many tents of different shapes and various sizes, capable of withstanding the inclemency of the weather, and formed of the leaves of the hazel, oak, lilac, and nettle. Mr. Spoiler, the clothes' moth, forwarded a fine specimen of his handiwork, made from the best coat of a miser. Mr. Spinner, the spider, contributed a nest, beautifully soft and conveniently large, which, by being placed in the corner of a high cornice, had for three weeks escaped the vigilance of the housemaid. Sir Harry Highflyer, the emperor butterfly, sent the flask-shaped dormitory occupied by himself while in a state of quiescence. Messrs. Testy and Sting, of the wasp family, forwarded a domicile of large dimensions, in which were several stories, varying in size, supported one on another by pillars, and suspended to the roof by one of unusual strength; these were inclosed in a globular covering, displaying great skill and ingenuity in the execution. They also furnished some of the raw material, consisting of the stump of an old apple-tree, and a specimen of the powerful pincers used to cut it up, and, by mastication, prepare it for use. Mr. Soft, the silkworm, contributed a habitation formed of bright yellow silk, beautifully smooth, impervious to draught, and in which he proposed to doze away no inconsiderable portion of his existence. Mr. Twine, the caddis fly, exhibited a very picturesque aquatic grotto, made of small stones and tiny shells, fastened together by silken cords.

The compartment in which the greatest ingenuity and skill were developed, and which excited the keenest emulation among the exhibitors, was that devoted to the abodes of the rising generation. This also attracted the attention of all the matronly frequenters of the exhibition. Among the most noticeable of these structures was the section of a subterraneous cave-like nest, with part of the entrance passage, forwarded by the helpmate of Mr. Burrow, the mole-cricket. Mrs. Tidy, the upholsterer bee, exhibited a model nursery; in shape it resembled a Florence flask, and the interior being made perfectly smooth, was lined with a brilliant scarlet drapery procured from the flowers of the field-poppy. In this luxurious abode was room for a sufficient quantity of honey and pollen to nourish Mr. Tidy's young heir. Mrs. Hum, the gnat, sent a cluster of eggs, formed with great care and skill, in the shape of a boat, and equally buoyant, each egg being placed with the aperture downward, to enable its occupant to quit it with ease, and enter at once into the liquid element it was to inhabit during the first two stages of its existence. Mrs. Hum also exhibited some ingenious apparatus for securing the amount of atmospheric air required to sustain life while under water. These contrivances varied much in detail—being at one period attached to the tail of the insect; at another, to the head. Mr. Bright, the lantern fly, contributed a beautiful specimen of natural light in the form of a lantern, which was exhibited with almost magical effect. Mrs. Spangle, the glow-worm, forwarded a lamp which, being placed of a calm summer's evening on a mossy bank, would prove an object of great attraction to any idler in the vicinity.

Messrs. Sparkle and Sprack, the fireflies, exhibited a design for an illumination taken from the tropical forests, and composed of a number of fireflies sporting in and out between the luxuriant foliage of their native woods. Messrs. Chirrup and Hop, of the cricket family, contributed some musical instruments of curious construction, and capable of emitting a sound peculiar to the genus of which it is a distinguishing mark. Her majesty, the reigning queen of the bee tribe, exhibited the silvery pipe which conferred on her the power of quelling the most uproarious proceedings of her generally quiet and orderly subjects. Mr. Cheatum, the ant-lion, forwarded a pitfall, constructed with great labor and skill, in the form of a circular cone, and in which, by adopting the principle of the sliding scale, he proposed securing enough prey to satisfy his appetite. Catchum & Co., of the geometric spiders, contributed a beautiful net, composed of threads radiating from the centre, and crossed at regular intervals by circular lines of the same materials. In this elaborately-worked trap the wily possessor would entangle the unwary insect which, being deceived by its brilliancy on a dewy morning, and wishing to take advantage of the reflective properties of the numerous gems with which it was radiant to aid him in bedecking himself, advanced too near its treacherous precincts, and became irrecoverably entangled in its meshes.

Many other contributions were well worthy of notice, but the limit of the present paper prevents our particularizing them.

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RESULT OF CHEMICAL PHYSIOLOGY.—Any substance that has to make its way from the human stomach, through the vessels which proceed to the various parts of the body, must be capable of being dissolved by the fluids of the body. Chemists are now familiar with methods by which in their laboratories many soluble poisonous substances can be united with other bodies, so as to become insoluble, and in this new state be rendered capable of being introduced into the stomach, without injurious consequences. To perform such an experiment in the stomach, is to administer an antidote, of more or less certain efficacy, against a poison which has been previously swallowed. In this way, lime and magnesia are antidotes against oxalic acid, the white of an egg against corrosive sublimate, hydrated per-oxide of iron against white arsenic, and so on. Those severally combine with the poisonous substance when brought in contact with it in the stomach, render it insoluble, and consequently inert.

[For the National Magazine.]

METE FOR METE—EXEMPLIFICATIONS OF RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

"WHATSOEVER measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again," said the infallible Teacher; and a thousand instances of this truth stand on the records of history. Indeed, there seems to be a general, if not an irresistible, law of retributive justice exemplified in the government of the world; so that those who do good to others are usually rewarded, and those who do evil punished, even in the present life. Love begets love, and hate begets hate. "He that would have friends must show himself friendly." And he that is actuated by a friendly disposition, guided in all his conduct by the principles of justice and truth, will acquire the confidence of his associates, and draw around him a circle of confiding friends, who will sympathize with him in adversity, and rejoice with him in prosperity.

But I was about to present some instances of retributive justice, which serve to verify the truth of our Saviour's words quoted at the commencement of this article. In the case of "Uriah the Hittite," whom David slew by ordering Joab to put him in the front of the battle that he might be slain by the Ammonites, that David might possess himself securely of Uriah's wife, the Prophet Nathan said unto David, "Thus saith the Lord, I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house, and will take thy wives before thine eyes," and the "sword shall never depart from thy house." 2 Sam. xii, 10, 11. In the subsequent history of David's career, how terribly were those threatening words verified! The sword did not depart from his house all the days of his life; even his own son Absalom, whom he idolized on account of his beauty and dexterity, conspired against him, and drove him from his throne and kingdom. This sin was forgiven him on his deep repentance, so that he was not cast off forever, yet the retributive justice of God inflicted upon him and his house a vengeance which filled his heart with sorrow, and his kingdom with war and pestilence; and though he went down to his grave in peace, having obtained forgiv- g grace by an act of he goodness of a God gdom was convulsed during his life, and was finally rent asunder in the days of Rehoboam, his grandson. 1 Kings xii, 1–20.

Another remarkable instance of this retributive justice may be seen in the case of Ahab in his conduct toward Naboth, under the subtle advice of his wife Jezebel. Ahab had demanded of Naboth his "vineyard, that he might have it for a garden of herbs;" but Naboth refused to comply with the king's request. This much displeased Ahab, and his wife, full of "cunning craftiness," undertook to revenge the contemptuous conduct of Naboth by procuring false witnesses against him, accusing him of "blasphemy against God and the king." She succeeded in her nefarious design, and he was "stoned with stones and died." This event, brought about by the treachery of an artful woman, pacified, for the time, the disturbed temper of Ahab, and he arose and took possession of Naboth's vineyard. But mark the result! "And the word of the Lord came to Elijah the Tishbite, saying, Arise, go down to meet Ahab, king of Israel." "And thou shalt speak unto him, saying, Thus saith the Lord, Hast thou killed and also taken possession? And thou shalt speak unto him, saying, Thus saith the Lord, In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." 1 Kings xxi, 1–19. And this threatening was literally fulfilled, as may be seen in the subsequent chapter, verses thirty-seven and thirty-eight. Here was a fulfillment of the malediction of Heaven—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," Gen. ix, 6; and we see in it a just reaction of Divine Providence in inflicting upon the violators of His law the retributive punishment they deserve.

Thousands of such instances might be selected from the Bible history, as every attentive reader must know. From envy, the brethren of Joseph sold him as a slave into Egypt, and they themselves were forced to bow down to him as their master. The kings of Egypt oppressed the Israelites for four hundred years, and for this oppression God visited the sins of the fathers of Pharaoh upon his head by the overthrow of his army in the Red Sea. Judas betrayed Christ, but afterward hung himself.

Instances of this retributive justice occur on almost every page of history, sacred and profane. Take two or three of the most notable in modern times. Louis XIV., in addition to his profligacy, ordered the massacre of the unsuspecting Protestants of France, in which five hundred noblemen, and twenty-six thousand other Protestants were butchered in Paris, and more than thirty thousand in other parts of France. His son, Louis XV., succeeded to the throne, lived a profligate life, and died a most horrid death, being so loathsome that his friends could not endure his presence. Louis XVI. was beheaded by a revolutionary mob, and none of the family of the Bourbons have been permitted, except for a very brief period, to reign in France since. It would seem as if the curse of God had blighted this regal family.

Out of the Revolution came Napoleon Bonaparte. He conquered nearly all the neighboring kingdoms, and was regardless of the rights of others so he might aggrandize himself and family; but he was finally overthrown, conquered, taken prisoner, sent to the rock of St. Helena, and died in exile and desolation.

There is one thing in the history of this extraordinary man that seems to show how futile are the efforts of man to defeat the designs of Divine Providence. Bonaparte married Josephine, who had a daughter named Hortense, and she married Napoleon's brother, Louis. By Josephine, Bonaparte had no issue, and when he came to the head of the empire he was very solicitous to have an heir that might inherit his throne. He divorced Josephine and married a princess of Austria, by whom he had a son; but his hope perished—his son and heir died in Vienna in 1834. Mark the result! After various changes in the government of France, a descendant of Josephine, the son of her daughter Hortense, who married the brother of Napoleon, was elected first to the presidency of the French Republic, and now is seated on the throne as head of the empire, with the authority to determine the line of succession, if he shall die childless, in some collateral branch of his house. The very means which Napoleon adopted to secure the throne of France to his descendants in a direct line were the very means of its defeat, and the lovely woman he divorced has become the grandparent of an emperor! So little effect have the plans of man on the designs of God; and though the "hearts of men are fully set in them to do evil," yet the "Lord that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh" at their folly, and "bring to naught" all their machinations against Him who is the supreme ruler of the universe.

Josephine appears to have been the guardian angel of Napoleon, and while he continued united to her he prospered; but from the time he put her away, and allied himself to the degenerate house of Austria, he began to decline, and the disastrous campaign in Russia prepared the way for his defeat at Waterloo, and that defeat for his capture and his banishment to the desolate rock of St. Helena, where he ended his eventful life an exile. Had he remained faithful to Josephine, and observed the rules of justice toward the surrounding nations which he had conquered and then held in check, he might have died in his palace, after a prosperous reign, and left the empire, though not to an heir direct, yet to a collateral branch of his family, and perhaps to the very Louis Napoleon whom he so tenderly loved. At any rate, this is the final issue of that convulsive struggle which for so many years shook all Europe, hurled so many kings and emperors from their thrones, and made them tremble for their fate.*

We may see this retributive justice displayed not only in these greater events of the world, among kings and emperors, nations and eminent individuals, but also in every-day life, among all classes of people who dare to trespass upon the rights of their fellow-men. "He that diggeth a pit (for his neighbor), shall fall therein; and he that rolleth a stone (in his neighbor's path), it shall return upon him." These sayings of Holy Writ have their truth exemplified in the conduct of individuals who manifest their envious or malicious dispositions toward their fellows, in striving to injure them in their character or property, by having their unjust and wicked machinations return upon their own heads, sooner or later—if not in their own persons, yet in their posterity who walk in the footsteps of their fathers. All who violate the precept of the Saviour, "Do as you would be done by," in the like circumstances, as they transgress an immutable and infinitely just law, will assuredly find its penalty coming upon them in all its tremendous force; and it will extort from them a confession that God is just in the administration of his government.

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* The reader must not infer from the above remarks that the writer believes that Napoleon was a good man, though he thinks he was better than most of those who warred against him. He was doubtless raised up as a scourge in the hands of God to punish kings and emperors who had so long provoked Him to anger for their wickedness. Thus God uses one wicked man to chastise another, as "the rod of his indignation."

"Whoso privately slandereth his neighbor, him will I cut off," either by slaying him, by some signal display of my judgments, or separate him from the congregation of my people. What a vile character is the secret slanderer! He "speaketh proudly" with his lips against his neighbor, whispers softly in the ears of his friend respecting the real or supposed faults of his neighbor, while he flatters that neighbor himself with his professions of friendship, and thus stabs him in the dark with his forked tongue of slander, until he is caught in his own craftiness, and by a just reaction of Divine Providence he is held in that execration to which his wily conduct has justly exposed him. There is, in fact, no character except the thief, the drunkard, and the murderer—and these are generally soon detected and punished as their demerits deserve—so dangerous to the community as the secret slanderer. He will pass around in society from one neighbor to another, with the softness of the polished hypocrite, and yet with the confidence of a feigned friendship, "scattering firebrands, arrows, and death" wherever he goes; setting brother against brother, and friend against friend, until the whole neighborhood is in a flame of contention. When inquiring who reported this, it is at last traced up to its true source, and then, behold, the indignation returns with all its force upon the head of the slanderer, this vile retailer of secrets, whether true or false! He should be shunned as a pest in society. Every honest man shuns him as a dangerous character, will not speak a loud word in his ear, lest he twist it from its true meaning, and repeat it to a third person with a view to make mischief. Here again is an exemplification of retributive justice.

[illegible] ders, those of the news- [illegible] ischievous. "These [illegible] of the wind;" [illegible] is to a neighbor or friend, spreads, almost with the rapidity of lightning, from one end of the continent to another, and even to the four quarters of the globe; and the man, perhaps perfectly innocent, finds himself posted before the reading public as some "pestilent fellow," as a heretic, as a leader in some contemptible intrigue. His character is blasted before tens of thousands whom he never saw, and he is reduced to the disagreeable necessity of vindicating himself through the same corrupt medium, of which privilege perhaps he is denied, or of suffering in silence the opprobrium cast upon him. A prudent man, in nine cases out of ten, would choose the latter, rather than enter the arena of controversy with a wily adversary, who is so reckless of consequences as to care but little what he says, if he can only gratify his malevolent disposition toward the person he hates. But all this nefarious conduct will, sooner or later, return upon his own head with sevenfold vengeance, and he will find, when perhaps it is too late to avert it, that he that "backbiteth with his tongue" shall be numbered with the "haters of God," and classed with the "proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful"—Rom. i, 30, 31—and of course shall share in their doom.

This reprehensible conduct may be expected among the mass of the world, though among these there are thousands whose honorable minds will not allow them to stoop to such contemptible warfare upon individual character; but that any, under the profession of Christianity, should be guilty of this trespass upon the rights of others, and more especially should indulge in slanderous representations of the principles or conduct of a fellow-Christian, can find no apology, either in the code of morals adopted in the religion which he professes, or in the relation which he sustains as a member of the Christian family. On the contrary, the precepts of his religion forbid it; they direct to a contrary course, and furnish him with weapons of a more pacific character.

Our Saviour has given us a plain rule to guide us in our intercourse one with another as fellow-Christians, which, if observed, would prevent many of the evils which originate from publishing the faults of others, whether real or otherwise, to the world before these steps have been taken. "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church: but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican." Matt. xviii, 15–17. Now if we neglect to pursue these measures toward an offending brother, before we publish his faults, even privately to a third person, much more to the world, we thereby not only "leave undone the things we ought to do," but we do that which the Saviour has prohibited, and thereby incur the guilt of slander, and shall, sooner or later, bring upon ourselves the just displeasure of God, and subject ourselves to that retributive justice invariably displayed in the government of the world. Were this Christian duty discharged with a conscientious fidelity, how much strife and contention would be avoided? How few slanders would be uttered? How would peace and unity be promoted? And of course how much reproach would be wiped off from the Church of God? And he who violates this plain precept, by circulating reports, whether true or false, either privately or publicly, whether by word of mouth or in print, against his neighbor, brother, or friend, ranks himself among backbiters or slanderers, and exposes himself to the malediction of God and the condemnation of all good men, and therefore must expect the scorn and derision of an enlightened community, and will find in the end, that "whatsoever measure he has meted to others shall be measured to him again."

THE EYE.

OF all the complicated structures in the mechanism of man, what organ is there connected with it that commands more of our wonder and admiration than the eye? I need hardly remind you of its extreme delicacy, of its exquisite beauty, or of its transcendent and wonderful powers. There is no one organ in the body which evinces more and stronger evidences of a great First Cause.

Let us examine for a moment, if you please, the various textures which enter into its composition. But first of all look at the deep bony cavern in which it is lodged; see the care with which the God of nature has protected it on all sides, like a sentinel who is shielded from danger by the impenetrable walls of his fort, on the approach of an enemy. A poet refers to these ghastly recesses when he says:—

> "Beneath this moldering canopy
> Once shone the bright and busy eye.
> But start not at the *dismal void!*
> If pious love that eye employ'd,
> If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,
> But through the dew of kindness beam'd,
> That eye shall be forever bright
> When suns and stars have lost their light."

How admirably are its appendages (the lids) adjusted to defend it from injuries, extraneous bodies, and excesses of light!—so nicely and exactly are its refractive media arranged in consecutive laminæ, that it has very justly been pronounced the most perfect of all optical instruments. Who can watch the involuntary movements of the iris in the act of defending the retina from the too sudden, intense, and paralyzing influence of light, and not see the strongest evidence of design?

Owing to the numerous tissues composing the eye, there are, as a matter of course, a great variety of diseases to which it is subject, all of which should be understood by the accomplished and well-educated physician and surgeon. Both the voluntary and involuntary movements of the eye are dependent upon the healthy action and proper balance of exceedingly delicate muscles, which, in their abnormal condition, require surgical interference. Its *mucous and glandular tissues*, so well designed to lubricate the eye and facilitate its countless movements, are exceedingly prone to inflammation and functional derangements. Then, again, the *nervous fibers*, or tunics of the eye, like a harp of a thousand strings, may cease to vibrate. Its transparent window, the *cornea*—its *aqueous*, *lenticular*, and *vitreous fluids*, more pellucid than a dew-drop and more clear than a diamond, may lose their sparkling luster and their transcendent brilliance. The *iris*, like a guardian angel, may withdraw its watchful care. The *serous membranes* may forget their individuality, and, in their amativeness, may form undue attachments for each other, resulting in annexations either in the anterior or posterior chambers. The *circulating fluids*, like so many meandering streams vivifying and invigorating everything in their onward career, are too often turned out of their legitimate channels, or are obstructed in their course.—*Dr. M. Stephenson.*

THE LOTTERY TICKET—A TRUE STORY.

ABOUT fifty years ago, there lived in a modest little house, situated on the outskirts of a large and populous city, an old man, named David Gannet. It would have been instantly evident to any one who paused to contemplate the white hair and whiskers of old David, together with the stiffness of his decayed stock, and the erect manner in which he bore himself, that the earlier portion of his checkered career had been spent in the army, or, at all events, under the influence of those martial exercises in which enterprising and enthusiastic young men are generally wont to delight. And this was indeed the case. David had in his youth been so unfortunate as to commit some indiscretion that compelled him to leave the neighborhood of his native town, and enlist in a regiment which was on the eve of embarkation for the West Indies. Here, after he had served some years, David fell ill of the yellow fever, got invalided, and was sent home. Soon afterward his regiment returned also, and, as a sudden change from one climate to another is always improving to the constitution, it was then ordered out to Canada, where poor Gannet got just as miserably nipped by the cold as he had before been scorched by the heat. But while he was on duty in Canada, he had the luck to be severely wounded in one of his legs by the explosion of a cannon; so homeward he came again, with an honorable discharge from the army, and a pension that was calculated to render him comfortable for life. So David now amused himself, and added to his quarterly pittance, by stuffing birds, mending umbrellas, grinding scissors, setting razors, and in fact turning his hand to anything that was

a leisure moment creditably,

toss an honest penny into

a decrepit old wife.

One day, however, as David was carrying back to its owner a corpulent blue gingham umbrella, which he had been fitting with a new spring, his eye chanced to meet a large placard upon a wall—a placard which earnestly entreated all those who had any idea of purchasing an interest in the great lottery, to go and pay in their money without delay, as the tickets were nearly all disposed of, and the books would shortly be closed. David's heart gave a throb. He read farther, and saw that, by investing the trifling sum of twenty pounds (though that was all he possessed in the world), a person would stand a chance of winning twenty thousand. He took off his spectacles instantly, put them in his pocket, delivered the blue gingham umbrella, returned as quickly as possible home, and went to hold a consultation with old Phœbe. Dame Phœbe was dreadfully deaf, so he had to bawl with all his might into her ear.

"Very wet, indeed," said Phœbe; "O, yes."

"I didn't say it was wet," cried David; "no such thing; there has not been a drop of rain all day; the stones are quite dry."

"O," said Phœbe, holding her palms to the fire; "ah, well—well!"

"There's going to be a lottery."

Phœbe looked at the umbrella-mender. She hadn't heard one word he said, but didn't like to tell him so. She merely nodded slowly, and gazed again at the fire.

"Did you catch that?" asked David.

"Cold, is it?" replied the dame; "I thought so—ah!"

"I didn't say it was cold," screamed David; "on the contrary, it's quite hot."

"Hot! O, see," returned Phœbe; "yes, yes, it *is* hot," and she warmed her palms once more. David drew back, and gave his wife just such a look as he once bestowed upon a Tuscarora warrior, whom he had occasion to thump upon the head with the butt-end of his musket.

"I said there was going to be a lottery," roared David. "Here, it's no use, I see; give me the slate:" and he wrote down the words. Phœbe understood now, and her looks asked, "Well, what then?" David next wrote, "For twenty pounds one may buy a ticket that will win as many thousands."

"Ay, but you haven't *got* twenty pounds, lad," was the reply.

"No, but *you* have, and that's the same thing, is it not?"

Phœbe returned no answer for some minutes, and then mildly remarked that it was quite another thing. David bestowed upon her a second vicious glance, and hastily scrawled, "Not if I am determined to buy this ticket, I suppose?"

"Twenty pounds are twenty pounds," said Phœbe, shaking her head; "it's all we've got in the world, besides the pension. Take my advice, David Gannet, and don't be a fool."

"Think of winning twenty thousand golden guineas," scribbled the umbrella-mender; "what a heap! what a hoard! we might hide in it—roll in it." Phœbe looked dubious—she was giving way.

"Go and hear what Great To has to say about it," was her reply.

David snatched the slate from her hand and replied, "Why should I consult Anthony von Pootherchick in a matter like this? He knows nothing about lotteries; he never put into one in his life."

"No, I am sure of that; you can't do better than consult him. Go at once."

"Well, as you will," said David, seizing a dilapidated old hat; "but it wont have much weight, I can tell you. An old soldier is a match for fifty Von Pootherchicks, any day."

Anthony von Pootherchick was one of those curious and clever individuals impertinently denominated "Jack-of-all-trades." The usual addendum of "Master-of-none" would not apply in his case, as he was master of anything he felt disposed to take in hand. He was a profound antiquarian, an experienced chemist, an able optician, an excellent carpenter, a skillful turner, and an accomplished engineer; but his favorite study, and private joy, and chief delight, was evidently pyrotechny. I say evidently, because the window of his little shop was filled with every description of fireworks—rockets, and Roman-candles, and Jack-in-the-boxes, and Catharine-wheels, and squibs, and crackers—the contemplation of which, upon all fifth of November nights, and indeed for many weeks previously, formed the chief attraction of the vagabond town youth. Anthony von Pootherchick, however, being a long name, and somewhat difficult of pronunciation, the neighbors soon learned to call him "Von Pootherchick," afterward "Pootherchick," then "Old Anthony," and at last "Tony," which, in course of time, got corrupted into the simple monosyllable "To." But here a confusion arose. Anthony von Pootherchick happened to have a notorious young scapegrace of a grandson, who had, in compliment to himself, been christened Anthony also. For the sake of distinction, therefore, the former was now called "Great To," and the latter "Little To," appellations which received the popular approval, and to which both grandfather and grandson had long since become perfectly reconciled.

Now, as I have made brief allusion to the tastes and avocations of Great To, it would be unfair were I to omit a few passing comments upon those of Little To likewise. While in personal appearance he was the exact counterpart—a dwarf likeness—of his grandfather, (excepting that the one wore spectacles, which the other did not; and the old man's hair was gray, while the young one's was black,) in disposition Little To did not resemble Great To at all, for there was not a more malicious young imp than this said Little To in existence. He was the very pest of the neighborhood, and continually being dragged at the hands of some incensed neighbor by the coat collar into the shop of Great To, for the old gentleman's correction. On these occasions Great To, who was an ardent lover of ingenuousness and truth, would say, flourishing a stout cudgel meanwhile, "Did you do such and such a thing, sir? and were you guilty of so and so? and is what this gentleman says correct?" and Little To would whimperingly reply, "Yes, I did, grandfather." Whereupon Great To would throw down the cudgel in rapture, and cry, "A good lad; always speak the truth; I'll forgive you because you didn't lie;" and then Anthony would clap his foot upon the treadle of his lathe again, and send the chips flying in all directions around him.

An indefatigable and inveterate enemy was Little To to the neighbors' cats. He used to bring them in secretly under his apron, charge the Leyden jar of his grandfather's great electrifying machine with its heaviest shock, and putting the persecuted animals' right fore-paws to the brass knob, and their left hind ones to the tinfoil on the bottom of the loaded receptacle, pass a huge spark completely through their afflicted bodies, and make them howl dismally. He was known to every Tom and Tabby for three miles round. The moment they saw Little To turning an adjacent corner, a most hideous expression of anguish stole over their features, and they would scour suddenly away at the very top of their speed, in a precisely opposite direction. If Little To, however, did not resemble his grandfather in most things, there were two in which he copied him closely. In the first place he was amazingly fond of pyrotechny, and spent most of his leisure moments in the pursuit of this noble science. If you heard a very loud report, or a sudden roar in the yard at the back of the old optician's shop, you would know that it was Great To testing a maroon, or trying a gerb; but, if you heard a variety of small explosions, and a slight hissing sound, you might be sure it was *Little* To solacing himself with a squib in a corner, or contemplating the result of some recent discovery in the cracker department. And in the second place, Little To was strongly addicted to chemistry. If an all-pervading and mighty stench suddenly saluted your offended nostrils, that was Great To experimentalizing among the gases; but if you became suddenly conscious of a diminutive stench, which came and went at intervals, that was *Little* To again pouring diluted oil of vitriol on iron filings, and inflating a miniature paper balloon. Such was Great To the grandfather, and such was Little To the grandson—to both of whom I considered it only fitting that the reader should be introduced.

David Gannet walked straight up to the lathe at which Anthony von Pootherchick was presiding. Before the old umbrella-mender had stood near it ten seconds his hat and shoulders were covered with fine chips. He looked like a man who had just weathered a heavy snow-storm. The lathe made such a noise that Anthony did not perceive David's entrance, and the latter had to touch the old philosopher on the shoulder to engage his attention. Then he desisted from his turning, and greeted his neighbor with the air of one who wished the umbrella-mender well, and was quite at his service.

"I want your advice," roared David in his ear.

"Hush, man, I'm not deaf," mildly observed Anthony von Pootherchick; "what do you bawl at me in that way for?"

"O, I forgot," said David; "to be sure—how stupid!" Then after a momentary pause, "You have heard, I suppose, of this great lottery."

"O, yes; I have heard of it, neighbor, and what of that?"

"Would you advise me to——"

"There, you are raising your voice again," cried Anthony von Pootherchick, rather irritated, "I told you before I was not deaf."

"No, no, no! I beg your pardon," said David, scratching his ear in an embarrassed way; "I always forget—it's with talking to old Phœbe. But about this lottery."

"Well, what about the lottery?" said Great To, taking up a gauge and beginning to set it.

"You put in twenty guineas, or pounds, I don't remember which, and win twenty thousand. Wouldn't you recommend me to try it?"

"On those conditions, yes, certainly."

"Thank you, Anthony, I knew that would be what you would say, and very sensible too; but Phœbe wouldn't listen."

"Stay a bit," exclaimed Great To, examining the gauge's edge, "let me understand you rightly. By putting in twenty pounds, you cannot fail in taking out as many thousands?"

"I didn't say *can't fail*."

"O, there is a doubt existing, eh? There are chances against you then?"

"Yes, very likely; but——"

"How many, pray?"

"I don't know; I didn't inquire."

"Nor need you," gravely returned Anthony von Pootherchick, pouring a drop or two of oil upon the stone from a little tin vessel with a spout like a snipe's beak. "You are a poor man, David Gannet, like myself, and can't afford to make ducks and drakes of a sum like twenty pounds. You may win, it is true; but that you may lose is much more likely. You came to ask my advice, and you have got it."

"Thank you kindly," said David in a dogged tone.

Just as he was going to leave the shop, a neighboring green-grocer walked in. He had Little To's left ear between the forefinger and thumb of one hand, and between those of the other he held a dead cat by the hind legs. It had died strong convulsion; the eyes were st from their sockets, and the tongu truded an inch or more.

"What's this?" inquired Anthony von Pootherchick, seizing his cudgel.

"It *was* a cat," replied the green-grocer, "the nicest cat that ever breathed. Look at it *now*. I come for justice."

"And you shall have it," said Great To, grasping Little To by the wrist.

"I did it, grandfather," cried Little To, looking up mildly in the old man's face.

"I know you did, my boy," said Anthony, with much apparent calmness.

"Stop a bit," interrupted the green-grocer; "not *that*, neighbor Pootherchick; where's your electrifying machine?"

"Ah, a very good idea," said Anthony, and, dragging the alarmed youth to the implement named, he forced him into a chair, and turning the handle of the terrible apparatus fourteen times, gave Little To a shock which sent him off rubbing his elbows savagely, and vowing early revenge.

David Gannet waited to witness the administration of this piece of justice, and then, more resolved than ever to invest his twenty pounds in the great lottery that he had seen advertised, returned homeward, to combat the objections of Dame Phœbe.

David Gannet was a very long time in bringing his more cautious wife over to his own way of thinking, and inducing her to countenance his ambitious projects; but he harped so much upon the probabilities of success, and used so many skillful arguments to convince her that the step he was about to take was one of the most prudent ones he could devise, that she at length entered fully into her husband's views, and eventually became more enthusiastic in the matter than even the old umbrella-mender himself. As a convincing proof, too, of her sincerity, she went secretly up-stairs to a garret, and putting her hand up the chimney, drew out an old crumpled black stocking, from which she took upward of twenty pounds in bank notes, and then, descending again, put them cheerfully into the hand of David, who, without delay, paid the money in at the lottery-office, and received in return a ticket—the title-deed of his enormous wealth. Dame Phœbe had told him to choose something with a seven in it; so he chose the number seventy-seven, which, through some unfortunate oversight on the part of speculators in general, chanced hitherto to have remained unappropriated.

"When is the drawing to take place?" asked Phœbe.

"On Tuesday week," replied David, with the assistance of the slate.

"Tuesday week! I don't like that: it will fall on the first of April."

"That's the very reason they chose it," returned David, rubbing his hands; "don't you see how many fools they make?" And while Dame Phœbe was nearly choking with the effects of this little piece of pleasantry, David occupied himself in fixing an ivory knob upon a sturdy walking-stick, the property of an elderly gentleman, who growled terribly when he brought it, and would most probably growl terribly again when he came to take it away, if everything was not arranged to his taste, and within the limits of the half hour he had prescribed for the completion of the undertaking.

As David was thus engaged, Dame Phœbe's favorite tortoise-shell cat bounced in at the door in an intense state of palpitation and alarm. As the natural sequel to an incident of this nature, shortly afterward Little To entered also, tossing his square paper cap into the air, and catching it cleverly on his head as he walked.

"Now, then, young scapegrace," said David.

"Are you in?" asked Little To.

"Why, to be sure—don't you see I am? What do you mean by asking that?"

"Grandfather told me to——"

"Tell Anthony I'll be with him in a minute."

"Don't you go to him—he'll come to you."

"O, very well; does he want some more ivory?"

"Yes, but it's not about that; keep him a-talking as long as you can;" and darting an affectionate glance in the direction of the tortoise-shell cat, which was stealthily watching him from under a bedstead, Little To ran off in the direction of his grandfather's shop.

In a few minutes Anthony von Pootherchick arrived. The visit was purely one of kindness. He wished to prevent David from speculating in the great lottery which was occasioning so vast a sensation in the town.

"But it's already done," cried David. "See!" and he drew the ticket from his pocket.

Anthony surveyed it contemptuously.

"Do you remember the old proverb?" asked Great To.

"No; what is it, neighbor?" said David, as he clapped a brass virl upon the walking-stick of the irascible elderly gentleman.

"Fools and their money are soon parted;" and, having suffered his indignation to vent itself thus, Anthony von Pootherchick walked composedly out.

"What's that he said?" eagerly demanded Dame Phœbe, relinquishing the bellows, and putting her hand to her ear.

"That we're sure to win the great prize," replied David Gannet, making a hideous noise with his file, and communicating a last polish to the virl by means of a little bit of sand-paper.

"We must have a complete turn-out from top to bottom," said David, as he stirred up his tea that evening; these old tables and chairs, and that old Dutch clock wont suit our altered circumstances. I'll have an arm-chair with a red cushion to it, and a round mahogany table with a lion's head carved on each leg, and a respectable clock with a handsome face, and the moon rising above it; and I'll have an elegant looking-glass over the mantlepiece, and a costly carpet on the floor, and beautiful curtains round the window. No more mending umbrellas and stuffing birds after that—I shall have enough to do to stuff myself; and, as for grinding scissors——" He gave the machine a kick as he spoke, which precipitated it noisily into a corner.

A week rolled away. The important day arrived. David, under the careful inspection and superintendence of his wife, dressed himself in his very best, brushed his dingy hat, drew on a pair of discolored gloves, and stood prepared to start.

"Stay a bit," cried old Phœbe. "Take off that yellow neckerchief, and put on the one with spots."

David did as he was desired, and seizing the slate, gave Phœbe the following directions, which she promised scrupulously to observe:—

"If things go as I expect they will, I shall not walk home, mark you. I shall ride in a sedan-chair. Watch for me at a top window, and when you see the sedan-chair turning the corner you will know I am coming. Then throw up the

ntly, and bundle all our old

can lay your hands on into

are nothing; out with it, dame. You understand, do you? Very well, so now good-by until I return,"—and away went David Gannet, already in imagination the possessor of an amount of wealth which baffled the powers of arithmetic.

David Gannet, the old soldier, marched away at a double quick step, and walked into the town. He was in wonderful spirits; he felt like a man who had inhaled the laughing-gas. His head and thoughts were in the clouds, and as he tramped along the resounding footway, he brought the end of his iron-tipped stick down upon it with an energy that struck fire from the stones. He soon arrived at the large building in which the lottery was to take place. A dense crowd of people had collected here. Hope and eager expectation sat on every face. Mirth and laughter resounded from the walls. Nobody looked sad, for nobody was yet a loser by the great lottery.

"What are they laughing at, I wonder?" muttered David Gannet to himself; "do they *all* expect to win?" and for a moment the possibility of a failure on his own part occurred to him. He grew chill from top to toe at the bare thought of it; but roused himself, and anxiously awaited the opening of the proceedings. He did not wait long. A boy in a blue dress (David observed that he was blindfold, and had one hand tied behind him) dipped his naked arm into a revolving box, drew out a ticket, and submitted it to a clerk, who called its number; upon which a second boy on the opposite side of the room drew from *his* box a ticket also, and submitted it to another clerk, who cried, "Blank." The same ceremony was repeated twenty times, and then a prize of two hundred and fifty pounds turned up. The announcement of his success was hailed with an immediate cheer, and the hand of the fortunate individual was shaken by his friends, while those whose tickets had been pronounced blank took the opportunity of slipping quietly away, with faces as blank as their tickets.

"Blank, blank, blank, blank, blank, blank; why, they're nearly all blank," cried David; "it's rather different from what I expected; and what if mine should turn out to be a blank? I had better be moving toward the door."

"Blank, blank, blank, blank, blank, blank, fifty times in succession, and then a prize of five hundred pounds. "Come, that's worth having," said David; "five hundred pounds is a good round sum, but, after all, it's a mere trifle to what I expect to get. Ha! what did I hear? Yes," cried David aloud, "that's my number gentlemen, if you please; I am number seventy-seven."—"Blank," was the reply, and poor David Gannet fell down flat upon his face. He might have been shot. The prevailing notion was that he was dead, but this was proved to be a mistake. David had merely fainted from nervous excitement. His case provoked much commiseration; but he was rather in the way, so the chief clerk of the lottery referred to his books, and finding the umbrella-mender's name and address, issued an order for him to be conveyed safely home. David Gannet's house, however, happening to lie at some distance, and a disengaged couch not being procurable just then, they put him carefully into a sedan-chair, which some humane person proffered for the occasion, and away the two bearers trudged with their load.

Dame Phœbe, like a wary sentinel, had been looking out of the window for upward of an hour. The better to fulfill her engagement, with the assistance of a neighbor, she had collected the whole of the household effects into one room, a garret, and was now patiently awaiting the appearance of the sedan-chair. At length, as she was on the point of giving way to despair, she saw the long-looked-for sedan turn the appointed corner! In an instant up went the window, and down toppled the furniture in a perfect avalanche upon the pavement below. Chairs, tables, looking-glasses, wash-hand basins, warming-pans, fire-irons, and fenders—down they went, bump, bump, bump—crash, crash, crash. The irascible elderly gentleman, who brought the walking-stick to have a knob put to it, chanced to be passing at the moment, and he looked wrathfully up to see from whence this shower of missiles came; but the nozzle of a pair of kitchen bellows hit him over the eye, and, while he lay sprawling, a piece of crockery, falling upon the center of his back, nearly broke the spine. A yellow-whiskered cheesemonger rushed from his shop at the next door, and held up his hand deprecatingly to Dame Phœbe; but the corner of a wash-hand stand took his chin, and hurled him to a distance of several yards. A corpulent chemist from the opposite side of the street rushed over, with the view of staying the havoc and stopping the outrage; but a large heap of drugget falling at the moment, like a prophet's mantle, enveloped him in its folds, and he was utterly extinguished. And all this time, and in the midst of all this confusion, there was David Gannet, who had just recovered his senses, looking out at the sedan window, and calling at the very top of his voice, and making signals to the deaf Phœbe to suspend further demonstrations of joy; but Phœbe was in too high a paroxysm of bliss to attend to anything that was transpiring below,—and it was not till David Gannet himself had rushed wildly up the stairs, and actually seized her by the two wrists, that she could be got thoroughly to comprehend the umbrella-mender's meaning, and desist from the work of destruction. Then the dismal truth flashed upon her, and together the unfortunate pair bewailed the ruin their imprudence had dragged down upon them.

While they were thus weighed to the earth, and in the very midst of their despondency and grief, that excellent man and good neighbor, Anthony von Pootherchick, having heard of this couple's misfortunes, had the philanthropy to pay them a visit. He was not one of those provoking, though perhaps well-intending people, who, when your prospects have miscarried, shrug their shoulders, and cry, "I told you so," and wonder why you didn't follow their advice. He said nothing at all; he merely looked round him, saw how matters stood, and, going quietly away, instantly set afoot a subscription, which in less than two days amounted to nearly forty pounds, and quite established David Gannet in business again. But what do you think was the result of this praiseworthy conduct on the part of Anthony von Pootherchick? The whole of the time which he spent in benevolently collecting money for David Gannet, that incorrigible imp, Little To, spent in solving the mystery of thunder-powder, and succeeded in blowing the roof quite off one of the pyrotechnist's outbuildings. Anthony was in a pretty rage when he heard of it, and hastened home with the view of inflicting proper chastisement upon the culprit; but, on arriving there, it soon became apparent that Little To, dreading the results of his indiscretion, had already privately withdrawn himself. Two whole days did Little To remain secreted, but, toward the middle of the third, he once more presented himself in the gloomy shop of the old optician, donned his paper cap, tied on his apron in a mild and comfortable manner, and began to grind away at a mortar full of saltpeter, a task that Great To had imposed upon his grandson the morning of the day on which the latter had absconded. The gloom of his laboratory at first prevented Anthony von Pootherchick, who had just been getting his dinner, from perceiving his grandson; but the moment he had done so, he walked toward him with a deliberate sort of air, which Little To thought portended no particular amount of good to himself. So he dropped the heavy pestle into the mortar, forced a large fat tear into the corner of either eye, and cried, "I did it, grandfather." Perhaps this well-timed but artful acknowledgment acted as a sedative upon Great To's rising choler, or perhaps his dinner had put him in good humor; at all events he exhibited no anger, but on the contrary cried: "That's a good lad, always speak the truth; I'll forgive you because you didn't lie,—and the incident of the thunder-powder passed altogether from the good old man's memory. Subsequently to this, Little To became a great chemist, and dabbled to a considerable extent in astronomy. Indeed, it is only a few years since he was supposed by philosophers to have discovered a new star; though, on further investigation, this was proved to be less a new star than an old blinking gas lamp, which occupied a conspicuous position upon a distant acclivity. Little To's abilities as a chemist, however, have never once been called into question, and he is justly looked upon as one of the greatest luminaries of the present age.

As for David Gannet and Dame Phœbe, they did not invest any more money in lotteries, but continued to live comfortably upon what little they possessed, till death gave them something better. David often afterward acknowledged that his lottery speculation was a stupid business, and, in order that the recollection of it might act as a check upon him in future, he bought a half-pint china cup, with a handsome picture of the "Dog and his [illegible]" emblazoned upon the front of it; [illegible] always during the old soldier's [illegible] stood upon his mantle-piece.

[For the National Magazine.]

CROSSING THE MISSISSIPPI SWAMP.

IN the South-western States there were, in 1818, no public conveyances by land, and few roads of any considerable distance on which wheeled carriages could pass; consequently the transportation of almost everything was on horseback. Under these circumstances I could take with me to my distant destination only a few clothes and some choice books. A pair of saddle-bags contained my entire wardrobe and library. The latter consisted of a Bible, Methodist Discipline, Hymn-book, one volume of Wesley's Sermons, and a Greek Testament. With this outfit, for the whole year, I turned my face to the Far West.

The morning of my departure was somber, and indicative of rain. Late at night on the second day's ride, wet, weary, and faint with hunger, I reached the waters of the Mississippi at the mouth of Red River, and was obliged to pass the night at a tavern. I think I never felt before so keenly the want of something refreshing as I did at that hour, and scarcely ever had I been thrown into a place which afforded so few of the sheer necessaries of life. Of whisky only was there a profusion. All that I could procure was some corn bread, the meal of which had been probably ground in a still-mill, and baked in the ashes, a bit of damaged pork, and something which they called coffee. And these I got from the slaves, who really sympathized with me in my sufferings, and yielded me all the aid and comfort which were within their narrow means.

Weariness and partial fever prevented sleep, and the next morning the day was cold and cheerless. After waiting and pleading with my host till nearly ten o'clock, and paying him enormously, he allowed his slaves to help me across the Mississippi, and soon I entered its great swamp. This is, perhaps, the most dreary and desolate place in the world. To form an adequate conception of it, one must have been at some time in it. It overwhelms one on every side by its extent and stillness. It is formed by the melted snows which flow from the higher latitudes of the continent, and the spring rains which fall in the immense valley lying between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains. The waters of this vast basin, pressing themselves in their southern course, and failing to empty themselves sufficiently fast into the ocean, are compelled to force their way over the banks, and thus they form an inundation or swamp more than seven hundred miles in length, and from twenty-five to sixty miles in breadth. When they begin to approach this region, the beasts, birds, and even the reptiles, retire before them, and flee to the higher and distant lands on the west. Nothing is now to be seen in it but one continuous sheet of water, extending and spreading itself over thousands of square miles, and covering almost everything from five to forty feet under its surface. The tall and shapeless cypress is nearly the only tree which peers above this mighty inundation. Formerly, in the spring season, before steam had achieved its triumphs, the mail-boats and other conveyances, in communicating with the then solitary West, were obliged to pass through this swamp; and in the autumn, when the waters had retired, one could trace their passage twenty or forty feet over his head by the limbs of the trees which the boatman had cut away in navigating his vessel through their tops.

About the first of June the overflow reaches its highest point, after which it gradually recedes until the last of August, when it falls again within the banks of the river. And now an almost vertical sun soon dries up the immense swamp, exhaling from this enormous accumulation of vegetable matter a miasma which often carries pestilence and death to the inhabitants on the higher lands.

The impressions produced on one, while in this region, are often various and opposing. That which, at the entrance, seemed vast and overwhelming, in a few hours' ride loses most of its inspiration, and soon becomes familiar and gloomy. And now there is nothing to variegate the monotonous scene. The imagination becomes depressed, and seeks in vain for something by which it can relieve itself. You are now in the empire of stillness and uniformity. There is nothing which has life to be seen or heard: no flitting bird nor moving creature to beguile the tedium of the miry way. And should the wind move the lofty cypresses, the sound in their tops seems mournful, and in dying away makes the solitude more solitary.

I had traveled but a few hours in this swamp when I was met by the chilling wintry rains peculiar to that climate, and was, shortly after, brought down with a severe ague. Soon the fever became violent, and I was obliged to dismount and screen myself under a frail umbrella at the root of the driest tree I could find. Although almost every step had been through mud, yet there was no water. At this time I would have given gold for a bowlful. As it was, I could only slake my thirst by the application of wet leaves to my feverish lips; and for this I was thankful.

I was sick, alone, without food or water, and in doubt whether I could ever find my way out of this wilderness. I had believed myself called to preach the gospel, had left all that I had ever loved before to do it, and was now on my way to make full proof of those impressions which had followed me for seven years. It was suggested to me that I had mistaken my call —that I was deluded—was foolish to relinquish a lucrative occupation for an enterprise so profitless and visionary—and, above all, that God was in this way hedging up my course.

I endeavored to review the whole of my former life. In the examination, I found that my motives had been upright; my only object had been to glorify God, and, if possible, to do good to my fellow-men; and if I were mistaken I had followed the best light I had. I did not—I could not feel condemned. After prayer, the light from above soon dispelled my doubts, and melted me down into sweet submission. I was then willing to die there, or anywhere else, or in any other way, to glorify God.

My fever was still high; but the day was passing away, and the approach of night might bring with it, I knew not what —perhaps the return of those ferocious beasts which had fled to the borders of the swamp. I arose and pushed on as fast as my half-famished horse could bear me. But soon the path, which had never been plain, became dim, and finally lost itself entirely in the leaves. Thus I was now wholly astray, and concluded that I must lay out for the night. But I was kept calm, and confided in Providence. Pressing on for some time without a path to direct me, at last I discovered something like higher ground, and soon felt that my horse had firmer footing, and finally emerged from this miry solitude into the extended prairie of Avoyelles.

This was the first extensive prairie I had ever seen, and, under any circumstances, it would have been beautiful; but at this time it was perfectly enchanting. The sun was just now withdrawing his last rays from the bending grass, the sky was clear, calm, and purified by the rain of the day, and the entire prospect, in openness and extent of vision, far exceeded any that I had ever seen. Everything without was now changed, and the effect produced upon me within was perfectly irresistible. While in the swamp, notwithstanding my reliance on God, my natural spirits all the day had been depressed; but now, all at once, they assumed far more than their usual elasticity; and although entirely alone, I think I shouted aloud, and felt something like an involuntary upheaving of my whole person in the saddle.

Through the day the Lord had brought me low; he had tested me in regard to my call to the ministry. Grace had been given me to stand fast, and now I was brought into a large place. My fever had subsided, and all without was lovely, and all within was buoyant and joyous. My mouth was filled with laughter and my tongue with singing.

In a few days I reached Opelousas, the center of my future labors, the place of my destination, and, at that time, the South-western extremity of the Union. I had long wished to become a missionary, and now I felt as one sent out from country, kith, and kindred. But

> "For this I panted—this I prized;
> For this I gladly sacrificed
> Whate'er I loved before."

I was affectionately received into the family of the Hon. Seth Lewis, judge of the court, who, with his excellent wife and entire household, were among the first fruits of Methodism in these remote parts of Louisiana. They had heartily espoused the cause of truth at a time when Protestantism, and, much more so, Methodism, were in low repute; and like the house of Onesiphorus in Paul's day, they diligently searched out the ministers of the gospel, refreshed them, and were not ashamed of their reproach. During the two years I traveled west of the Mississippi this house was my home; and, whether sick, weary, or dispirited in any way, in this blessed family I was always sure to find repose and consolation. In the nautical language of that country, I used to put into this Fair Haven, often half-wrecked, dismantled, and sometimes without supplies; and as often I have been repaired and refitted for another cruise on my circuit of five hundred and sixty-four miles in circumference.

LAST DAYS OF HENRY HAMMOND, D.D.

DR. HENRY HAMMOND'S Commentary on the New Testament is much valued by every scholar in divinity. Dr. Hammond was also eminent for his zeal and piety. At the approach of sickness, his first consideration was, what failing had provoked the present chastisement; and to that purpose he made his earnest prayer to God (and enjoined his friends to do the like) to convince him of it; not only so, but to tear and rend away, though by the greatest violence and sharpest discipline, whatever was displeasing in his eyes, and grant not only patience, but fruitfulness, under the rod. Then, by repeated acts of submission, would he deliver himself up into God's hands to do with him as seemed him good, and saying, "God's holy will be done." And even then, when on the rack of torture, would he be observing every circumstance of allay, saying it was not so sharp as others felt, accusing his impatience that it appeared so bad to him as it did. And then, when some degree of health was given, he exerted all his strength in a return of grateful recognition to the Author of it; which he performed with a lively sense and cheerful piety, frequently reflecting on the psalmist's phrase, that it was a joyful thing to be thankful. Whoever should attentively observe this his transport would easily apprehend how possible it was for the infinite fruitions of another world to be made up by the perpetual act of grateful recognition, in giving lauds and singing praises unto God. Upon this score he was a most diligent observer of every blessing he received, and had them still in readiness to confront unto those pressures he at any time lay under. In the intermissions of his importunate maladies he would with full acknowledgment mention the great indulgence that he, who had in his constitution the cause of so much pain still dwelling with him, should yet, by God's immediate interposing, be rescued from the effect.

To facilitate yet more this his serenity and calm of mind, he laid this rule before him, which proved of great use: "Never to trouble himself with the foresight of future events," being resolved of our Saviour's maxim, that "sufficient to the day is the evil thereof;" and that it were the greatest folly in the world to perplex one's self with that which perchance will never come to pass; but, if it should, then God who sent it will dispose it to the best—most certainly to his glory, which should satisfy us in our respects to him, and unless it should be our fault, as certainly to our good, which, if we be not strangely unreasonable, must satisfy in reference to ourselves and private interests. Besides all this, in the very dispensation, God will not fail to give such allays, which (like the cool gales under the line) will make the greatest heats of sufferance very supportable.

And, to enforce all this, he made a constant recourse to the experience of God's dealing with him in preceding accidents; which, however dreadful at a distance, at a nearer view lost much of their terror. And, for others that he saw perplexed about the management of their difficult affairs, he was wont to ask them when they would begin to trust God, or permit him to govern the world. Besides, unto himself and friends he was wont solemnly to give this mandate, "to rather nothing:" not only to be content, or acquiesce, but be resolved the present state to be the very best that could be wished or fancied.

And thus all private concernments he passed over with perfect indifference; the world and its appendages hanging so loose about him, that he never took notice when any part dropped off, or sat uneasily. Herein indeed he was concerned, and rendered thoughtful, if somewhat intervened that had a possibility of duty appended to it; in which case he would be solicitous to discern where the obligation lay; but presently rescued himself from that disquiet by his addresses unto God in prayer and fasting, which was his certain refuge in this as well as other exigents; and, if the thing in question were of moment, he called in the devotions of his friends. Besides his earnest prayers to God for his assistance, and disposal of him entirely to his glory, and a diligent survey of his inclinations, and therein those which were his more open and less defensible parts, he further called in and solemnly abjured that friend of his with whom he had then the nearest opportunity of communion, to study and examine the last ten years of his life, and, with the justice due to a Christian friendship, to observe the failures of all kinds, and show them to him. The diocese of Worcester was, by the favor of his majesty, Charles II., designed as the charge of Dr. Hammond; and he expected hourly the peremptory mandate which was to call him forth from his beloved retirements.

But, in the instant, a more importunate, though infinitely more welcome summons, engaged him on his last journey; for, on the 4th of April, he was seized with a sharp illness, which yet ceased for that time. However, on the 8th of the same month, it returned again with greater violence; when, as if he had by some instinct a certain knowledge of the issue of his sickness, he almost at its first approach conceived himself in hazard, telling his friends with whom he was, "that he should leave them in God's hands, who could supply abundantly all the assistance they could either expect or desire from him, and who would so provide, that they should not find his removal any loss." And when he observed one of them with some earnestness pray for his health and continuance, he with tender passion replied, "I observe your zeal spend itself all in that one petition for my recovery; in the interim you have no care of me in my greatest interest, which is, that I may be perfectly fitted for my change, when God shall call me: I pray, let some of your fervor be employed that way." And being pressed to make his own request to God to be continued longer in the world, to the service of the Church, he immediately began a solemn prayer, which contained first a very humble and melting acknowledgment of sin, and a most earnest intercession for mercy and forgiveness through the merits of his Saviour: next, resigning himself entirely into his Maker's hands, he begged that, if the divine wisdom intended him for death, he might have a due preparation for it; but if his life might in any degree be useful to the Church, even to one single soul, he then besought Almighty God to continue him, and by his grace enable him to employ that life he so vouchsafed industriously and successfully.

After this he did, with great affection, intercede for this Church and nation, and with particular vigor and enforcement prayed for sincere performance of Christian duty, now so much decayed, to the equal supplanting and scandal of that holy calling; that those who professed that faith might live according to the rules of it, and to the form of godliness superadd the power. This, with some repetitions and more tears, he pursued, and at last closed all in a prayer for the several concerns of the family where he was. With this he frequently blessed God for so far indulging to his infirmity as to make his disease so painless to him; withal to send it to him before he took his journey, whereas it might have taken him in the way, or at his inn, with far greater disadvantages. He now became strangely cheerful, and overlooked the encroaching, importunate tyranny of sickness.

On the 20th of April, being Good Friday, he solemnly received the sacrament; and again on the 22d of April, which then was Easter-day. Amid his weakness and indisposition of all parts, in the act of celebration his devotion not only was not faint, but most intent and vigorous; yet was it equaled by his infinite humility, which discovered itself as in his deportment, so particularly in that his pathetical ejaculation which brake forth at the hearing of those words of the apostle, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;" unto which he rejoined, in an accent that neither intended a compliment to God nor men, to either of which he was not under a temptation, "Of whom I am the chief."

When he was in pain he often prayed for patience, and, while he did so, evidenced that his prayer was heard; for he exercised not only that, but thankfulness too, in his greatest extremity crying out "Blessed be God! blessed be God!" Nor did he, according to the usual method, inflict his sickness upon those about him, by peevishness disquieting his attendants; but was pleased with everything that was done, and liked everything that was brought, condescending to all proposals, and obeying with all readiness every advice of his physicians. In his own greatest desolations he administered reliefs to those about him, mixing advices with his prayers, and twisting the tenderness of a friend to that of the Christian. He then dispensed his best of legacies, his blessings; most passionately exhorting the young growing hopes of his family, whose first innocence and bashful shame of doing ill he above all things labored to have preserved, "To be just to the advantage of their education, and maintain inviolate their first baptismal vows." Then he more generally commended unto all the great advantage of mutual friendly admonitions. On which occasion, when one asked him what more special rule he would recommend for the whole life, he briefly replied, "Uniform obedience;" whereby (if we may take a comment from himself at other times) he meant not only a sincere reception of duty as such, because commanded, and not because it is this or that, pleasant or honorable, or perchance cheap or easy duty; but withal the very condition of obeying; the lot of not being to choose for one's self; the being determined in all proposals by human or divine command, and, where those were left at large, by the guidance of God's providence, or the assistance of a friend.

But, amid these most Christian occupations, these happiest anodynes of sickness, the 25th of April, 1660, fatally drew on. About three o'clock in the afternoon, becoming very weak and dispirited, and cold in his extreme parts, he had strength only continued to persevere in his devotions, which he did unto the last moment of his life; a few minutes before his death breathing out those words which best became his Christian life: "Lord, make haste."

They that had the happiness of a personal acquaintance with this best of men, this saint, know with what thirst and eagerness of soul he sought the spiritual advantage of any single man, how humble soever, with what enjoyment he beheld the recovery of any such from an evil course and habit. And whatever apprehension other men may have, they will be easily induced to think that, if blessed spirits have commerce with earth (as surely we have reason to believe it somewhat more than possible), they, I say, will consider it a connatural and highly agreeable accession unto his fruitions, that, when there is joy in the presence of the angels of God for a sinner that repents, he may be an immediate accessory to that blessed triumph, and be concerned beyond the rate of a mere spectator.

AN ARTIST IN EARTH.

WHILE rambling on one occasion through the gorgeous courts of the Great Exhibition, bewildered by its manifold objects of beauty and utility, our wandering gaze was arrested and fixed by a sculptured form of commanding mien. It was invested with none of the insignia of royalty, rank, or riches; indeed there were legibly imprinted upon brow, and countenance, and limbs, the marks of severe thought and toil and struggle, evidently endured through a protracted period; yet, withal, it bore unmistakable indications of bold intelligence and original genius. "That statue," said a companion, who had witnessed the sudden and absorbed interest which we took in the figure before us, "is a representation of Bernard Palissy, the celebrated French potter of the sixteenth century;" and being well-versed in the history of the arts, he sketched off, in a few pregnant sentences, the leading events in the life of this truly surprising man. The name, we must confess, was at that time new to us, and perhaps may, even now, be equally unfamiliar to the ears of many of our readers. The apotheosis of Bernard's effigy in the world's temple of art has done something toward rescuing him from obscurity, and advancing him to the position of honor he so well deserves among the illustrious of mankind. Since that period, moreover, an English writer has undertaken the welcome task of recording his history, which is now before us, and which we have read with especial pleasure. Bearing in mind that the only memorials of the great mediæval "artist in earth" hitherto known have been the fossilized records of encyclopedias and dictionaries, and that the materials of the present work have had to be gathered, partly from the incidental autobiographical notices occurring in Palissy's own writings, and partly from cotemporary annalists, we cannot but be gratified with the vivid and life-like picturings which Mr. Morley has given us of the struggling and victorious potter, as also of the troublous times through which he clave his way.

The age upon which Palissy looked forth, from the very commencement to the close of his almost romantic career, was one of the most remarkable and stirring within the domains of modern history. He was the cotemporary of Luther and Calvin among the reformers. Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., and other sovereigns, ascended the throne of France and died during his extended and vigorous life. Mary, Queen of Scots, was brightly shining among the beauties of the profligate court of St. Germain while he was still in the prime of manhood. Wars, civil discord, insurrections, and assassinations, made his times turbulent and dangerous. The massacre of St. Bartholomew darkened with its shadow of infamy his declining days; on which occasion, as a bold and uncompromising Huguenot, he owed his personal escape to the powerful friends whom his artistic skill and handiwork had raised up for him near the throne. The art of printing was just disclosing its mysterious facilities to the wondering world as Bernard was poring over the book of nature in quest of philosophic truth, and conducting his pertinacious experiments upon different soils and chemicals. Constable Montmorenci, long the rival of the Guises, was for many years his munificent patron, and protected him from the vindictiveness of papal vengeance. These intimations of cotemporary characters and events will suffice to convey an adequate idea of the era in which Palissy figured as "a man obscurely great among the prominently little."

The exact date of Palissy's birth is enveloped in considerable doubt. His recent biographer assigns the year 1509 as the most probable period, conceding, however, a margin of uncertainty of six years on either side. The same want of accurate knowledge extends to his birthplace, although it is pretty clearly ascertained that it was on the skirts of the province of Perigord, and in the diocese of Agen—a district diversified with mountains, barren plains, and forest scenery; and thus a fit spot to cradle and nurture those hardy, energetic, and manly qualities that distinguished our hero. The business to which Palissy was trained was that of a glass-painter and general worker in painted glass. The art of *verrerie*, comprehending all the various processes connected with the shaping and coloring of glass, was then accounted so honorable an occupation, that many of the needy noblemen of the time followed it without loss of caste in the eyes of a punctilious community. Indeed, an erroneous belief has hence arisen, that nobles only were permitted to engage in this employment. By law this never was the fact, although by custom it appears to have been frequently the case. Bernard Palissy himself probably belonged to an impoverished branch of the patrician order. He is well known to have been born poor, and to have received in his childhood no more than a peasant's education.

The hamlets and furnaces of those who followed this occupation were generally to be found in the recesses of a forest; partly because the fuel, on the cheapness of which their success was so much dependent, was thus conveniently accessible, and partly to avoid the risk of conflagrations to which towns would have been exposed at a time when domestic buildings were so much more combustible than at present. "Very reasonably, therefore," says his biographer, "we may suppose, that in a hamlet of the kind thus indicated Palissy was born; that as a child he rolled upon the moss, and ripened with the chestnuts. Bits of colored glass held a high price, no doubt, among his early toys; and some of his first lessons must have been those which taught him to distinguish between certain minerals, by the burning of which, upon its surface, glass was colored." And judging from the inquisitiveness and subtilty of intellect which he displayed throughout his entire career, we shall not be indulging any vagrancy of fancy, if we picture to ourselves the boy Bernard fingering his father's drugs, and asking puzzling questions concerning them; and, failing to elicit satisfactory replies, rambling forth into the wood to think over, or ask again of nature, of whose teachings he was ever a diligent student. Among the self-acquired accomplishments of the embryo artist, was the art of drawing from the living copies that surrounded him—an attainment that exercised a considerable influence upon his subsequent career and achievements.

On reaching the age of about eighteen years, Bernard emerged from the cover of his native wood, shouldered a scanty wallet, bade farewell to friends and relations, and went forth to find his own position in the world. Ten or twelve years were spent by him in wandering to and fro throughout the various provinces of France, of which no certain records have come down to our times. His wants were simple and few, and these he sought to supply by exercising his skill, as a decorative painter, in the churches of the land and in the houses of the nobility. Being brought by his nomadic mode of life in contact with all sorts of characters, he picked up an extensive acquaintance with men and things, and came to comprehend the spirit and tendency of the degenerate days upon which he had fallen; while, at the same time, he lost no opportunity of gratifying that craving for additional insight into the works of creation which was one of the master passions of his mind. Insects, birds, trees, stones, springs, and other objects innumerable, were continually arresting his footsteps, and fixing his studious contemplation. Indeed, it must have been chiefly from the enlightened observations and experiences collected during these years of wandering, that he was able afterward to mature and develop those views on some of the most recondite points in natural philosophy with which his name is associated, and which antedated, by at least one or two centuries, many of the more recent inductions of science. His mind being of a remarkably free and fearless turn, he began about this period to study the Scriptures. Traveling from place to place, he necessarily saw and heard much of the religious scandals and corruptions of the times, which had been long engendering feelings of universal distrust, contempt, and indignation among the population, and which, not many years afterward, burst forth in sanguinary conflicts. His penetration and strong sense of justice at once detected the claims of the reformers to his sympathy and support, and he accordingly, for weal or for woe, cast in his lot among them.

Whether it was because he was becoming wearied with the restless life of a cosmopolite, or whether, which is most probable, his heart was not proof against the attractions of woman's affection, we cannot positively assert; but it is certain that, when he was about the age of twenty-nine, he laid aside his pilgrim's staff and sought repose and peace in marriage and housekeeping. The rover settled in the small town of Saintes, the capital of Saintonge, a district corresponding with the present department of Charente Intérieure. This great event in his history took place about the year 1538. Here, to discharge his new responsibilities, he undertook whatever employment he could get, either as a surveyor or as a glass and portrait painter. His engagements as surveyor usually sprung out of disputes concerning the boundaries of land, in which cases a plan of the contested property became necessary to the litigants. But it was scarcely to be expected that so vigorous and aspiring a mind as Palissy's could content itself with occupations that barely brought bread to himself and family—for children soon came to multiply his cares and stimulate his hopefulness. He sighed for higher and nobler labor, and longed to accomplish something for the good of his country and mankind.

While in this mood of mind, there was shown to Palissy an elegant cup of Italian manufacture; "an earthen cup," he himself tells us, "turned and enameled with so much beauty, that from that time I entered into controversy with my own thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that some people had made to me in fun, when I was painting portraits. Then, seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass painting was also little patronized, I began to think that if I should discover how to make enamels, I could make earthen vessels, and other things, very prettily; because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing." This simple incident was the turning point in Palissy's history. The rudimental thought, thus suggested, was the solitary seed which, falling on the congenial soil of true genius, germinated and fruited into forms of the richest beauty.

To discover how to make enamels!—that was to be henceforth the aim of Palissy's labors—the prize of his ambition. It is difficult for us to conceive the condition of a great country, famed for the luxurious habits and appliances of its noblesse, three centuries ago, that should be almost destitute of those household requisites so well known, under the comprehensive names of "pottery" and "porcelain," to the humblest cottager of the present day. And yet such was indeed the fact. Tea-cups and saucers had not then been invented; yea, more, tea itself was unknown in Europe. Enameled vessels, however, did exist, for Palissy had beheld a specimen; but it was of Italian manufacture. Translucent porcelain had just begun to be imported from China in the time of our potter, though it is not at all likely that he had ever seen or heard of it up to the time when his genius was prompted to action by the sight of the "enameled cup."

Bent upon intellectual conquest, the "artist in earth" energetically entered upon his new career. "Without having heard," he says, "of what materials the said enamels were composed, I pounded, in those days, all the substances which I could suppose likely to make anything; and having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and after having broken them in pieces, I put some of the materials that I had ground upon them, and having marked them, I set apart in writing what drugs I put upon each, as a memorandum; then, having made a furnace to my fancy, I set the fragments down to bake." The preliminary cost of this experiment made of course a very serious impression upon the household purse, at no time, we fear, too richly lined. If Bernard discovered the coveted secret, however, he would have enriched himself beyond all calculation; so, with this alluring prospect before him, the enthusiastic experimentalist proceeded with his work, sinking his scanty funds, and attending to his ordinary avocations only at the bidding of stern necessity.

The first trial failed. It was a dead loss. Not one of the chemical mixtures would melt. The secret was not to be so easily and cheaply plucked from the heart of nature. Again he tried, and again he was defeated. His mistakes, however, were fruitful in useful lessons. "Having blundered," he says, "several times at great expense, and through much labor, I was every day pounding and grinding new materials, and constructing new furnaces, which cost much money and consumed my wood and time." When he had in this manner, to use his own expressive phrase, "fooled away several years," amid "sorrow and sighs," the hunger cries of his children, and the upbraidings of his wife, a new thought struck him. He resolved to send the chemicals to be tested to the kiln of some neighboring potter; for Palissy, it must be borne in mind, was not himself at that time a practical potter. Accordingly, having demolished a fresh importation of crockery, and covered three or four hundred of the fragments with his commingled powders, he sent them to a pottery a league and a half from his dwelling, for the purpose of being submitted to a fiercer furnace. Whether the potters indulged in any good-natured jokes at Palissy's expense we are not informed, but in all probability they did. But the man that could not be conquered by defeat was not the person to be discouraged by ridicule. The result of this new and anxiously-watched experiment was like the previous ones; for "on taking out my trial-pieces," he says, sorrowfully, "I received nothing but shame and loss." The fire, it appears, was not hot enough, and the batch was not baked in a scientific manner. The decision of the indomitable worker was, accordingly—not to desist, but—to "begin afresh." All his beginnings and endings, however, were of much the same character, entailing great cost, loss of time, confusion, and sorrow. The minerals would not melt; the enamel would not be discovered! Worsted, but not subdued, the noble man, with his own charming simplicity, tells us: "When I saw that I could not at all in this way come at my intentions, I took relaxation for a time, occupying myself in my art of painting and glass-working, and comported myself as if I were not zealous to dive any more into the secret of enamels." A very wise resolution, our readers will think.

Just at this juncture in the affairs of Palissy, a circumstance occurred that brought a sudden influx of temporary prosperity into his desolated home. It must be understood that the district of Saintonge, in which Bernard lived, abounded with some extensive and curiously constructed salt-marshes; and it must be further remembered that, for a long series of years previous to the epoch under consideration, the obnoxious *gabelle*, or tax on salt had being levied, in spite of the deep murmurs of the oppressed people. Being so unpopular, every effort was made to evade it. Among other methods adopted was that most effectual one, of resolving not to use the article thus taxed. But this scheme of passive resistance did not at all meet the views of the absolute monarch of those days, and he accordingly resorted to a retaliatory measure for the enforcement of his arbitrary claims, which has scarcely ever been surpassed for audacity. The head of every family was informed how much salt the king wished him to use every year; and storekeepers and controllers were appointed to make domiciliary visits, to see that this mandate was complied with. Even this device failed. Fraud and evasion harassed the tax-collector, and compelled a relaxation of this stringent law. A new decree was made in May, 1543, containing the new modifications of this odious tax. And it was under this edict, for securing to the sovereign the rights of the *gabelle* in Saintonge, that a survey of that district was commanded, on which occasion Palissy, who evidently stood high as a local surveyor, received his commission to prepare a map. This engagement occupied him the greater part of a year.

Being thus reëstablished in comfort, and the exhausted purse replenished with a little store of gold, what was to be expected but that the heroic man would turn with fresh energy and hope to his suspended search for enamel. This he did accordingly, much to the grief and terror of his poor wife, who, though sharing in all the blows he suffered, was quite unable to comprehend the battle that he waged. Visions of hungry, tattered, and dying children, an empty cupboard, and a desolated, forsaken hearth, again arose before her eyes; and not without good reason. Bernard, however, was not to be deterred by any considerations of this kind, and therefore resumed his old experiments with a fiercer zeal, hurried on apparently by an irresistible instinct. After awhile he got his chemicals to melt. Thus encouraged, he pursued his experiments for two years longer without success, and equally without fatigue. At length he resolved upon one grand final effort. He broke more pots than ever, purchased a still greater variety of drugs and chemicals, and made no less than three hundred different mixtures, each of which might possibly contain the substances used in the covering of the enameled cup. These trial-pieces were put into the furnace; and by the fierce furnace-mouth sat the persevering man, in a paroxysm of intense excitement, watching the success or failure of this crowning effort. After waiting for hours, his eye runs over the regiment of potsherds—when lo! one of them has melted; and being taken out, is set aside to cool. As it hardens, it grows white! "All that was black in the thoughts of Palissy begins to whiten with it. It is cold. It is white and polished—a white enamel, singularly beautiful." Who can tell the joy of Palissy in that hour! It must have been like the exultation of a triumphant conqueror.

The battle, however, was far from gained. Greater difficulties and disasters than any he had yet encountered still awaited him in this scientific campaign. Henceforth his labors were to be privately conducted at home; but our space would fail to follow him through all his trials and heroic sufferings. We must, however, spare room for one passage, which exhibits Palissy in a crisis of anxiety, struggle, and earnest determination, that is full of sublimity and terror:—

"Bernard lighted then his furnace-fire by two months, as he had seen to be the custom at the glass-houses. He put his vessels in, that the enamel might melt over them. He did not spare his wood. If his composition really did melt—if it did run over his vessels in a coat of that same white and singularly beautiful enamel which he had brought home in triumph from the glass-house—then there would be no more disappointments, no more hungry looks to fear; the prize would then be won. Palissy did not spare his wood; he diligently fed his fire all day, he diligently fed his fire all night. The enamel did not melt. The sun broke in upon his labor, his children brought him portions of the scanty household meals, the scantiness impelled him to heap on more wood; the sun set, and through the dark night, by the blaze and crackle of the furnace, Palissy worked on. The enamel did not melt. Another day broke over him: pale, haggard, half-stripped, bathed in perspiration, he still fed the furnace-fire, but the enamel had not melted. For the third night his wife went to bed alone, with terrible misgivings. A fourth day and a fourth night, and a fifth and sixth—six days and nights were spent about the glowing furnace, each day more desperately indefatigable in its labor than the last; but the enamel had not melted.

"It had not melted; that did not imply that it was not the white enamel. A little more of the flux used to aid the melting of a metal might have made the difference, thought Palissy. 'Although,' he says, 'quiet stupefied with labor, I counseled to myself that in my enamel there might be too little of the substance which should make the others melt; and seeing this ——' What then? not, 'I regretted greatly the omission;' but, 'I began, once more, to pound and grind the before-named materials, all the time without letting my furnace cool; in this way I had double labor, to pound, grind, and maintain the fire.' He could hire no man to feed the fire while he was sleeping, and so, after six days and nights of unremitting toil, which had succeeded to a month of severe labor, for two or three weeks more Palissy still devoted himself to the all-important task. The labor of years might be now crowned with success, if he could persevere. Stupefied, therefore, with a labor under which many a weaker body would have yielded, though the spirit had maintained its unconquerable temper, Palissy did not hesitate, without an hour's delay, to begin his entire work afresh. Sleeping by minutes at a time, that he might not allow the supply to fail of fresh wood heaped into the furnace, Palissy ground and pounded, and corrected what he thought was his mistake in the proportions of the flux. There was great hope in the next trial; for the furnace, having been so long alight, would be much hotter than it was before, while at the same time the enamel would be in itself more prompt to melt. All his own vessels having been spoiled—the result of seven months' labor in molding—Palissy went out into the town, when his fresh enamel was made ready, and purchased pots on which to make proof of the corrected compound.

"For more than three weeks Palissy had been imprisoned in the out-house with his furnace, haggard, weary, unsuccessful, but not conquered yet, his position really justifying hope. But the vessels which his wife had seen him spend seven months in making, lay before her spoiled; the enamel had not melted; appearances were wholly against hope to her as an observer from without. Bernard had borrowed money for his last experiments: they were worse than moneyless, they were in debt. The wood was going, the hope of food was almost gone. Bernard was working at the furnace, desperately pouring in fresh wood; his wife sat in the house, overwhelmed with despair. Could it lessen her despair that there was no result when all the stock of wood was gone, and, wanting money to buy more, she had vainly striven to hinder Palissy from tearing up the palings of their garden, that he might go on with a work which had already ruined them?

"Bernard knew well how much depended on his perseverance then. There was distinct and fair hope that the melting of his present mixture would produce enameled vessels. If it should do this, he was safe. Though in themselves, since he had now mere jugs and pipkins to enamel, they might not repay his labor, yet it sufficed that they would prove his case, justify all his zeal before the world, and make it clear to all men that he had a secret which would earn for him an ample livelihood. Upon the credit of his great discovery from that day forward he could easily sustain his family, until he should have time to produce its next results. The furnace, at a large expense of fuel, was then fully heated; his new vessels had been long subjected to its fire: in ten minutes—twenty minutes—the enamel might melt. If it required a longer time, still it was certain that a billet in that hour was of more value than a stack of wood could be after the furnace had grown cold again.

"So Bernard felt; but any words of his, to his wife's ear, would only sound like the old phrases of fruitless hope. The labor and the money periled for the last nine months were represented by the spoiled vessels in the outhouse: they were utterly lost. The palings were burnt in vain; the enamel had not melted. There was a crashing in the house; the children were in dismay; the wife, assisted doubtless by such female friends as had dropped in to comfort her, now became loud in her reproach. Bernard was breaking up the tables, and carrying them off, legs and bodies, to the all-consuming fire. Still the enamel did not melt. There was more crashing and hammering in the house; Palissy was tearing up the floors, to use the planks as firewood. Frantic with despair, the wife rushed out into the town; and the household of Palissy traversed the town of Saintes, making loud publication of the scandal."

The end of Bernard's troubles and disasters had not yet come. He gained the desired knowledge, it is true; but the practical difficulty was how, overwhelmed as he was with poverty, to make a profitable use of it. The striving man of genius, however, set earnestly to work. Deeply in debt already, he committed an act which some would pronounce one of madness, others one of great rashness. He engaged a potter to work for him in the formation of vessels and medallions, which was carried on for a period of six months, the assistant being fed all the time by a sympathizing inn-keeper; and when the potter left at the close of his engagement, in lieu of the wages due to him, Bernard was forced to pay him in his own wearing apparel. Great hopes were built upon this new batch, which, if he succeeded, was to extricate him from all embarrassment and misery. But, alas! it did not succeed. By an unforeseen circumstance—the explosion of flints which he had inadvertently mixed with the mortar wherewith he had built his furnaces—the result of six months' labor was destroyed. The enamels had melted; but, while in a glutinous state, the splintered flints had covered the surface of his wares, and utterly disfigured his exquisite handiwork. The scene of dilapidation, despondency, and anguish that ensued we cannot pause to depict. The smitten man, followed by the upbraidings of his wife and neighbors, retired to his chamber, there to commune with his own bitter thoughts. In the spirit of a true Christian philosopher, considering within himself "that if a man should fall into a pit, his duty would be to endeavor to get out again," he returned to the old avocation of painting, and in divers ways took pains to replenish his purse with a little money.

Palissy, we rejoice to know, was not always to be beaten. Again and again he resumed his enterprise, until at last he triumphed, as he so richly deserved to do; and, while France was being riven by religious factions and feuds, he grew extremely busy in the prosecution of his new craft. After the lapse of time, the rich and beautiful products of his genius began to attract the notice of persons of high rank and wealth, among whom were the Constable Montmorenci and Catharine de Medicis. On behalf of the former, he was engaged for the adornment of the Château d'Ecouen, about four leagues from Paris, which, taken with other influential causes, rendered it necessary for him to remove to the capital. The vicissitudes of his Parisian life cannot here be described. Several times he was seized and imprisoned for his bold enunciation of heretical sentiments; but inasmuch as the putting of Palissy to death involved the extinction of an ornamental art, powerful hands were more than once stretched forth to snatch him from the gallows.

Bernard was, as we have hinted, something more than an artist in earth; he was also a penetrating philosopher, a powerful writer, and an able lecturer. He had formed during his long life a valuable cabinet of natural history, calculated to illustrate the philosophic views of nature which he had gradually matured. And in his latter days, for the purpose of testing his notions, (which had been derived from the study of creation itself, and not from the books of the ancients,) he invited all the savans resident in Paris to attend his course of lectures, at which every encouragement was given to free discussion. Being the first lectures of the kind ever delivered in that capital, they naturally produced quite a sensation, and added much to Palissy's fame. While engaged in these and similar occupations, he was again seized, and immured in the Bastille, where he died, in 1598, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

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Action.—The life of man can, in its true sense, consist only in constant, active exertion, not only of the body, but also of the mental faculties. He is a stranger to happiness who passes his days in listless inactivity. That man can alone possess true joy who devotes all the energies of his soul and body to one great specific end and aim; who lives for a great object, and strives with all the powers he can command to attain to the fulfillment of his wishes.

THE DRAMA IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

IN a recent notice on this subject, we briefly sketched the history of the drama down to the fourteenth century, illustrated by a few specimens of the religious plays, or Mysteries. In the present article, we propose to show the further changes which the drama underwent until it finally merged into the historical plays of the Elizabethan period. With the progress of language, and the spread of intelligence, the people began to grow tired of the grave and tedious Mysteries, and a new kind of dramas, called *Moralities*, made their appearance; which, although frequently of a tragic character, were generally interspersed with scenes of gallantry or satire; and, notwithstanding the decrees of the Councils forbidding the employment of any but the Latin language in dramas at all related to sacred subjects, they were written in the popular idiom, and performed on temporary stages, erected wherever an audience could be brought together. The *jongleurs* and minstrels began to take a part in the performances which became the chief attraction at the festivals, and plenary courts of the nobles; and, as the popular element increased in power, and the knowledge of Latin was lost, so did the populace at markets and fairs delight in plays written in the vulgar idiom.

The minstrels and players began to find it as profitable to amuse the rising class of artisans as to divert the nobles. They lent themselves to the growing spirit of the age, and their plays were the vehicle by means of which the lower orders vented their grievances or satirized the vices and tyranny of their superiors. The laxity of manners among the clergy was made a standard subject of reproach and ridicule: the popular eye was quick to detect any dereliction of principle, and the popular tongue to speak its rebuke. That, in many instances, the public sarcasm was not unmerited, may be inferred from a description of the ceremonial to take place on Easter Sunday, by Father Isla, one of the clerical fraternity. "The Sermon of Pleasantries," he says, "will be preached at five o'clock in the morning. In this sermon, it is necessary for the preacher to have all the merry tales, droll fancies, jests, jokes, and witticisms; all the quips, cranks, bams, banters, and buffoonery he can rake together, to divert the immense concourse who come to hear him. He has no need to be nice and squeamish, let them be of what kind they will, however filthy, beastly, or indecent; for it is well known that everything passes upon this day. . . . The Father Preachers, who have brought a droll lay-brother with them for their companion, (for some have brought such an one,) have ordered the lay-brother to get up in the pulpit and preach a burlesque sermon, with all manner of Merry-Andrew tricks. In general, these sermons end with a mock act of contrition, and, instead of a crucifix, the lay-brother brings out from under his habit a pye, an hock of bacon, or a bottle of wine, which he addresses with a thousand amorous expressions in the tone of repentant sorrow, making the audience ready to die with laughter."

From this specimen of the character of the clergy, as described by one of themselves, we may well imagine that the popular writers of the period would be unsparing in their burlesque and satire upon the priesthood. The *trouveres*, a portion of the minstrel class, who composed their poems and plays, as well as sung them, laughed at the edicts issued to prevent the degradation of the Latin language, and wrote numerous pieces, full of life and originality, abounding in bitter personalities and cutting sarcasm. Leaving grave subjects to the erudite, they threw their whole genius with singular exuberance into their plays. These plays were, in fact, what popular lectures are now, a means of communicating information to large numbers of hearers at once, but relieved and highly seasoned with the author's wit. So great was the number of saints' days and holidays in the period of which we write, that it would, perhaps, have been difficult to keep the turbulent population in good humor, without some such recreation as that afforded by the half-serious, half-comic dramas. The holidays were not unfrequently made the subject of complaint: all work being forbidden on those occasions, some of the artisans remonstrated that the loss of so many days' work was a serious injury to them. Voltaire has left on record a curious account of a gentleman-farmer, ruined by the priest for preferring to plow his fields on a saint's day to drinking in a tavern. "The prodigious number of holidays," it was said, "is the contrivance of tavern-keepers: the religion of peasants and artisans consists in intoxicating themselves on the festival of a saint whom they know only by this means. It is on these days of idleness and debauchery that all sorts of crimes are committed: it is the holidays which fill the prisons, and support the guards, notaries, criminal officers, and executioners. Catholic fields are scarcely tilled; while those of the heretics, cultivated every day, produce abundant harvests."

Plays, of the character above described, were frequently acted at the festivals of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children and scholars. This was one of the occasions on which the Church relaxed a little of her discipline. From the sixth century downward, St. Nicholas had been celebrated by songs and games, sometimes of a dramatic character, held either within the convents to which schools were attached, or in their immediate neighborhood, by the schoolmaster and his scholars. One of these, written by Hilary, is "Concerning Saint Nicholas and a certain Jew." The latter had confided his treasure to the keeping of the statue of the saint; during the absence of the over-confident Israelite, a party of robbers found and carried off the deposit. The Jew on his return, enraged at his loss, lays violent hands on the statue, and overwhelms it with the most opprobrious insults. The saint, to avenge his compromised honor, appears to the thieves at night, and forces them to return the money.

The *Jeu de Saint Nicolas*, or Play of Saint Nicolas, is a piece full of life and movement and bacchanalian gayety. The discourse, intermingled with gibes and jests of gamblers and drunkards, now very obscure, doubtless afforded the greatest amusement to the populace of the day. The following specimen reminds us of the cries of the London apprentices in the reigns of the Edwards and Henrys. The tavern-crier Raoulet is standing at the door of his master's tap, proclaiming, as was then the custom, the goodness of the wine:—"Here," he cries, "is wine newly-tapped. Full pint, full barrel. Honest wine, drinkable, mellow, and full. Lively as a squirrel in the wood. Not rotten or sour after taste. Wine dry and light, running fair from the lees. Clear as a sinner's tear. Fit for the throat of a jolly fellow, and no other ought to drink it. See how it devours its foam; how it mounts, sparkles, and hisses. Ever so little on the tongue gives the taste of a famous wine in the heart."

Adam de la Halle, known as the hunchback of Arras, was one of the most popular French dramatists of the fourteenth century. His works, which were written in the Norman dialect, abound in quaint fancies, and display much frankish cunning and fantastic gayety, intermingled with simple and graceful pastorals. Among these *Robin and Marion*, and the *Marriage of Adam, or, the Bower*, were the delight of the good citizens of Arras. The characters of this piece are seventeen in number: Adam de la Halle, the author, Maistre Henry, his father, a mercer, physician, inn-keeper, monk, fool, and some portly merchants of the city, with women, fairies, and the common people. It is the month of May, the season in which the fairest make their annual visit. A bower, whence the name of the play, has been built for their reception outside the gates of the town, where a knot of citizens are waiting the arrival of the sprightly visitors.* The piece opens with a malicious verbal castigation of the most notable inhabitants of Arras, by the author, who enters, dressed as a traveling student, in brown cape and cassock, and approaching the group of burgesses collected near the bower. "Do ye know, sirs," he asks, "why I have changed my garb? I took a wife; but now I return to the clergy; I am going to revive my ancient dreams; but first wish to take leave of ye all. Don't laugh: I am not so much taken with Arras and its pleasures as to desire to renounce study for them. Since heaven has given me some genius, it is time to set myself to work; I have too long emptied my purse in this place."

Here one of the bystanders inquires what is to become of his young wife Marie, and reminds him that his reflections should have been made before marriage. "By my faith," replies Adam, "that is talking like an oracle; but who can be wise in youth? Love seized me in the first heat; just in the green and ardent season, when it has the most lively season. No one, now-a-days, thinks of what is best, but of what best answers his desires. The summer was sweet and serene, green and flowery, gladdened by the song of little birds; I was seated beneath the branches of tall trees in the wood, near a fountain flowing over pearly sand, when the vision of her who is now my wife appeared to me; now she seems pale and yellow." He then gives a long and minute description of his Marie, as she first charmed him. Such was the effect of her presence that he confesses: "I lost all empire over my reason, and was happy only when, instead of clerk, I became husband." He concludes with a farewell to the city. "Arras, Arras, city of lawsuits, hatred, and treasons, farewell, a hundred thousand times and more. I go elsewhere to study the evangel."

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* A similar custom prevailed in England: in many parishes Robin Hood's Bowers were set up on certain holidays in the spring.

As Adam is about to go, comes his old father, Maistre Henry, and greatly applauds his resolution: "Good son," he says, "I pity thee for having lost thy time for a wife; now be wise and depart." But the young man reminds his father that he cannot live in the metropolis unless provided with money. "One can't live at Paris for nothing." The father replies that he has no money, and is, besides, old, infirm, and full of aches and pains. A physician, who hears these complaints, exclaims, "Well know I of what you are ill; it is a disease called avarice," and goes on unsparingly to enumerate all the citizens of Arras afflicted with the same malady. Other personages enter and take part in a dispute that arises out of the physician's censorious remarks, and in the midst of it comes a priest bearing the relics of St. Acarius, on which the disputants cease their quarrel, and join in doing homage, and paying their contributions to the sacred remains. Among others, the fairies appear, followed by Hellequin, the prototype of the modern Harlequin. Riquet, a citizen, and Adam, prepare a table for the three fairy queens, Arsile, Maglore, and Morgane; but, unfortunately, no knife has been laid for Maglore, whose anger is greatly excited by the neglect. Morgane, on the contrary, well satisfied, proposes to reward the preparers of the feast: for Riquet she wishes plenty of money, and for Adam, that he may be the most amorous clerk in the world. Arsile promises that the latter shall be jovial, and a good writer of songs, anc days for the distribution of merchandise ex was attracted by the coun- But Maglore has nle, weary-looking child she pronounces manf age. She carried and Adam. baby more than a

The fairies then give the children all their supernatural skill, and takund hilarity, parture, singing a motet, and folloo smile Hellequin chanting "Say, fits my On well?" A drinking scene, without whichat no drama at that period would have been complete, ensues—the monk, with his saintly relics, is unmercifully jeered, and the sitting terminates in a boisterous chorus, "Aia sat on a high tower." After which the crowd disperses; each one returns to his own home: and thus ends this first specimen of early French comedy.

In London, the company of parish clerks were for a long period the only performers. They acted before Richard II. and his queen in 1390; and, as recorded by Maitland, again in 1409, "with great applause, for eight days successively, at Skinner's Well, near Clerkenwell, a play concerning the creation of the world, at which were present most of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom." We have already instanced some of the mutations of the dramatic art: pageants, morris-dances, mimes, mummeries, and Christmas carols, are among the more prominent changes. Of a similar character were the festivals of the Boy Bishop in England, and of the Ass in France. In 1539 Sir David Lyndsay wrote his famous play, *The Three Estates*, in which the ceremonies and superstitions of the Church are severely criticised and condemned. Religious plays, however, had not ceased to be represented in Scotland so late as 1600; in which year, by the exertions of the Presbyterians, they were forbidden at Perth as a "dishonor of the haill toun."

In the sixteenth century the dramatic art made further progress. The first regular English tragedy, Ferrex and Porrex, was written in 1561. In 1575 appeared what was long considered to be the first comedy, entitled *Gammer Gurton's Needle:* late researches, however, give the precedence, by some years, to another play, *Ralph Roister Doister.* From this we pass, by a succession of writers, to the historical plays by which Shakspeare rendered his name immortal—and bring our remarks to a close.

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During the first year the outward organization necessarily occupied much care and thought; but the one great object of the mission was never forgotten. Bodily necessities were supplied, education thought of, every accessory influence seized; but redemption in the glorious fullness of its meaning, including soul and body, stretching beyond time into eternity, was the high point to which every effort was steadily directed.

This was the abiding feeling of the missionaries, class-leader, and the ladies' Board, as month after month the former toiled, and the latter listened to reports of alternate discouragement and hope. Conversions were cautiously reported, because of the peculiar ignorance and degradation of the subjects. A "class" was formed. At a quarterly meeting, Mr. North, the leader, gave a most interesting account of the class, of their gradual increase in knowledge, of their advance week by week in spiritual light and experience, from the first faint conviction which led them to join, through the successive stages of penitence, faith, pardon, and the exulting joy which followed. He said it had been clear, marked, decided in every instance, and expressed his most entire confidence in their present religious experience.

The members having stood their six months' probation, the Church was organized by the Rev. Mr. Luckey, and they were received into full membership. The 23d of November, 1851, dawned clear and bright, and many friends hastened to the mission room to be partakers in

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tmost power, for here were men and women rescued from the most sottish intemperance, from the deepest moral degradation into which human beings can sink, reformed, converted, made "sons of God, and heirs of everlasting life."

Mr. Luckey preached a most appropriate and impressive sermon from "Do this in remembrance of me," after which the names of ten persons were called, who immediately surrounded the altar, and, after a suitable exhortation, received the right-hand of fellowship from their pastor. After the usual service was read, Mr. Luckey requested the new converts to surround the first table together. Together they had wept, and striven, and prayed; together they should commemorate their deliverance, and anticipate their blood-bought victory, when together they should drink new wine in their Father's kingdom. A solemn influence rested upon the congregation; the children seemed awed into perfect silence, and even at the "Five Points," we said, "Lo! God is here! let us adore," and, with feelings too deep for expression, the friends of the mission succeeded those with whom they were thus made "one in Christ" in commemorating the dying love which had rescued each and all. With a solemn, earnest benediction the scene closed, never, never to be erased from the memory of some, to whom it will ever remain an era of solemn feeling, of realized hopes, of joyous anticipations.

More than a year has passed since that first communion, and the moral progress of the mission has been slow but continuous. Twenty-two adults now attend the weekly religious meeting, either as members or as probationers for membership;

while others, by the advice of the missionary, have removed from the place to more eligible situations. We have stood by the dying beds of several of these rescued ones, and have listened to their failing accents of praise as they rose from their wretched homes on earth to the paradise of their redeeming God.

THE CHILDREN OF THE FIVE POINTS.

When the ladies commenced their mission in this miserable locality, the hope of rescuing the children from the almost certain result of corrupt parental example was perhaps the strongest feeling that influenced them.

The children! hundreds of them with drunken fathers and drunken mothers, who made no provision for their comfort, and scarce any for their physical existence, beyond the miserable dens they called their homes, and in which, after a day of begging and perhaps want, and after a day's exposure to every evil influence, they crept to sleep—greeted with oaths and curses, and ofttimes with stripes and heavy blows! Children! precocious in self-reliance, in deceit, in every evil passion, while the better nature within them slumbered or had been destroyed because no suitable means had ever been used to vivify or awaken it!

The ladies, with woman's instinct and woman's tact, recognized them not only as depraved little human beings, but as *children;* their young hearts beating with childish hopes and fears, with childish yearnings and desires; awake to every tone of kindness, and yet so unaccustomed to any government but that of hasty blows and brutal caprice, that it seemed almost impossible to subdue and restrain them by those laws of love and gentleness which yet were the only means deemed expedient or useful. There are, however, bright exceptions. We gaze on a few sweet young faces, and smoothe the silken hair of some whose appearance declares maternal care, and in the visits made we find now and then a cleaner home, and hear all a tender mother's anxiety and thankfulness for her children expressed, and listen to tales of privation and suffering which words could scarcely exaggerate. We also have occasionally touching illustrations of the finer shades of character, which awaken peculiar sympathy and hope. On one of the regular days for the distribution of clothing a lady was attracted by the countenance of a pale, weary-looking child about nine years of age. She carried with difficulty a large baby more than a year old, and, although the children all around her were full of life and hilarity, she sat listless and unamused, no smile betraying childish interest or joy. On inquiry, Mrs. Luckey remarked, "That child has a drunken father who abuses her mother dreadfully, and she lives in a constant state of terror and dread." The lady resolved to watch over that little girl, and throw some sunshine over the darkened path of the drunkard's child. Closer acquaintance revealed a maturity of thought and a strength of sympathy with her suffering mother touching in the extreme. She came regularly to Sunday-school, but always, during the session, would whisper, "Mrs. Luckey, please let me run home and see how mother does—I am afraid father will come home and hurt her," &c. Her little heart seemed never at rest, and her face had an abiding look of weary despondency. After some acts of exceeding violence, the mother was obliged to complain against her husband. Maggie loved her father; for, when sober, he was kind, and she pleaded, "O mother! do not let them take him away, for what shall I do without a father!" He was committed to the Tombs, and the next morning early Maggie took her little brother, four years of age, by the hand, went to the prison, and sat hour after hour by the window, talking to, and trying to amuse her father until his time of liberation came. Of late her countenance has brightened, and she greets the lady (who in heart adopted her) with somewhat of childish glee.

One little newsboy was found who regularly paid his drunken mother's rent out of his scanty earnings, and had remained comparatively untainted by the scenes of vice that met his every step.

The children give evidence also of bright intellect and quick perception. One afternoon a number of them had collected around the door of the "Old Brewery" waiting for the appearance of Mrs. Luckey. The rain poured in torrents, and they stood without a shelter of any kind. Mr. Luckey opened his office door, and kindly urged them to run home; that Mrs. L. was detained by the rain, and might not arrive for some time. Turning from them, he closed the door; but, quick as the lightning's flash, his ear was greeted by the full chorus of one of their hymns:—

"We'll stand the storm, it won't be long,
We'll anchor by-and-by;"

and they stood it until Mrs. L. appeared, and anchored them by a good fire, and applied the hymn they had so sweetly sung

The Society have endeavored to unite every moral influence in their plans respecting these children. Their object has been, by education, by kindness, and especially by religious instruction, to prepare the minds of these little sufferers for the reception of that higher influence which alone can regenerate and save. They have always remembered they were influencing *children*, and have therefore accounted innocent recreation as a valuable auxiliary in this great work.

In the summer of 1852 the Greene-street Sabbath-school invited the mission school to accompany them on a picnic excursion. The invitation was thankfully accepted. On Friday morning, June 25th, the sun rose bright and clear; the atmosphere was remarkably cool; and at seven o'clock we hastened to the "Old Brewery," where we found the friends who had labored in the preparations, clothing the children, pinning on each a badge, that we might know them, and reiterating much past instruction as to behavior, &c. Every face looked bright; the greatest excitement prevailed, and the scene was amusing and interesting to all beholders. We formed them in procession, and were surprised to find how respectable we looked. Barring some bare feet, we would scarcely have been recognized as a mission school. At eight o'clock we were seated comfortably in a commodious car, and started at a rapid pace for Hastings. We questioned the children around us whether they had ever been in a car before? No. Had they ever been in the country? No. What pleasure there was before them—what entirely new scenes would greet their vision—how would their minds receive enlargement and elevation, when they gazed upon the clear blue sky, and saw nature in her glowing beauty. We looked beyond the mere day's pleasure, fully believing that some young hearts would receive impressions never to be erased, and which would in some way affect their entire future; that a desire, an ambition would be awakened to escape the precincts of the "Five Points" with its degrading associations, which in this blessed land of light and liberty might be largely gratified. We had no trouble during the ride, and at half-past nine arrived at Hastings. We recollected that probably two-thirds of the children had not yet tasted food, so immediate preparations were made for breakfast. Mrs. Barker's kindness had provided bread and meat for all, and we expended the first hour in feeding about one hundred hungry little ones, who pressed around us wild with excitement and joy.

This task finished, they had permission to roam, under certain restrictions. Away they went with a shout, Mr. Perrigo, their indefatigable superintendent, keeping only a general supervision over their movements. After an hour or two Mr. Perrigo, with a few who had gathered around him, commenced singing a favorite hymn; in five minutes he was surrounded by scores; he led them to a beautiful hill, arranged them in a semicircle on the grass, and for an hour the grove was vocal with songs of praise to God. This was the hour of deepest gratification to those who had the charge of that happy group. Gratitude for the past and present, and hope strong and believing for the future, took possession of our hearts, and we could but weep, and pray, and trust. Again they were disbanded, to roam at pleasure until three o'clock, when they were assembled and seated in ranks upon the grass, and treated to pie and cake. This was the amusing scene, though some attempts at fibbing and cheating made us painfully remember who they were, and from whence they came; yet for the most part the antics were only those which mischievous boys of every rank generally perform.

At five we again gathered them by singing. The Greene-street friends had some instruments of music, and aided us in this effort. They had been counted when we started, and it was now quite desirable to keep them still long enough to do the same; but this required considerable ingenuity on the part of their teachers, for they had become almost uncontrollable from the excitement of their day's rambling. But by making soldiers of the boys, forming them in a line, marching and countermarching, and appealing to their military pride, Messrs. Perrigo and

Brown at last succeeded. We reëntered the car at six o'clock, and, without accident or hindrance, arrived safely in New-York at dusk. On reviewing the day, the friends unanimously concluded that they had not had any more trouble with our "Five Points" than we would have had with one hundred children from any other quarter. Some were rather unruly; there was a little quarreling; but no bad words spoken, no marked and peculiar misconduct. And thus we learned anew the moral power of kindness. There was, there could be no authority other than that which love created; and we found that sufficient to control those who came from the homes where drunken parents raved, and uncontrolled passions had full sway.

Two ladies in their round of visiting called on a drunken mother, who, a few days before, had turned her five children into the streets at nine o'clock in the night. Shivering with cold, they were admitted into the missionary's office, and made comfortable for the night. The woman was sober at the hour of the call, and while one lady kindly reasoned with her on her wicked conduct, the attention of the other was arrested by the little children, who had quite a baby-house under an old table. She gave one a penny —a look of joy, a whispered consultation, and the child darted from the room, the visitor supposed to buy something to eat. In a few minutes the child returned with a little *looking-glass*, which was placed in the baby-house with the utmost glee. Here was a fact remembered to be acted upon.

Thanksgiving day was appointed, and the ladies resolved to make the "Five Points" a scene of festivity and joy on a larger scale than had been attempted in previous years. Want of room makes it necessary to omit many interesting preliminary scenes—the gathering of the friends at the "Old Brewery," the arrival of provisions, (the gifts of various benefactors,) the washing and dressing of nearly three hundred children, and the preparation of the mammoth tent which had been pitched in the little park for the occasion. We can only describe the scene of the Thanksgiving supper at the "Five Points," November 27, 1852:—

At half-past four all was ready. On our tables were sixty turkeys, with beef, ham, and tongue in proportion, and sundry chickens, geese, &c. Sufficient pies, cakes, bread and biscuit, celery and fruit, and candy pyramids filled the slight intervals, and the whole presented an appearance inviting to the most fastidious appetites. Plates and cups were arranged around for more than three hundred; the lamps were lighted, and the signal given. Hundreds of visitors stood in silent expectation, and in a moment the sound of childish voices was heard, and they entered in regular procession, singing a hymn prepared for the occasion.

They took the circuit of the tent, and were then arranged standing around the tables. They stood with folded hands while all sang the doxology, and Mr. Luckey asked a blessing upon the occasion. Not a hand was raised, not a voice was heard, until the ladies and gentlemen who had charge of the tables supplied their hungry visitors with food. Then all was glad commotion, and then was the time for joyous tears. Three hundred and seventy poor, neglected, hapless children, placed for an hour in an atmosphere of love and gladness, practically taught the meaning of Christian kindness, wooed and won to cling to those whose inmost hearts were struggling in earnest prayer for grace and wisdom to lead them unto God.

They ate and drank without restraint until all were satisfied; then again formed, and commenced singing. In the central aisle was placed the stand containing the toys and cornucopias of candy, and another filled with oranges and apples. By these Mrs. C. R. Deuel and Mrs. William B. Skidmore were seated. The children marched by them in as much order as the dense crowd would permit, singing as they went, "We belong to this band, hallelujah," and in each hand the ladies placed a gift as they passed, until all were supplied. Then all the children left the tent.

There was now an interval of a few moments. The tables were hastily replenished, and then notice was given to the visitors that the company now about to assemble were the "outsiders," about whom we knew nothing, save that they were poor and wretched, and all were warned to take care of their watches and pocket-books.

They came in scores, nay, hundreds; they rushed in and surrounded the tables, men, women, children, ragged, dirty, forlorn. What countenances we read! And the children who accompanied them miniature likenesses, both physically and morally. We spoke to them words of kindness and encouragement, and they partook until not a fragment was left, and then, without tumult, left the tent.

We felt, as we looked upon them:

"'Tis fearful to look round and see this waste
Of human intellect—the dark lines traced,
Where every mark of mind the withering breath
Of ignorance hath from the brow erased;
The apathy that shows a moral death,
The worse than death that lurks an eye of fire beneath."

May we not praise our "Five Pointers"—the converts of the mission, tenants of the "Brewery," who worked for us without thought of pay or reward—our children, who, in behavior, were equal to the same number of children from any district—the poor outsiders, who in that atmosphere of love seemed for the moment to be humanized and softened? Not a plate was broken, not an article was missed, and we did not hear that a stone was thrown, though a large pile of bricks by the side of the park had awakened some apprehension. Surely we thus prove the strength of moral influences, for four years ago the same thing could not have been attempted.

In conclusion, we remark, the present aspect of the mission is one of encouragement and hope from every point of view. The Sabbath-school is large and prospering, under the unwearied care of Mr. Ira Perrigo, who, in connection with Mr. and Mrs. Luckey, superintends the Wednesday evening singing school. A large infant class, conducted by Misses Browne and Luckey, is interesting and improving. Also an adult Bible-class, taught by Mr. Fessenden, of the Broadway "Tabernacle." The day-school, averaging an attendance of one hundred scholars, is prospering under the tuition of Mr. Cooley and Miss Bland. The whole region is under a plan of visitation by the missionary and his wife, aided by ladies of the Society. Many families have been reclaimed from the lowest degradation possible to human beings, and are now living in comparative peace and comfort. The mission-building on the site of the "Old Brewery" is rising higher and higher, and soon the topstone laid with shouting.

Society still need funds; they money with which to complete the building, or to carry out plans of benevolence when it is finished. We plead with all to help—the philanthropic, the patriotic, the religious. All have an interest in this great experiment, for, as Dr. Potts remarked, (in his address at the laying of the corner-stone of the mission building,) this effort will arouse by its success, guide by its plans, and determine by its results, benevolent action in other cities of our Union, and perhaps even of the old world.

The Executive Committee of the Society are Messrs. Francis Hall, 46 Pine-st., William B. Skidmore, 135 Hudson-st., Daniel Drew, 37 Wall-st., Henry Shelden, 124 Broadway, Leonard Kirby, Treasurer, 47 Cedar-st. Donations can be sent to either of these gentlemen.

THINGS WONDERFUL AND TRUE.

WITH a very near approach to truth, the human family inhabiting the earth has been estimated at 700,000,000, the annual loss by death 18,000,000. Now the weight of the animal matter of this immense body cast into the grave is no less than 634,000 tons, and by its decomposition produces 9,000,000,000,000 cubic feet of gaseous matter. The vegetable productions of the earth clear away from the atmosphere the gases thus generated, decomposing and assimilating them for their own increase. This cycle of changes has been going on ever since man became an occupier of the earth. He feeds on the lower animals, and on the seeds of plants, which in due time become a part of himself. The lower animals feed upon the herbs and grasses which, in their turn, become the animal; then, by its death, again pass into the atmosphere, and are ready once more to be assimilated by plants, the earthy or bony substance alone remaining where it is deposited, and not even these unless sufficiently deep in the soil to be out of the insorbent reach of the roots, and plants, and trees. * * * It is not at all difficult to prove that the elements of which the living bodies of the present generation are composed have passed through millions of mutations, and formed parts of all kinds of animal and vegetable bodies, and consequently it may be said that fractions of the elements of our ancestors form portions of ourselves.—*Working Man's Friend.*

The National Magazine.

APRIL, 1853.

BRITISH CRITICS—AMERICAN AUTHORS.

THE London *Athenæum*, in noticing *Grace Greenwood's* "Leaves," by Trübner & Co., London, says some very ungallant things of Grace. Two close columns are devoted to a smart castigation of her vivacious genius; she is accused of "fustian;" "many of her highest flights" are said to "be but in the style of Miss Martha Rugg's elegist;" her agreeable gossip about noted characters is considered especially offensive, and a side thrust is given at her whole country for this propensity.

> "What the English generally reject as fustian (says the critic) the Americans cherish as fancy,—what we consider as indiscreet personality, they give out as interesting information. They beat the world hollow as gossips and Boswells: almost every poet and poetess having his paper to which he or she is welcome in proportion as he or she contributes leaves from yesterday's visiting journal or private diary. Those who fancied that the assumed name of the author of these volumes might promise talk about flowers, forests, lakes, and rivers, such as all English lovers of rural literature might delight in, will have been amazed and astounded if they chanced to see what any reader of the American journals might see—a letter from this same *Grace Greenwood*, published the other day, and dated from London. This letter described neither bee, bird, nor brook,—but a dinner at the house of Mr. Dickens, and the singing of Mrs. Sartoris, who was one of the party. The writer, it would seem, is making the grand tour, and turning to account letters of introduction and private hospitalities for the entertainment of a home public. The child's love for Art—not always accompanied by the child's humility or teachableness—is sufficiently universal to be also noted as a feature in light American literature. *Grace Greenwood* ingenuously confesses that she knows nothing about music, but this does not prevent her from rhapsodizing concerning Herr Knoop, and Signor Sivori, and Mdlle. Jenny Lind. She dashes at pictures with a like confident eagerness—getting her lesson and making a market of it in the same breath—blushing at her own enthusiasm while she corrects the proofs of its record which is to go forth for the satisfaction and instruction of her countrymen."

That 's severely said; but the severest thing about it is, that there is an item or two of severe truth in it. This avidity for personal details respecting literary, or indeed any public characters, is becoming almost a national appetite among us. It is a sorry indecorum in our literature—one of the many grievous responsibilities of Willis. Though we wince somewhat at the *Athenæum's* lashes, it would be a relief to know that they could sober our national vivacity a little in this respect.

These animadversions have reference to Grace's "Letters." The critic is equally, but unjustly, severe on her "Sketches." If there is genuine talent to be found in any collection of American "fugitive" literature, it is in the Magazine "Sketches" of Grace Greenwood; they teem with vivid thought and good sentiment, and fairly revel in exhilarated animal spirits. The *Athenæum* admits that she is "not without quick instincts and lively descriptive powers," but pronounces her Sketches "slight annual ware—little sentimental stories, written, apparently, sometimes in imitation of Mr. N. P. Willis, sometimes in emulation of *Fanny Forrester*." She is "sentimental, audacious, and unscrupulous;" and finally, "Her books for children are better than her tales for adults, or her contributions to newspapers. When she forgets the poetics, pleasures, and passions of 'a real screamer,' (as the Kentuckians have it,) and writes simply and modestly of what she has known, seen, and felt, she writes agreeably."

A genuine specimen this of John Bull's characteristic *hauteur*—a trait which never appears worse in him, not even when turning up his nose in the French provinces or the Italian Duchies, than when it reveals itself in his literary criticism; the *Athenæum* presents frequent and amusing examples of it in notices of American works. He affords us occasionally some profitable hints, however maliciously given; for these we should be grateful, and, meanwhile, we may derive amusement from the freaks of his spleen.

Apropos of trans-Atlantic criticism on American works, we should make grateful mention of a generous reply by the London *Christian Spectator* to the *North British Review's* late critique on American poetry. We referred to the latter article in these columns, and should take pleasure in quoting the *Spectator's* reply *in extenso* had we sufficient room. It says of the *North British's* criticism:—"We remember nothing more disgraceful, more ungentlemanly, and more unlike the polish and refinement of a man of letters. William Cullen Bryant's poems, poor Edgar Poe's, Thomas Buchanan Read's, and Longfellow's, are passed before the reviewer in quick succession, and dealt with in a manner that equally violates the canons of criticism and the rules of good breeding." Of the "advice" which the *North British* addressed so gravely and pompously to our poets, the *Spectator* says:—"In reading this advice, running through three pages, we know not whether most to smile or to be indignant; to smile at the pert insolence and extreme Sir Oracleism of the whole, or to be indignant at the brazen hollowness of the man that could interlard such insolence with scraps from Holy Writ." The *Spectator* waxes warm in his defense of Longfellow:—

> "As for Longfellow, he is 'done for,' clean and complete. Henceforth he will hide his diminished head. The reviewer has given him such a dressing, and done it with such glee, such intense satisfaction, has chuckled over his tomahawk exploits in such a fashion, that we are strongly tempted to think the whole article was written by Master Wackford Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall. It is his juvenile precocity in full development. 'O my eye! won't I give it to the boys! O, father, won't I make 'em squeak again!' Those of our readers, and those who are not our readers, (for there are many sincere admirers of Longfellow out of our circle, albeit that is a widening one,) who have been accustomed to read in their families the gentle and loving poems of our best American writer, will be surprised at the grand anonymous, with a pompous 'we' for a pseudonyme, dealing with him after the following fashion:—'Evangeline' is an 'ambitious poem,' 'written in lines that are intended to pass for hexameters,' which are nothing else 'than the measured prose which was thought so much of in the days of our grandmothers,' in which said hexameters 'illustrations from the Bible make up in sacredness for any degree of inaptitude,' and in which are 'conceits of scarcely a first-rate album rank;' and in which 'the life and doctrines of Christianity are brought in for artistical effect.'"

The *North British* made egregious sport of Longfellow's glorious "Psalm of Life." The *Spectator* (which, be it remembered, is a religious journal) thus speaks of it:—

> "There is a sweet poem,—the 'Psalm of Life,'—which we have seen quoted by Dr. Hamilton, in his 'Life in Earnest,' and by Dr. Campbell, in his 'Witness,' and which our eldest son repeats to us frequently on a Sabbath evening, beginning with
>
> 'Tell me not in mournful numbers,
> Life is but an empty dream,' &c.
>
> "On this the reviewer says, '*We, the intelligent* critics of the *North British Review*,' (sic) pronounce these verses to be '*pretentious, unprofitable, anti-Christian trash;*' and the 'young man' who said this in his heart to the Psalmist 'an unconscionable puppy!' We might go on quoting more, but the task is too sickening: it is like sipping rhubarb and magnesia at dinner. More than once have we thought of bestowing a kindly and a genial notice of Longfellow upon our readers, but this reviewer has moved us out of our place to be wroth instead of fraternal. We ought to add that the cloven foot of the *odium theologicum* is not quite concealed beneath this rabid effusion of a most dull prosaic soul, apparently without one spark of poetry or enthusiasm. 'Mr. Longfellow, we believe, makes no secret of his being a Socinian: we should have guessed him to be such.' Thus saith the reviewer, and because Mr. Longfellow is a Socinian he cannot write good verses. Burns was a sot and a villain, but he was a Scotchman, knew the Assembly's Catechism, swore by the Solemn League and Covenant, and wrote capital verses, for, thank God, *he* was not like Longfellow, a Socinian, on whom this great tower in Siloam has now fallen."

LETTER FROM REV. DR. DURBIN.

THE following letter, from a distinguished clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will be interesting not only to our Methodist readers, but our readers of all denominations, as it presents facts connected with the ecclesiastical history and prospects of the country, though relating to a single denomination:—

MR. EDITOR,—In your "Religious Intelligence" you have frequently given important items of Methodist missionary data. You have correctly stated, I believe, that the contributions of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the missionary cause average only about twenty-one cents per member. In answer to the question, *Why has it not done more in the missionary cause?* I offer your readers a few remarks.

It is not yet seventy years since the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in America. Up to 1784 she had no existence as a Church; there were about thirteen thousand members of the society scattered through the length and breadth of the colonies and the Canadas, the oversight of whom was committed to about one hundred men licensed to preach the gospel, among whom scarcely a dozen were ordained to the holy ministry. These societies assembled in private rooms for worship, and there heard the word preached. They had not probably one church edifice, or (as they were usually called afterward) a meeting-house in the land. In 1784 the Church was regularly organized in Baltimore, and a ministry regularly ordained. From this time, say sixty-nine years ago, we were a Church, and began to grow and spread as such. Of necessity our growth was by accessions from without, made by enlarging ourselves in the older communities where we planted Churches, and by advancing westward with the new settlements rapidly forming beyond the Alleghanies in the great basin of the Mississippi and its tributaries. Thus our whole movement was missionary, acting upon the people without us, and with those forming the new states and territories. [illegible] stage of our growth we could not have done [illegible] else; it was our necessity, the law of our [illegible] mission. We were, successively, in our [illegible] youth, and advancing to maturity. In [illegible] our increase was necessarily from without, not from within our own communion by the children born among us. This was our missionary work—confined within the borders of our own land it is true, but not the less a missionary work, and a very great one too.

The first thirty or forty years after our organization as a Church were passed in this work of acquiring a communion of our own—in gathering in members from the people among whom we executed our mission. Symptoms now began to appear everywhere that our Church was coming to maturity; the want of the institutions and arrangements of well-organized and established communions began to be felt and expressed. Hence, circuits began to yield up their towns as stations; city churches, which had been associated as circuits, began to separate into distinct charges; conferences began to feel the need of schools and academies for their people born within the congregations, or acquired from without. In brief process of time colleges were required, and then universities, and they were produced; for the Church in her growth had arrived at that state when they necessarily arose within her limits, if she meant to maintain herself in the execution of her mission.

As she was thus executing her divine mission, some thirty years ago she entered formally into the modern missionary enterprise by the formation of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her first formal missionary efforts were necessarily directed to her home work, and she did not enter upon the foreign work until Providence called her to establish a mission in Liberia, in Africa. Thus growing, first by spreading among the people and advancing into new countries, and then advancing to maturity by a rapid and vigorous internal growth, she, within a few years past, has become conscious of her mature and permanent existence in the land, and with this condition she is becoming conscious of her responsibilities and duties as a permanent living body as a Church, and is feeling that she is called to exercise her foresight and judgment, and to take her station and post as a mature and full-grown Church of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is only within a few years that she has reached this maturity, and awoke to a consciousness of her responsibility and duty growing out of her mature and strong condition. It could not have been otherwise, as will appear from this single fact:—Taking the whole body of Methodists in the United States, they have grown in seventy years from thirteen thousand to one million two hundred thousand members, besides the many hundreds that have died during the seventy years of her growth. A body growing so rapidly and vastly in so short a time could not have attended to anything but its own interior growth, and the perfecting of its own organization.

That you may conceive of the greatness of this growth, and the extent and vigor of the organization, I will note the population it includes. The lowest rule of estimate for the population of a church is *three hearers* in the congregation (including men, women, and children) to one communicant. By this rule, the population of the Methodist Episcopal Church is one million two hundred thousand members; three hearers for one member would be three million six hundred thousand; add these two numbers together and we have four million eight hundred thousand people composing the congregations and families of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Let us make a deduction of eight hundred thousand, and then one-sixth part of the whole population of the states and territories are now settled in the bosom of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and look to us for their religious instruction and comfort.

I have made this exposition simply to show that the condition of the Church since her organization has been one of unparalleled acquisition and growth, and that her whole attention and strength were necessarily absorbed in her own development; but, having attained to maturity, she is now called to wider and more vigorous action in the missionary cause.

I cannot conclude these remarks on the progress, the present condition, and the future duties of the Methodist Episcopal Church, without referring to another product of her growth: I mean her growth in wealth.

About two months since I said, in a public missionary discourse, that the Methodist communion, taken as a whole body, was the wealthiest Church in this country. This declaration was received with great surprise, general incredulity, and some little censure. A few weeks afterward, an abstract of the returns of the census of the United States, taken by the General Government in 1850, was published, in which my opinion was fully sustained. It was ordered that the value of the property of each church should be returned in the census: the value of the property of the several churches may be fairly taken as an index of the wealth of their respective populations. This being the rule of estimate, we find the census returns make the Methodist Church the wealthiest in the land. I will give the whole table, and ask attention to the fourth column, headed, "Total value of church property:"—

Denominations.	No. of Churches.	Aggregate Accommodations.	Average Accommodations.	Total Value of Church Property.	Average Value of Property.
Baptist	8,791	3,130,878	358	$10,931,382	$1,244
Christian...	812	296,050	365	845,810	1,041
Congregat'l	1,674	795,177	475	7,973,962	4,763
Dutch Ref'd	324	181,986	561	4,096,730	12,644
Episcopal...	1,422	625,213	440	11,261,970	7,919
Free	361	108,605	300	252,255	608
Friends.....	714	282,823	393	1,709,867	2,395
German Rf.	327	156,632	479	965,880	2,953
Jewish	31	16,575	534	371,600	11,987
Lutheran..	1,203	531,100	441	2,867,886	2,383
Mennonite	110	29,900	272	94,245	856
Methodist..	12,467	4,209,333	337	14,636,671	1,174
Moravian..	331	112,185	338	443,347	1,339
Presbyter'n	4,584	2,040,316	445	14,369,889	3,135
Rom. Cath.	1,112	620,950	558	8,973,838	8,069
Swedenb'g	15	5,070	338	108,100	7,206
Dunker....	52	35,075	674	46,025	885
Union.....	619	213,552	345	690,065	1,114
Unitarian .	243	136,367	565	3,268,122	18,449
Universal't	494	205,462	415	1,767,015	3,576
Minor Sects	325	115,347	354	741,980	2,283
Total....	36,011	13,849,896	384	$86,416,639	$90,133

I am aware that the remarks and results given above will surprise almost everybody, and confound many; but a moment's reflection will explain the whole matter. The general opinion has been that the Methodist Church is not rich, nay, even is poor, because but few remarkably rich persons are found in her communion. But we do not note the vast number of her members, viz., *twelve hundred thousand*, and the vast numbers besides that compose her congregations. The wealth of the whole body distributed among so many hundreds of thousands does not attract attention in any one church, or city, or town, as is the case oftentimes in other churches. The great wealth of individuals in some other churches, and their munificent donations, together with the grandeur of their church edifices, attract public attention. In the Methodist Church this is rarely, if ever the case. Our people, considered individually as persons or churches, are not wealthy; but being sober and industrious, most of them have substance, and many of them are rich, and the aggregate wealth of so large a body is very great. This explains how we are, contrary to common opinion, the wealthiest Church in the country, as shown by the census of the United States.

I am aware that there will be some incredulity still on this subject, particularly in the Eastern States. Perhaps this may be partly removed by the following fact: our Church in the West and South is very far richer in proportion than in the East. Our people were in the West from the beginning, and grew up with the country, and increased in wealth with the wealth of the country. The greatest part of the wealth of the Methodist Church is in the West and South. She will shortly come to understand this matter, and act accordingly.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this: the Church can never fulfill, as she ought, her great mission, until the contributions of her people shall be as general as the distribution of her wealth among them. Now the great mass of our people do not contribute to any of the general or extraordinary objects among us, except the penny or shilling they throw into the public collection on the occasion. The well-being of the Church, the better and more steady support of her ministry, and of all her great enterprizes, call upon her pastors and leading members to use their best and persevering endeavors to train our people to a regular and systematic support of all our Church enterprizes, according to the ability of each one. This is the secret of the great success of our Wesleyan brethren in England in their financial affairs; and will explain how the Roman Catholic Church in this country creates such splendid church edifices, schools, and colleges. Every man, woman, and child contributes systematically, according to the ability of each. They do not receive large sums of money from Europe, as is supposed by many; the money is contributed by themselves here in our midst. Let the Methodists take note and learn. Thousands of them read your pages; I present these thoughts for their reflection.

Yours, &c., J. P. DURBIN.

Our brother editor of the *Water-Cure Journal*, Dr. Trall, if an example of the effects—psychological as well as physiological—of brown bread and cold water, is certainly a "living epistle" in their favor. He "goes in" for nearly all the *antis* of the day, but does so with a degree of genial good sense and a rollicking sort of humor rarely met with among the modern spitfires of reform. His columns are well worth reading for their *jeux d'esprit*. They are full of dramatic animation and pointed sense. Some of his single paragraphs are capital hits—as good as whole ordinary chapters. Here is one of his poorest:—

> "The Fashionable Lady puts her children out to nurse, and tends lap-dogs; lies in bed till noon, wears paper-soled shoes, and pinches her waist, gives the piano fits, and forgets to pay her milliner; cuts her poor relations, and goes to church when she has a new bonnet; turns the cold shoulder to her husband, and flirts with his 'friend;' never saw a thimble, don't know a darning-needle from a crowbar, wonders where puddings grow; eats ham and eggs in private, and dines off a pigeon's leg in public; runs mad after the newest fashion; dotes on Byron, adores any fool who grins behind a moustache, and when asked the age of her youngest child replies, Don't know, indeed; ask Betty. She is opposed to Woman's Rights, don't believe in Hydropathy, but thinks it genteel to be sickly, and vulgar to be in robust health. She sings, sighs, and simpers, chatters, giggles, and faints. She never enjoyed a full breath in her life, nor reads, or thinks, or cares; so long as she can spend money the objects of life are attained, and nobody regrets when it ends."

ERRATA.—In our February number the name of "M. N. Powers," as author of the poem "In Memoriam," should read "W. N. Powers." In the article on the "Christianity Required by the Times," for "state of the real question," read "state of the Peace Question." Both these errors occur in the table of contents.

"The Christian Bankrupt," an excellent article copied in our February number from the *London Wesleyan Magazine*, was from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Belcher, of Philadelphia. American products are increasingly in demand across the waters, though American "credit" is not yet much regarded.

We are in no haste to conclude our articles on the "Christianity for the Times." Though serial in form, they are distinct essays, and the opportunity they afford for the discussion of many topics, important to the general as well as the religious public, is too good to be readily abandoned. We shall continue them, then, at our leisure, omitting them occasionally for other editorials.

Book Notices.

We have received an elegant copy—in embossed Russian leather—of "Webster's Dictionary" from *Messrs. Merriam*, of *Springfield, Mass.* It is the entire work unabridged, in one volume, crown quarto, of one thousand four hundred and fifty-two pages, containing the last improvements of Dr. Webster and the additions of Professor Goodrich. Our readers are aware of our partiality for this work, for they must have perceived that we use its orthography without scruple. We are pledged to that both because we approve it, and, we confess, because of a little national prejudice for the work. Webster's *definitions* are unrivaled; the merit of the work in this respect is enough to settle its claims; he was the best etymologist that ever attempted to define our language. Such provincial words as are necessary to ordinary readers have been admitted into the present edition with proper discriminations. Some of Webster's more violent orthographic peculiarities have been omitted. The pronunciation is marked by a simple and excellent system of notation, and in difficult cases words are re-spelled. The lists of scriptural, classical, and geographical names are very full—the latter more so than we have seen in any dictionary; it comprises twelve or thirteen thousand names. Every American student, and, as far as possible, every American family, should possess this great standard of our language.

The *American Missionary Memorial* is a volume of much interest, issued by *Messrs. Harpers*, and edited by Rev. W. H. Pierson. It is a series of sketches of the most distinguished missionaries from different pens, illustrated with portraits and other engravings, and prefaced by a valuable essay on the origin of American Missions, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Worcester—the whole forming a beautiful presentation book, and a "valuable contribution to our missionary literature."

"*A Story of Life on the Isthmus*," by Joseph W. Fabens, has been added to the copy-right series of Putnam's "Semi-Monthly Library." It consists of cleverly-sketched pictures of life on the Isthmus passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific—some of them smacking strongly of the author's lively fancy, but all of them affording good after-dinner entertainment to the reader.

Messrs. Harpers have issued the first volume of Alison's "*History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in* 1815 *to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in* 1852." Personally we are very obtuse in estimating the merits of Alison's historical writings. We have never been able to wade through them. They are intolerably wordy and diffuse, stiff with old Tory "fogyism," and meritorious only for their thorough research. The present volume gives the series of leading European events for the last thirty-five years, disfigured by unusually strong political prejudices, and some one-sided critical estimates. Some of the best names are omitted from its literary list, and others, (as Chalmers, for example,) but little better than caricatured. Among the omissions are Shelley in literature, and Faraday in science! The London *Literary Gazette* justly calls the work a "burlesque of Gibbon."

The third volume of Lamartine's "*Restoration of Monarchy in France*" has been published by Messrs. Harpers. It continues the history of Napoleon from his embarcation for St. Helena to his death. The tone of the volume is more sober than that of the preceding ones; it is full of incident and salient points; Lamartine can hardly fail to make any points salient; he has in this instance succeeded, partially at least, in reconciling his sentimentality with historical dignity and accuracy. He appreciates rightly his hero, and makes him out what he really was—a grand butcher.

Catharine Sinclair's "*Beatrice; or, the Unknown Relatives*," has been issued by *De Witt & Davenport*, *New-York*. It is one of the numerous works which the Papal controversy in England has recently called forth. It is an exposure, in the form of a fiction, of the jugglery of the Jesuits in their plans of proselytism—a book which cannot fail of a good impression.

Rev. Mr. Mattison's "*High School Astronomy*," referred to by us lately, has been issued by *Huntington*, and *Mason & Son*, *New-York*. We repeat what we before said of it, that it is the best text-book of the kind extant in this country. Besides preliminary observations and definitions, it treats, first, of the solar system—the sun, planets, comets, eclipses, &c.; second, the sidereal heavens—fixed stars, constellations, nebulæ, &c.; third, practical astronomy—instruments, parallax, refraction, &c. The arrangement and style of the book are succinct, comprehensive, and simple. It is a model text-book.

The Milk Trade in New-York, &c. Mr. Mullaly deserves what the English call a "testimonial" from the Gothamites for this book. It is a startling disclosure of what may be called the horrors of the New-York milk-trade. Our city pays $5,150,000 annually for milk. only $1,350,000 of this is for milk produced in the natural way. More than two millions and a half is paid for a detestable liquid called milk, but obtained from distillery swill through diseased cows, some of which are so poisoned by their food as to need to be held up while they are milked. $1,250,000 are paid for molasses, magnesia, chalk, &c., by which this swill-milk is rectified into the appearance and taste of milk. But we stop; read the book. (*Fowlers & Wells, New-York.*)

The Rev. J. M. Wythes, M. D., has prepared a very interesting volume for juvenile readers on the "*Curiosities of the Microscope*." The illustrations are excellent colored lithographs; and the text, while avoiding technicalities and other scientific peculiarities, brings out in a very entertaining style the marvels of the subject. (*Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*)

"*The Cap-Sheaf—a Fresh Bundle,*" by Lewis Myrtle, is a volume of charming sketches, which, though they present nothing notably original, will be read with genuine pleasure by such as love good taste and good thoughts, though they relate to familiar scenes. (*Redfield, New-York.*)

"*The Brand of Dominic,*" by Rev. Wm. Rule. A capital book is this—one of the very best yet produced by the anti-papal agitation in England. It is a record of the Inquisition—remarkably impartial, and even rigorously exact. It excludes most of the unauthenticated anecdotes of horror with which such works are usually crammed, but its well-attested data are horrible enough to make the reader's heart palpitate. Guarding against extraneous matter, the author has presented the means of a just, a sober, yet appalling estimate of the history and policy of the Inquisition. (*Carlton & Phillips, New-York.*)

Guizot's "*Shakspeare and his Times*" has been issued by Messrs. Harpers. Like his "Corneille," it is a reproduction of one of his early works, much improved. It comprises a masterly, though somewhat inaccurate, sketch of Shakspeare's life and times, separate critical estimates of his tragedies, historical dramas, and comedies, and an essay by the Duke de Broglie on "Othello and Dramatic Art in France in 1850," this section being entitled "Shakspeare in France." The work is throughout characterized by the peculiar excellences and defects of Guizot, his critical acuteness, his hard and dry philosophy, and his sometimes vacant abstractions.

The *standard* Life of Wellington has yet to be written; meanwhile, many temporary and not uninteresting memoirs are appearing; the very best of them, judging from the first volume, is Stocqueller's "Life of Field Marshal, the Duke of Wellington," published by *Ingraham, Cooke & Co., London.* The author was personally acquainted with the Duke, and has drawn his data from his recollections, the "Dispatches," and a great variety of other sources. He quotes too much, and has written with evident haste, but gives us a very readable book. The first volume only has yet appeared; it reaches to Napoleon's return from Elba. The engravings are numerous, and have the important merit of accuracy in "the matter of scenery, costume, and portraiture." (*Bangs, Brother & Co., New-York.*)

The "*Pretty Plate*" is the title of a juvenile story well written and well got up, but teaching the Roman Catholic doctrine of the Confessional. (*Redfield, New-York.*)

Such of our readers as have examined Trench "on Words" will welcome his new work on "*Proverbs*"—a singularly interesting dissertation, in five lectures, on the formation and generation of Proverbs; the Proverbs of different nations compared; the poetry, wit, and wisdom of Proverbs; the morality of Proverbs; and the theology of Proverbs. An appendix on the metrical Latin Proverbs of the Middle Ages concludes the volume. (*Redfield, New-York.*)

Messrs. Carlton & Phillips have issued a neat pocket-volume entitled a "*Guide to the Lord's Supper,*" by Rev. Daniel Smith. It contains some very appropriate counsels to the communicant respecting the nature of the sacrament and its spiritual improvement. The theological relations of the institution are somewhat discussed; but the work is chiefly practical—a good manual for "the people."

"*The Horticulturist and Journal of Rural Art and Rural Taste,*" is, in its new series, a really elegant affair. Some of its engravings are unusually fine, and its contents are always varied, able, and tasteful. $2 per annum. (*Vick, Rochester.*)

"There is no book of reference more useful to all classes of readers than a good gazetteer." So says Putnam's new "Hand-Book of Geography;" and, we may add, that none is more needed just now than a good American gazetteer. Independently of the fact that old works of the kind have been recklessly negligent of American geography, (meaning by that, of course, the topography of "Uncle Sam's farm,") such has been the recent growth of our civil geography that a very large proportion of our important localities are now to be set down for the first time. Mr. Putnam's volume is a really thorough and reliable work, excepting some statistical inaccuracies; it comprises more places than even M'Culloch's. It is on the basis of Johnston's, but supplies his deficiencies. It is closely but neatly printed, and must inevitably supersede all other works of the kind among us. The public are much indebted to Mr. Callicott, its indefatigable editor. (*Putnam, New-York.*)

Messrs. Harpers have issued the third volume of *Agnes Strickland's Queens of Scotland.* It sketches, in part, the history of Mary, Queen of Scots, and is, of course, the most romantic in the series of her entertaining volumes. She justly remarks that "more books have been written about Mary Stuart than all the queens in the world put together." She has entered upon her task with great spirit, and a command of its best resources; but its romance has too much fascination for her. She repeats the old enthusiastic eulogies, despite the latest historical verdicts to the contrary.

The *Cabin Book* is an illustrated volume of sketches of character in the south-west—a fiction from the German of Charles Sealsfield, issued by Ingraham, Cook & Co., London, and for sale by Bangs, Brother & Co., New-York. The engravings are unusually fine for wood-cuts.

An interesting volume, entitled "*The Conversion of a Papist,*" an autobiographical sketch by Rev. J. B. Cocagne, has been published by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York.* It is introduced by a few appropriate pages from Professor Mattison, who indorses the character of the author. Its style and temper is excellent, and, unlike many late works of the kind, is well adapted to conciliate the attention of Roman Catholic readers. The incidents of the book are quite interesting, and its illustrations of Popery are of no little value—showing its popular influences and workings in a manner at once striking and evidently truthful. It is a good book to put into the hands of inquiring Roman Catholics. Several attractive engravings illustrate the volume.

Literary Record.

THE Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, one of the oldest literary institutions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, continues to flourish finely under the care of Rev. Miner Raymond. It reports nearly five hundred students.

At a late public meeting, held at Birmingham, England, it was decided to establish a *Literary and Scientific Society* on an extensive scale. A letter from Mr. Charles Dickens was read, in which that gentleman proposed to read his Christmas Carols, the proceeds to be appropriated in aid of the proposed institution. It is designed to erect a spacious *building at a cost of* $100,000.

Professor Petermann, of the Berlin University, is at present engaged at Damascus in copying, with the aid of other learned men, a *Syriac New Testament* of the sixth century, which, it is said, there is reason to believe was itself translated verbally from one of the earliest and most authentic Greek manuscripts.

Rev. F. Hodgson, so well known in his earlier time to the readers of the Byron Memoirs, and of late years Provost of Eton College, died recently in his seventy-second year. Mr. Hodgson was not only a friend of the author of "Childe Harold," but a brother poet. His poem on Lady Jane Grey is, perhaps, the most notable of his original efforts; but his most accepted work is the translation of Juvenal.

A new edition of the *Fathers of the Church* is in course of publication in Paris, under the revision, and with the notes, of the erudite Abbé Caillau.

From the report of the *Leeds Mechanics' Institution*, it appears that this is the largest and most flourishing establishment of the kind in England. The number of members and subscribers is now upward of two thousand one hundred. Besides numerous journals and periodicals, the library contains nearly nine thousand volumes.

Dr. Max Müller has been appointed to a lectureship of modern literature at the University of Oxford.

The fifth and concluding volume of *The Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield*, including some new letters now first published from the original manuscripts, under the editorship, as before, of Lord Mahon, are about to appear in London. Two volumes of Letters of the Poet Gray, announced by Mr. Bentley, are also to be issued during the present season. They will be edited by the Rev. J. Mitford, author of "The Life of Gray."

Mr. Walter Scott Lockhart Scott, only son of Mr. Lockhart, and only surviving male descendant of the author of "Waverley," died recently, aged twenty-seven years.

The ecclesiastical publications, to appear under the title of *The Church Historians of England from Bede to Fox*, are about to be issued from the London press. Between these two celebrated authors, in an interval of eight hundred years, there were many ecclesiastical annalists and historians in England; but their works are almost unknown, except to a few antiquaries and authors. Those parts of the histories relating only to secular affairs will be omitted, and notes, explanatory or illustrative, be appended by the editor. A new edition of *Foxe's Acts and Monuments* is to be given. The books are to appear in volumes, published occasionally, at intervals extending over five or six years, by annual subscription, as with the publications of the Parker Society, the Library of Anglo-Catholic Divinity, and similar works. It is estimated that the historians of the Pre-Reformation period will occupy eight octavo volumes, of about eight hundred pages each, and the new edition of *Foxe's Acts and Monuments* will consist of the same number of volumes.

A late number of the *Hebrew Christian Magazine*, published in England, mentions the discovery of some interesting MSS. in that language, which, it is said, are not unlikely to come into the market. The titles and contents of five works are enumerated:—1. "The Mantle of Elijah—a commentary on the Pentateuch, by Rabbi Jacob Elijah, *circa* Charles II. 2. "The Gleanings of Paradise"—a collection of Cabalistic pieces, explanations of difficult passages in the Hebrew Scriptures, moral aphorisms illustrated by allegories, and a treatise on Hebrew Grammar. A MS. of this work—but thought to be a copy—is now in the Bodleian Library. 3. Eight MS. works, by the late Rabbi Natta Ellingen, of Hamburg. 4. Three volumes of the work called "Great Understanding"—being a commentary on the obscure passages of the Medrash Rabba, with an explanation of all foreign words not in the Rabbinical Lexicon "Aaruch." 5. A book of names—written by R. Solomon Ben Aaron in 1676, being an analysis of the Cabala, with an illustration of the Cabalistic alphabet.

At *Calcutta* there are not less than forty native presses, established for the purpose of publishing *Bengali* books, which send out thirty thousand volumes annually. It is fifty-one years since the Serampore missionaries published the first book in the Bengali language. Within this period, every ancient Bengali book but one, all of which were full of idolatry, has ceased to be published, while nearly four hundred works have taken their place.

The society formed about ten years ago, to circulate the writings of *M. Victor Hugo*, has just parted with the copyrights of MM. Lebigre and Delayhays. The purchase money is said to be 82,000 francs.

The *Benedictines* of France, though much less numerous and much less wealthy than they used to be, are very creditably maintaining the long-established renown of their order for learning and literary industry. In addition to the recent publication of several works, highly appreciated by all who occupy themselves with ecclesiastical matters, they are busily engaged in completing their famous *Spicilegium Solesmense*—a vast repository of unpublished documents on the religious history of the past centuries of the Christian era. They have just deputed one of their body, Don Pitra, to visit the library at Valenciennes, that of the English Benedictine Convent at Douai, and those of the convents and other public establishments of Holland and Belgium, to look for papers.

Since the 1st of June, 1852, the *Methodist missionaries in China* have published the Gospel by Matthew, 2,000 copies; by John, 2,000; and of the Acts of the Apostles, 4,000. The Literary Examination was held in Fuh-Chau about the time these portions of Scripture were published, and from six to seven thousand graduates of the first degree were present; they came from all parts of the province, and the occasion furnished excellent facilities for circulating the Bible among them.

The last catalogue of *Dickinson College* shows that venerable institution to be flourishing under its new and able president, Dr. Collins. It reports one hundred and fifty-five students, including forty in the preparatory department.

The thirty-second annual report of the *New-York Mercantile Library Association* shows a large increase both in members and volumes in the library. It is now the fifth in the United States, and is surpassed in this city only by the Astor Library. The amount expended for books during the past year is nearly $5,000. The number of volumes added to the Library is 4,346. The whole number of volumes is 37,486. Of the number added during the past year, 1,063 are in History and Geography, 138 in Theology, 814 in Mental and Moral Science, and 1,656 in fiction. The profits derived from the lectures during the past year, amounting to $1,500, have been permanently invested for the benefit of the Institution.

The *Howard High School*, Fayette, Mo., under the care of Rev. W. T. Luckey, reports three hundred and thirty-eight students, of whom one hundred and sixty-six are females. The course of study is thorough, and the faculty efficient.

An article from the pen of Dr. Hickok, in the last number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, states that *Union College* has about $150,000 of productive capital, besides its buildings, books, apparatus, and three hundred acres of land contiguous to the College, under cultivation as an ornamental garden, an experimental farm, &c. There has been conveyed to the College, by a deed of trust, property from which there can hardly fail to be realized $500,000—and, probably, much more—for educational purposes. At the recent sale of Major Douglas's library, in this city, many of the most important works in Civil Engineering were purchased for the library, which makes their collection of such works (in connection with the private library of Professor Gillespie) one of the best in the country.

At a recent meeting of the *New-York Historical Society*, Professor Koeppen read an interesting paper on the late archæological discoveries in the Piræus, illustrating the naval supremacy and the commercial and colonial development of the Athenian republic.

There were seven daily papers in this city in 1816, whose aggregate circulation amounted to nearly nine thousand copies. In 1853 the aggregate circulation of *three* of the New-York dailies is more than *one hundred thousand*.

The Rev. Wm. Bishop, of Ohio, has published an eloquent sermon on the death of Daniel Webster, in which he asserts the religious character of the great statesman against "Rumor, which represents him otherwise."

One of the most flourishing libraries, for its size, in the State of Massachusetts, is the *Taunton Social Library*, incorporated in 1825, and ever since in active operation. It numbers about thirty-five hundred volumes, and three thousand volumes are annually taken out.

The *Oneida Conference Academy*, at Cazenovia, N. Y., reports a numerous and effective faculty, under the presidency of Rev. Dr. Bannister, and nearly five hundred students.

In the United States there are 119 colleges, 989 instructors, 11,296 students, or on an average 94 students to every college; number of volumes in the different college libraries about 500,000, or on an average nearly 4,000 to each. Of these colleges 15 are under the direction of the Baptists, 8 of the Episcopalians, 14 of the Methodists, 11 of the Catholics, 7 of the Congregationalists, 8 of the Congregationalists and Presbyterians united, and about 20 under the control of the Presbyterians exclusively.

A new college, under the auspices and control of the *Protestant Episcopal Church*, in the diocese of Wisconsin, has been opened for the reception of students at Racine, Wis., from which place it takes its name. Rev. Roswell Park, D. D., a graduate of West Point, is president.

From the seventeenth annual report of the *Providence Athenæum*, we learn that its library now numbers 17,377 volumes, of which 775 volumes have been received during the last year. The Athenæum building has been recently repaired and enlarged.

Columbia College, N. Y., is to be removed from its present position in the heart of the city to a new and sightly location three or four miles up-town. This college was chartered ninety-nine years ago, and is the oldest literary institution in the United States, with the exception of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton.

The total number of newspapers and periodicals published in the United States is 2,496, having a circulation of 3,825,647. The total number of public libraries is 1,262, containing 1,212,858 volumes. The total number of public school libraries is 10,605, containing 1,321,349 volumes.

A new institution, called the "Model School for Boys," has been started at Lima, N. Y., designed to afford a thorough "*physical*" and "moral," as well as intellectual education of the pupil. Its scheme has been fully developed in a "general circular," and is admirable. Messrs. Slaughter and Depuy are the associate principals; they are gentlemen fully competent for the experiment.

Religious Summary.

Rev. J. Mullen, of the London Missionary Society, now laboring in *Ceylon*, gives the following interesting statistics:—At the commencement of 1852 there were in India and Ceylon, under the direction of 22 missionary societies, 443 missionaries (of whom 48 were ordained natives) and 668 catechists, who were employed on 313 missionary stations. There were 331 native churches, containing 18,410 communicants, in a community of 112,191 native Christians. The missionaries maintain 1,347 day-schools in the native language, in which were 47,504 boys; and 93 boarding-schools, containing 2,414 Christian boys. They also sustain 126 superior day-schools in the English language, in which are instructed 14,562 boys and young men. They have 347 day-schools for girls, containing 11,519 scholars; and 202 female boarding-schools, containing 2,779 Christian girls. The entire Bible has been translated into ten languages, the New Testament into five others, and separate Gospels into four others. Besides numerous works for Christians, thirty, forty, and even seventy *tracts* have been prepared in some of these different languages, suitable for Hindoos and Mussulmans. Missionaries maintain in India twenty-five printing establishments. The greater part of this vast missionary agency has been brought into operation within the last twenty years. It is supported at an annual cost of $900,000, of which about one-sixth is contributed by European Christians resident in the country.

By the report of the treasurer of the *Boston City Missionary Society*, it appears that the receipts of the society for the past year were $6,329 08, and the expenditures $6,670 66.

There are 715 churches and 283,000 members of the society of *Friends* in the United States. Of these, Pennsylvania has 141, with 60,000 members; New-York 132, with 49,314. Indiana has 35 churches, with 43,000 members.

A grandson of the celebrated *William Paley* was ordained recently in England. He is going out to Africa as a missionary of the Established Church.

Under the control of the Missionary Society of the *Methodist Church, South*, at the present time, are 299 missions, 273 missionaries, 229 churches, 6,368 church-members, 136 Sabbath schools, 19,894 children under religious instruction, with eight manual-labor schools, and 489 pupils. The total missionary contributions for the past year amounted to $125,000.

The *Young Men's Christian Association of New-York* has about eight hundred members, and nearly one hundred are added at each monthly meeting. They have a library of about five hundred volumes—constantly enlarging—and their regular meetings are fully attended.

The number of *Baptist Associations* in Pennsylvania is 16; of churches, 332; of ordained ministers, 251; of licentiates, 46; of baptized within the year, 1,852. Net gain, 568. Total of membership, 30,053.

There has been a net increase of fifteen hundred persons in the *German Methodist Episcopal Church* in the United States the past year. The whole German Methodist membership is now about ten thousand.

The membership of the *South Carolina Methodist Conference* numbers 32,828 whites, and 40,358 colored; increase in the former year 435, in the latter 2,877. The amount contributed for missions is $22,320, exclusive of $1,000 and upward, given for the erection of churches on the missions for the service of the blacks. Twenty-four ministers of the conference are stationed on missions to the blacks, besides a supply of five local preachers under the supervision of the superintendents of the missions. No annual conference in the United States gives so much to the missionary cause as this conference.

In 1752 there were 53 ministers and about 96 *Protestant Episcopal* churches in America. Now the Episcopal Church in this country is divided into 20 dioceses. Two years ago, the date of its last report, it numbered 1,558 ministers, 1,500 parishes, 92,238 communicants, and 120 candidates for orders. Its present membership is estimated at 100,000.

George Hadfield, of Manchester, England, member of Parliament, has offered $25,000, to be appropriated in sums of $500 for church-extension among Congregationalists; thus giving "material" toward the erection of fifty churches.

There are 40,000 *Baptists* in Mississippi. The sum of $30,000 was subscribed by the recent Baptist Convention toward the endowment fund of $100,000, proposed to be raised for the Literary and Theological Institute, located at Clinton, besides several thousands for other interests, home and foreign, under the direction of that body.

The *Protestant Episcopal Church* have in China one bishop, three clergymen, four female missionaries, one native deacon, one American and two native teachers. In Africa they have also a bishop, six clergymen, ten American and nine native teachers.

There are fourteen *Protestant schools* in Constantinople, and twenty-six Protestant sermons are preached in or near that city every Sunday.

We learn from the annual register, recently published by the *Unitarian denomination* at Boston, that there are in the United States two hundred and twenty-two ministers belonging to that denomination, and about the same number of societies, located in twenty-one states.

The *Louisiana Methodist Conference* has 4,872 white and 4,890 colored members.

There are 19 traveling preachers in the *French Methodist Conference*, 34 local preachers, 4 catechists or evangelists, 873 Church members, 1,582 scholars in schools receiving religious instruction.

From the late report of the *Sunday-School Union* of the Methodist Episcopal Church, we learn that the receipts during the past year amounted to $7,258, being $690 in advance of the former year. The report also shows an increase in the number of schools of 368; of scholars, 31,368; of teachers, 4,470; of Bible classes, 1,179; of volumes in libraries, 141,452.

From the report of the *Baptist Mission in India*, we learn that the distribution of the Scriptures for five years ending with 1851 amounted to 222,796 copies, which, added to those previously put in circulation, make a total of 609,906 copies of the word of God or portions of it issued from their press.

About fifty *Mormon missionaries* lately embarked at San Pedro for San Francisco. They will take their departure from that place, some for the Sandwich Islands, and others for the East Indies and Australia.

Under the supervision of the *Methodist Episcopal Church* there are eight colleges, with property and funds to the amount of $494,063. The oldest of them, at Middletown, was founded in 1830. There are forty-five academies and seminaries. In twenty-nine of these there are 4,946 students, an average of 178 each.

The anniversary meeting of the *French Canadian Missionary Society* was held in Montreal a short time since. This society was organized in the year 1839, and has a number of auxiliaries in different parts of the province. Its income for all objects and from all sources, in 1852, was $12,740. The disbursements, including a debt of over $1,315 paid off, amounted to $10,670.

The total membership of the *Methodist Episcopal Church* in the United States is now one million two hundred and sixty thousand. The increase in the Methodist Church, South, is about twelve thousand yearly.

The *Reformed Dutch churches* at the Cape of Good Hope are represented as being in a very flourishing condition. The last Synod numbered sixty-six ministers and elders, and claims to be the oldest and most numerous religious body in South Africa.

The Board of Managers of the *American Bible Society* have appointed the Rev. J. H. McNeill, of North Carolina, an assistant secretary. The new Bible House is expected to be ready for occupation in May, and the prospect of raising the $60,000 sought toward paying for it is good.

In *Nova Scotia* there are belonging to the Church of England, 36,482; Roman Catholics, 69,634; Kirk of Scotland, 18,867; Presbyterian Church of the United States, 28,767; Free Church, 25,280; Baptists, 42,243; Methodists, 23,596; Congregationalists, 2,639; Lutherans, 4,087. According to the recent census, this province has a population of 276,117.

In a recent acknowledgment of a donation to the *Methodist German Mission*, it was stated that the donor twenty years ago resolved to use a certain portion of his yearly income for the spread of Christianity. In that period he has been enabled to appropriate to benevolent purposes above thirty thousand dollars! and this, too, from operating with a capital of but five thousand dollars. Another man in the Methodist denomination in Boston has been enabled, during his business life of fifteen years, to appropriate thirty-nine thousand dollars!

The *English residents* of Alexandria, in Egypt, have been making strenuous efforts of late to complete their church, the foundation of which was laid in 1839. The ground upon which it stands was the gift of Mehemet Ali to the English community.

It is stated that the *King of Prussia* is causing a residence to be erected for the Anglican Bishop at Jerusalem.

We learn from the New-York *Independent*, that there are in *Lyons, France*, six evangelical congregations, embracing about 2,000 souls, with 460 communicants, and 100 candidates for admission to Church fellowship. These Churches make evidence of regeneration a condition of membership. Nine out of ten of the members are converts from Romanism. For five years a new place of worship has been opened every year.

Thirty Jesuit priests are sustained in Oregon for the conversion of the Indians and whites, by the weekly penny contributions of the Papists of France chiefly.

The following summary exhibits the number of *Baptists* of all kinds in the world:—Churches in North America, 16,709; ministers, 13,144; members, 1,237,621; Europe, 2,052 churches, 1,700 ministers, 196,824 members; Asia, 170 ministers, 380 churches, 12,297 members; Africa, 26 ministers, 22 churches, 1,242 members. Total in the world, 18,958 ministers, 15,176 churches, 1,447,984 members.

The whole number of *Theological Seminaries* in the United States is 44. Number of professors, 125. Whole number of students, 1,341. Number of volumes in the different libraries, about 200,000.

The committee of the *Baptist Missionary Society* in England have determined on an augmentation of twenty men to their mission in British India. Half of these are to be sent from England, the other ten will be native ministers.

A society in *England*, consisting of a large number of influential clergymen and laymen, has been formed for the purpose of effecting a "thoroughly conservative reformation" in the government of the Church of England.

We learn from the London *Missionary Magazine* that the Prince of Madagascar, who professed Christianity in 1845, and has since exerted himself to the utmost for the relief and protection of his suffering brethren, is admitted to a joint share in the government with the queen, his mother. Through his influence, two important measures have been carried: 1. That the ports of Madagascar shall be opened to all nations. 2. That all the subjects of Madagascar, who have been obliged to seek refuge in other lands, shall have liberty to return to their country.

Art Intelligence.

Mr. Crawford is at work, in Rome, on the *United States national monument to Washington.* It will be the largest monument of the kind existing. Rauch's statue of Frederick the Great, at Berlin, is of considerably less proportions. The base of the Washington monument is a complete circle; on this a star, with six points, is raised, and on this rises the actual base to the equestrian figure. Six eagles surround the steps on the circle, and six colossal statues of eminent Americans surround the pedestal—Henry, Lee, Mason, Marshall, Allen, and Jefferson. The whole is on a gigantic scale, from sixty to seventy feet high. The figures of Jefferson and Henry are completed, and forwarded to Müller's foundry, at Munich, to be cast in bronze. The artist is raising the figure of Washington's horse—a mound of clay.

Gibson's statue of Sir Robert Peel, to be placed in Westminster Abbey, is in course of execution. It will be finished in three months. The sculptor is likewise engaged on another work of national interest. It is to be of colossal proportions, representing Queen Victoria seated on the throne, with attendant figures at each side, the one of Clemency, the other of Justice. The statue of the Queen is at present being raised in clay.

An engraving has been made of the *Sully portrait of Jackson,* in the possession of Francis Preston Blair, taken soon after the close of the Seminole war. It is similar to the large head of Washington, from Stuart's original portrait; it is consequently more youthful than the portraits familiar to the public, taken later in life. The habitual energy and vivid qualities of Jackson are well conveyed. It is engraved in an effective mixed line and stipple, by Mr. Welch, who executed the Washington head.

At the recent sale of the gallery of the late *Duke of Orleans,* at Paris, Ary Scheffer's "Francesca di Rimini," so well known through the fine engraving executed of it, sold for nine thousand francs.

The State Legislature of Pennsylvania has passed a bill, making an appropriation to aid in the erection of a monument in Independence-square, commemorative of the original thirteen states, and the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The recent exhibition of photographic pictures at the Society of Arts—the first of its kind in London—has proved eminently attractive. The collection was a very large one, including seven hundred and seventy-four specimens—the results of the several processes known as Talbotype or Calotype, Waxed Paper, Albumened Paper, Albumenized Glass, and Collodion. They have been contributed by French, German, and English photographers.

An association has been formed at New-Orleans for the erection of a monument to *Henry Clay* in one of the public squares of the city. The monument is to be a colossal statue which shall cost not less than $50,000, and the association is now in correspondence with several distinguished sculptors in this country and abroad, and have offered $250 for the design which shall be adopted by them.

Professor Koeppen read lately a most interesting and instructive paper before the New-York Historical Society on the "Monuments of the Acropolis, the discoveries made during the recent excavations, and the restoration of the temples by the direction and at the expense of the government of King Otho." Professor Koeppen was for years a Professor of History, Ancient Geography, and the Languages, at the Military College at Athens.

At a recent meeting of the *United States Agricultural Society,* at Washington, the erection of a monument to the late unfortunate Mr. Downing, who perished by the burning of the Henry Clay, was determined upon by the farmers and horticulturists, to be located in the Smithsonian grounds, themselves rare memorials of his genius and taste.

The *Society of Antiquaries* of Picardy, in France, announce that, by a decree of the government, they have been authorized to erect a statue in bronze of Peter the Hermit, in one of the public places of Amiens. Their circular states, that although that great event of the Middle Ages, the "holy war," has obtained a place among the recorded "glories," the apostle of the crusades has not yet a monument in his native city. It states, however, that Peter the Hermit belongs not to France alone, but to the whole Christian world, and that all the "friends of religion" are bound to subscribe something toward the accomplishment of this object, most worthy to be recorded, as the French chroniclers word it, among the *Gesta Dei per Francos!* This is an emanation of religious madness.

A statue, by Rude, of *Joan of Arc,* or rather *Joan Darc,* has recently been erected in the garden of the Luxembourg, in Paris. The sculptor has attempted to reproduce the heroine's likeness from the sole portrait which exists of her—a pen-and-ink sketch, taken down in the margin of the record of her interrogatories by the clerk to the examiners. We also learn that more mural paintings have been discovered in the ancient church of Saint Eustache at Paris. It now appears pretty positive that the entire of the vast edifice was decorated with such paintings, and that they, a century or two after, having fallen partially into decay from damp, were, though of considerable artistic and historic value, barbarously covered with whitewash or plaster.

The *Hotel de Ville,* at Paris, in addition to its historical importance and architectural beauties, will shortly be one of the most gorgeously and at the same time most tastefully art-decorated monuments in Europe. Several distinguished artists have executed allegorical and historical paintings of great beauty on the walls and ceilings of the principal apartments.

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JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE was born at Highgate, Franklin County, Vermont, on the second day of June, 1816. From nine to seventeen he worked on his father's farm and went to school. Wishing then to study one of the liberal professions, he entered the grammar-school of St. Albans, and, after the usual preparatory studies, the college at Middletown, Conn., where he graduated Bachelor of Arts in the summer of 1839.

He had no reputation while at college either as a writer or speaker, but was considered a fine scholar, especially in the languages, a very pleasant fellow, and the best talker in the place. Good talkers are seldom anything else, or seldom succeed as well in anything else—so much and so instantaneously are they appreciated by society, and so easy does talking at last become to them. Many a fine writer, like Coleridge, has eventually subsided into a merely good conversationalist. With Saxe it has happily proved otherwise. What is rather odd, though, considering the immemorial custom of all collegians, and the literary aspirations of most young men, he wrote nothing at college, nor until several years after he had graduated, when he was in apparently unpropitious circumstances, viz., in the holy bonds of matrimony, and the tedious study of the law. Among his college friends was Thos. B. Thorpe, now of New-Orleans, the author of many admirable western stories. To him Saxe has addressed a rhyming epistle full of college reminiscences:—

"Ah those were memorable times,
And worth embalming in my rhymes,
When at the summons
Of chapel-bell, we left our sport,
For lessons most uncommon short,
Or shorter commons."

After alluding to Thorpe's talent for drawing and painting, whereby

"People very thin and flat,
Like aldermen, grew round and fat
On canvas-backs,"

he says :—

"Ah, we were jolly youngsters then ;
But now we 're sober-sided men,
Half through life's journey :
And you 've turn'd author too, I hear,
And I, you 'll think it very queer,
Have turn'd attorney."

Saxe's first movement toward the "turning" alluded to was to read law at Lockport, in the State of New-York, and afterward at St. Albans, his old school-place. In 1843 Saxe was admitted to the bar at St. Albans, and commenced practice as an attorney. When he was twenty-five he began to write verses, and his first published piece—(it was published in "The Knickerbocker Magazine," then, as now, under the management of our good friend, Lewis Gaylord Clarke)—his first piece, we say, not only related the story of his life at that time, as is the case with the poems of all true poets, if the world has the art to read them aright; but demonstrated that a new poet had appeared, and indicated the school of verse in which he was to be most successful. The reader will bear in mind the law-studies of Saxe ; imagine, if he pleases, his want of practice ; and then proceed to read and enjoy "The Briefless Barrister."

"THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

"An attorney was taking a turn,
In shabby habiliments dress'd ;
His coat it was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest.

"His breeches had suffer'd a breach,
His linen and worsted were worse ;
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
And not half-a-crown in his purse.

"And thus as he wander'd along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talk'd to himself.

"'Unfortunate man that I am !
I 've never a client but grief ;
The case is I 've no case at all,
And, in brief, I 've ne'er had a brief !

"''T is not that I 'm wanting in law,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have cases to plead,
While I have to plead for a case.

"'O, how can a modest young man
E'er hope for the smallest progression,
The profession 's already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession.'

"While thus he was strolling around,
His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sigh'd to himself, 'It is well !'

"To curb his emotions he sat
On the curb-stone the space of a minute ;
Then cried, 'Here 's an opening at last !'
And in less than a jiffy was in it !

"Next morning twelve citizens came,
('T was the coroner bade them attend,)
To the end that it might be determined
How the man had determined his end !

"'This man was a lawyer, I hear,'
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse ;
'A lawyer ? alas !' said another,
'Undoubtedly died of remorse !'

"A third said, 'He knew the deceased,
An attorney well-versed in the laws,
And, as to the cause of his death,—
'T was no doubt from the want of a cause.'

"The jury decided at length,
After solemnly weighing the matter,
'That the lawyer was drown'd because
He could not keep his head above water !'"

After the "Briefless Barrister," and one or two smaller poems, came "Progress," a satire, which was spoken before the associated alumni of Middlebury College in 1846, creating a decided sensation. It was published in New-York shortly after its delivery, and immediately became popular. It has been more quoted than any satire printed in the last twenty years. "In skillful felicities of language and rhythm," says Dr. Griswold, "general clear and sharp expression, and alternating touches of playful wit and sharp sense, there is nothing so long that is so well sustained in the one hundred and one books of American satire." In 1847 he wrote "The New Rape of the Lock," and in 1848 "The Proud Miss M'Bride." For the last seven or eight years he has been practicing in the courts, writing verses occasionally, attending to the interests of his party in that part of the world—for Saxe is something of a politician—editing "The Burlington Sentinel," running for the office of district attorney, which he was talented and popular enough to gain, and writing and delivering college and anniversary poems. In this last item of business he has done more service than any other man, reciting more verses and oftener, than all our lecturers together, Park Benjamin, perhaps, excepted. If he has won applause by his lectures, and he certainly has, something is due to his nice adaptation of them, and to his voice and manner of speaking. Few poets can read well, either their own verses, or those of other people; hence their want of success in the lecture-room. But both Saxe and Park Benjamin are fine readers, and, by their reading alone, can make bad poems seem good ones. In 1849 Saxe read another satire, entitled "The Times," before the Boston Mercantile Library Association; in1850 "Carmen Lætum," an after-dinner poem, before the alumni of Middlebury College; and in 1851, before the New-York University, a poem called "New-England." This last remains unprinted, and will for some time to come, the poet being still engaged in reciting it in different parts of the country. Saxe's present residence is at Burlington, Vermont. For his personal appearance we refer to the portrait prefixed to our article: we can vouch for its thorough correctness; but it gives no idea of one peculiarity of Saxe—how indeed could it?—of his height and robust build. In his epistle to the editor of "The Knickerbocker," he thus describes himself:—

> "I am a man, you must learn,
> Less famous for beauty than strength;
> And for aught I could ever discern,
> Of rather superfluous length.
> In truth 't is but seldom one meets
> Such a Titan in human abodes,
> And when I stalk over the streets
> I 'm a perfect Colossus of roads!"

The ancestors of Saxe were, we believe, originally Germans, the name "Saxe" being the English of "Sachs," Hans Sachs, the old ballad-writer of Nuremberg.

With the exception of Holmes, and perhaps Lowell, Saxe is the only one of our writers who has cultivated comic poetry with any degree of success. Indeed, they all steer clear of it, and the only thing comic about many of them is their most serious verse. How far the comic element, how far wit and humor in the abstract, can be considered poetry in the abstract, is a matter of endless dispute. "Wit and satire," says Hunt, "and the observation of common life, want, of necessity, the enthusiasm of poetry, and are not impelled by their nature into musical utterance. They may call in the aid of verse to sharpen their effect, but it will never be of any high or inspired order. It will be pipe and tabor music, and not that of the organ or the orchestra. Juvenal sometimes gives us stately hexameters; but then he was a very serious satirist, and worked himself up into a very lofty indignation." And yet wit and humor possess one of the great requisites of poetry—fancy: without that vague something which we call the fanciful, there can be nothing truly comic. That which leads the poet to compare, which links together opposites, and creates harmony from seeming discord, is that which makes the wit and humorist in whatever manner he manifests himself. Dickens, in the matter of comparison, is as fine a poet as Longfellow, only that his comparisons are different, and witty instead of poetical. "Wit," says Hunt again, "may be defined to be the arbitrary juxtaposition of dissimilar ideas, for some lively purpose of assimilation or contrast, or both. It is fancy in its most willful, and, strictly speaking, its least poetical state; that is to say, wit does not contemplate its ideas for their own sakes in any light apart from their ordinary prosaical one, but solely for the purpose of producing an effect by their combination. Poetry may take up the combination, and improve it; but then it divests it of its arbitrary character, and converts it into something better." Humor and fun are more poetical than wit and satire, because there is more breadth and depth about them. They spring from, and affect the heart and soul of man, that part of him which is inherent and everlasting, not the work of colleges and schools, with a due infusion of tailors and perfumers, while satire and wit are in most cases the result of education, and chiefly affect educated minds. The wit of Sheridan and Congreve would be lost upon many a man who would split his sides with laughter at the buffoonery of a mere circus-clown.

Judging them by their ideals, and by their effect upon ourselves, Saxe's truest poems are "The Old Chapel Bell" and "The Lady Ann." In the first, the bell speaks to a little boy who sits beside it in a half-dream, relating the incidents which have passed around it in other years, its ringing for bridals, and tolling for funerals, and more especially the history of

"A gleesome, happy maid,
Who came with constant step to church,
In comely garb array'd,
And knelt her down full solemnly,
And penitently pray'd.

° ° ° ° ° °

"Years roll'd away—and I beheld
The child to woman grown;
Her cheek was fairer, and her eye
With brighter luster shone;
But childhood's truth and innocence
Were still the maiden's own.

"I never rang a merrier peal,
Than when, a joyous bride,
She stood beneath the sacred porch
A noble youth beside,
And plighted him her maiden troth
In maiden love and pride.

"I never toll'd a deeper knell,
Than when, in after years,
They laid her in the church-yard here
Where this low mound appears—
(The very grave, my boy, that you
Are watering now with tears!)

"*It is thy mother!* gentle boy,
That claims this tale of mine;
Thou art a flower whose fatal birth
Destroy'd the parent vine!
A precious flower art thou, my child—
Two lives were given for thine!

"One was thy sainted mother's, when
She gave thee mortal birth;
And one thy Saviour's, when in death
He shook the solid earth:
Go, boy, and live as may befit
Thy life's exceeding worth!

"The boy awoke as from a dream,
And, thoughtful, look'd around,
And nothing saw save at his feet
His mother's lowly mound,
And by its side that ancient bell
Half-hidden in the ground!"

Totally dissimilar, yet creating the same emotions of quaint melancholy and pathos, is "The Lady Ann." There is an indescribable sweetness about the story of her misfortune, and its effects upon her wandering wits. So would Ophelia, "that royal flower," have mourned for the death of Hamlet, had not the willow broke, and precipitated her into the brook with her chaplet of wild flowers. And yet there is an air of *bonhomie* and good-humor about it, which perpetually remind us of Goldsmith. It does not read like a poem of this century at all.

"THE LADY ANN.

"'She'll soon be here, the Lady Ann,'
The children cried in glee;
'She always comes at four o'clock,
And now it's striking three.'

"At stroke of four the lady came,
A lady young and fair;
And she sat and gazed adown the road
With a long and eager stare.

"'The mail! the mail!' the idlers cried,
At sight of a coach-and-four;
'The mail! the mail!' and at the word
The coach was at the door.

"Up sprang in haste the Lady Ann,
And mark'd with anxious eye
The travelers, who, one by one,
Were slowly passing by.

"'Alack! alack!' the lady cried,
'He surely named to-day;
He'll come to-morrow, then,' she sigh'd,
And turning, stroll'd away.

"''Tis passing odd, upon my word,'
The landlord now began;
A strange romance!—that woman, sirs,
Is called the Lady Ann.

"'She dwells hard by, upon the hill,
The widow of Sir John,
Who died abroad, come August next,
Just twenty years agone.

"'A hearty neighbor, sirs, was he,
A bold, true-hearted man;
And a fonder pair were seldom seen
Than he and Lady Ann.

"'They scarce had been a twelve-month wed,
When, ill betide the day!
Sir John was call'd to go in haste
Some hundred miles away.

"'Ne'er lovers in the fairy tales
A truer love could boast,
And many were the gentle words
That came and went by post.

"'A month or more had pass'd away,
When by the post came down
The joyous news that such a day
Sir John would be in town.

"'Full gleesome was the Lady Ann
To read the welcome word,
And promptly at the hour she came
To meet her wedded lord.

"'Alas! alas! he came not back!
There only came instead
A mournful message by the post
That good Sir John was dead!

"'One piercing shriek, and Lady Ann
Had swooned upon the floor;
Good sirs, it was a fearful grief
That gentle lady bore!

"'We raised her up; her ebbing life
Began again to dawn;
She mutter'd wildly to herself—
'T was plain her wits were gone.

"'A strange forgetfulness came o'er
Her sad bewilder'd mind,
And to the grief that drove her mad
Her memory was blind!

"'Ah! since that hour she little wots
Full twenty years are fled!
She little wots, poor Lady Ann,
Her wedded lord is dead.

"'But each returning day she deems
The hour he fix'd to come;
And ever at the wonted hour
She 's here to greet him home.

"'And when the coach is at the door,
She marks with eager eye
The travelers, as, one by one,
They 're slowly passing by.

"'Alack!' she cried, in plaintive tone,
'He surely named to-day!
He 'll come to-morrow, then,' she sighs,
And turning, strolls away!'"

With the exception of some of the smaller poems, which, not being long, are more easily quotable, "Progress" is the most popular poem that Saxe has yet written, and the one by which he is best known to the mass of readers. Of the entire poem, consisting of four hundred and eighty verses, more than four hundred different lines have been quoted, with expressions of approbation in specimen passages. Six or seven years have passed since its first appearance, but it is still going the rounds of the papers and magazines. We cannot at present follow the poet over the whole field of modern "progress," for in this marvelous age of spiritual rappings and mesmeric revelations, some new science and wonder may arise before we can finish the paper. They come like shadows; may they so depart! The following hits at our boy-philosophers and our smart young ladies are well-deserved:

"Room for the sages!—hither comes a throng
Of blooming Platos trippingly along,
In dress how fitted to beguile the fair!
What intellectual, stately heads—of hair!
Hark to the oracle!—to wisdom's tone
Breathed in a fragrant zephyr of Cologne.
That boy in gloves, the leader of the van,
Talks of the 'outer' and the 'inner man,'
And knits his girlish brow in stout resolve
Some mountain-sized 'idea' to 'evolve.'
Delusive toil—thus in their infant days,
When children mimic manly deeds in plays,
Long will they sit, and, eager, 'bob for whale,'
Within the ocean of a water-pail!

° ° ° ° ° °

Nor less, O Progress, are thy newest rules
Enforced and honor'd in the 'Ladies' Schools;'
Where education, in its nobler sense,
Gives place to learning's shallowest pretense;
Where hapless maids, in spite of wish or taste,
On vain 'accomplishments' their moments waste;
By cruel parents here condemn'd to wrench
Their tender throats in mispronouncing French;
Here doom'd to force, by unrelenting knocks,
Reluctant music from a tortured box;
Here taught, in inky shades and rigid lines,
To perpetrate equivocal 'designs;'
'Drawings' that prove their title plainly true,
By showing nature 'drawn' and 'quartered' too!"

Among other things satirized is Socialism,

"That matchless scheme, ingeniously design'd
From half their miseries to free mankind;"

and it affords Saxe the opportunity to let off the following good-natured squib:—

"'Association' is the magic word
From many a social 'priest and prophet' heard;
'Attractive Labor' is the angel given
To render earth a sublunary heaven!
'Attractive Labor!' ring the changes round,
And labor grows attractive in the sound;
And many a youthful mind, where haply lurk
Unwelcome fancies at the name of 'work,'
Sees pleasant pastime in its longing view,
Of 'toil made easy' and 'attractive' too,
And fancy-rapt, with joyful ardor, turns
Delightful grindstones and seductive churns!
'Men are not bad'—these social sages preach,
'Men are not what their actions seem to teach;
'No moral ill is natural or fix'd—
'Men only err by being badly mix'd!'
To them the world a huge plum-pudding seems,
Made up of richest viands, fruits, and creams,
Which of all choice ingredients partook,
And then was ruin'd by a blundering cook!"

A passage from "The Times," and we have done with our extracts from Saxe's satires. From what we have seen of the class of ladies he alludes to, the satire seems to us just and fair:—

"What hinders then, when every youth may choose
As fancy bids, a musket or a muse,
And shows his head among his fellow-men,
From the dark muzzle of a gun or pen;
When blooming school-girls who absurdly think
That naught but drapery can be spoil'd with ink,
Ply ceaseless quills that, true to ready use,
Keep the old habit of the pristine goose,
While each a special Sappho in her teens,
Shines forth a goddess in the magazines;
When waning spinsters, happy to rehearse
Their maiden griefs in doubly grievous verse,
Write doleful ditties, or distressful strains
To wicked rivals or unfaithful swains,
Or serenade, at night's bewitching noon,
The mythic man whose home is in the moon;
When pattern wives no thrifty arts possess,
Save that of weaving—fustian for the press;
Write lyrics, heedless of their scorching buns,
Dress up their sonnets, but neglect their sons,
Make dainty doughnuts from Parnassian wheat,
And fancy-stockings for poetic feet;
While husbands—those who love their coffee hot,
And like no fire that does n't boil the pot—
Wish old Apollo, just to plague his life,
Had, for his own, a literary wife!
What hinders, then, that I, a sober elf,
Who, like the others, keep a muse myself,
Should venture here, as kind occasion lends,
A fitting time to please those urgent friends,
To waive at once my modest muse's doubt,
And, jockey-like, to trot the lady out?"

Among the minor poems of Saxe which we should like to quote in full, but have only room to particularize, are "The Rhyme of the Rail," a railroad lyric whose measure gives us the very helter-skelter and jolt of the cars, "The Ghost Player," "A Benedict's Appeal to a Bachelor," "The Cold-water Man," "Comic Miseries," and specimens of his three classical travesties. "The Proud Miss M'Bride," and "The New Rape of the Lock," remind us of Hood's "Miss Kilmanse," but only in their versification, Saxe's manner of treatment otherwise differing essentially from that of Hood. For while Hood always has an under-current of serious sentiment and melancholy, a tear in the dimple of every smile, Saxe plays and sports with his theme, and wreathes it all over with grotesque fancies and puns. Bryant, who is one of the best judges of metres in America, and not wont to talk carelessly, says of "The Proud Miss M'Bride," that it "shows a great deal of comic power, and uncommon facility of versification." There is not much story about the poem, which relates the ups and downs of a retired soap-boiler and his only daughter, the proud lady; but what there is, is cleverly managed; and the hits at the follies and frivolities of fashionable life are very pointed and funny. American aristocracy, that "thing of shreds and patches," comes in for a good rub:—

"Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth
Among our 'fierce democracie!'
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers,
Not even a couple of rotten peers—
A thing for laughter, flouts, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy.

"Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it wax'd at the further end
By some plebeian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation!"

One admirable point about all Saxe's verses is the careful way in which they are finished: you will not find a single nonsensical or slovenly line in his book; no slip-shod English, and no rough edges and loose ends. He is plain and straightforward in his sense, and terse and smart in his style of saying it. His heroic couplets are, we are inclined to think, the best of their kind that we have yet produced in America, and quite lately, with other of Saxe's measures, they have had much currency given them by the English and Scotch papers. "The Rhyme of the Rail" is much copied in England, and sung everywhere. As the didactic theory, the theory of utility, is all the rage now, somebody may ask, What is the use, and what the *aim* of Saxe's verse? To which we answer, He has none, beyond that of writing as well as he can, on such themes as happen to occur to him, and for his own amusement in his leisure as an editor and attorney. Verse is but an incident, almost an accident of his life. And when we remember the quantity of stuff which is being produced by those who make it the *business* of their life, we cannot but wish for more "accidental" verse, like that of John Godfrey Saxe.

The utilitarian effect of Saxe's satire cannot fail to be important. He lashes the contemptible pretensions of our own "high life," and whips, right and left, old current follies. The times call for such scourging.

NEST-BUILDING FISHES.

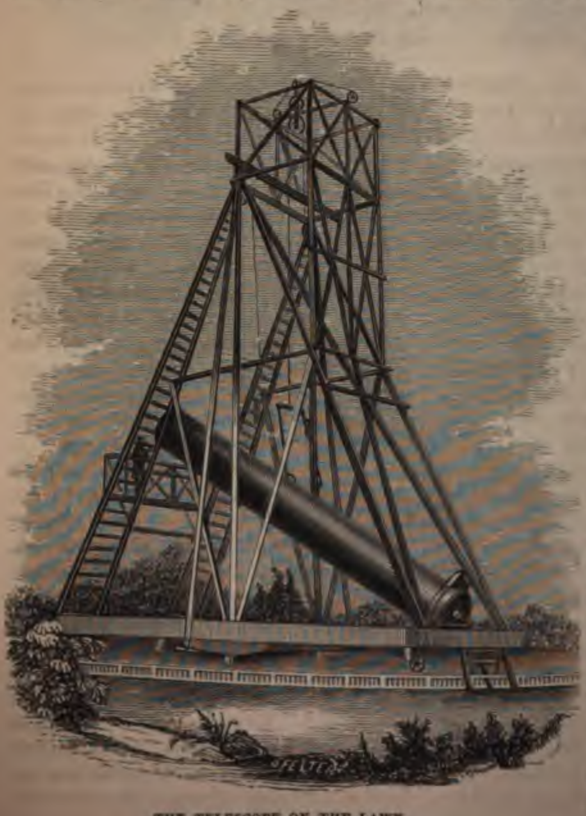
THE general disbelief with which stories of fishes taking care of their young have been received, has been somewhat shaken by the recent testimony of a celebrated naturalist. While engaged in collecting insects along the shores of Lake Sebago, in Maine, he was led to observe the action of a couple of catfish which, at his approach, left the shore suddenly, and returned to the deeper water. This movement being repeated, he was led to a closer observation. Examining more closely, a nest was discovered, in which were moving a number of little tadpoles. These were at first supposed to be the tadpoles of frogs; and to test the attachment of the old fishes to the spot, some pains were taken to experimentalize upon them. The fishes would return slowly and cautiously, looking anxiously toward the nest to see if it had been disturbed. They would approach to within six or eight feet. Large stones cast at them, or into the nest, only served to frighten them away for ten or fifteen minutes. They would then return, evidently seeking the protection of their young. The nest was formed amongst the waterplants.

PARSONSTOWN CASTLE.

THE EARL OF ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.

THE annexed series of engravings illustrates the history of one of the greatest scientific triumphs of our time—the construction of the LARGEST TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD, by the Earl of Rosse, at his residence, Parsonstown Castle, in King's County, Ireland, about eighty-seven English miles from Dublin.

A pleasant history might be written of Parsonstown Castle; the changes it has been subject to since the time of the O'Carrols, its original possessors, being not a few. In 1642, it was besieged by the Irish, and relieved by Sir Charles Coote; in 1643, it was taken by General Preston; in 1648, it was attacked by O'Neile; in 1650, it was taken by General Ireton from the Irish, who, for some time, had possession of it; in 1688, Sir Laurence Parsons was besieged in it by Oxburgh, and it was garrisoned by his soldiers for some time afterwards; after the defeat of King James, Sir Laurence was again established in the castle, which was again besieged by Sarsfield, &c., &c. The present appearance was given to it some years ago, after it had been severely damaged by fire. These actions and events might be made interesting to our readers; but we are sure we shall meet their wishes more fully by attending, for the present, to the scientific pursuits of its possessor. His lordship has gained for himself a name of much celebrity; his high talents are combined with great perseverance, and both are happily guided by sound good sense. He seems to love science for its own sake, and, untempted by any desire for applause, he has been working silently and for himself, until the magnitude of the results have forced themselves on the notice of the world. He has particularly distinguished himself by attaining an end, which has been for a long time a desideratum to scientific men—the production of large metallic reflectors. Until he accomplished the casting of his speculum, six feet in diameter, it was thought to be impossible; and the difficulties and obstacles he met with in the prosecution of his object, would have deterred a smaller mind. For several years there has been erected, on his lawn, a reflecting telescope, made by himself, (a view of which we give,) the concave speculum of which is three feet in diameter, and whose focal length is twenty-seven feet. It is elevated and depressed with the greatest ease, being accurately balanced by heavy weights over pulleys; and it is turned to any part of the heavens by means of wheels running on a graduated iron circle, fixed in the ground. The casting, grinding, and polishing of this speculum, and the machinery of the tube, and its suspension, were all accomplished under his lordship's eye, and by his own direction. We give a view of the exterior of his workshop, and of the house, where, by help of a steam-engine, all the processes connected with the producing of the speculum were performed. It will be interesting to know more exactly what were the operations carried on in this laboratory. We will attempt a description, necessarily very brief, and as much on the surface as possible: a more scientific and elaborate one will not befit a popular pictorial article like this. A detail of the several steps taken in the making of the large speculum will suffice for our purpose.


THE TELESCOPE ON THE LAWN.

Lord Rosse has discovered that the only metals which should be employed in forming speculum metal are copper and tin, and that the proportion should be, copper 58.9 to tin 126.4. Of these metals for his large speculum he melted three tons, in three cast-iron crucibles. In his first trial to melt the metal, he found that the weight was so great that it insinuated itself into the heated crucible, and oozed through it at the bottom. To remedy this, his lordship had crucibles cast with their faces upward. Crucibles are always cast with the bottoms up; and so, the air rising, makes those parts porous, and caused the oozing of the metal. The plan he adopted—of getting them cast face upward—allowed the air to lodge at the top; and he completely succeeded in his next attempt. Having sunk in the ground three large furnaces, each about four feet in diameter, and six feet deep, and connected with a chimney about nineteen feet high, and four feet broad, tapering slightly to the top, he heated them with turf-fires, which he preferred to coal. One crucible, holding one ton of metal, was placed in each, and for nineteen hours was subjected to an intense heat. The shape on which the metal was to be cast being made ready, and three sleepers being rightly placed to receive the crucibles, they were lifted, by means of an immense crane, from their furnaces; and at nine o'clock on the evening of the 18th of April, 1842, without accident or delay, they simultaneously poured forth their glowing contents—a burning mass of fluid matter, hissing, heaving, pitching itself about for a minute, and then calmly settling into a monument of man's industry forever. There were a great many witnesses of this scene, and not one can forget the entire composure of the Earl of Rosse's manner. While every other person seemed anxious and fearful, he directed the men as collectedly and easily as if it was one of the most ordinary occurrences of life; and his only answer to the many proffered suggestions of the bystanders was, "There's no fear—there's no hurry."

LORD ROSSE'S WORKSHOP.

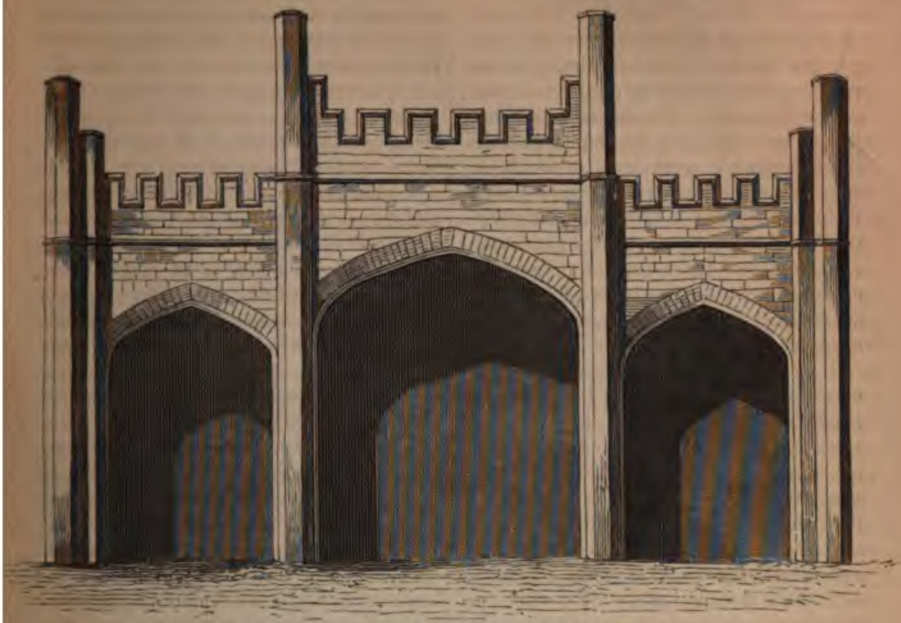
When the metal had settled, it was drawn by a capstan into a heated oven, and built in, where it remained for sixteen weeks, annealing. The great difficulty experienced in producing large reflectors is, that in cooling the metal generally cracks; and when this does not occur, the number of holes often found in the solid mass renders it of no use. Lord Rosse has the merit of overcoming completely both these obstacles. The plan usually adopted in casting is to make the shape in sand; this substance, however, in his lordship's experiments, allowed the under portions of the metal to remain heated as long as the upper, and both surfaces setting together, left the central portions the last to cool, which thereby caused warping and cracking in the speculum. Lord Rosse thought that if the metal was cast in the shape of iron, its high conducting power would cool the under surface rapidly, and that the cooling would extend itself gradually to the top. This he found, on trial, to be the case; but the air and gas that is always mixed with the fluid metal not having the porous sand to allow its escape, rose through and filled with holes the speculum, and consequently destroyed it. The problem now was, to find some substance of sufficiently high conducting power to cause rapid cooling; but, at the same time, sufficiently porous to allow the escape of air when the metal was poured on it. In a happy moment the noble mechanic solved it. He thought that by binding together layers of hoop-iron, and turning the required shape on them edgewise, that the interstices would be too small to let the metal pass, and large enough to give the air exit. The existence of the six-foot speculum is a magnificent proof of the truth of the calculation. Nothing could have answered more fully. We should be proud to think that the greatest scientific triumph was not the creation of a happy chance, but the result of reason.

The speculum being cast, was left for sixteen weeks in the annealing oven; and we may well envy, but can scarcely imagine, the feelings of its maker when, on removal, it was found without spot or blemish. The surface had now to be ground and polished. The figure required for the surface of a reflecting speculum is that of a parabola. There is, in general, very great difficulty in producing this curve; and it has been such a terror to opticians that few can be found willing to undertake a speculum of larger diameter than six or eight inches. However, Lord Rosse, by a combination of motions, both of the speculum and polishing tool, easily produced the desired effect. The speculum was placed in water, and turned round by the steam-engine, while the polisher had a horizontal motion given by the same means: these two motions were the most apparent, but there were others, into the consideration of which we could not enter sufficiently briefly. The grinding-tool was made of iron, turned to the required shape in his lordship's workshop; it was then cut by grooves into octagonal-shaped pieces on the surface, and holes bored through it in different places to allow sand and water to run from the upper surface between it and the speculum: the supply of sand and water was constantly kept up. The entire weight of the grinder was not allowed to rest on the speculum; it was partly counterpoised by a weight hung to an attached lever. It required six weeks to grind it to a fair surface. The polishing generally requires only six hours. The same tool that grinds it is, for the purpose of polishing, covered over with pitch, on which crocus is spread: nothing else is necessary. The division of the tool into small parts on the surface by grooves is requisite for producing a good shape. If an even surface of pitch were used, the heat that is produced by the friction making the pitch soft, it would accumulate in some places more than others, and so destroy the right shape; but, when the surface is divided into those small portions, the pitch cannot be pushed to any distance from its original position, and, of course, the surface must be constantly true.

In the view of the tower of the workshop there is seen a long pole running up from the top. On the summit of this is a little crossbar, to which is attached a small dial of a watch. It is directly under this that the speculum was polished. The body of the tower serves as a tube, and the dial is reflected in the speculum below; the polishing is continued until the picture produced is absolutely perfect. When this process is finished, the speculum is ready for the tube; and such a tube as is prepared for it! a company of soldiers might go through their manœuvres in it. It is fifty-two feet long, and seven in diameter. It was built in a long gallery, over a range of outhouses, and this had to be thrown down to take the leviathan away. It is made of wood, and hooped with iron. The mechanism by which it is suspended and moved is the result of deep calculation, and is not the least meritorious of Lord Rosse's works. When we see this enormous instrument moved about and regulated by one man's arm, and placed in its position with more ease and certainty than a hand-instrument can be, we will then appreciate the plan and the mind that conceived it. We could not at all enter into a detailed account of the several pieces of the machinery: they would require a diligent study. The chief means employed is a large cast-iron hinge, which is attached to the bottom of the tube, and which allows it either to be elevated or depressed, or turned from side to side. This hinge is supported on and fixed into solid masonwork in the ground, and keeps one end of the tube stationary. The walls which support the machinery —a sketch of one of which we give—are built exactly in the meridional line, so that the telescope, lying between them, only takes in objects as they pass this line. They can be kept in the field of view for half an hour on each side of the meridian. The speculum is six feet in diameter, with a focal distance of fifty-two feet; its power of magnifying may be judged of by the fact, that a portion of the moon, the size of a common house, can be visible. Before being placed in the tube, it was fastened to what is called an equilibrium bed, a support made of triangular pieces of iron which have a motion among themselves, and so disposed that they adapt themselves to every change of state of the speculum produced by variation of temperature and other causes, and so prevent warping and its consequences. The iron pieces are lined with frieze and pitch.

His lordship has also erected an equatorial instrument. It is eighteen inches in diameter, the largest ever made, and, by its peculiar mechanism, the truest ever used. Sir James South laid out $35,000 in erecting one, and had to break it up afterward because it did not answer. Lord Rosse has been entirely successful. This instrument alone is a wonderful piece of work; but, taken in connection with all the rest, it is truly marvelous how much and how well one man has done.

Lord Rosse's pleasure-grounds are most elegantly and tastefully laid out. A large lake has been added to the other beauties of the place, and has given his lordship an opportunity of trying his skill as an engineer; the water for the lake being supplied from a distant part of a



WALL FOR THE MACHINERY OF THE GREAT TELESCOPE.

river which runs through the demesne. As the bed of the river was low near where the lake was intended to be, an aqueduct was cut communicating with the river high up its source, and when it was brought to the required situation, a tunnel was sunk under the original bed of the river, and thus one stream runs over the other, both supplied by the same source. The tunnel answers its purpose completely. There is also a wire bridge of light and elegant appearance, suspended over the river close to the castle, which is likewise the produce of his lordship's workshop.

We have been tempted into a longer paper than we at first anticipated, and still we have left a great deal unsaid. We could with pleasure have given a more detailed account of his lordship's labors—of his difficulties and successes in overcoming them—but these things would fill a volume, and would be obviously ill-adapted to a place like this.

It would be an injustice to the Countess of Rosse were this short notice of the demesne concluded without acknowledging the debt the people of Parsonstown owe to her. She has with most exquisite taste improved and made delightful the grounds about the castle, and freely opened them for their accommodation. She has made the town the residence of all who can command the means, and the envy of those who cannot. She has raised the tone of its society; but she has done what reflects much more credit on her mind; she has taken the most lively interest in the poor, and is constantly improving and changing in order to afford them work. The lake was commenced solely to give them employment, and since then, hundreds have been daily hired to do what but for beneficence might well remain undone. The consequence of this conduct is, that she is universally esteemed and looked up to, and that her town is almost entirely free from the discontent and distress that are so rife in other places. The people are quiet and contented, and well disposed, and are as much indebted to the good sense that produced all this, as the world is to the talent that has astonished and is so likely to benefit it.

The town of Birr, or Parsonstown, is the prettiest inland town in Ireland. There are more private families living here than in any other town of the same size. There are public libraries and a mechanics' institute; first-rate markets, and everything that money can purchase. In fact, we think the town likely to progress rapidly, and we wish it God-speed.

ISSIPPI BUBBLE.

like those recorded in our
, which, humiliating though
ke largely of the ludicrous,
ed of a more serious nature.
Rob the streets were of daily occurrence, in consequence of the immense sums, in paper, which people carried about them. Assassinations were also frequent. One case in particular fixed the attention of the whole of France, not only on account of the enormity of the offense, but of the rank and high connections of the criminal.

The Count d'Horn, a younger brother of the Prince d'Horn, and related to the noble families of D'Aremberg, De Ligne, and De Montmorency, was a young man of dissipated character, and unprincipled as he was extravagant. In connection with two other young men as reckless as himself—named Mille, a Piedmontese captain, and one Destampes, or Lestang, a Fleming—he formed a design to rob a very rich broker, who was known, unfortunately for himself, to carry great sums about his person. The count pretended a desire to purchase of him a number of shares in the Company of the Indies, and for that purpose appointed to meet him in a *cabaret*, or low public-house, in the neighborhood of the Place Vendôme. The unsuspecting broker was punctual to his appointment; so were the count and his two associates, whom he introduced as his particular friends. After a few moments' conversation, the count suddenly sprang upon his victim, and stabbed him three times in the breast with a poniard. The man fell heavily to the ground; and, while the count was employed in rifling his portfolio of bonds in the Mississippi and Indian schemes, to the amount of one hundred thousand crowns, Mille, the Piedmontese, stabbed the unfortunate broker again and again, to make sure of his death. But the broker did not fall without a struggle, and his cries brought the people of the *cabaret* to his assistance. Lestang, the other assassin, who had been set to keep watch at a staircase, sprang from a window and escaped; but Mille and the Count d'Horn were seized in the very act.

This crime, committed in open day, and in so public a place as a *cabaret*, filled Paris with consternation. The trial of the assassins commenced on the following day; and the evidence being so clear, they were both found guilty, and condemned to be broken alive on the wheel. The noble relatives of the Count d'Horn absolutely blocked up the ante-chambers of the regent, praying for mercy on the misguided youth, and alleging that he was insane. The regent avoided them as long as possible, having determined that, in a case so atrocious, justice should take its course. But the importunity of these influential suitors was not to be overcome so silently; and they at last forced themselves into the presence of the regent, and prayed him to save their

house the shame of a public execution. They hinted that the Princes d'Horn were allied to the illustrious family of Orleans; and added, that the regent himself would be disgraced if a kinsman of his should die by the hands of a common executioner. The regent, to his credit, was proof against all their solicitations, and replied to their last argument in the words of Corneille:

> "Le crime fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud:"

adding, that whatever shame there might be in the punishment, he would very willingly share with the other relatives. Day after day they renewed their entreaties, but always with the same result. At last they thought, if they could interest the Duke de St. Simon in their favor—a man for whom the regent felt sincere esteem —they might succeed in their object. The Duke, a thorough aristocrat, was as shock[illegible] as they were that a noble assassin should [illegible] by the same death as a plebeian felon, [illegible] represented to the regent the impol[illegible] of making enemies of so numerous, wealthy, and powerful a family. He urged, [illegible], that in Germany, where the family of [illegible] Aremberg had large possessions, it was the law, that no relative of a person broken on the wheel could succeed to any public office or employ until a whole generation had passed away. For this reason, he thought that the punishment of the guilty count might be transmuted into beheading, which was considered all over Europe as much less infamous. The regent was moved by this argument, and was about to consent, when Law, who felt peculiarly interested in the fate of the murdered man, confirmed him in his former resolution to let the law take its course.

The relatives of D'Horn were now reduced to the last extremity. The Prince de Robec Montmorency, despairing of other methods, found means to penetrate into the dungeon of the criminal, and offering him a cup of poison, implored him to save them from disgrace. The Count d'Horn turned away his head, and refused to take it. Montmorency pressed him once more; and losing all patience at his continued refusal, turned on his heel, and exclaiming, "Die, then, as thou wilt, mean-spirited wretch! thou art fit only to perish by the hands of the hangman!" left him to his fate.

D'Horn himself petitioned the regent that he might be beheaded; but Law, who exercised more influence over his mind than any other person, with the exception of the notorious Abbé Dubois, his tutor, insisted that he could not in justice succumb to the self-interested views of the D'Horns. The regent had from the first been of the same opinion; and, within six days after the commission of their crime, D'Horn and Mille were broken on the wheel in the Place de Grève. The other assassin, Lestang, was never apprehended.

This prompt and severe justice was highly pleasing to the populace of Paris. Even M. de Quincampoix, as they called Law, came in for a share of their approbation, for having induced the regent to show no favor to a patrician. But the number of robberies and assassinations did not diminish; no sympathy was shown for rich jobbers when they were plundered. The general laxity of public morals, conspicuous enough before, was rendered still more so by its rapid pervasion of the middle classes, who had hitherto remained comparatively pure between the open vices of the class above and the hidden crimes of the class below them. The pernicious love of gambling diffused itself through society, and bore all public and nearly all private virtue before it.

For a time, while confidence lasted, an impetus was given to trade which could not fail to be beneficial. In Paris especially the good results were felt. Strangers flocked into the capital from every part, bent not only upon making money, but on spending it. The Duchess of Orleans, mother of the regent, computes the increase of the population during this time, from the great influx of strangers from all parts of the world, at three hundred and five thousand souls. The housekeepers were obliged to make up beds in garrets, kitchens, and even stables, for the accommodation of lodgers; and the town was so full of carriages and vehicles of every description, that they were obliged, in the principal streets, to drive at a foot-pace for fear of accidents. The looms of the country worked with unusual activity to supply rich laces, silks, broad-cloth, and velvets, which being paid for in abundant paper, increased in price four-fold. Provisions shared the general advance. Bread, meat, and vegetables, were sold at prices greater than had ever before been known; while the wages of labor rose in exactly the same proportion.

LAW AS ATLAS.[*]

The artisan who formerly gained fifteen sous per diem now gained sixty. New houses were built in every direction; an illusory prosperity shone over the land, and so dazzled the eyes of the whole nation that none could see the dark cloud on the horizon announcing the storm that was too rapidly approaching.

Law himself, the magician whose wand had wrought so surprising a change, shared, of course, in the general prosperity. His wife and daughter were courted by the highest nobility, and their alliance sought by the heirs of ducal and princely houses. He bought two splendid estates in different parts of France, and entered into a negotiation with the family of the Duke de Sully for the purchase of the marquisate of Rosny. His religion being an obstacle to his advancement, the regent promised, if he would publicly conform to the Catholic faith, to make him comptroller-general of the finances. Law, who had no more real religion than any other professed gambler, readily agreed, and was confirmed by the Abbé de Tencin in the cathedral of Melun, in presence of a great crowd of spectators. On the following day he was elected honorary church-warden of the parish of St. Roch, upon which occasion he made it a present of the sum of five hundred thousand livres. His charities, always magnificent, were not always so ostentatious. He gave away great sums privately, and no tale of real distress ever reached his ears in vain.

He was by no means unduly elevated by his prosperity. If upon any occasion he showed any symptoms of haughtiness, it was to the cringing nobles who lavished their adulation upon him till it became fulsome. He often took pleasure in seeing how long he could make them dance attendance upon him for a single favor.

Never was monarch more flattered than he was. All the small poets and *littérateurs* of the day poured floods of adulation upon him. According to them, he was the savior of the country, the tutelar divinity of France; wit was in all his words, goodness in all his looks, and wisdom in all his actions. So great a crowd followed his carriage whenever he went abroad, that the regent sent him a troop of horse, as his permanent escort to clear the streets before him.

It was remarked at this time that Paris had never before been so full of objects of elegance and luxury. Statues, pictures, and tapestries were imported in great quantities from foreign countries, and found a ready market. All those pretty trifles in the way of furniture and ornament, which the French excel in manufacturing, were no longer the exclusive playthings of the aristocracy, but were to be found in abundance in the houses of traders and the middle classes in general. Jewelry of the most costly description was brought to Paris as the most favorable mart; among the rest, the famous diamond bought by the regent, and called by his name, and which long adorned the crown of France. It was purchased for the sum of two millions of livres, under circumstances which show that the regent was not so great a gainer as some of his subjects by the impetus which trade had received.

Thus the system continued to flourish till the commencement of the year 1720. The warnings of the parliament, that too great a creation of paper-money would, sooner or later, bring the country to bankruptcy, were disregarded. The regent, who knew nothing whatever of the philosophy of finance, thought that a system which had produced such good effects could never be carried to excess. If five hundred millions of paper had been of such advantage, five hundred millions additional would be of still greater advantage. This was the grand error of the regent, and which Law did not attempt to dispel. The extraordinary avidity of the people kept up the delusion; and the higher the price of Indian and Mississippi stock, the more *billets de banque* were issued to keep pace with it. The edifice thus reared might not inaptly be compared to the gorgeous palace erected by Potemkin, that princely barbarian of Russia, to surprise and please his imperial mistress: huge blocks of ice were piled one upon another; Ionic pillars, of chastest workmanship, in ice, formed a noble portico; and a dome, of the same material, shone in the sun, which had just strength enough to gild, but not to melt it. It glittered afar, like a palace of crystals and diamonds; but there came one warm breeze from the south, and the stately building dissolved away, till none were able even to gather up the fragments. So with Law and his paper system. No sooner did the breath of popular mistrust blow steadily upon it than it fell to ruins, and none could raise it up again.

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[*] From a print in a Dutch collection of satirical prints relating to the Mississippi mania, entitled "Het groote Tafereel der Dwaasheid;" or, The great picture of Folly. The print of Atlas is styled, "L'Atlas actieux de Papier." Law is calling in Hercules to aid him in supporting the globe. Quoted in Wright's *England under the House of Hanover.*

The first slight alarm that was occasioned was early in 1720. The Prince de Conti, offended that Law should have denied him fresh shares in India stock, at his own price, sent to his bank to demand payment in specie of so enormous a quantity of notes, that three wagons were required for its transport. Law complained to the regent, and urged on his attention the mischief that would be done. if such an example found many imitators. The regent was but too well aware of it, and, sending for the Prince de Conti, ordered him, under penalty of his high displeasure, to refund to the bank two-thirds of the specie he had withdrawn from it. The prince was forced to obey the despotic mandate. Others were soon found who imitated, from motives of distrust, the example which had been set by De Conti in revenge. The more acute stockjobbers imagined justly that prices could not continue to rise forever. Bourdon and La Richardière, renowned for their extensive operations in the funds, quietly, and in small quantities at a time, converted their notes into specie, and sent it away to foreign countries. They also bought as much as they could conveniently carry of plate and expensive jewelry, and sent it secretly away to England or to Holland. Vermalet, a jobber, who sniffed the coming storm, procured gold and silver coin to the amount of nearly a million of livres, which he packed in a farmer's cart, and covered over with hay and cow-dung. He then disguised himself in the dirty smock-frock, or *blouse*, of a peasant, and drove his precious load in safety into Belgium. From thence he soon found means to transport it to Amsterdam.

Hitherto no difficulty had been experienced by any class in procuring specie for their wants. But this system could not long be carried on without causing a scarcity. The voice of complaint was heard on every side, and inquiries being instituted, the cause was soon discovered. The council debated long on the remedies to be taken, and Law, being called on for his advice, was of opinion, that an edict should be published, depreciating the value of coin five per cent. below that of paper The edict was published accordingly; but failing of its intended effect, was followed by another, in which the depreciation was increased to ten per cent. The payments of the bank were at the same time restricted to one hundred livres in gold, and ten in silver. All these measures were nugatory to restore confidence in the paper, though the restriction of cash payments within limits so extremely narrow kept up the credit of the bank.

Notwithstanding every effort to the contrary, the precious metals continued to be conveyed to England and Holland. The little coin that was left in the country was carefully treasured, or hidden until the scarcity became so great that the operations of trade could no longer be carried on. In this emergency, Law hazarded the bold experiment of forbidding the use of specie altogether. In February, 1820, an edict was published, which, instead of restoring the credit of the paper, as was intended, destroyed it irrecoverably, and drove the country to the very brink of revolution. The whole country sent up a cry of distress at this unheard-of tyranny. The most odious persecution daily took place. The privacy of families was violated by the intrusion of informers and their agents. The most virtuous and honest were denounced for the crime of having been

LUCIFER'S NEW ROW-BARGE.[*]

seen with a *louis d'or* in their possession. Servants betrayed their masters, one citizen became a spy upon his neighbor, and arrests and confiscations so multiplied, that the courts found a difficulty in getting through the immense increase of business thus occasioned. It was sufficient for an informer to say that he suspected any person of concealing money in his house, and immediately a search-warrant was granted.

Every epithet that popular hatred could suggest was showered on the regent and the unhappy Law. Coin, to any amount above five hundred livres, was an illegal tender, and nobody would take paper if he could help it. No one knew to-day what his notes would be worth to-morrow. Seditious writings were posted up against the walls, and were sent, in hand-bills, to the houses of the most conspicuous people. One of them, given in the *Mémoires de la Régence*, was to the following effect:—"Sir and Madam,—This is to give you notice that a St. Bartholomew Day will be enacted again on Saturday and Sunday, if affairs do not alter. You are desired not to stir out, nor you, nor your servants. God preserve you from the flames! Give notice to your neighbors. Dated, Saturday, May 25th, 1720." The immense number of spies with which the city was infested rendered the people mistrustful of one another, and beyond some trifling disturbances made in the evening by an insignificant group, which was soon dispersed, the peace of the capital was not compromised.

The value of shares in the Louisiana, or Mississippi stock, had fallen very rapidly, and few indeed were found to believe the tales that had once been told of the immense wealth of that region. A last effort was therefore tried to restore the public confidence in the Mississippi project. For this purpose, a general conscription of all the poor wretches in Paris was made by order of government. Upward of six thousand of the very refuse of the population were impressed, as if in time of war, and were provided with clothes and tools to be embarked for New Orleans, to work in the gold mines alleged to abound there. They were paraded day after day through the streets with their pikes and shovels, and then sent off in small detachments to the out-ports to be shipped for America. Two-thirds of them never reached their destination, but dispersed themselves over the country, sold their tools for what they could get, and returned to their old course of life. In less than three weeks afterward, one-half of them were to be found again in Paris. The maneuver, however, caused a trifling advance in Mississippi stock. Many persons of superabundant gullibility believed that operations had begun in earnest in the new Golconda, and that gold and silver ingots would again be found in France.

In a constitutional monarchy some surer means would have been found for the restoration of public credit. In England, at a subsequent period, when a similar delusion had brought on similar distress,

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[*] "Lucifer's New Row-Barge" exhibits Law in a barge, with a host of emblematic figures representing the Mississippi follies.

GOLD-DIGGERS PARADING THE STREETS.

how different were the measures taken to repair the evil! but in France, unfortunately, the remedy was left to the authors of the mischief. The arbitrary will of the regent, which endeavored to extricate the country, only plunged it deeper into the mire. All payments were ordered to be made in paper, and between the 1st of February and the end of May notes were fabricated to the amount of upward of fifteen hundred millions of livres, or sixty millions of pounds sterling. But the alarm once sounded, no art could make the people feel the slightest confidence in paper which was not exchangeable into metal. M. Lambert, the president of the parliament of Paris, told the regent to his face that he would rather have a hundred thousand livres in gold or silver than five millions in the notes of his bank. When such was the general feeling, the superabundant issues of paper but increased the evil, by rendering still more enormous the disparity between the amount of specie and notes in circulation. Coin, which it was the object of the regent to depreciate, rose in value on every fresh attempt to diminish it. In February, it was judged advisable that the Royal Bank should be incorporated with the Company of the Indies. An edict to that effect was published and registered by the parliament. The state remained the guaranty for the notes of the bank, and no more were to be issued without an order in council. All the profits of the bank, since the time it had been taken out of Law's hands and made a national institution, were given over by the regent to the Company of the Indies. This measure had the effect of raising for a short time the value of the Louisiana and other shares of the company, but it failed in placing public credit on any permanent basis.

A council of state was held in the beginning of May, at which Law, D'Argenson, (his colleague in the administration of the finances,) and all the ministers, were present. It was then computed that the total amount of notes in circulation was two thousand six hundred millions of livres, while the coin in the country was not quite equal to half that amount. It was evident to the majority of the council that some plan must be adopted to equalize the currency. Some proposed that the notes should be reduced to the value of the specie; while others proposed that the nominal value of the specie should be raised till it was on an equality with the paper. Law is said to have opposed both of these projects; but failing in suggesting any other, it was agreed that the notes should be depreciated one-half. On the 21st of May an edict was accordingly issued, by which it was decreed that the shares of the Company of the Indies, and the notes of the bank, should gradually diminish in value, till at the end of a year they should only pass current for one-half of their nominal worth. The parliament refused to register the edict, the greatest outcry was excited, and the state of the country became so alarming, that, as the only means of preserving tranquillity, the council of the regency was obliged to stultify its own proceedings, by publishing within seven days another edict, restoring the notes to their original value.

On the same day (the 27th of May) the bank stopped payment in specie. Law and D'Argenson were both dismissed from the ministry. The weak, vacillating, and cowardly regent, threw the blame of all the mischief upon Law, who upon presenting himself at the Palais Royal was refused admittance. At nightfall, however, he was sent for, and admitted into the palace by a secret door,* when the regent endeavored to console him, and made all manner of excuses for the severity with which in public he had been compelled to treat him. So capricious was his conduct, that, two days afterward, he took him publicly to the opera, where he sat in the royal box alongside of the regent, who treated him with marked consideration in face of all the people. But such was the hatred against Law that the experiment had well-nigh proved fatal to him. The mob assailed his carriage with stones just as he was entering his own door; and if the coachman had not made a sudden jerk into the court-yard, and the domestics closed the gate immediately, he would, in all probability, have been dragged out and torn to pieces. On the following day his wife and daughter were also assailed by the mob, as they were returning in their carriage from the races. When the regent was informed of these occurrences, he sent Law a strong detachment of Swiss guards, who were stationed night and day in the court of his residence. The public indignation at last increased so much, that Law, finding his own house, even with this guard, insecure, took refuge in the Palais Royal, in the apartments of the regent.

The Chancellor, D'Aguesseau, who had been dismissed in 1718 for his opposition to the projects of Law, was now recalled to aid in the restoration of credit. The regent acknowledged too late, that he had treated with unjustifiable harshness and mistrust one of the ablest, and perhaps the sole honest public man of that corrupt period. He had retired ever since his disgrace to his country-house at Fresnes, where, in the midst of severe but delightful philosophic studies, he had forgotten the intrigues of an unworthy court. Law himself, and the Chevalier de Conflans, a gentleman of the regent's household, were dispatched in a post-chaise with orders to bring the ex-chancellor to Paris along with them. D'Aguesseau consented to render what assistance he could, contrary to the advice of his friends, who did not approve that he should accept any recall to office of which Law was the bearer. On his arrival in Paris, five counsellors of the parliament were admitted to confer with the Commissary of Finance; and on the 1st of June an order was published abolishing the law which made it criminal to amass coin to the amount of more than five hundred livres. Every one was permitted to have as much specie as he pleased. In order that the bank-notes might be withdrawn, twenty-five millions of new notes were created, on the security of the revenues of the city of Paris, at two-and-a-half per cent. The bank-notes withdrawn were publicly burned in front of the Hôtel de Ville. The new notes were principally of the value of ten livres each; and on the 10th of June the bank was re-opened, with a sufficiency of silver coin to give in change for them.

D'AGUESSEAU.

These measures were productive of considerable advantage. All the population of Paris hastened to the bank to get coin for their small notes; and silver becoming scarce, they were paid in copper. Very few complained that this was too heavy, although poor fellows might be continually seen toiling and sweating along the streets, laden with more than they could comfortably carry, in the shape of change for fifty livres. The crowds around the bank were so great, that hardly a day passed that some one was not pressed to death. On the 9th of July, the multitude was so dense and clamorous that the guards stationed at the entrance of the Mazarin Gardens closed the gate and refused to admit any more. The crowd became incensed, and flung stones through the railings upon the soldiers. The latter, incensed in their turn, threatened to fire upon the people. At that instant one of them was hit by a stone, and, taking up his piece, he fired into the crowd. One man fell dead immediately, and another was severely wounded. It was every instant expected that a general attack would have been commenced upon the bank; but the gates of the Mazarin Gardens being opened to the crowd, who saw a whole troop of soldiers, with their bayonets fixed ready to receive them, they contented themselves by giving vent to their indignation in groans and hisses.

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* Duclos, *Mémoires Secrets de la Régence.*

Eight days afterward the concourse of people was so tremendous that fifteen persons were squeezed to death at the doors of the bank. The people were so indignant that they took three of the bodies on stretchers before them, and proceeded, to the number of seven or eight thousand, to the gardens of the Palais Royal, that they might show the regent the misfortunes that he and Law had brought upon the country. Law's coachman, who was sitting at the box of his master's carriage, in the court-yard of the palace, happened to have more zeal than discretion, and, not liking that the mob should abuse his master, he said, loud enough to be overheard by several persons, that they were all blackguards, and deserved to be hanged. The mob immediately set upon him, and thinking that Law was in the carriage, broke it in pieces. The imprudent coachman narrowly escaped with his life. No further mischief was done; a body of troops making their appearance, the crowd quietly dispersed, after an assurance had been given by the regent that the three bodies they had brought to show him should be decently buried at his own expense. The parliament was sitting at the time of this uproar, and the president took upon himself to go out and see what was the matter. On his return he informed the councilors that Law's carriage had been broken by the mob. All the members rose simultaneously, and expressed their joy by a loud shout, while one man, more zealous in his hatred than the rest, exclaimed, "*And Law himself, is he torn to pieces?*"

Much, undoubtedly, depended on the credit of the Company of the Indies, which was answerable for so great a sum to the nation. It was therefore suggested in the council of the ministry, that any privileges which could be granted, to enable it to fulfill its engagements, would be productive of the best results. With this end in view, it was proposed that the exclusive privilege of all maritime commerce should be secured to it, and an edict to that effect was published. But it was unfortunately forgotten that by such a measure all the merchants of the country would be ruined. The idea of such an immense privilege was generally scouted by the nation, and petition on petition was presented to the parliament that they would refuse to register the decree. They refused accordingly, and the regent, remarking that they did nothing but fan the flame of sedition, exiled them to Blois. At the intercession of D'Aguesseau, the place of banishment was changed to Pontoise, and thither accordingly the councilors repaired, determined to set the regent at defiance. They made every arrangement for rendering their temporary exile as agreeable as possible. The president gave the most elegant suppers, to which he invited all the gayest and wittiest company of Paris. Every night there was a concert and ball for the ladies. The usually grave and solemn judges and councilors joined in cards and other diversions, leading for several weeks a life of the most extravagant pleasure, for no other purpose than to show the regent of how little consequence they deemed their banishment, and that, when they willed it, they could make Pontoise a pleasanter residence than Paris.

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AN EXAMPLE FOR REASONERS. — Rev. Sidney Smith, in a letter on Sir James Macintosh, says:—"He had a method of putting things so mildly and interrogatively, that he always procured the readiest reception of his opinions. Addicted to reasoning in the company of able men, he had two valuable habits which are rarely met with in great reasoners; he never broke in upon his opponent, and always avoided strong and vehement assertions. His reasoning commonly carried conviction; for he was cautious in his positions, accurate in his declarations, and aimed only at truth. The ingenious side was commonly taken by some one else; the interests of truth were protected on all occasions, and under all circumstances, in the most simple, yet the most ingenious manner, by Macintosh."

THE RESCUE—EDME CHAMPION.

ON a cold winter's evening, in the month of December, 1772, when the inhabitants of Châtel-Censoir, a village of ancient Burgundy, had nearly all retired to rest, a violent knock was given at the door of a lonely cottage on the banks of the Yonne.

"Who is there?" inquired a soft gentle voice from the interior.

"Open the door quickly! Make haste, I implore you!" cried the person without, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Push the door and come in," replied the person within; and instantly a countrywoman, with apparently a large bundle under her cloak, rushed into the cottage. Surprised at seeing only a boy of about eight years old sitting beside an empty fireplace, with a resin candle burning on the hearth, she inquired if he were alone.

"Yes," replied the child, sorrowfully. "My father, mother, and six of my brothers and sisters are all dead; and there is no one left but my eldest brother Marcel, and myself."

"I was directed to this cottage as the residence of a boatman."

"My father was a boatman, and so is my brother," said the boy.

"Then call your brother to take me across the water as quickly as possible; there is not a moment to be lost, for I am pursued:" and as the woman spoke she looked with a terrified countenance toward the door.

"My brother is absent," said the boy.

"Then we are lost," she exclaimed, and sunk down exhausted on the stool from which the little boy had risen.

The woman's cloak had fallen from her shoulders in her agitation, and disclosed to view a beautiful child of five or six years old, who, on finding his head liberated, replied to the woman's exclamation, "How lost, Petronille; are the robbers here?"

"Robbers!" repeated the little peasant, laughing, and gazing with astonishment at the child. "Are there any in this country?"

"The proof of it is that they are in pursuit of us; and if within an hour we are not on the other side of the water, they will rob me of my foster-child. But where is your brother all this time?"

"I do not know where he is," replied the boy; "but if you only want to cross the water, you need not wait for him; I have taken passengers over before now. Edme Champion is well known here; so come along."

"Then make haste," said the woman. And again covering up the child she hurried out of the cottage, followed by the boy, who carefully closed the door after him. At a short distance from the cottage there was a little creek, in which a boat was moored. The woman first stepped in, while Edme unfastened the rope and jumped after her; then giving a stroke to his little craft, it slid gently away upon the smooth and crystal stream.

When the woman found herself at some distance from the shore her courage seemed to revive, and as if forgetting that it was quite a child she was addressing, she said: "My boy, you are saving the son of a great nobleman, and you shall be well rewarded for it."

"Are you afraid that he will be robbed of his fine clothes?" said Edme.

"I am afraid of being robbed of himself," replied the woman.

"Why, what could robbers want of little boys like him, or like me?"

"Of boys like you, nothing, certainly: but like him! Child, you do not know who you are speaking to."

The tone, the accent, even the appearance of this woman, who was of great height and commanding figure, brought to the recollection of little Champion the tales he had heard the countrywomen relate to the village children when they assembled round them in the evenings. Resting on his oars, he sat staring at her for some time; then remembering the beautiful child, whose velvet dress was richly embroidered, and his beaver hat adorned with feathers, he changed his former familiar mode of address, and said, in almost a tone of terror: "You are not then what you appear to be, madam?"

"A countrywoman?" said the stranger, with a contemptuous smile. "Certainly not, my little friend."

"Perhaps you are a princess," said the little boatman.

"No questions," she replied in a decisive tone; "as the prince said, I want to preserve my disguise."

At these words Edme opened his eyes still wider, wondering what it could be that she and the prince were so anxious to preserve; but not daring to ask any more questions, he continued gazing at her in the hope that he might find out something by the search. Suddenly he saw that lofty countenance change; the woman trembled, and pointing with her finger to a distant part of the river, she whispered: "There, there; what is that?"

Edme looked in the direction pointed out.

"That," said he, "is the boat of Jean Carrouge."

"And who are in it?"

"Jean Carrouge himself, and three other men; but I cannot distinguish them: to be sure the boat is a good way off, and it is not very light."

"Take your oars and row quickly," said the woman, with every sign of extreme terror.

"That will be of little use, madam; they must soon overtake us."

"Boy," said the woman, in a low but quick voice, "this child is the son of a nobleman; some villains have conspired to carry him off, in order to be revenged of his father for some supposed injury, which you cannot understand. We must save him."

"How can we in the middle of the water?" said Edme, much agitated.

"Hide him; O! hide him!"

"Stay," said Edme, putting his hand to his forehead, as if considering some great design; "I am short and slight; let me change clothes with your child: his are loose and will go on me; put mine upon him, and let him sit in my place. Cover me up under your cloak, and let them take me, and do you contrive to get to the other side the best way you can."

While speaking, Edme was undressing himself; the woman, who understood the stratagem, did the same with her child, telling him not to cry, for it was done to save him. When the exchange was completed, she put her charge in Edme's place, and covered the latter up in her cloak, whispering to him as she did so, to come to Paris and to inquire for the Hôtel de Lauzun, rue Tiquetonne, where he would be well received. She had not long finished giving her directions when the boat of Carrouge came alongside that of Champion; one of the men immediately stepped into it, and without even looking at the boy, he tore the cloak, with the child wrapped in it, from the woman's arms, and returned with them into the other boat; after which he called out to her: "You may tell your master, that when he wants his heir, he may go and look for him in the forges of Pont d'Arroux."

The two boats then separated: the one sped its way back to Châtel-Censoir; the other, containing the strange female and the young heir of Lauzun, reached the opposite shore, where a carriage was soon procured and conveyed them away.

The boat of Jean Carrouge was not long in returning to Châtel-Censoir. Edme never stirred from the time of his seizure, but remained perfectly still under the large cloak in which he had been wrapped. The robbers, believing him to be either asleep or overpowered with terror, talked without scruple of the success of their enterprise and of their future plans. Edme was thus made acquainted with the cause of the woman's fears, and though he was endowed with courage and energy far beyond his years, he could not but feel a little uneasy as to his future fate. He had, however, been blessed with a pious mother, who had early instructed him where to put his trust, and the good seed she had sown already produced the germ of those virtues for which he afterward became so conspicuous. Instead of giving way to childish fears, Edme raised his heart in prayer to God, that he would deliver him out of the hands of those wicked men.

From their conversation he learned that the Duke de Lauzun, who had been absent from his country in the service of the King of France, had left his only child at one of his châteaux, near Sens. He had now returned, and desired that his son should be brought to him. These wicked men, who had some enmity to the duke, had entered into a conspiracy to seize his child on the way, and to carry him off to the forges of Pont d'Arroux, near Autun, which was their chief haunt, and then to extort a large sum of money from the duke as a ransom for his son. By one of those interpositions of Providence, which we are too apt to call chance, this conspiracy was discovered. The men met to hold one of their consultations in the village church-yard, where they sat concealed behind some tombstones. A woman had also entered the church-yard, and overheard a part of their discourse; this woman was no other than the nurse of little Lauzun, who, in strolling round the pretty church-yard, and reading some of the epitaphs, was alarmed by the sound of voices, and pausing to listen, was soon made aware of the plot, which was to be put in execution that evening. Without taking time to consider the best means of averting the threatened danger, this woman, who was both strong and courageous, took the child in her arms, and hastened with him across the fields, hoping to reach Châtel-Censoir and cross the river unperceived by the robbers. The remainder has been related; and, by the quick thought and presence of mind of little Champion, the duke's son reached the opposite side of the stream in safety.

When Carrouge's boat came to land, one of the men having lifted Edme, handed him to the boatman to take out, who was not a little surprised at hearing his own name pronounced.

"Who calls me?" said he, turning his head from one side to the other; for although the voice seemed to proceed from the bundle he held in his arms, yet he could not believe that a child whom he had never seen could know him.

"It is I," said the same voice; and,

throwing off the cloak in which he was enveloped, Edme displayed his well-known features to the boatman.

"Ho! ho!" said he, "what are you doing here?"

Before Edme had time to answer, the men were all landed, and came up close to him.

"Ah!" said one of them, "are you awake now?"

"Do you know this boatman?" inquired another, surprised at the apparent recognition between him and the child.

"What farce is this? To be sure we know one another," said Carrouge. "And where did you become acquainted with little Lauzun?" inquired the third.

"I know nothing about little Lauzun," replied the boatman.

"Come, no more words," said the first who had spoken, leading up a horse, on which he was going to lift the child.

"Let me alone, will you!" said he, struggling to get away.

"What! you are going to rebel!" said another; "you had better come quietly, I can tell you;" and he approached Edme in a threatening manner, but the boatman Carrouge came between them.

"Stop a moment," said he; "do as you please with little Lauzun; I know nothing about him, and it is no business of mine; but as to this boy, it is quite another affair: he is a neighbor's son, and belongs to this place; any one who touches him will have to fight me and every inhabitant of the village."

"What!" exclaimed one of the men, "this boy——"

"Is the orphan child of Pierre Champion, and his cottage is here, close by."

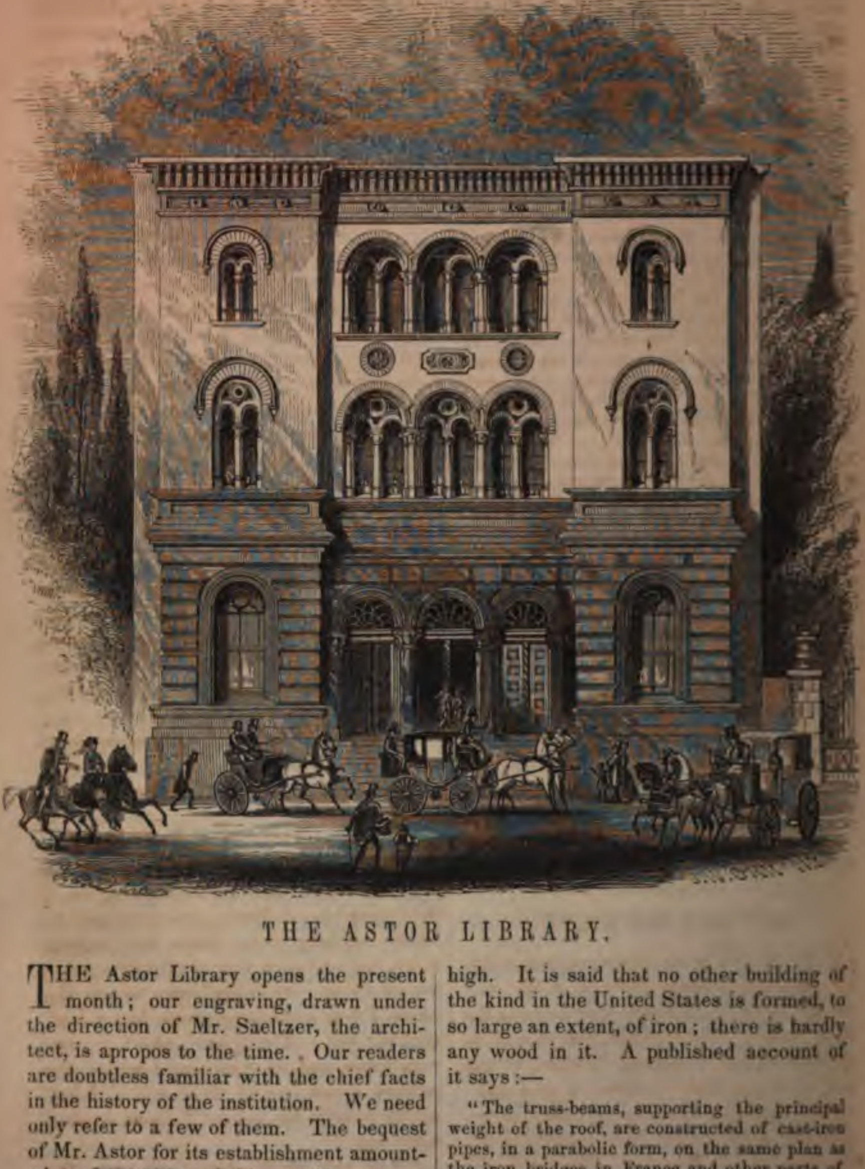
The sound of the voices had brought out Marcel, who, uneasy at his brother's absence, had sat up watching for him. Edme threw himself into his brother's arms, who looked quite amazed at seeing him dressed out in fine clothes, and surrounded by strangers.

"Let us go home, and I will explain everything to you," said Edme. Then, turning to the robbers, he said: "Thus, gentlemen, your wicked plots have been frustrated; and the good God has made use of one of the weakest of his creatures to baffle the efforts of the strong. Little Lauzun is now in safety."

Edme went to Paris subsequently; but more hereafter.

THE HOMES OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

THE list may be soon made—for it was scanty enough—of the household furniture of our forefathers in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. That large class called "cabinet goods" were wholly unknown, and the carpenter supplied the tables—then merely long boards placed on tressels, and the benches and joint-stools. The windows at this period were always made with seats in them, and it is curious to observe how this partiality continued through the era of stone houses, of lath and plaster houses, of the clumsy red-brick houses, even to the days of our grandfathers, who, though well provided with hugh settees and mahogany chairs, and cross-stitched-worked stools, still considered the window seat indispensable to the parlor and dining-room. But our earlier forefathers, if unsupplied with mahogany and rose-wood furniture, did not sit on bare benches, nor eat their meals, "back-wood-fashion," on an unplaned board. The benches were always covered, mostly colored, and the table, even in "upland" villages, displayed its ample folds of napery. Indeed, the indispensability of a tablecloth seems to have been universally recognized among our forefathers. In the curious and suggestive "Rolls of the King's Court," we find napery in the possession of quite the inferior classes; in the Subsidy-roll, too, of the twenty-nine of Edward I., for the city of Colchester, we find tablecloths of the tradesmen there valued at from ten to fifteen shillings each of the present money, while in inventories and wills of a later period, we meet with household linen, evidently of a superior kind, in great abundance. Few notions have been more ridiculous than the common one, that a feather bed was a luxury almost unknown to our forefathers—a notion which not only the most cursory glance at the homeliest Saxon illumination would disprove, but the mere exercise of common sense. While abundant flocks of wild geese haunted every fen, and scores of tame geese fed on every common—when the goose was the appropriate dish for both Michaelmas and Martinmas days, and the feather of the gray goose winged the shaft of the bowman, is it possible that our forefathers contented themselves with straw beds and a log for their pillow?—*British Quarterly.*



THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

THE Astor Library opens the present month; our engraving, drawn under the direction of Mr. Saeltzer, the architect, is apropos to the time. Our readers are doubtless familiar with the chief facts in the history of the institution. We need only refer to a few of them. The bequest of Mr. Astor for its establishment amounted to $400,000; of this munificent sum, $75,000 were appropriated to the erection of the edifice, $120,000 to the purchase of books and other contents of the library, and the remainder, after deducting the expense of the site, was to be permanently invested for its future uses. Mr. Saeltzer's plans for the building are admirable. Its style is Byzantine. It is of brown stone, and is one hundred and twenty feet long, sixty-five feet wide, sixty-seven feet high. It is said that no other building of the kind in the United States is formed, to so large an extent, of iron; there is hardly any wood in it. A published account of it says:—

> "The truss-beams, supporting the principal weight of the roof, are constructed of cast-iron pipes, in a parabolic form, on the same plan as the iron bridges in France and other parts of Europe, with a view to secure lightness and strength. The Library Hall, which occupies the second floor, is one hundred feet high, and sixty wide, in the clear. The ascent from the front is by a single line of thirty-eight Italian marble steps, decorated on either side, at the entrance, by a stone sphinx. Upon nearing the summit of these steps, the visitor finds himself near the centre of this immense alcove, surrounded by fourteen brick piers, plastered and finished in imitation of marble, and supporting iron galleries, midway between the floor and the ceiling. The side walls form one

continuous shelving, of a capacity sufficient for one hundred thousand volumes. This is reached by means of the main gallery, in connection with which are four iron spiral stairways and an intervening gallery, of a lighter and smaller description, connected by its eight staircases with the main gallery. The whole are very ingeniously arranged and appropriately ornamented, in a style corresponding with the general architecture of the building. At an elevation of fifty-one feet above the floor of the main hall, is the principal sky-light, fifty-four feet long and fourteen broad, formed of thick glass set in iron. Besides this, there are circular side sky-lights of much smaller dimensions. All needful light is furnished by these and by the windows in the front and rear walls. Free ventilation is also secured by iron fretwork, in suitable portions of the ceiling. In the extreme rear are the two rooms for the librarian, to which access is had by means of the main galleries. The first floor contains lecture and reading-rooms, with accommodations for five hundred persons. The latter are on each side of the building, and separated from the library-hall stairway at the front entrance by two corridors leading to the rear vestibule, and thence to the lecture-room, still further in the rear. The basement contains the keeper's rooms, cellars, coal-vaults, air-furnaces, &c. The floors are of richly-wrought mosaic work, on iron beams."

It was a good fortune for the library, and therefore for the public, for whom it is designed, that Dr. Cogswell was selected to superintend the collection. He has made repeated and very advantageous purchases in Europe. The rich display of the shelves is his best compliment. The outlay for books has thus far been about $100,000; the number of volumes is about 80,000.

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NATURE'S WITCHCRAFT.

ONE of the most distinguished cultivators of science in Paris, in the middle part of the eighteenth century, was the Abbé Nollet. He was the first to give to his countrymen a popular account of the brilliant discoveries of Newton on Light; and he was associated with Dufay in researches on electricity, then occupying the attention of all Europe. His extensive acquirements in natural knowledge, his simple eloquence, and benevolent disposition, gained him general love and esteem.

One day, at the beginning of July, 1736, he was seated in his study, preparing a lecture, when a country gentleman, a landowner of Andelis, a village on the Seine, was announced, requesting permission to ask the advice of the Abbé on a point of importance. He was accompanied by several domestics, among whom was one whose pale and anxious face displayed the terrors of his mind. The gentleman briefly stated that, being in Paris on business, he was surprised that morning by a visit from his gardener, with the report that his garden was bewitched, and that, if means were not taken to arrest the evil, his tenants feared the whole estate might be similarly cursed.

"What leads you to suppose that your garden is bewitched," asked the Abbé.

"My gardener here," said the proprietor, "has brought me sundry rolls of leaves, which he says have been concealed here and there under the surface of the ground. I took them to my physician, who, though a very skillful man in his profession, was unable to explain the matter; but recommended me to apply to you as more skilled in such things than himself."

"Let us see these rolls of leaves," said the Abbé.

Whereupon the gardener produced a small box, which he opened, and turned out upon the table some half-dozen rolls of leaves, curiously twisted into cylinders, two or three inches long. The Abbé looked at them attentively, and inquired when they were found.

"The night before last, your reverence," said the gardener.

"How did you happen to find them?" asked the Abbé.

"Why, your reverence, I was cleaning up the garden, and, thinking the walks did not look so tidy as they ought to do, I determined to put down a little new gravel. While walking along them, and looking down, my attention was caught by a number of holes. Stooping down to see the cause, I saw something green, like a leaf, sticking out. The gravel about it was very loose, and on removing some of the pebbles I saw one of these rolls. I had not to search far before I found a good many more."

"And you think these rolls are the work of a witch?" asked the Abbé.

"Of a witch or a sorcerer," said the gardener, "and the abbé of our village thinks so too, and recommends holy water, and I don't know what."

A slight blush and a smile passed over the Abbé Nollett's face at the latter remark. Perhaps he thought the Abbé of Andelis would not be a worse curé if he knew something of natural history. "And why do you think these rolls of leaves the work of a witch, or a sorcerer?" he asked.

"O, because I don't believe a man could make such things; and if he could, why should he bury them in master's garden, if it were not by way of a charm? The whole village is full of alarm about it, and something terrible will happen if your reverence cannot help us."

"Have you opened any of these rolls?" asked the Abbé.

"God forbid!" exclaimed the terrified gardener, as if the very mention of the thing was as dangerous as the thing itself.

"Well," said the Abbé, "I strongly suspect these rolls are the work of neither witches nor sorcerers, but simply of insects, and are, in fact, nests for their young. I have in my possession some rolls not unlike these, which I know to be the work of insects. I will show them to you." The Abbé then opened a cabinet, and pulled out a sliding shelf, on which various insects, their nests and eggs, were arranged; and among them was a roll similar in construction, but not of the same size, as those which had excited the terror of our honest gardener.

"This," said the Abbé, "is an insect's nest; now let us open one of these which have caused you so much alarm." Whereupon he pulled one apart, and a large white grub fell out before the astonished eyes of his company.

The gardener's face, which before had expressed terror and dismay, now suddenly changed to delight and surprise. He rubbed his hands, laughed, and appeared like a man who had just escaped from some heavy calamity. His master exchanged a smile with the Abbé; and the gardener was beginning to express his gratitude, when the Abbé told him he would do him a great service, if, on his return to Andelis, he would collect as many of these nests as he could find, and pack them carefully in a box, and send them to his friend M. Réaumer, at Bercy, by the mail. This the gardener promised to do, and the party took leave of the good Abbé, well pleased with the result of their visit.

At an early hour the next morning, the Abbé Nollet proceeded to Bercy, in the neighborhood of Paris, to the house of his friend and benefactor, M. Réaumur, the celebrated naturalist, who was then engaged in those studies on the habits and economy of insects, which have secured to him the reputation, which still attaches to his name, of being the best observer of insects that ever lived.[*]

"You remember," said the Abbé, "our conversation respecting some curious nests formed by insects out of leaves, a single specimen of which was sent me from Martinique."

"Perfectly," said Réaumur, "and I have been anxiously looking for similar nests in our own country. My rose-trees are visited every year by some insect which cuts out circular and oval pieces from the leaves; but I have never been able to find how they are used, although I have diligently dug up the ground all about the trees, and watched for hours, both by night as well as by day."

"A very odd adventure happened to me yesterday, which I think will help you out of your difficulty," said the Abbé; who then related the adventure of the gardener, and ended by placing a number of the rolls before the delighted naturalist.

"Thanks, my kind friend," he said, and proceeded at once to examine his treasure. It consisted of a roll of leaf, or rather of several large oval pieces of leaf of the elm-tree, perfectly dry and brittle; on removing the first two or three pieces, which appeared to form an outer case or envelop, about half-a-dozen little cups were seen fitting into each other like so many thimbles, the smaller end of one passing into the larger open end of the other, and forming altogether a sort of cylinder. On pulling this apart, a large worm was discovered lodged in a silken cocoon.

"Why, this is the nymph of a bee!" said Réaumur, "and I strongly suspect that this is the nest of a solitary bee hitherto unknown in this country. You have, indeed, brought me a treasure. Yes! here is a grub not so far advanced: it has not consumed all its bee-bread."[†]

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[*] His *Mémoires pour servir à l' Histoire des Insectes* extend to six quarto volumes, illustrated by numerous plates. They were published between 1734 and 1742, and contain the result of numerous observations made principally in his own garden, where he kept insects of all kinds, for the purpose of studying their habits, metamorphoses, &c. His style is somewhat diffuse; but for sagacity of observation, ingenuity of means, and cautious deduction, they are perfect models for the naturalist, and possess all the charms of a romance for the general reader.

[†] Bee-bread is a mixture of honey and the pollen of flowers, with which bees feed their young.

"My honest gardener has engaged to send you some more of these nests," said the Abbé; who did not prolong his visit, since he saw how eager his friend was to study the specimens without interruption.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that insects provide for the continuance of their species by depositing their eggs in some safe place, with food at hand for the sustenance of the young grubs as soon as they are hatched. In many cases, the parent insect constructs a separate cell for each individual grub, filling it with food, depositing a single egg in the midst of the food, and then carefully sealing up the cell. In due time—in some species not before the following spring—the grub is hatched, and begins to consume the food provided by its careful mother; it grows rapidly, and fills up its narrow cell in proportion as its food disappears. When nothing more is left to eat, the grub prepares for its metamorphosis; it spins a silken shroud, or *cocoon*, in which it entirely conceals itself, remaining perfectly motionless and without food often during the whole winter. It is now called a *chrysalis*, and is the transition state between a caterpillar with perhaps sixteen legs, powerful jaws, and a voracious appetite, and a winged insect with six legs and a tube or proboscis, for sipping the nectar of flowers, or other liquid or juicy food. This is the *imago*, or *perfect insect*, which passes a short but active life, employed chiefly in providing for another generation, which she is destined never to behold; for as soon as her nest is complete, and all her eggs deposited, she falls a victim to the first cold of autumn. Such is the general outline of insect existence; there are many variations, it is true, but these need not occupy our attention here.

As soon as M. Réaumur had received the promised supply of leaf-nests from Andelis, he examined them very minutely. Each roll contained six or seven little cups of equal size, all concealed under a common envelope of leaves. These cups, as already noticed, fitted into each other, end to end, forming cells, each of which was destined to shelter a single worm from the time of its birth until it had attained the perfect insect form, and containing also the proper supply of liquid honey, or bee-bread, for its nourishment. All this was done with morsels of leaf skillfully arranged, without paste or glue, but simply by lapping over each other in a curved form.

The pieces which compose each cell are of nearly the same shape. When cut from the leaf each piece is of course flat, but the bee knows how to bend it to her purpose; and she even folds down a portion of each piece, so as to form a base to the cell. Three similar and equal pieces, of a somewhat oval form, are more than sufficient to form a cell three lines in diameter and about six lines long. Strength is given to the cell by making the pieces that compose it lap over each other, and they are retained in their places by the spring which they acquire in drying. A cell, however, of three pieces is not sufficiently strong to hold the grub securely, and prevent the escape of its liquid food; the careful mother, therefore, folds three more pieces round the cell, and adjusts them in the same manner, and sometimes three or even six more; so that it is not uncommon to find a cell composed of twelve pieces of leaf, all of the same size, or nearly so, skillfully and artistically folded into the form of a hollow cup, capable of holding liquid honey.

Nor is this all. The little pot of honey being placed horizontally, a cover must be provided to prevent the liquid from flowing out. As soon, therefore, as the bee has filled the cell with bee-bread, within about half a line of the top, and has deposited an egg, she cuts out a circular piece of leaf, and fits it accurately into the open mouth of the cell. If one does not seem sufficient, she applies another, or even a third of these circular plates, which are kept in their places by the slightly conical form of the cell. The rim of the cell projects above these covers, forming a slight hollow, into which the bee carefully inserts the base of a new cell, which is finished as before; and in this way she completes a pile of six or seven cells, forming a tolerably equal cylinder. Lastly, she covers up these cells with an envelope formed of larger pieces of leaf than those previously used, and thus the nest is complete.

M. Réaumur found the bee-bread in the cells to be of a reddish color, of a sweet yet acid taste, and as fluid as honey. He carefully examined his rose-trees, and found that portions had been cut out of the leaves exactly corresponding to the sections which composed the nests. He therefore determined to watch during several hours, at different parts of the day, in hopes of seeing the insect at work. He had not long to wait; for, about noon, on the second day of his watch, he observed a bee alight on a shrub, near the rose-bush to which he chiefly directed his attention, and, apparently finding everything quiet, the insect came over to the rose-bush, placed herself beneath a leaf, seized with her two mandibles the edge nearest to her, and cut it as easily as with a pair of scissors, advancing first toward the principal nervure of the leaf, and then sweeping round again to its edge, soon detached a piece, with which he flew away. All this was done with as much rapidity as one could cut out a similar piece from a sheet of paper with a pair of good scissors.

M. Réaumur did not see this operation repeated more than two or three times during this season; but, in the following spring, no sooner were his rose-trees in leaf, than he cast an eye upon them every time he went into his garden, and, as soon as any of the leaves had been cut, he began to watch them; this was about the end of May, and he soon had the satisfaction of frequently witnessing the little artisans at work in collecting sections of leaves for their nests. During this season he made an immense number of observations, from which we select the following general remarks:—

When a bee arrives at a rose-bush, it generally hovers over it for some seconds, as if to select a leaf. In the very act of alighting she seizes it between her mandibles and begins to cut, not ceasing until the whole piece is detached. As the piece is cut, the bee bends it between her legs, and, when in the act of separating it from the leaf, she vibrates her wings; then, giving the final cut, she falls through a few inches, recovers herself, and flies merrily away. The facility and precision with which she cuts the different pieces—the oval, the semi-oval, and the circular—varying their size according to circumstances, are truly wonderful; without any guide but the instinct with which the Almighty has furnished her, she cuts out geometric figures in a position which one would think most disadvantageous to correct workmanship. Without rule or measure, and even without seeing the line along which she cuts, she is able to tell, at a distance from her nest, the exact size of the little circular lids to her honey-pots, and also to adjust the varying dimensions of the oval pieces for the cells, and for their common envelope.

But, before the little insect begins to form her nest, she must excavate a tunnel in the earth for its reception. This is a work of great labor, in which she is entirely unassisted, (the male taking no part in the concerns of the household:) she has to dig and to remove much loose earth before a nicely-rounded cylinder is completed, proper to mold the leaves to the necessary degree of curvature. This being done, M. Réaumur supposed her proceedings to go on in the following order: she first lines the tunnel with leaves, which, in fact, form the outer case or envelope of the pile of cells already noticed. Entering the tunnel with the piece folded between her legs, she spreads it out, pressing it carefully against the sides; she repeats this process many times, always using large oval pieces, until a very compact lining is formed. She then proceeds to construct the first cell at the bottom of this tube, and, having completed it, goes out to collect the nectar of flowers, covering herself at the same time with pollen: she elaborates the one in her stomach into honey, and disgorging it into the cell, mixes the other with it, thus forming her bee-bread. She next deposits an egg, and then once more visits the tree to cut out a disk of leaf, with which she stops up the cell. This cell being completed, and not before, a second is begun and finished in like manner, then a third, and so on until the whole is finished.

Although a great number of bees flew away every day with their segments of leaves, M. Réaumur had not as yet succeeded in tracing the locality of any one nest. Were he to follow a bee to her home he would not be able, it is true, to watch her proceedings in her dark abode; yet, by examining the nest when about half finished, some new circumstances might be developed tending to confirm the view taken of the course of the insect's proceedings in constructing her nest.

M. Réaumur was one day at Charenton, watching, with the patience of a naturalist, a bee excavating a tunnel for her nest, when, happening to raise his eyes to the surface of a terrace near him, he saw something green disappear in a crack between two badly-joined stones. On cautiously approaching the spot, he saw fly out therefrom a bee of a larger size than the rose-leaf cutters. She flew to a young chestnut-tree, ten or twelve feet off, and cut out a large oval piece, with which she returned. She was soon out again for another piece, and in less than half an hour had made more than twelve excursions, returning laden each time.

As none of the pieces which the bees had cut were circular, M. Réaumur judged that the nest was only just begun, and that no cell was yet finished. He therefore determined to examine the work, to see if an outer case or envelope was really made first, as he supposed. The stones (below one of which the nest was situated) were covered with a grassy turf some inches thick, which being removed, he gently disengaged one of the stones, choosing for the purpose the moment when the bee had quitted the nest, after having remarked that her journeys occupied more and more time. As soon as the stone was removed, the pieces of leaf were seen rolled up into a sort of tube, which immediately sprung open when relieved from pressure, because, not having had time to dry, they still retained their natural elasticity. It was, however, perfectly evident, that nothing but the outer case or envelope of the nest was as yet prepared. M. Réaumur put everything in order as well as he could, removed some of the loose earth which had fallen among the leaf-cuttings, and carefully replaced the stone. He had not time to replace the turf when the bee arrived: she had no sooner entered her nest than she darted out, doubtless in alarm and amazement at the disorder and confusion in which she found her household. Soon, however, she took courage, and returned; and began to repair the damage, removing the loose earth by pushing it out with her hind legs. M. Réaumur watched her till eight o'clock in the evening, when he was obliged to return to Paris.

At the end of two days he returned to Charenton, expressly to see how the little architect was getting on with her nest. He arrived at about five o'clock in the evening, and saw her enter the chink without carrying any leaf; he therefore thought it probable she was bringing in a supply of bee-bread. After she had gone out and returned two or three times without conveying any leaf, M. Réaumur removed the stone, and found the nest now to consist of a tube nearly five inches in length. The leaves did not burst open as on the former occasion, for they had taken in drying a permanent bend. On introducing a straw at the open end, it penetrated only to the third of its length, the remaining two-thirds being evidently occupied with cells. The stone was again carefully readjusted; but the bee, on returning, was evidently aware that all was not quite right, for she flew out in evident alarm; gradually, however, she took courage, and returned to her nest, which in due time was filled with the usual number of cells.

Such is the history of the leaf-cutter bee, for the knowledge of which we are indebted, first, to the simplicity of the gardener of Andelis; next, to the enlightened and benevolent Abbé Nollet; and lastly, to the genius and skill of M. Réaumur; and it is highly creditable to this naturalist to be able to state, that he made this history so complete, that little or nothing has been added to it. Mr. Newport has recorded a curious fact of one of these bees, which, being about to construct her nest in a brick wall, and finding the hole uneven, first carefully lined it with cotton, thus proving that the insect can vary its proceedings according to circumstances. It may also be stated that the grub is quite white; that its cocoon consists of a thick solid silk, attached to the sides of the cell. The exterior of the cocoon is of a coffee-brown color, but the interior is a fine whitish silk, smooth and lustrous, like satin; so that, should the leaves become damp, and decay, the cocoons afford a warm and dry abode, in which the insect, in one of its states of worm, nymph, or perfect fly, passes the whole of the winter.

[For the National Magazine.]

SONNET.

"HE OF THE SWORD AND PEN."

Above thy golden vase I bent of late,
And read of bright Sophronia's lover young,
Of fair Erminia's flight, Clorinda's fate;
And over Godfrey's deeds entranced I hung,
And Tancred's told in soft Italia's tongue.
Thou who didst tune the harp for Salem's shrine,
Thou the renown'd and gifted among men—
"Tasso," superior with the sword and pen!
O, Poet heir! vain was the gift divine
To still the unrest of thy human heart;
Lonely and cold did Glory's starbeams shine
For him who saw a lovelier light depart!
O! Master of the Lyre! did not thy touch
Tell how the heart may break, that love has troubled much.

E. J. Eames.

[For the National Magazine.]

DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATIONS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

BY AN OLD PIONEER.

THE "Great River" that drains this central valley is one of the physical wonders of the world. Its discovery and exploration by Europeans were among the romantic adventures of a heroic age.

It is now known to those who have investigated the subject, that De Soto was not the first Spaniard, nor Joliet and Marquette the first Frenchmen, who reached the waters of the Mississippi. Bancroft, Theodore Irving, Monette, M'Coloch, and several other writers, have put De Soto's expedition in an English dress. Professor John G. Shea, in his recent work, *Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley, with the original Narratives of Marquette, Allouez, Membré, Hennepin, and Anastase Douay,* has lifted the curtain, and exhibited, in the common tongue, the French Missionary explorations of the north-west, and down the great river and its tributaries. We propose giving to the readers of the *National Magazine* an outline of the facts and incidents of these explorations, drawn from these and other authentic sources, and from the original documents.

Every school-boy knows that Christopher Columbus entered the Gulf of Mexico, but it was along its southern border. Who first visited the northern shore is not positively known. Juan Ponce de Leon, an old comrade of Columbus, sailed along the coast on Easter Sunday, which the Spaniards called *Pascua Florida.* He was on the coast near San Augustine in 1512; and in honor of the day, and because the trees were covered with blossoms, he gave the name of *Florida* to the newly discovered country; which for a long time, by the Spaniards, included the continent of North America.

Ponce de Leon was in search of gold and the "fountain of life," which previous visitors reported to exist in the forests of North America. This fountain was said to have the power of rejuvenating those who drank or bathed in its salubrious waters.

Don Diego Miruelo, a roving sea-captain, visited the coast in 1516, and obtained gold in barter for goods with the natives, and on his return spread the most extravagant stories of the wealth of the interior.

Grijalva, who commanded a fleet, explored the coast of Yucatan and the western part of the Gulf, to Panuco, now Tampico. In 1518, Francisco Garay, Governor of Jamaica, explored the northern coast from the Tortugas to Tampico. A voyage, for slaves to work the mines, under Vasquez de Ayllon, in two ships, from St. Domingo, passed from the Bahama Islands to the coast of South Carolina, and entered the Combahee River, which they called the Jordan. Enticing a large number of the natives on board their ships, by gifts and hospitable treatment, they immediately weighed anchor while the decks were covered with the unsuspicious Indians; the sails were unfurled, and their course directed toward St. Domingo. This crime was unprofitable. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." One of the ships foundered at sea, and all on board perished; while a mortal sickness carried off a large proportion of the captives and crew of the other.

A map was drawn up in 1521, by the arbitrator appointed to decide between the claims of rival discoverers, on which the Mississippi River was traced; and the name it subsequently bore, "Rio del Espiritu Santo," (River of the Holy Ghost,) given to it.

Pamphilius de Narvaez undertook the conquest and colonization of the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico in 1528. He landed a force of five or six hundred men at Tampa Bay, (then called the Bay of Espiritu Santo,) made long and fruitless marches, from tribe to tribe, during six months; the gold he inquired after always retreating as his army advanced. Disease and famine swept off a large part of his army, and after long and fruitless marches, through swamps and across rivers, he reached the coast, and attempted a voyage to Tampico, in frail boats constructed by his men. Storms interrupted their passage, many of the boats were lost, and the bones of his men were left to bleach on the shore. A small remnant only reached Tampico to tell the tale of their disasters.

A small party of his men, under command of Cabeza de Vaca, were thrown on an island near the coast of Florida, and were taken and held prisoners by Indians. De Vaca and four companions, including a negro servant, made their escape. They directed their course inland, and passed themselves off among the Aborigines as Indian jugglers, and became the "medicine-men" among the tribes through which they journeyed.

Protected by the superstitious awe they inspired among the natives, they traversed the northern parts of Florida, crossed the Mississippi, and the desert and mountainous regions on the confines of Texas and the Rocky Mountains—passing from tribe to tribe as Indians, and oftentimes as slaves—until at the end of several years they succeeded in reaching the Spanish settlement of Compostella. (This was within thirty-six miles of the Pacific Ocean.) "From thence De Vaca proceeded to Mexico, and ultimately arrived at Lisbon in 1537, nearly ten years after his embarcation with Pamphilio de Narvaez."*

De Vaca describes the great plains, with countless numbers of buffalo,—the *adobe* houses of the semi-civilized natives of New-Mexico, and the singularly constructed towns, with solid walls of earth for entire squares, along the valleys of the Gila and Colorado, and declares they passed through the "richest country in the world." These were the first Europeans who saw and passed the Mississippi, and crossed the North American Continent to the waters of the Pacific. The *adobe* houses, walled towns, peculiar dress of the inhabitants, and the general topography of the country, with the profusion of gold and silver described, all prove the truthfulness of this narrative, hitherto regarded as an extravagant fiction.

These marvelous accounts and the mysterious secrecy affected by De Vaca, awakened an enthusiastic impulse in the minds of his countrymen in that adventurous age, and inspired De Soto and his companions with their wild dreams of wealth, conquest, and glory, in the interior of North America.

In the spring of 1539, without knowledge of each other, two expeditions attempted to reach the interior country explored by De Vaca; one under De Soto, and the other under Friar Marco. As the last is the least known, and originated on the waters of the Pacific Ocean, we will notice it first. Friar Marco, a native of Nice, in Italy, was inspired with the benevolent impulse, then common to a class of Catholic priests, to convert the savages of North America. He had a negro companion, one of De Vaca's followers, as his guide. With him he departed from the Mexican town of Criliacam, and crossed the desert country of Sonora to the Colorado. From a mountain height he gazed on the towers of the town of Cibola; its houses in continuous walls, rising story above story, and its massive gates shut against all intruders. The Mexicans not only refused him entrance, but cut off a party of friendly Indians who accompanied him, and killed his negro servant.

Friar Marco escaped; and on his return raised the aspirations of the Spanish authorities so high by his statements, apparently true, that a new expedition was projected, to conquer the mud-walled cities, gather the rich harvest of gold and silver, and convert the idolatrous natives into devout Catholics.

The wild, romantic, and adventurous enterprises of men, are excited by various and often complex motives. Humboldt justly says:—"They err who believe the Spanish adventurous enterprises were incited by mere love of gold and religious fanaticism. Perils always exalt the poetry of life; and besides, this remarkable age, unfolding as it did new worlds to men, gave every enterprise, and the natural impressions awakened by distant travels, the charm of novelty and surprise.

A second expedition was fitted out from the coast of the Pacific, under command of Coronado, with Friar Marco as chaplain and guide. The party took the town of Cibola, which furnished them little of value. They ascended the Colorado and the Gila, and came to a river which they mistook for the Mississippi, calling it Rio Grande: they found here, however, an Indian from Florida, who described the Mississippi as a much larger river, "on the banks of which they could travel ninety days through an inhabited country." The party, led by treacherous guides, wandered up and down the great plains along the head waters of the Platte and the Arkansas, where, in 1542, they heard from the Indians of the approach of some of their own countrymen. These were the followers of De Soto, under his successor Moscoso.

Despairing of finding the "Great River,"

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* Irving's Conquest of Florida, vol. i, page 23.

Friar Marco and his companions found their way back to Mexico. For this sketch the inquisitive reader is referred to the appendix to the "Narrative of Castañedo de Najera," by Ternaux.

The facts of the expedition of De Vaca, with maps, may be seen in an English version of the "Shipwrecks of Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca," printed at Washington, D. C., 1851, for private distribution, by George W. Riggs, Jun.

Coeval with the expedition of Coronado and Friar Marco, from the waters of the Pacific for the conquest of Florida, was the expedition of De Soto from the Gulf of Mexico.

Ferdinand de Soto was a native of Xeres, in the province of Badajos, in Old Spain. He had been the companion of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, in which he had displayed valor, and amassed a princely fortune. Ambition prompted him to rival Cortez in conquest, and Pizarro in wealth. Having married a daughter of one of the nobility of Spain, and gained the special favor of the Emperor Charles V., he was appointed governor and captain general of Cuba, and obtained from the emperor permission to conquer Florida, (North America,) at his own cost.

His project excited the wildest hopes, and men of noble birth sold their estates to join the expedition. Leaving his wife in the command of Cuba, De Soto selected six hundred young men, the flower of Spain, and with a fleet of three hundred horses, and a herd of swine, landed at Tampa Bay, called then the Bay of Espiritu Santo, or the Bay of the Holy Ghost. Like Cortez, he sent back his ships, that there might be no means of retreat, and commenced his march through an inhospitable wilderness. This was about the wildest crusade ever undertaken in the days of romance and chivalry, and gave full proof that an epidemic monomania afflicted the Spaniards at that period. An inordinate thirst for gold and a ferocious religious fanaticism were their ruling passions. They had not only cavalry and foot soldiers for war, but chains and manacles for their captives, and blood-hounds as auxiliaries against the unoffending natives. Twelve priests and other ecclesiastics, with the vestments, ornaments, and utensils employed in the sacrifice of mass, as the means of converting the Aborigines to the Catholic faith, during the scenes of robbery and carnage, accompanied the expedition.

Their march the first season, from June to October, 1539, was from Tampa Bay to the country of the Apalachians, east of Flint River. They had traversed pine barrens and hummocks, waded morasses and crossed rivers, to no purpose. The Indians were hostile on finding their country invaded; and those they employed for guides led them astray. They passed the first winter not far from the Bay of Pensacola.

In the spring of 1540, led by an Indian guide, who promised to show them a land of gold, they pursued a north-eastern course, passed the Altamaha and the Ogeechee, and for several months wandered among the hills and along the vales and swamps of Georgia, South Carolina, and Alabama. In the latter part of July they were on the Coosa River; one of the few streams that retains its aboriginal name after passing through Spanish into English. In October they were at the Indian town Manvile, made of comfortable cabins, and surrounded with a wall of palisadoes and earth. It was on the Alabama River, above its junction with the Tombecbee. This is undoubtedly the Portuguese orthography of the aboriginal of *Mobile*, now situated at the head of the bay.

Becoming desperate in their misfortunes, the Spaniards made a ferocious attack on the town. A battle was fought while both parties were nerved with the spirit of desperation, and, if we may give credit to the Portugese narrative, two thousand five hundred Indians were slain, suffocated, and burnt! The Spaniards lost eighteen men killed, one hundred and fifty were wounded with arrows, twelve horses were slain, and seventy more injured, and all their baggage was burnt.

At the same time ships sent from Cuba to their relief were in the Bay of Pensacola; but De Soto was too proud to acknowledge his failure by returning. He had made no valuable discoveries, found no gold that might tempt new adventurers, and the fire at Mobile had consumed his goods and the valuable curiosities he had collected. While thousands of savages had perished by the barbarities of the Spaniards, none had been converted to the Catholic faith.

If he had not been fired with the most

insatiate cupidity, governed by the most indomitable pride, and influenced by the most reckless ambition; in short, if De Soto had not been a maniac, both mentally and morally, he would have availed himself of this opportunity to return to Cuba. He still believed, without the shadow of evidence, that stores of wealth, the laurels of victory, and the triumphs of the cross, awaited him in the interior.

Belon and Manvile were populous and hostile nations, and the country was too poor to promise gold. De Soto turned his course northward, his followers reduced by battles and disease one-third. In a month he reached Chiapa, a town of the Chickasaws in the northern part of Mississippi, probably on the Yazoo. The winter was severe, the snow fell in unusual quantities for that climate, the Indian corn had not been gathered, and the Spaniards found it difficult to obtain provisions.

When spring opened, De Soto, as was the custom of the Spaniards, demanded two hundred men to carry the burdens of the invading army. The Indians hesitated, parleyed, and in the middle of the night set fire to their own village, where the Spaniards lay encamped. Had the Chickasaws acted with calmness and fortitude, and promptly followed up the war, they would have obtained an easy victory, and cut off the invaders of their country. But they became frantic with their temporary success. Many of the horses had broken loose, and ran terrified through the forest; others were burnt in their stables; eleven of the Castilians were slain; and their clothing, saved from the flames of Manvile, was consumed. They were left naked and defenseless. Had the Chickasaws made a resolute onset at this opportunity they would have destroyed their enemies; but while they were rejoicing at their partial success, in one week De Soto and his men had refurnished themselves with arms of their own manufacture, and clothing from Indian mats and the skins of animals, and were on their march to the north-west.

For seven days they struggled through forests and morasses, when they reached some Indian towns on the Mississippi River. It was then described as half a league broad, with a strong, muddy current, amid islands and sand-bars, and bearing on its bosom trees and masses of floating timber. They were guided by the Indians to the usual place of crossing, which must have been the lower Chickasaw Bluffs, near the thirty-fifth degree of latitude, the present site of the city of Memphis. They were obliged to construct ferry-boats for themselves and horses, which detained them one month. On the west side of the Great River they pursued their course northward, until they reached the town of Pa-ca-hah, where the party remained from June 19th to July 29th, 1541. They were now among the "Casquin" (Kaskaskia) Indians, and probably not far from Little Prairie, in the south-east corner of Missouri. An exploring party, sent forward to examine the country, reported unfavorably; they were intercepted by impenetrable swamps and lakes.

De Soto turned a north-western course, and, passing through the swamps, reached the high lands on White River. Turning again northward, he marched from point to point until he found himself on the great plains, among wandering Indians, with their mat and skin houses, transported from place to place on the backs of their women. Here were countless numbers of "wild cattle," (buffaloes.) They were now in the western part of Missouri, or else the present Indian territory.

Turning their course again to the south-west, they passed through the province of Tulas, and came to the town of Utamque, (which appears to have been on the waters of the Arkansas River,) where they passed the winter. This province was represented as very fertile, with a scattering, but warlike population. They were harassed by repeated ambuscades and fighting, until they reached the place of their winter quarters, a town which is described as being situated on a fine plain, watered by a wide flowing river, and bordered by meadows that furnished excellent pasturage for their horses. The town was deserted by its inhabitants, except a few whom they made prisoners. "The houses were well stored with beans, maize, nuts, and plums." De Soto formed his encampment in an open space in the center of the village, surrounded it with palisades, and laid in ample provisions. The winter proved severe, with deep snows, yet, having good quarters and plenty of provisions, it was the most comfortable one they passed in the country.

The feelings and views of De Soto now began to experience a change. Disappointed in the objects of his ambition, having lost more than half of his men and a large number of his horses, by battles and sickness, having discovered no gold, reaped no honor, and converted none of the Indians, his spirits, naturally buoyant, began to sink, and his iron constitution to give way. His imperfect modes of communication with the Aborigines, and the jealousy and treachery of the Indians, led him into continual errors. In bitterness of spirit, De Soto now regretted that he had not joined his ships in the Bay of Pensacola, and established a colony there. Brooding over his adverse fortunes, he came to the determination to retrace his steps, find his way to the Rio Grande, (as the Spaniards called the Mississippi,) and proceed down that river to the Gulf.

In the spring of 1542 he passed across the country to the Saline Springs on the Washita, and along the valley of that stream to its junction with Red River, in the province of Guachoya, and thence to the Mississippi. Despairing of the acquisition of wealth, and finding no glory in his conquests of a savage wilderness, De Soto reluctantly abandoned his extravagant hopes, and turned southward to find the Gulf of Mexico by land.

On inquiring of the natives their distance from the ocean, and the prospect of reaching it by land in that direction, he received the most disheartening accounts of vast swamps, impassable bayous, and impenetrable thickets. Unwilling to rely on Indian testimony, he dispatched eight horsemen under the guide of a skillful leader, who, in eight days, made but thirty miles, and returned with hopeless prospects. The indomitable spirit of De Soto was quite broken down, and he sunk into a state of profound melancholy. His men and horses were dying around him, his dreams of wealth, conquest, glory, and power, faded away, and his health was entirely prostrated. A fever attacked him, and his followers no longer regarded him, as they had done, a superior being whom they were bound to obey. Forewarned of his end, he appointed for his successor and "Governor and Captain-General of the Kingdom and Province of Florida," Don Luis de Moscoso de Alvarado, and gave charge to him and his followers to continue the conquest of Florida for the crown of Spain, and convert its inhabitants to the Catholic faith. On the next day (May 21, 1542) he died, and, to prevent the Indians from mutilating the body, as was their custom with their enemies, he was sunk in the river he had explored.

Mr. Bancroft eloquently says:—"His soldiers pronounced his eulogy by grieving for their loss; the priests chanted over his body the first requiems that were ever heard on the waters of the Mississippi. To conceal his death, his body was wrapped in a mantle, and, in the stillness of midnight, was silently sunk in the middle of the stream. The discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters. He had crossed a large part of the continent in search of gold, and found nothing so remarkable as his burial-place."

Moscoso, his successor, called a council to deliberate on the course to be taken, and requested from each officer a written opinion. Juan de Anasco was for carrying out the plans of De Soto, and successfully urged a further exploration westward. After various hostile encounters with the Indians of Naguatex, (supposed to be Nachitoches,) they continued to march westward for more than one hundred leagues, where they heard from the Indians tidings of Spaniards far in the west. This was the party led by Friar Marco. Both parties wandered for some months over the buffalo plains, coming in contact with Indians at their hunting-camps, without meeting each other. The party under Moscoso must have been among the Camanches.

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The ancient authorities for the ill-fated expedition are two works, differing somewhat in detail, and in the names of persons, places, distances, and other circumstances; but they corroborate each other in the principal facts. The first was written by a Portuguese of Elvas, who was one of the survivors of the expedition. He claims to have been an eye-witness of the events he records, though it is probable he wrote from memory. Yet his narrative is less exaggerated and more deserving of confidence. It was first published in the Portuguese language in 1557. An English translation was issued by Hackluyt in 1609. There is an imperfect abridgment in Purchas's Pilgrims, vol. iv, 1528–1556.

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AND now, gentle reader, we will tell you a country story,—one that actually took place far away, among green fields, and quiet woodlands, where it is related by the aged to this day, with a simple and solemn truthfulness at which you cannot choose but weep, although you will presently smile, and bless God, as they never fail to do when they tell it.

Once upon a time, (we love to commence thus, in memory of our happy childhood, whose pleasantest tales always began after this fashion,)—once upon a time there lived a young girl named Hannah Lawrence. She was an only child, and as good and sweet-tempered as she was pretty. A little willful, to be sure,—it is said most women are; but then, as her old father used to observe, she had such a winning way with her, that one could not help loving her, do what she would. There was another besides Mr. Lawrence who was much of the same opinion; and Hannah felt it, and was happier than she cared to let the world know of; while the knowledge, so far from tempting her to exercise the power she was conscious of possessing, made her humble and meek-spirited. To be sure, she did contrive in general to get her own way; but it was so quietly that her lover yielded almost imperceptibly to her gentle guidance. The woman who loves, and is beloved, should feel her own re-pointed in the objects of his ambition, having lost more than half of his men and a large number of his horses, by battles and sickness, having discovered no gold, reaped no honor, and converted none of the Indians, his spirits, naturally buoyant, began to sink, and his iron constitution to give way. His imperfect modes of communication with the Aborigines, and the jealousy and treachery of the Indians, led him into continual errors. In bitterness of spirit, De Soto now regretted that he had not joined his ships in the Bay of Pensacola, and established a colony there. Brooding over his adverse fortunes, he came to the determination to retrace his steps, find his way to the Rio Grande, (as the Spaniards called the Mississippi,) and proceed down that river to the Gulf.

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"So you do not like smoking?" said Mrs. Conway; casting at the same time a mischievous glance toward Hannah, who at that moment entered. "Do you hear that, Hannah?"

"Yes, mother," replied she very demurely, "and I cannot say that I am altogether sorry, for it certainly does make the breath smell very unpleasantly sometimes."

"But my breath does not smell now, Hannah, dear!" said Robert, kissing her. And, as the girl looked up into his frank, open countenance, she longed to whisper—that smoke, or do what he would, she did not believe that his equal was in the whole world. It was as well, perhaps, that she did not: it will not do to humor one's lover too much. It is different with a husband. Hannah sat between them with a hand in each; she was very happy.

"Why should it not be always thus?" whispered Robert Conway. The girl looked timidly at his mother.

"Answer him, Hannah," said she. "I also am impatient to have two children instead of one." But still she never spoke a word.

Mrs. Conway had been young herself, and she rose up to leave them together; but Hannah would not suffer her.

"Do not go, mother," said she, timidly.

"What is it you fear?" asked her lover, drawing her gently toward him.

"Only—only that this should be all a dream!" And she rested her head upon his bosom, and wept.

Robert Conway smiled as he soothed and kissed away her tears. As Hannah said even then, it was too great happiness to last.

That night she told her father and mother everything, with many blushes and a few tears, for she felt home-sick at the thought of leaving it forever, although it was to live close by; however, the day was at length fixed for her marriage. And the old people blessed her again with joyful hearts, together with the lover of her youthful choice.

"Yes, he is worthy even of our Hannah!" said Mrs. Lawrence.

"Worthy! O, mother, he is too good for me!"

"Impossible!" replied the old man, "even if he were the king himself."

"Robert will not spoil me as you do," said the girl, stroking down the father's long white hair with playful fondness.

"I am not so sure of that, or how he will be able to help it."

Hannah laughed; but there were tears in her eyes as she bent down to kiss his withered brow. The conversation now turned upon the many things that were to be done and arranged before the wedding could take place. Hannah wished to have her young cousin Maude Hetherington sent for, who, with her ready invention, and nimble fingers, proved a great acquisition on the occasion. Besides which, it was very pleasant for the girls to talk together in their leisure moments, or when they went to bed at night; and often until the morning dawned; for Maude likewise expected to be married before another twelvemonth, and they had a thousand things to say to one another. Maude was older than her cousin, and sometimes took upon herself to play the monitress.

"Do you not humor Robert Conway almost too much?" said she one day.

"O! not half enough! If you did but know how kind, and good, and thoughtful he is!"

"Yes, just now; but take care, or by-and-by he will be playing the husband and the tyrant."

"Are all husbands tyrants?" asked Hannah, archly.

"Well, I do not know about that; but it will not do to let them have their own way too much beforehand."

"But I cannot help letting Robert have his own way, because, somehow, his way is always mine. We certainly do think strangely alike about everything."

"Not strangely," said Maude with a smile. "And so you have really consented to old Mrs. Conway's living in the same house?"

"It was my own suggestion. Robert is greatly attached to his mother; and so am I too, for the matter of that. The dear old lady seemed quite beside herself with joy when she heard that she was not to quit the home of her childhood, where she had seen so many pleasant days, and will again, please God; and blessed and thanked me, with the tears in her eyes; while Robert stood by, looking as happy as a prince. Dear Robert! he is so easily pleased, so easily made happy!"

"Well, I only hope you may never have cause to be sorry for what you have done; for my own part, I would not live with a mother-in-law for all the world!"

"But mothers-in-law are not always alike," Maude dear.

"True; and to be sure, Mrs. Conway, is very kind and good-natured; only a little too grave to be a fit companion for a young girl like you."

"But I mean to become grave too, when I am married," answered Hannah, with a smile.

About a week before the period fixed upon for the wedding to take place, Hannah complained of a sudden faintness, and looked so pale that her mother and cousin were quite frightened.

"Nay, it is nothing," said she; "but do not tell Robert, lest he should be uneasy about me."

Maude supported her to her chamber, and persuaded her to lie down on the bed for a few hours, after which she got better again; so that, by the time her lover came in the evening, all traces of her recent indisposition had entirely vanished. But she grew sad after he was gone, and observed to her cousin, that she feared she had not deserved such happiness.

"I thought so this morning," said Hannah, "when I was taken ill. O! Maude, if I were to die, what would become of Robert? We love each other so much!"

"Hush!" replied Maude, "I will not have you talk thus. God grant that there may be many years of happiness in store for my dearest cousin!"

"Forgive me," whispered Hannah, "I am very silly."

"To be sure you are," said Maude, kissing her affectionately.

Every stitch in Hannah's simple wardrobe, even to her pretty white bridal dress, was of her own setting. Many said what an industrious little wife she would make; and there were not a few who envied Robert his good fortune, and could have wished themselves exactly in his place,—although the girl herself would not have changed to have been made a queen. All the cakes, too, were of her making, assisted by Maude, and her old mother, who could not, however, do very much; and it was cheerful enough to hear them talking and singing over their pleasant tasks. As Maude said, "What was the use of being dull? for her part she could never see anything in a wedding to make one weep, unless, indeed, the bridegroom should be old or disagreeable, or going to take her away from all her kindred and friends; and even then she would not marry, unless she could love him well enough to go cheerfully."

"As for you, my dear cousin, added she, "about to be united to such a man as Robert Conway; with a sweet little cottage close by, so that you may see your father and mother every day, if you like—why I could almost envy you, if it were not for certain anticipations of a similar happiness in store for myself. Ah! you shall come to my wedding by-and-by, and see how merry we will be!"

"And help to make these nice cakes, eh, Maude," said Mrs. Lawrence, laughingly. "But you are looking pale, my child," added she, turning to her daughter, "and we must not have you tire yourself. There is another whole day yet."

Hannah smiled, or rather tried to smile; and, tottering as she walked, went and sat down by the door as though she felt faint.

"Are you not well, cousin?" asked Maude.

The girl's lips moved fast, as they grew every moment more white and colorless, but no sound came.

"It is only a fainting fit," said Maude, endeavoring to appear calm. "You had better bathe her temples with a little cold water, while I run for Mrs. Conway. I will not be gone a moment; and she may advise us what to do."

She soon returned, followed at a distance by the feebler steps of her aged companion. Rendered utterly helpless by grief and terror, Mrs. Lawrence could only wail and wring her hands like a distracted thing, calling in passionate accents upon the name of her child; while Mrs. Conway, whose presence of mind never forsook her, directed Maude to send immediately for the doctor, applying in the mean time all the restoratives usual on such occasions; but her care was in vain. Between them those aged women bore the stricken girl in their arms, and laid her on the bed, where she remained white and motionless, as though carved out of stone. Seeing that there was no more to be done, Mrs. Conway knelt down and prayed as we only pray at such times as these.

Maude returned with the doctor, and they tried to bleed her without success. All their attempts to restore animation were in vain; the girl never spoke again, but died toward morning peacefully and without a struggle. Once only she opened her eyes, and looked around her with a wild agonizing glance that was never forgotten by those who witnessed it. Mrs. Conway closed them softly and shudderingly with her hand; and she never moved after that.

Pale and horror-stricken, Robert made one of the little group who stood weeping in their vain grief around the bed of death. And, when his mother rose at length from her knees, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, said in a solemn voice, half-choked by tears,—"The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"—his heart refused to utter, Amen!

Maude's grief was deep and passionate, but nothing in comparison to the wild lamentations of the bereaved parents: until at length, completely worn out, they both fell asleep by the bedside of their dead child, and dreamed that the wedding-day was come. Mrs. Conway had taken her son home, thinking he would be more likely to recover his composure away from that terrible scene; and poor Maude crept about the house, putting out of sight all the simple bridal finery, over which they had taken so much pains only the day before. "As for the cakes," thought she, "they must do for the funeral." And she began to weep afresh, as she recalled to mind all the pleasant words and merry jests that had been uttered over them; almost the last words that Hannah was ever heard to speak being in playful anticipation of an event that was not to be. Of a truth it was very terrible! No wonder that poor Maude felt heart-stricken, and like one in a frightful dream. No wonder that she sobbed and cried, when even a strong man like Robert Conway wept. Every moment that Mrs. Conway could spare from the side of her half-distracted son, was spent at the cottage, where she assisted Maude in performing those sad, but necessary offices, of which the poor old mother, in her deep affliction, seemed utterly incapable,—speaking words of comfort and consolation, and endeavoring to improve this melancholy event to the heart of her young companion, by teaching her the frailness of all earthly hopes.

Two days and nights had elapsed since the spirit of the young and beautiful betrothed had passed away without a word, or a prayer; and the two sorrowful mothers sat together in the dim twilight, exchanging now and then a few kind words; but more frequently remaining silent for long intervals, during which memory was no doubt busy enough. Maude was a little apart by the half-open casement, working on a black gown for Mrs. Lawrence to wear at her child's funeral; and pausing every now and then to wipe away the blinding tears that hindered her from seeing what she was about; and thinking the while, perhaps, of a certain dress, over which she had taken so much pains for a far different occasion.

"It is too dark, I am sure, for you to see to work, Maude," said Mrs. Conway, at length; and her voice sounded strangly loud in that silent room. "Go into the field, dear child, and look for your uncle; it is late for him to be out alone."

The girl did as she was desired; and found him kneeling amid the long grass, with his white hairs uncovered, and the tears streaming down his withered cheeks. Not liking to intrude upon his grief, Maude stepped behind a large tree and waited, hoping that he would presently rise up of his own accord, and return home.

Meanwhile it grew quite dark, and so still that the inmates of that desolate cottage could almost hear the beating of their own hearts. Mrs. Conway arose at length to procure a light, and just at that moment a faint moaning sound was heard, proceeding, as it seemed, from the bed where the corpse lay. Mrs. Lawrence clung fearfully to the side of her companion.

"Did you not hear something groaning?" whispered she.

"Yes, I thought so; but it might have been only the wind."

"Hush! There it is again!"

"Let me go!" exclaimed Mrs. Conway, hastily disengaging herself from the terrified grasp of her companion. "It is Hannah's voice!" And tearing aside the curtain from the foot of the bed, there was Hannah, sure enough, sitting upright in the dim moonlight, and looking wildly around her, like one awakened from a heavy sleep.

With ready presence of mind, Mrs. Conway threw a large shawl over the dead-clothes in which she was wrapped, and spoke to her calmly and soothingly, motioning to the mother, at the same time, to go out quietly and call for assistance; but Mrs. Lawrence stood still and motionless, as though her feet were glued to the floor.

"How cold it is!" murmured Hannah, shuddering as she spoke. "But what is the matter? Have I been very ill, mother?"

"Yes, yes; but keep quiet, dear child, you will be better soon!" And, freeing her face, she laid her head gently back on the pillow, and went as fast as her tottering steps would carry her to summon medical assistance, and prepare Maude and Mr. Conway for what had happened, leaving the mother, still motionless and terror-stricken, in the darkness.

By the aid of heat, and restoratives constantly applied, Hannah soon began to rally, and by the morning was almost well, but for the weakness and exhaustion, and a strange feeling of weariness, beneath the influence of which she at length fell into a gentle slumber. How anxiously did they all listen to her calm regular breathing, and gaze upon that sweet face, once more colored with the warm hue of life. How they longed to be able to get off the grave-clothes without her knowing it, fearing that the shock would be too great, but could not, without disturbing her, which the doctor had strictly forbidden, How they wept, and prayed, and blessed God!

Presently Hannah opened her eyes, and fixing them upon the anxious faces that were watching over her, inquired of her mother if she had been long ill.

"No, my child, not very."

"Ah! I remember now—I was taken ill while we were making the cakes; but it is only a fainting-fit. By-the-by, Maude," added she, as the girl came forward, and bent down to kiss her, "I hope you looked after them, for the dough was just rising, and they promised to be excellent."

Her cousin tried in vain to keep down her struggling sobs, and answer calmly; while Hannah, mistaking the cause of her emotion, added kindly—

"Well, never mind, dearest! We can easily make more; it was my fault for frightening you. And mother, do not say a word to Robert, please, about my being ill; it is past now."

"You must not get up, Hannah; indeed you are not strong enough," exclaimed Mrs. Conway, trembling lest she should discover all. "O, yes! I am so much better; and Maude and I have a thousand things to do. It was only the heat made me feel faint. But how came I by this shawl?" asked Hannah, as she endeavored to unfasten it from about her shoulders. "It is Mrs. Conway's! Has she been here?"

"She is here now," replied the kind voice of her old friend, while a tear fell upon her uplifted brow; "but you must lie still, my child, and listen to what I am going to tell you."

"Please don't let it be a very long story, mother dear," said Hannah, as she flung her arms around her, and laid her head upon her bosom, like a playful and weary child.

Who shall attempt to describe her feelings when she heard all?—feelings expressed rather by tears than by words. Mrs. Conway understood them best, when she motioned to the rest that they should kneel down and pray for her, that she might never forget that solemn hour in which God had restored her to them, as it were from the dead.

Robert Conway was half beside himself when he heard the joyful news; and could not rest till he had gone in softly, and kissed her hand, as she lay pale and tranquil upon the bed; for, somehow, he dared not touch her lips, although she was his own betrothed bride. After that, many of the neighbors came just to look upon her, and congratulate the old people on the restoration of their child. But none spoke above their breath for fear of disturbing her.

In a few days Hannah rose up, and went about among them all, just as usual, only that she was paler and graver; but no one wondered at that. The wedding did not take place until some time afterward, when Robert received his young bride as the gift of God; and truly she brought a blessing with her. Hannah lived many years, and was a happy wife and mother, and, what is better still, a happy Christian; meekly trusting in the merits of her Redeemer, and ready whenever it shall please God to call her to himself.

There are many instances on record somewhat similar to the above; but not all ending so happily. It was only a few days since we heard of a poor woman, living in an obscure country place, who suddenly became insensible, and was supposed dead. On the night previous to the interment, her sister, who occupied the next chamber, was disturbed by a slight noise, and looking in, saw the corpse sitting erect, and attempting, as it seemed, to remove the grave-clothes from about its face. The terrified woman caught up her sleeping child from its cradle, and fled away, half-naked as she was, to the house of a neighbor nearly a mile off; where she remained all night, although they only laughed at her, and fancied she must have been dreaming. The following morning, however, the appearance of the corpse fully corroborated her statement; giving fearful evidence of the struggle that had been going on between life and death. The poor woman might have been alive to this very day, had her sister only possessed presence of mind enough to assist instead of deserting her in that dark hour of untold agony. And yet we are ready to make every allowance in a case where none of us can be quite certain that we should have had the courage to act differently.

The story of the sexton and the ring must be familiar to most of our readers; and we could tell them many others equally wild and wonderful—melancholy histories, for the most part, but not without their warning lesson both to the aged and the young.

THE DUMB CHILD.

She is my only girl:
I ask'd for her as some most precious thing;
For all unfinish'd was Love's jewel'd ring,
Till set with this soft pearl.
The shade that time brought forth I could not see;
How pure, how perfect, seem'd the gift to me!

And many a soft old tune
I used to sing unto that deaden'd ear,
And suffer'd not the lightest footstep near,
Lest she might wake too soon:
And hush'd her brothers' laughter while she lay—
Ah, needless care! I might have let them play!

'T was long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me!
Waited and watch'd, God knows how patiently,
How willingly deceived:
Vain Love was long the' untiring nurse of faith,
And tended Hope till it was quench'd in death.

O if she could but hear
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach
To call me "mother," in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! these seal'd lips never may be stirr'd
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries
To see her kneel, with such a reverent air,
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;
Or lift those earnest eyes
To watch our lips, as though our words she knew;
Then move her own as she were speaking too.

I've watch'd her looking up
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,
And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams, and groves,
All the grand music to which nature moves,
Are wasted melody
To her; the world of sound, a tuneless void;
While even silence hath its charm destroy'd.

Her face is very fair;
Her blue eye beautiful; of finest mold
The soft white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold,
Ripples her shining hair:
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,
For He who made it keeps the master-key.

Wills He the mind within
Should from earth's Babel-clamor be kept free,
E'en that His still small voice and step might be
Heard at its inner shrine,
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill?
Then should I grieve? O murmuring heart, be still!

She seems to have a sense
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play;
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
That e'en her father would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!
And when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee.
O, at such times I know—
By his full eye, and tones subdued and mild—
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all other gifts bereft
E'en now. How could I say she did not speak?
What real language lights her eye and cheek,
And renders thanks to Him who left
Unto her soul yet open avenues
For joy to enter, and for love to use!

ELEMENTS OF POWER IN THE PULPIT.

WHAT *are the elements of power in the pulpit?* The primary element most obviously lies in the *depths of the preacher's own spirit.* Happily, the time is rapidly passing away in which the clerical functionary could wrap himself in the mystery of official sanctity. That "sham" is pretty well exposed. It is generally felt that a man who preaches the gospel should be exemplary; that whatever else he is, he must be *a good man.* Though superstition still lingers around, and sometimes *within* the precincts of the churches, and though everybody sees how men are in a great degree affected by mere power of *mind*, and by fascination of *manner* in a preacher, we are bold to say, there is no *real power* in what is preached, unless it proceeds, or is believed to proceed, from one whose character is the expression of what he preaches. Most persons have contrasted the feebleness with which preachers of great intellect have preached the gospel with the almost unaccountable —*not quite* unaccountable—hold on the popular mind secured by others, greatly their inferiors in every respect *but this.* The power of such men in their preaching deserves more study than it has yet received, though our space forbids our enlarging on it as we wish. But here, in fact, are three distinct, yet harmonious, elements of pulpit power. First, there is the strong influence *on the preacher's mind* of all the considerations which deepen, while preaching, his sense of the weightiness of what he says: giving a vividness to his apprehensions which no logic could create, no rhetoric express. Secondly, there is the *preparation* which the knowledge of the preacher's consistent piety imparts to those who hear him: disarming many of their prejudices, and even prepossessing them in favor of his object. And thirdly, as we understand the matter, there is a *congruity* between the mind of a good man and the mind of THE SPIRIT in the preacher's heart—the same heavenly power which comes into the hearer's heart, making the gospel which is preached, and which he believes, "the *power of* GOD" to his salvation. If we have not expressed ourselves too briefly to be understood, we have here exhibited a threefold manifestation of the LAW OF SYMPATHY—sympathy between the preacher and the truth; *that* is power —sympathy between the preacher and the hearer; that is power—sympathy between the spirit of the preacher and the Spirit of God; that is power.

There is great power in a preacher's fully believing, at the time, everything he says. Very worthy of remark is the power of a believing mind, irrespectively even of the soundness of the belief; but especially when what is so believed is the truth of *God.* We may be permitted to remind some preachers that there are *lines* of study which, by making men familiar with the difficulties into which *every* truth may be pushed, have taken away the sharp, robust belief which is of the highest worth in preaching. We do not regret the habit of investigating every principle, of *privately* exploring the depths of everything relating to the gospel, of grasping the remotest difficulties which the keenest spirit can detect in either the proofs or the doctrines of our faith. Neither do we affirm that preachers are to speak to men as though no such difficulties existed, or as though they knew them not. But there is at the bottom of all these difficulties a *subjective infirmity* not apt to be suspected. We sometimes are pained to witness a hesitancy, a want of speaking out, which makes it quite impossible that a man's preaching should have power. Give us, we say, the preacher who knows what is plain, what is proved, what is vital; who can separate this from things perplexed, doubtful, or comparatively unimportant; and who so heartily believes his own preaching that every one who hears him knows that he believes it for sufficient reasons. This is the power of a believing mind—of a discerning mind—of an honorable mind —of a mind that is, and knows itself to be, and proves itself to be *full of* TRUTH. Our clerical readers need not be told, yet they may seasonably be reminded, how exclusively the Christian religion is an affair of *faith.* The preacher has to do with "things not seen;" with principles that go down into depths which human intelligence has not fathomed; with revealings of the past, the present, and future, which carry him far beyond the range of man's experience; and, if he would speak of these things with power, he must speak of them with full belief. He is, also, to believe the promise that he shall not preach these truths in vain, so long as he preaches them undoubtingly as the truths of God. But to do this is not so easy as might be supposed. To do this, our preacher must be a man of deep thought — consistent and well-balanced thought — thought in the silence of his chamber, in the recesses, as it were, of the temple, under the lights of Calvary and the inspirations of Pentecost, and amid the calm contemplation of "eternal judgment."

Even these grand elements of pulpit power will not be skillfully wielded unless the preacher *knows the minds with which he has to deal*. All power is relative to the object in which the effects aimed at are to be produced. The object on which the preacher works is the human mind. There are universal properties of our moral nature with which all preachers have to do. Those are the greatest preachers who keep these common features of humanity in view, to whatever audience they preach; and hence there are sermons which, ordinarily speaking, produce nearly the same effects at all seasons, in all places. Yet the modifications resulting from time, place, and varieties of age, culture, and employment, are so many and so great, that for a preacher to neglect them would be to deprive himself of more than half his power. We are almost ashamed to have to put into words so simple a truism as—that it is in the *separate* minds of individuals that the preacher's power is felt. If there is no one hearer that feels the power, feels it as though the preacher had been preaching to him alone, then, however large the audience, the preaching has not been "with power." The methods of studying human nature are many, and there are consequently many modes of dealing with that nature; but, as the preacher has to do with men under an aspect peculiar to his vocation, his proper course is to study the whole case in the Bible, in his heart, in the recorded experience of other preachers, and in those facts connected with the ministry which constitute his own. To degrade the pulpit by making it a stage whereon he acts the censor, the satirist, the assailant of men's mistakes and faults, would be to prove himself too weak a man for any public station, and too much wanting in delicacy, dignity, and benevolence, to be a preacher of the gospel. But there is a happy art learned by the love of truth and the love of souls, of making men rebuke their own errors by the truths they are taught, and condemn their own sins by the laws to which they listen. And, remembering the sad variety of sorrow that lies in the midst of every congregation, the good preacher would grieve to send one stricken heart away without the comfort for which so many look to him as the minister of that Saviour who binds up the broken spirit, dries the mourner's tears, and bids the contrite go in peace. This pulpit power is one which wounds, but wounds that it may heal; makes men tremble that they may come to the cross for safety, and find their resting-place in the bosom of God.

Not a little of the power of the pulpit resides in the preacher's *Christian manliness and moral intrepidity*. To no human agent is the dignity of the conscience of more value than to him. Since his work consists, mainly, in dealing with the consciences of his hearers, his own conscience should often suggest what to say: his conscience is to act, by moral sympathy, on theirs. Many of his sayings, whether in the desk or privately, are likely to fall *obliquely*—as from an angle or by a side-light—on some of the unexplained associations of thought, by which the secrets of the soul are laid bare to itself; yet as he aims in his preaching to rouse the conscience that sleeps, to guide it when perplexed, and to soothe it when in trouble, it becomes to him of infinite moment that his ability to do this should be fresh and healthy. So it will be as long as he holds fast his integrity, wisely cultivating his love of what is right because it *is* right; maintaining the undisputed authority of God within his own breast; never slighting his own convictions; and, as one going calmly to that tribunal where Supreme Righteousness presides, exercising himself to have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man. Let him be only sure that the verdict of his judgment in moral questions is the judgment of God, and let him unswervingly act on that judgment—no fear will make him falter in his speech or shrink from duty, though his earthly all may seem to be cast upon the hazard. How much of *this* power there was in the preaching of Jesus! He was an INCARNATE CONSCIENCE: his thoughts, words, life, death, were the perfection of the moral sublime. He "loved righteousness, and hated iniquity."

The preacher has to "commend *himself* to every man's conscience in the sight of God, by the manifestation of the truth." This manly intrepidity does not show itself in audacity, arrogance, or recklessness—faults, too often mistaken for it—but in boldly denouncing every form and disguise of sin; clearly expounding truth even when most unwelcome; patiently upholding principles which do not happen to be popular; faithfully inculcating the duties which are most neglected; and doing all this with the modesty of a fallible mortal, with the meekness of wisdom, and with most transparent charity.

It would be a criminal omission to forget that the power of the Christian pulpit is, preëminently, the power of love. We can scarcely recommend the morbid sentiment which is sometimes substituted for the intelligent compassion of the gospel. At the same time, we call to mind the important fact—that men endowed with the largest compass of intellect have exhibited, on proper occasions, the deepest tenderness. The preacher who made a Roman magistrate tremble, and whom the tears of loving friends could not move from his purpose, though he confessed that they *could* "break his heart," was yet as gentle as a mother, pouring forth his manly pathos as he besought sinners to be reconciled to God. There is ample warrant, we think, for yearning importunity, for the vehemence of impassioned affection, in the preaching of the gospel.

Without overlooking the danger, on one side, of too far separating, and, on the other, of seeming to identify, the human and the divine power, the preacher may attain to that enlightened reliance on "the grace of God," which is as remote from fanaticism as it is from presumption. He whose "*word was with power*," had been "anointed by the Holy Ghost." The success of the evangelic mission, in its morning freshness, is unequivocally attributed to the "hand of the Lord" "*with*" the preachers, opening the hearts of their hearers. In proportion as preachers in following times have fully believed *this*, seeking it by prayer, trusting to it while speaking, and gratefully celebrating it as the *efficient* cause of all the good they did, their preaching has been mighty. Never can the modern preacher reason too closely on the utter impotence of his work, as one of moral suasion, addressed to men who have not the living principle of love to God and to truth. Never can he feel too keenly the manifest disproportion of his best doings to the end he has before him. It is not possible that he should be too *consciously* dependent on the Spirit of God; and, for this reason, he cannot pray with too much trustfulness or fervor for that power without which his ablest performances are but as the whispering of a child among the sepulchers of the dead.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

I HAD been traveling all the weary night, aching on my saddle, and longing for repose. It was an October morning, crisped with frost, when I had to ford the Euphrates River, at that time about girth deep. I was strongly imbued with the impression that I was now entering upon the site of the reputed Garden of Eden. The traditionary lore of the Armenians now occupying the district was to this effect: they will have it that Adam was an Armenian, and that he was of their own color, though from whence the black race proceeded they never could make out. The stream was diverted into different channels, from one of which I drank, and would imagine it to be the spot where Father Adam had similarly refreshed himself, nearly six thousand years ago, though he had not the advantage of my drinking cup.

What a wild and desolate aspect did this reputed Eden present to me! the low and swampy soil teeming with rushes. Desolation had swept it with her blasts; the cormorant and the bittern had here their hiding-place; but that sterner savage, man, was the most feared of any animal. Our little caravan was halted, the fire-arms were looked to, our chief, marshaling us in battle array, expecting every moment a surprise.

Some horsemen were seen in the distance; at rapid rate they came down upon us; but, instead of Koords, they were three Armenian bishops, with their attendants, from the little monastery of "Uch Kilesea," which was perched on a rock at the margin of the stream. The church is said to be the most ancient in Christendom, being built more than twelve hundred years ago: the whole is a remarkable-looking fabric, having the appearance of three churches, which its name implies. These worthies of the Armenian Church, instead of sporting cowl and cassock, sported sword and pistol. Seeing travelers in the distance, their hospitality led them to come out to escort us to the refectory, and to warn us of those hidden dangers with which the country teemed. The monastery itself had been formerly converted into a fortress to protect them against the Koords, such was the excess of brigandage even in Eden! The worthy fathers had been often bearded by these Koords in their own entrenchments, and had withstood many a siege of chapel and battery.

The grim outline of the country bespoke sterility and waste in its harshest features; the low boggy soil which we were traversing was sandy, sedgy, and well-stocked with wild boar; it did not suit our day's travel to accept the worthy monks' hospitality, so, with much cordial exchange of greetings, and thanks on our part, they galloped off to a ravine in search of Koords; the bridle rein seemed quite as familiar to them as the crosier, the high-peaked saddle as the pulpit cushion; they seemed to enjoy the sport of Koord-hunting, and, like old accustomed sportsmen, could almost scent their tracks.

Of all my Asiatic travel, which has occupied me so many thousands of hours, I scarcely recollect any place so utterly desolate and wasted as I was now going over, though great interest was attached to it as being reputed Bible ground. Mount Ararat was visible in the distance, towering in the sky with majestic grandeur, and a brilliant sun lit up the mass of snow on its summit, the clouds rolling visibly at the base. It was a glorious sight; and Little Ararat at the side, in mimic pomp, served as a sort of foil to the huge dimensions of one of nature's loftiest summits. An immense plain intervened, on which Noah's descendants might have located; and I could imagine creation, preservation, and all those glorious events to which Scripture testifies, to have taken place there. There is a holy awe inspired on going over the soil which we imagine God to have personally visited, to see the mountain where he had evidently sheltered his chosen Noah from the raging of the mighty floods, and to be on the spot where was first seen his promised token, that he would no more drown the earth in her own waters, and where he had provided a spacious plain for his people to multiply, and from thence accomplish his great purposes of creation.

We are obliged to draw largely upon the imagination to "feather the wings of time" in Asiatic travel, and I was full of dreamy speculations respecting the earthly abode of our first parents, until we arrived at the village of Diaden, which was occupied with Russian troops, the invasion of Turkey by the latter power being then in full force. I went to the citadel to pay my respects to the commandant, (Prince Tehtchiwisouff,) who was very gracious to the weary traveler: he commented immediately on the interest of my morning's ride, by saying, *Vous avez passé par le véritable Paradis;* "You have passed through the true paradise." I bowed my assent to his excellency, hoped it was so, felt rather incredulous, and having obtained permission to continue my journey, (the country being then subject to Russian rule,) I proceeded to a wretched mud-hovel, the best accommodation which we could procure, to cater among the villagers for food, as well as for Paradisiacal information. The Turkish villages are burrowed under ground, and small hillocks appear here and there, with a central hole for the ingress of air and the issue of smoke. To my great consternation and surprise, I once rode over a dwelling in this way, without being aware of it, until my horse's feet became plunged among the rafters, (see *Three Years in Persia*, vol. i.;) and in this instance, we were sadly inconvenienced by the dust, since the roof of the house where we were accommodated was the principal thoroughfare of the village. The rude villagers, ignorant as they were, were yet agreed on the point as to the locality of Eden—that the ground which I had come over was the site of the garden of our first parents; it was beyond all controversy with them, and I query if they had ever heard of any other. They are a remarkably ignorant race, having never learned letters: but few can read beyond the priests, for whom they have great veneration: their government is ecclesiastical, the chief patriarch residing at Etch Meizen on the other side the mountain: they spoke of the "Frat," or, as some call it, the "Hu Phrat," that ancient river Euphrates. This and Ararat are two undisputed points with all geographers, however much they may otherwise differ.

I had crossed it at different places: this river has its principal sources in the Mountains of Armenia, one of which is about twelve miles from Erzroom, the other is near Byazid: these two streams, pursuing a westerly direction, are near Mount Taurus turned into a south-east course by a range of mountains in that neighborhood; it is then joined by the Tigris, and these, when united, form one of the noblest rivers in the East, which falls into the Gulf of Persia, fifty miles south-east of Bussorah, the whole course being about one thousand six hundred miles. The Araxes, said to be the Gihon of Moses, takes its rise in a mountain called *Abbas:* it runs south-east across Armenia and a part of Persia, in a serpentine course of upward of five hundred miles, ultimately discharging itself into the Caspian Lake. This is a very rapid stream, and when swollen with the winter snows, nothing can withstand its violence. The Tigris is said to be the Hiddekel of Moses, and the other branch of the Euphrates to be the Pison of Moses; the latter flows into the Persian Gulf.

Having thus ascertained, from the best authorities which I can find, what are the four rivers mentioned by Moses, I will now briefly state what these authorities say as to the locality of the Garden of Eden.

Several of the fathers believed that there never was a local paradise, and that all which the Scriptures say of it must be taken in an allegorical sense; and so preposterous have been the speculations respecting it, that some have planted it in the third heaven, within the orb of the moon, and under the equator. I will not recapitulate the absurdities, or rather the ribaldry, of the Mohammedan superstitions on the subject; they merely testify to the concurrent belief that there *was* a terrestrial paradise somewhere on the earth. To show the wide latitude entertained by some writers, Josephus supposed that the Ganges and the Nile were two of the rivers mentioned by Moses; other commentators have looked for it in Arabia, Syria, Chaldea, Palestine, and Armenia, near the cities of Damascus and Tripoli, and some have been so absurd as to suppose that it was on the spot now occupied by the Caspian Lake.

There are many places in the world which bear the name of Eden; there is one near Damascus, another near Thessaly in Chaldea, and again near Tripoli, in Syria; and Aden, on the coast of Yemen, is construed into Eden; but this is straining a construction too far to meet any reasonable credence.

Opposed to all those chimerical absurdities, I will now state what appears to me the most reasonable conclusion as to the site of the Garden of Eden, and it agrees with the locality which I have traversed. A very eminent writer says, "Eden is as evidently a real country as Ararat, where the ark rested, and Shinaar, where the sons of Noah removed after the flood. We find it mentioned in Scripture as often as the other two, and there is the more reason to believe it, because the scenes of these three remarkable events are laid in the neighborhood of one another in the Mosaical history; but the Jews, from their distractions, losing all remembrance of these localities, hence the Christian inquirers have lost their way for want of guides." Calmet, and some other ingenious writers, were of the same opinion, viz., that the terrestrial paradise was in Armenia, near Mount Ararat, where Noah's ark was left; they imagined that they there discovered the sources of the four rivers which watered the Garden of Eden. I can only say, that, with the exception of the Euphrates, they had dried up, or had disappeared, when I went over the ground, since I was many days near and under Ararat; the mountain was so huge, that, after traveling a whole day from it, it scarcely seemed to lose its dimensions.

Of this mountain, I learn from the same authority, "the situation of Ararat is very convenient for the journey of the sons of Noah from thence to Shinaar, the distance not being very great and the descent easy. We discover plainly, through the Mosaic history, a neighborhood between the land of Eden, where man was created; that of Ararat, where the remains of mankind were saved; and that of Shinaar, where they fixed the center of their habitation."

I am the more confirmed in my opinion as to this locality of the Garden of Eden the farther I extend my researches; and, when I beheld this towering pillar, Ararat, standing on the frontiers of three mighty empires, Russia, Turkey, and Persia—this "mountain of the deluge," sixteen thousand feet high—it was a most imposing monument of nature. Tradition sublimes it, and Bible associations give it a grandeur scarcely to be exceeded by any in the world; at the north, south, and east, it stands completely alone, in the west it is connected with the Adraigag chain, which stretches down to the Araxes. The village of Argicire, which once stood in a ravine of Ararat, two thousand five hundred feet high, was, according to tradition, the oldest village in the world: here the vine was first planted by Noah, but it no longer exists. On the 20th of June, 1840, after a hot and sultry day, at about dusk, the ground clave asunder, yielding up smoke and steam, the earth heaved, the mountains were rent, and hurling down immense masses of rock upon the village, the whole was buried! and, of nearly a thousand inhabitants, mostly Armenians, only about a hundred and forty escaped in consequence of their absence. The next day Noah's mountain was as silent as the morning after the deluge; it may be truly said that "Ararat is not dead, but sleepeth."

Mr. Mylne says, that "in all ages learned men have labored to find out the situation of paradise, which seems to be but a vague and uncertain inquiry; for the Mosaic description of it will not suit any place on the present globe. He mentions two rivers in its vicinity, Pison and Gihon, of which no present traces can be found; the other two still remain—Hiddekel, supposed to be the Tigris, and the Euphrates, whose streams unite together at a considerable distance above the Persian Gulf, in some part of which it is probable the happy garden lay; but since the formation of the earth, it has undergone great changes from earthquakes, inundations, and many other causes."

Where did Moses write his history? becomes a question. Some say that it was at Nineveh, others in the wilderness of Sinai, and, again, that it was written in Arabia Petræa, in some place nearly adjoining the river Pison, which bounds Havilah, and discharges itself in the Persian Gulf, this river being the nearest to him of the four which he named in the book of Genesis: the etymology of the word from "Poscha," to spread itself, corresponds to its situation, the waters of which are sometimes so high and violent that no sufficient defense can be formed against their irruption.

Havilah was at the eastern extremity of this part of Arabia; the land abounded with gold, bdellium, the onyx, &c. Writers have differed respecting the meaning of the term *bdellium* or *bedolach*, some supposing it to have been pearls, and others that it was *gum*. Moses takes his wife, Zipporah, from this country; and here his first son, *Gershom*, was born; and here he takes leave of Jethro, his father-in-law, to visit his brethren in Egypt.

It has been argued that Moses, by saying that the Garden was planted "eastward in Eden," designed to mark the particular spot where it was situated, which must have been at one of the turnings of the river, which goes from east to west, and which here branches into two streams, the Pison and the Euphrates; and, subsequently passing out of Eden, are divided into four heads. This hypothesis, which was first started by Calvin, is followed by many other writers. After all these speculations on the subject, the Mosaic description does not agree with the present state of things, for there is no common stream of which the four rivers are properly branches: some say that Moses had a very imperfect knowledge of the world of which he wrote: (how can this apply to the inspired word?) others speculate on the changes which the flood had produced: scarcely any two authorities do I find to agree, and the more I grope my way to the real Eden, the more difficult and intricate does it seem to be.

I will now trace a little further how these intricacies arise. Pastellus will have it that paradise was under the North Pole; others contend that it was not limited to any particular place, but that it included the face of the whole earth, which was then one continued scene of pleasure, until altered by Adam's transgression. Both Origen and Philo treat the Scripture account of paradise as an allegory; Huet Bochart, and others, place it beyond the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates, with both of which the Garden of Eden was watered. Pison was a branch arising out of one of them, and Gihon was another branch flowing from it on the side of Armenia. Huet thinks that it was situated in a valley between the Mountains of Libanus and Anri-libanus, in that part of Syria of which Damascus was the capital. A town called Paradise was in this vicinity, which is mentioned by both Pliny and Ptolemy; there is a village called Eden in Tripoli, situated on Mount Libanus, near to the river Adonia and to the cedars of Libanus. Maundrell mentions this village as being in the vicinity of the terrestrial paradise, but this seems to bear no analogy whatever to the description given by Moses; the term Eden is often used in Scripture, (see Amos i and v, and other prophets.)

Having wandered about in the mazes of speculation to find the terrestrial paradise, I will now cursorily dwell on the etymology of the word "paradise," which was primarily used to indicate the place in which Adam was seated during his innocence: the Greek word implies "orchard," or a place stored with apples and all sorts of fruits; it may be also called the "Garden of Delight," from the same language, "voluptas," or pleasure: it is likewise used in the New Testament for the final habitation of the blessed, or "heaven." The word "Eden," according to its primary meaning in the Hebrew language, likewise means "pleasure," or "delight;" and it has been imagined that this gave rise to those curious gardens in the East, which princes caused to be made to represent the most delightful spots; even going back to Nimrod's time, he insisted that the Tower of Belus, erected by Nebuchadnezzar, was in structure and in size a typical paradise, with its appurtenances of hanging gardens and quadruple water-courses, representing the four rivers which went round the garden planted eastward in Eden. These gardens are celebrated in Persia, and I have visited several of these delightful inclosures: the name "Baguy Seffre," the literal translation of which is "Garden of Delight," (see *Three Years in Persia*, vol i, p. 76,) the Elysian Fields, the Gardens of the Hesperides, of Jupiter, and of Alcinoüs and Adonis, are supposed to have their origin from the Garden of Eden. Other curious speculations have arisen out of it, as to how far the ground of Eden was bituminous, since they say that a large portion of it to the eastward was on fire during the awful expulsion of Adam. God's judgments being executed by his angels, who are sometimes compared to flames of fire, it is supposed that the flaming sword was nothing more than the ground being ignited, and that at a distance it appeared like a brandished sword, turning every way with the wind. Others imagine the sword to have been no more than the torrid zone, or a region of flame inconceivably hot, like a furnace, and consequently impassable —its encompassing the whole earth sufficiently answering the Mosaic description that it turned every way.

What became of our first parents, after their expulsion from paradise, I cannot find out; it is presumed that they did not remove far off; the corpse of Adam was said to have been carried by Noah into the ark, and to have been afterward buried by him, and I visited the reputed tomb of Noah's wife at Marand, a village about a hundred miles from Ararat. The period of their remaining in paradise is very vaguely given; the sixth day, when God terminated his great work of creation, is mentioned as the day of transgression, but some think that a day and a year had at that time the same meaning. The juice of the forbidden fruit is said to have opened the eyes of the criminals by that awful mystery of sin! They felt the full degradation of their nature—they fell from innocence to shame—they shuddered at the presence of their Maker; the ground was cursed for their sake, as was all their posterity, and I feel in every pore of me that legacy of the divine vengeance which can only be cleansed by that precious blood "which cleanseth from all sin." The awful realities of the curse were before me of this reputed Garden of Eden: "Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth:" a few wretched huts were occupied by the most degraded species of the wild Koords; these were notorious brigands. Nothing remained of that once blissful garden of

——————"Groves
Whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm."

Where was the place

———"Chosen by the sov'ran-Planter
When he formed all things to man's delightful use?"

And where was Eve's bower? Echo answers, Where!

The Scottish Prefix.—Ben signifies a hill or mountain. Ben Lomond signifies a bare, green hill. According to others it is a contraction for Ben-loch-lomin, i. e., the hill of the lake full of islands. Benmore is the great or big mountain; Ben Nevis, the snowy mountain; Ben Venue, the small mountain; Beindeirg, the red mountain; Bencleughs, the rocky mountain.

THE POLICE FISH OF THE OCEAN.

THE shipworm, or teredo, says a writer in one of our quarterly reviews, is a bivalve shellfish, which, as if in revenge for the unceasing war waged by mankind against its near relative the oyster, seems to have resolved to extinguish the vitality of as many human beings as lies within its power. That power, though exercised by an insignificant shellfish, is a prodigious one; for ever since mankind turned attention to nautical affairs and went to sea in ships, the teredo has unceasingly endeavored, unfortunately with too much success, to sink their marine conveyances. Nor have vessels alone been the objects of its attacks; for many a goodly landing-pier has it riddled into shreds, not to speak of bolder attempts, such as the endeavor to swamp Holland by destroying the piles of her embankments. The ship-worm is the only mollusc that has ever succeeded in frightening politicians, and more than once it has alarmed them effectually. A century and a quarter ago, indeed, all Europe believed that the United Provinces were doomed to destruction, and that the teredo was sent by God to pull down the growing arrogance of the Hollanders. In England, although we undergo no danger of being suddenly submerged, as our Dutch neighbors might be, we have suffered seriously in our dockyards and harbors by the operations of the ship-worm, to which the soundest and hardest oak offers no impediment. As a defense against it, the under-water portion of woodwork in dockyards has been studded with broad-headed iron nails. Like most molluscs, the teredo, though fixed when adult, is free in its young state, and consequently is enabled to migrate and attach itself wherever mischief can be done by it. Thus ships at sea are attacked, and no wood has yet been found capable of defying its efforts. Even teak and sissor woods, hard as they are, dissolve before it; and though the chemical process of kyanizing timber successfully defeats the ravages of time, it fails before the voracity of the teredo.

By a remarkable instinct, the shipworm tunnels in the direction of the grain of the wood, whatever be its position, and thus succeeds in its purpose with destructive rapidity. The tube with which it lines its bore is sometimes nearly two feet in length; it is not always straight, for if the creature meets an impediment sufficiently hard to defy its power, it takes a circuitous course, and thus gets round the obstacle. In like manner, it avoids any interference with its fellow-shipworms, winding round them in such a way, that at length a piece of wood attacked by many teredos becomes transformed into a knot of calcareous tubes. The tube is not the true shell of this dreaded mollusc. That body is to be sought for at its innermost extremity. It consists of two very small curved valves, united at their beaks, and beautifully sculptured on their surfaces. The pipe or tube is a lime-walled shaft, intended to keep up a communication between the animal and the watery element necessary for its existence, and to protect the soft body and long fleshy siphons of the creature. How the cavity in which it lives is excavated, is still a matter of discussion among naturalists.

There are many shellfish endowed with the instinct to burrow into wood or clay, or even hard stone; and it is not yet certain whether they do so by mechanical or chemical agencies, or by a combination of the actions of an auger and a solvent. Many sea-snails as well as bivalve shellfish have the power to perforate solid substances; and some of the predaceous kind exercise this faculty to the detriment of their brother shellfish, by boring through their outer coverings, and extracting the juice of their bodies, by means of long, soft, extensile trunks. There is reason to believe that this operation is effected by the aid of the silicious teeth which stud their long, ribbon-shaped tongues. These microscope teeth are beautiful objects, exhibiting regular and constant shapes; so constant indeed, that by mere inspection of a fragment of the tongue of a sea or land snail, the naturalist can pronounce to a certainty upon the affinities of the creature to which it belonged. Even its particular genus may be verified; and in a few years (for this kind of research is as yet novel and only commenced) probably its very species may be thus determined. These teeth are arranged in transverse rows upon the tongue. From an ordinary individual of the common limpet, a tongue two inches in length may be extracted armed with no fewer than one hundred and fifty or more bands of denticles, twelve in each row; so that in all it may possess nearly two thousand teeth. The limpet uses this elaborate organ as a rasp with which to reduce to small particles the substance of the seaweed on which it feeds. In some of our common garden-slugs, as many as twenty thousand teeth may be counted. Wonderful indeed is this complication of minute organisms!

Throughout nature apparent evils are compensated by unnoticed benefits. Destructive as the shipworm unquestionably is, nevertheless we could ill dispense with its services. Though a devastator of ships and piers, it is also a protector of both; for were the fragments of wreck and masses of stray timber that would choke harbors and clog the waves permitted to remain undestroyed, the loss of life and injuries to property that would result, would soon far exceed all the damages done, and dangers caused by the teredo. This active shellfish is one of the police of the ocean; a scavenger and cleaner of the sea. It attacks every stray mass of floating or sunken timber with which it comes in contact, and soon reduces it to harmlessness and dust. For one ship sunk by it, one hundred are really saved; and while we deprecate the mischief and distress of which it has been the unconscious cause, we are bound to acknowledge that, without its operations, there would be infinitely more treasure buried in the abysses of the deep, and venturous mariners doomed to watery graves.

[For the National Magazine.]

TEMPLES TO THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

IN each provincial capital a temple is erected for the exclusive worship of the Chinese emperor. The emperor's temple at Fuh-Chau stands within the walls, and near to the west gate. In general form and appearance it is much like an idol-temple, though less magnificent. It is about one hundred and twenty-feet broad in front, and not far from six hundred feet deep, while some parts are even wider. It consists principally of three courts, divided from each other by large buildings, through the center of which the gateways pass. The principal building, where the emperor's tablet is placed, is in the rear of the third court, and is inclosed in front, while the front and rear of the buildings, dividing the other courts from each other, are open, and the ranges of doors separating the courts are under the center of the buildings surmounting them. On the right and left of each court is a long corridor, supported by numerous pillars, with a roof sloping from the wall toward the center of the court.

The entrance to the first court is by two gateways, one on the right and the other on the left; the intervening space is occupied by a strong wall, on which both within and without are painted enormous griffins, the emblems of authority in China. The same, of different sizes, are painted in front of all mandarins' establishments. On both sides of the exterior front are painted lions to guard the gateway. The gates are covered by narrow roofs. The first court is about one hundred and twenty feet wide by two hundred feet deep. At the farther end of this court stand two tablets of granite, about three feet wide and ten feet high, on each of which is inscribed in Chinese characters, and also in the Tartar language, "Civil and military officers arriving here dismount from their horses."

Three pairs of huge folding doors separate the first from the second court. The second court is about two hundred feet wide by one hundred and twenty feet deep. Near the front is a square arch, or triumphal gateway, over which, on the front side, is an inscription in Chinese characters, signifying "Majestic clouds near the sun." Inscribed over the rear of this triumphal arch is the following, "Near to the Willow Palace," i. e., near the Imperial Palace. In the rear of this court stand two granite lions, on pedestals about four feet high, and three feet wide, by seven feet long. The lions are couchant, and their heads are raised about six feet above the pedestal. These lions, though well made, are not as large or handsome as are found in front of the viceroy's palace, though they are but little inferior. On the large building, in the rear of the second court, are painted elephants with forked tusks. They are by no means as large as elephants usually exhibited in America. The ears are painted in the form of a grape-leaf. The building between the second and third courts has wings; that on the left hand, as one faces the outer court, being designed for the entertainment of civil officers, who remain there till all who are to worship have assembled. The other wing is for the accommodation of military officers. Several banian-trees, in the first and second courts, afford a pleasing shade. The inner court is about one hundred and twenty feet broad and one hundred feet deep. An elevated inner inclosure is directly in front of the temple itself.

The temple proper is about one hundred feet broad by sixty feet deep, with a broad verandah in front. The entrance is by twenty doors, each about two feet wide and fifteen feet high. This gives a very large open space, while ten feet on either side are inclosed by windows. The windows and doors are all filled with translucent oyster-shell, and the building is painted without and within with blue, white, and yellow, rather prettily intermingled. No light is admitted from the other three sides of the building. The imperial throne stands in the center of the rear part of the building. It is simply a platform, about four or five feet high and ten feet square, built of stone and brick, with carved corners and facings, surmounted by a two-storied pavilion supported on eight small pillars. Gilded dragons are entwined around some of the pillars. The emperor's tablet, which represents his imperial majesty, is about ten inches broad and three feet high, with a gilded border and top, ornamented with dragons. On this tablet is an inscription, which signifies, "Let the emperor live myriads of years—myriads of myriads of years." In front of the throne stands a table about ten feet long and two feet wide, where are placed two flower-vases, two candlesticks, and one incense-dish, just such as are used in idol-temples. The place is little frequented, as none but officers have anything to do with worshiping there; and with characteristic meanness the entire place is much inferior to the establishments of the high officers.

The courts of the temple are paved with slabs of granite. The outer buildings are floored with cement, while the inner temple has a floor of brick, each about fourteen inches square. It is difficult to understand the real nature and design of the worship performed in this temple, which is consecrated to the emperor, who for the time sits upon the dragon-throne. On new-year's day of each year, on the birth-days of the emperor and empress, or queen-dowager, high officers at Peking e expected to repair to the emperor's lace, and present their salutations, and their homage to their imperial master. High officers in the provinces, who are entitled to correspond with the emperor, send their salutations and congratulations in writing, to be presented to the emperor on those days, and as they cannot pay their obeisance to his majesty in person, they are required to repair to the emperor's temple in their own provincial capitals, and perform the same prostrations and ceremonies before the emperor's tablet, that officers at Peking perform in the imperial presence. The incense, candles, and vases of flowers, placed before the throne, are designed to make the place appear agreeable and dignified. Incense is used in the same manner in the emperor's presence. High officers even have incense and perfume burnt before them when they are carried through the streets. The design appears to be to remove disagreeable odors. It is similar, however, to the worship paid to the gods in China. The Chinese classics have the maxim, "Worship the gods as though they were present," and the same maxim appears to govern the worship of the emperor. Incense, candles, genuflexions, and prostrations, at a place appointed by the emperor, manifest loyalty as well as though performed in his immediate presence.

On those days when the emperor is to be worshiped as above mentioned, all the officers in the provincial city, civil and military, assemble at day-break in the second court of the emperor's temple; those arriving first, waiting in the proper apartments till all assemble. The temple is opened and illuminated with lanterns, under the direction of the district magistrates. When the incense and candles are lighted, and all things are ready, the officers, arranged according to their rank, enter the inner court; those of the highest rank ascend the steps in front of the inner temple, while the inferior mandarins form a long retinue in the rear. Not even the highest officers approach so near the symbol of majesty as to enter the temple itself, but stand on the elevated place in front. At a given signal from the master of ceremonies, all the officers kneel, and, prostrating themselves, knock the head upon the ground three times. Then they arise and immediately kneel again, and repeat the knockings. This is done thrice, i. e., they kneel three times, and knock the head upon the ground three times at each kneeling, making nine times in all. When this is duly accomplished, they arise and step backward three steps, then face about and retire. When they reach the outer court, they enter their sedans or mount their horses, and return home. Such is described to be the worship offered to the Emperor of China, in each of the eighteen provincial capitals. Can Christianity tolerate such worship? If not, no Chinese officer can hope to retain his place if he espouses Christianity.

FUH-CHAU, CHINA.

MADEMOISELLE LE NORMAND,

THE FORTUNE-TELLER OF PARIS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in whom sound common-sense seems to have been mixed up with imaginative genius more largely and equally than in any other great man save Shakspeare, has given us in his novels, here and there, bits of practical wisdom which the world would do well to take seriously to heart. For example, when Lovel, in the "Antiquary," fancies himself to have had a dream of a supernatural description, and one in no other way explicable, Jonathan Oldbuck interprets the occurrence to him in the simplest manner, remarking, at the same time, "It is thus that we silly mortals deceive ourselves, and look out of doors for motives which originate in our own willful will." Mr. Oldbuck adds, in reference to the conclusions which Lovel drew from his supposed nocturnal revelation, "As for the waking wisdom which seized on so frivolous a circumstance as an apology for persevering in some course which it could find no better reason to justify, it is exactly one of those juggling tricks which the sagest of us play off now and then, to gratify our inclination at the expense of our understanding."

The *rationale* of nearly all the delusions which the human mind plays off upon itself could not be stated in words more briefly, simply, and effectively. The observation of Sir Walter applies, not merely in the case of common sleep and dreaming, but also to phenomena of all kinds supposed to be connected with extra-natural or extra-sensuous agency. Still, and ever, are the words of Sir Walter true and just. "We silly mortals look out of doors for what originates in our own willful wills." Applied either to the Delphic divination of old, or to that divination of another sort which is now the rage, the same maxim gives the key to every seeming mystery. Augurers and wizards, sibyls and pythonesses, have always been well aware that their success rests on the utterance of things of doubtful import, leaving it to the foolish heads or willful wills of silly mortals to work out a fulfillment in each case, and recognize a prophecy. *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse*, (You, Æacidas, I say the Romans shall overcome,) is the grand model for soothsayers, when called upon to enunciate any prediction in positive words. Whether Æacidas beat the Romans, or the Romans beat Æacidas, the prophecy here quoted, it is almost needless to say, could not have been erroneous.

Working upon the strong and settled tendency of human beings thus at once to pry into the future, and to draw auguries regarding it, as said, from their own willful wills, Mademoiselle Marie Anne le Normand made a large fortune, not very long ago, as a *devineresse* (diviner) at Paris. This adventuress was one of the last, and not the least noted, of the public and professional card-readers, or disclosers of the future through cards. She lived to a great age, having begun her career before the first French Revolution, and surviving long enough to witness that of July, 1830.

Mademoiselle le Normand took to her trade early in life. Though little more than a girl, or at least but a young woman, at the date of the first Revolution, she had even acquired note as a *devineresse*, and is said to have been consulted alike by the *noblesse* in their hour of adversity, and by the *parvenues*, who in that same hour rose to notoriety, if not to prosperity. It is authentically told that Robespierre himself came to her in disguise, and trembled like an aspen when she told him not only who he was, but what would be his fate. She would even laugh in after days with malicious glee, as we learn from an account of her now before us, when telling how pale his hideous countenance had turned, as, at each shuffle which he gave to the cards placed in his hands, the *grand pendu* would turn up, promising to him a death of blood and violence. We should here strictly say, a "death by the halter," seeing that the word *pendu* means a person "hanged." The phrase, however, may be taken as indicating generally a public execution of any kind. The *grand pendu* was a card displaying a human figure in the agonies of such an end, and formed one of a pack for the use of those who tried the *grand jeu*, or, in other words, who consulted the pythoness on affairs of life and death. The cards of this set were large, and presented pictures of suicides, duelists, and other fit companions to the *grand pendu*. Cross-bones and skulls constituted the aces, and the hearts and diamonds were simulated by drops of blood. Comparatively few persons dared to test their fate by the *grand jeu;* and for the determination of love-matters, and other such-like concerns, Mademoiselle le Normand had less frightful, though not quite the ordinary, sets of cards. As she allowed her clients, at least ostensibly, to shuffle or cut the *grand jeu* cards with their own hands, she used to allege and boast that she could have no share in the decisions arrived at. "Fate, fate alone," she declared, gave the answers. Fate had fixed what was to befall Robespierre; and he "knew it," said the *devineresse*, "and feared it ever."

We may here remark, without incurring the charge, we hope, of treating such things too seriously, that the dread of a violent end entertained by Robespierre can scarcely be looked on as a very wonderful feeling for one who had subjected so many of his own personal friends to the same doom, and whose existence from day to day, indeed, hung latterly upon the mere chance of getting the first death-stroke at rivals, all equally unscrupulous with himself, and alike ready to send opponents to the guillotine. To prognosticate the *grand pendu* to any mortal whatever, in truth, in the days of the first French Revolution, was but a poor flight of divination, much less to bespeak it for a Robespierre. Supposing him to have been the foreteller of his own destiny, or, at least, the guesser of it from the cards, as Mademoiselle le Normand averred, the matter becomes simpler still. There was no need of the horrid implements of the *grand jeu*. So it is that we silly mortals look out of doors for what passes within our own willful heads.

The reader may imagine, perhaps, that we talk of this too gravely; but, besides that (to quote the author of "The Antiquary" again) the subject of "sympathies d antipathies of the cabala, and all the mpery with which the Rosicrucians cheated a darker age, has, to our disgrace, in some degree revived in our own," Mademoiselle le Normand, the immediate object of our attention, became certainly one of the chief celebrities of Paris in the Napoleonic era, and, as a sibyl, is said even to have directed the fate of nations. It is quite well known that Madame Krudener, a prophetess of much the same caste, but with religious pretensions, actually influenced the Emperor Alexander of Russia seriously in his European movements after the fall of Napoleon. Alexander is also known to have visited and "consulted" Mademoiselle le Normand, while in Paris with the allies. Moreover, if Napoleon himself did not bow before her shrine, the Empress Josephine, at all events, with the whole train of the imperial courtiers, did so most certainly. They, in fact, made the *devineresse* their especial oracle, appealing to her on all emergencies, private and public, amatory and political. So are we told on good authority. Josephine bestowed presents upon her, among others a gold cup of great value, hearing, in return, that she was destined to see her husband fall from his pride of place, and all the fabric of his power sink into the dust. "I prophesied that she would become a queen and more," Mademoiselle le Normand was wont to say; "and, as to her fall, I could warn, but not save her. It has made me laugh to hear people talk of her patience and resignation under all the misery that befell her. Why, she knew it all before. I told her all." So was the sibyl accustomed to speak. Those who remember the incessant anticipations of the same reverses of the imperial fortunes, expressed by the nearest friends, and especially by the immediate family of Napoleon, will not see much of inspired prescience here. Bonaparte himself clearly foresaw the strong likelihood of such an event, and feared it continually; and it may well be said that his case is but another in which the divination tended to bring about its own fulfillment. It led him to strike continual blows at Britain, from which he had most to dread; and he struck, till he exhausted his own strength, and laid himself open to an overthrow. Therefore, in this instance, too, do we find reason to say that our own silly heads make much of our future in this sublunary world! Napoleon, it seems, condescended to find fault with Josephine for her traffickings with the card-drawing pythoness, and is said to have actually forbidden the latter to enter the precincts of his palace, or hold communication with the empress, on pain of imprisonment or exile. But "it was useless," the *devineresse* would say; "I could not let the poor daughter of the isles" (Josephine was born in the West Indies) "rush on her fate without advice and solace." So Mademoiselle le Normand, actuated by these charitable feelings, still saw Josephine in a smuggled way. Her connection with the poor empress, and with those about her, forms a fresh proof of the superficial and tinselly character of the whole imperial court. There was but one reality about it, and that was indeed a stern and dread reality —it was Napoleon himself.

After the restoration of the Bourbons, Mademoiselle le Normand was still patronized by the noble dames of the court, who, terrified by the past, and still feeling for the future, resorted to her counsel whenever new rumors of change awakened their fears; and such rumors then circulated perpetually. The grand question put to her ever was, "Shall we fly or stay?" This was the query, too, which hundreds on hundreds of persons are said to have put to the sibyl during the momentous Three Days of July, 1830. Her doors, it is said, were literally besieged throughout that crisis, the great age (exceeding eighty) which she had now reached having begun to give added weight to her predictions. She told her trembling visitors to be of good cheer, since they would be safe under the rule of Louis Philippe; and she prided herself during her remaining years on this prophecy, alleging that the book of fate had never been so difficult to read. The "struggle between the good and evil principles had been tremendous, and a feather might have turned the scale on either side." While she announced security under Louis Philippe, it is said that she also prognosticated such a change in his fortunes, and in those of France, as has since followed, though she herself lived not to see the issue. She survived the Three Days of 1830, however, for a good many years, and died at the great age of eighty-seven, leaving behind her an immense fortune, acquired wholly by her trade of divination. It went all to a nephew, an officer of the army of Africa. Her prediction of coming reverses in the career of the King of the Barricades, it may be remarked, seems to be about the least marvelous of all her feats of second-sight. The same prophecy might have been made with safety respecting every individual holder of power, (great or small, and for periods long or short,) since the demise of Louis XV. Louis XVIII., indeed, forms so far an exception. He had plenty of troubles in life certainly; but he nevertheless did actually die without losing anew his recovered throne. However, it may well be said here, *Exceptio probat regulam*. And a similar prophecy may assuredly be made with safety regarding the present ruler of France. Louis Napoleon has inflicted reverses on hundreds who had got a taste of power in their day, and hoped for more. The same fate may securely be foretold for himself by Mademoiselle Lacombe, who still flourishes in Paris as "successor to Mademoiselle le Normand." She has advertised herself openly in that character; but whether or not the mantle of the deceased *devineresse* has fallen on Mademoiselle Lacombe, we are unable to say.

Mademoiselle le Normand was singularly mixed up with the case of Alexander Humphrys, *soi-disant* Earl of Stirling. For some twenty years, the personage so styling himself not only paraded his titular claims before the public, but had the audacity to commence civil actions for the recovery of estates in Scotland, once belonging to the Stirling earldom, from their existing possessors, as well as to contest the very rights of the British crown itself, upon similar grounds, to the whole of Nova Scotia! But an attempt to bolster up his pretensions by documentary evidence brought him at last to the bar of the justiciary court on the charge of forgery. His chief document was an old map of Canada, with various letters pasted thereon. And where did Mr. Humphrys procure this map, with its epistles? It came from no less a person than Mademoiselle le Normand, the renowned *tireuse des cartes* (card-drawer) of Paris! Most reluctantly, and bit by bit, was Mr. Humphrys constrained to admit that he knew the fortune-telling dame; that he had known her for years; that he had consulted her "professionally;" that he corresponded with her frequently; and, finally, that he had granted to her an obligation for a large sum, contingent on his acquisition of the Stirling properties. In his possession, indeed, were found many letters from le Normand; and remarkable letters they proved to be. The old map of Canada, the papers pasted on which supplied all defects in the other evidence produced by Mr. Humphrys in favor of his claims, had been found by the *devineresse* (as she averred) on her table, with a note, saying that they came from one whom she had obliged, and who knew her interest in Mr. Humphrys, but who, for certain strong reasons, dared not tell his (or her) name. Notwithstanding a thousand suspicious circumstances, of which not the least suspicious was the character of Mademoiselle herself, the documents on the map were so excellently forged, that detection would have been exceedingly difficult, but for one grand slip on the part of the forgers. The map was one engraved by the famed geographer Delille, and bore date 1707; and the pasted papers were of dates ranging between 1707 and 1720. But it was clearly proved, that, though the map bore date 1707, it was one of an *impression* that could not have been thrown off before 1720, because it called Delille "First Geographer to the King," and his appointment to that post did not take place till 1720. When so appointed, he engraved his new title on the plate of 1707, leaving still, however, the *old date*. This fact laid the imposture bare. When persons write professedly in 1712, and professedly paste such writing or writings in 1712, before witnesses, on a map that could not have existence before 1720, it becomes pretty plain that the whole is a rank forgery. Such was the case here. The jury who tried the case declared the document forged, but pronounced it to be not proven that the prisoner was the forger, or knew them to be forged. The *onus* of the crime then fell on le Normand, and a clever clerk of hers called Triboulet; but, as Humphrys had gone to Paris, and had held nightly meetings with her for months before the map appeared, the public might well have doubts about his share in the business. One thing is clear, that Mademoiselle here failed sadly in her prognostications. She had foretold that her client would certainly succeed in get- [illegible] titles and property. He [illegible] sed getting banishment. [illegible] have been touch- [illegible]

In no civilized land save France, and in no city but Paris, could we at so late a day find card-drawing fortune-tellers, like Mademoiselle le Normand, or her successor, Lacombe, making fortunes openly out of credulous dupes; and, least of all, could we find them anywhere else obtaining clients and patrons among the higher orders, the rich, the noble, and the princely. The very dregs of the British people almost have become emancipated from such superstitious follies. Even Mary, the nurserymaid, would scout the idea of seriously asking the cards about John, the footman; and Betty, the cook, would put but little trust in what they said respecting No. 49, the policeman. Education is gradually extinguishing those obsolete absurdities, and religion is working still more powerfully for the same end. In fact, it is mainly the want of settled religious principles that leads to such errors. The belief in a superintending Providence is incompatible with any trust in the revelations of a pack of cards, where chance or fate is the presumed oracle. However, in place of wasting grave words on so trifling a theme, let us close with a sketch of le Normand in her latter days, as given in a version from the French now before us. It will be seen that she surrounded herself with all the accessories that could heighten the awe of her visitors. In truth, she seems to have been a clever woman. She called herself an "author" and "publisher" on her cards, and had really written some novels of the Radcliffe caste, or rather like those of the Minerva press school.

The writer of the sketch admits that he went to visit and consult the pythoness. It was in a dark court-yard of the Rue de Tournon that "Mademoiselle le Normand held forth her oracle of mystery. There was something mysterious to begin with in the damp walls and the loftiness of the buildings which surrounded the courts, admitting but a far-distant view of the cloudy sky, which reminded one of the ancient astrologers, and of the deep, dark wells of Egypt. The staircase which led to the apartment occupied by the sibyl was but dimly lighted, and the uneven stairs and slimy walls gave ample token of the utter contempt in which the inhabitants of the old mansion were accustomed to view the things of this lower world. Altogether, there was a well-managed silence and desolation about the place, which must have greatly assisted in maintaining the feeling of awe with which, in most cases, the dwelling was approached. The saloon into which I was ushered was one of handsome and lofty dimensions, but of somber and faded aspect, bearing sad evidence of past grandeur in its carved cornices and gilded panels; and I thought, as I gazed upward at the painted Cupids on the ceiling, and the simpering shepherds over each doorway, that perchance they might have smirked through scenes even more strange and startling than those which were each day enacted under the influence of the mysterious being who held sway in the old mansion at that very hour. A deathlike silence pervaded the place. It was too far from the street for the sounds connected with the labors of the day to be heard within. No sound disturbed the stillness, save the ticking of the old timepiece upon the chimney — that heavy, measured sound, which seems to increase rather than dispel the silence."

The visitor is finally admitted to the *sanctum sanctorum*, (or rather *sanctarum*, though the phraseology is scarcely very appropriate in any shape.) "It was almost dark, and the last few straggling rays of daylight which penetrated the little chamber where she held her vigils, were assisted by the light of a lamp placed upon the table and shaded by a green hood, a combination which, to my mind, invariably produces one of the most melancholy atmospheres that can well be imagined. Before this table, in a high-backed leathern chair, tall, straight, and narrow, full of brass nails, too, like an upright coffin, sat the sorceress. I was awe-struck, and paused to gaze upon her, ere I ventured to approach. She was, with astute knowledge of the part she had to play, seated in deep shadow, while the full light of the lamp was turned in the opposite direction, where stood the chair ready to receive the pale, eager consultant. This circumstance, and the somber hue of her attire, certainly did contribute to throw a degree of mystery over her whole person, and it was some time before my eye, getting accustomed to the dim atmosphere, could succeed in tracing her outline with distinctness. I was surprised to find, in the powerful and dreaded adept, a person of short stature and of immense bulk, doubtless the consequence of her sedentary life; and yet, in spite of this, at the ve[illegible] grave with it was easy to perceive that sh[illegible] it that I a person of ordinary or vulgar[illegible] down Her face was round and fat, yet f[illegible]er's meaning; and there was a cunning re[illegible]e lessness in her bright blue eye, which seeming never to fix on any point, yet lost no one peculiarity of the 'consultant;' turning the blush of timidity, the stern gaze of defiance, or the smile of incredulity, equally to her own profit ere the divination began; and who, knowing well how very far events are ruled by temper and disposition, drew her own inferences therefrom, and foretold such wondrous possibilities, that timidity would listen all aghast, and incredulity disbelieve no longer. On the table at which she sat were spread in awful mystery the *grand jeu!* Several worn and tattered volumes, looking dim and cabalistic enough, were scattered here and there; and from a red morocco case beamed and smiled, in matchless beauty, the miniature portrait of the Empress Josephine, the gift of the imperial lady herself. A chased gold cup, given by the same royal hand, stood near, destined to receive the gold pieces left there by her visitors as the price of the fortune which she had awarded them. It was, to be sure, late in the day, but I could not help feeling a kind of pity for human nature to see that it was filled to the very brim, while one end of the table was completely covered by the piles of silver crowns displayed in long rows—rather ostentatiously, methought. A large black cat was seated on the elbow of the chair, with blinking eyes and purring murmur; but, to do the lady justice, this was (saving the cards) the only token of witchcraft I could see around. I had come to seek Mademoiselle le Normand with the full determination of enabling myself to ascertain in a satisfactory manner whether she really placed reliance on her own skill, or whether it was entirely in the dupery of others that she confided; but while these thoughts, as yet but half-formed, were passing through my mind, she had already shuffled the cards and placed them before me, and begged me, in a quick, sharp tone, to cut them with the left hand. She then again shuffled them, and while they passed rapidly through her fingers—for long habit had given her an agility I had never seen rivaled by the most keen card-playing old dowagers—she asked me the usual ques-

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it was a cunning web, woven by no unskillful brain, no hesitating tongue—the usual checkered ways of light and shadow. Much has already come to pass."

We shall not trouble the reader with any more about Mademoiselle le Normand. He has now got a tolerably full sketch of this famous *devineresse*, whose boast it was that emperors and empresses, kings, queens, and high-born nobles, had stood trembling before her, and had listened with believing awe to her Delphic revelations. She ever professed to place implicit faith in her own power of reading the decrees of fate, and may really, as Scott describes Meg Merrilies to have done, have come in the end to impose upon herself; but the contrary is more probable. The writer quoted spoke to her of the *grand jeu*, the cards for which "were ragged and worn by frequent use, until some of the figures were well-nigh obliterated. She told me—with much mildness, and with a degree of conviction which, if not real, was certainly admirably counterfeited—that this was the pack from which was drawn the measure of men's lives; but added, it was a fearful search—that she never pressed it, but the 'consultants' were ever eager to solve that one dread problem, either for themselves or for others near and dear. She said she advised me not to try; they had already been shaken but a short time since, and told me that the extra charge was fifty francs."

Yes! the "francs" were the true *grand jeu* to Mademoiselle le Normand. If we visit Paris soon, we shall certainly call on her successor, Mademoiselle Lacombe; and one of our foremost queries shall be, "What is to become of the nephew of his uncle?" This query we shall put, be-
se, if ever the destiny of a man hung
e scales, it is the destiny of Louis
n Bonaparte.

[For the National Magazine.]

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

ANOTHER LEAF FROM MY LIFE.

SIX years had passed since Nettie died, and I was ten years old. Two graves were in the garden, and in the new one lay my mother. How well I remember with what a feeling of loneliness I turned away from the spot while the earth was being thrown into this new addition to our garden graveyard.

When she first became sick I was away at school. They sent for me, and I arrived just in time to see her die. When I went into the room where she was, she raised herself in bed, and put her arms about me. Gradually her embrace became relaxed, and some one whispered in my ear, "Come away, Nat." I disengaged myself from her arms, and as I did so, she sank slowly back upon the pillows. I heard my father sob, and then there ensued a painful stillness. I looked into my mother's face, and I saw that her eyes were glassy, and a tear rested upon each cheek. She was dead.

That night I slept in the room that used to be Nettie's and mine. How changed it was in appearance. It looked as though no one had slept there for years. The same beds were there, the same chairs and carpet, and the same little table where the flower-vase used to stand; but the beds looked as though they were not to be slept upon, and the chairs seemed to stand so stiff and formally, that I would rather have put myself to any inconvenience than have moved one of them out of its place. I was half afraid of—I knew not what; and felt really glad when I was once covered head and ears in one of the dreary-looking beds. The moon shone in at the window, and silvered the tops of the cedar-trees outside. I soon fell asleep.

Out on the bluff there was an old, rough seat—a plank between two of the cedar-trees. While Nettie lived, mother used to take us out there in the evenings, and I remember how we all admired the long line of shimmering moonlight upon the river, and mother told us that some one had called it "the angels' pathway." I did not exactly understand what was meant by heaven and angels then; but when I had become a little older I did, and I thought that the man who called that moonlight on the water "the angels' pathway," must have been a boy once, and have had a sister like Nettie, and a mother like mine.

When, on the night after my mother's death, I had fallen asleep, I dreamed that I was sitting upon the old bench under the cedar-trees; but Nettie and mother were not with me. The moon was shining, and "the angels' pathway" was glistening upon the bosom of the river for miles in length. I thought that I was thinking of the evenings which Nettie, and mother, and I, spent there years ago. It seemed a great many years ago. I could just remember it. And then I wondered if mother and Nettie were together, and if they saw me sitting there alone. I was sure that they had become angels—might they not walk upon that golden pathway? I 'll wait and see, thought I in my dream. I did wait; and I gazed more steadily along the line of light. Presently I saw figures moving a long way off upon the water, and they seemed to come toward me. They glided along, not as though they walked, but as though they flew. Nearer and nearer they came, and I recognized them. They were Nettie and my mother. They held out their arms to me; I sprang to meet them—I awoke. The moon had gone down, and all was dark. A wind had sprung up, and the old cedars were moaning a mournful song. It seemed a funeral song. I fell asleep again, and slept until the bright sun was shining in at the window around me. The next afternoon they buried my mother in the garden beside Nettie.

That evening, when it began to grow dark, and when nearly all the strange people had left the house, I went out and sat upon the porch. I watched the stars as they came out one by one, and the moon as it rose up from behind the trees. And then I looked down into the garden, and there I could see Nettie's tombstone. I could not see the small white hand that was carved upon it, but I knew that it was there, and that it was pointing upward still—upward still!

Poor Nettie! while I remained at home nearly all my thoughts were of her. There was so much to remind me of her! If I went up stairs to my room, there everything was almost as it was when *we* occupied it. If I went out upon the bluff, I remembered how *we* used to sit there—Nettie telling me pleasant childhood stories, and I listening to her. If I went into the garden, there was her grave with the same violets growing upon it that I had planted there. If I clambered down the path among the rocks to the river's edge, I passed half-a-dozen nooks where *we* once stored pebbles and shells. One of these nooks Nettie used to call "our house." It was a large rugged cleft in the solid rock. She took great pains to make it pretty. She swept it, and planted moss in the cracks of the rock, where it took root and grew. And what a treasure of curiously-shaped pebbles and variegated shells were piled up in the corners and arranged upon the ledges. But now, it was dusty and dirty. Weeds and bushes were growing where formerly dainty rock-moss grew, and when I entered it a bird flew out. It was a small dark gray bird, and one of the kind which I knew built their nests against the bluffs. I looked up to the rugged Gothic arched ceiling, and there, sure enough, was the gray bird's nest. O, thought I, "our house" has a tender tenant still. If I went around to the north side of the old house, and looked up at the peak of the gable where the bird-box was nailed, I thought the same bluebirds were there that had occupied it half-a-dozen years before. Their songs, it seemed, had become a trifle less sweet than they formerly had been, and I wondered if it was because they were getting old, or because Nettie was not there to hear them. I have always thought that the birds sang infinitely sweeter in my fourth and fifth spring-time than they have ever done since. Why is it? Is it because children love bird-music more than men do? Is it because there is more of nature in a child than in a man? I cannot account for it, but birds and children seem to understand each other.

A week after mother's death, my father told me that I must return to school; so I paid the last tribute of tears to the graves in the garden, once more visited "our house," but went slyly this time, and just peeped in, so that I might not scare its occupant, took another look at the bluebirds, bid a tearful good-by to my father, and started.

I leaned back in the carriage, and cried heartily.

"Come, Natty, cheer up," said the man who was driving, "there 's nothing in the old house now that you need care for."

"I know it," said I, "but there's so many things about it that I do care for."

"Why, lad, I think it's the most out-of-the-way, tumble-down old place I ever saw. I can't see what you can like about it."

"There's the garden, Tom, with mother's and Nettie's graves. They're enough themselves to make me like it. Besides, Tom, it's *home.*"

"It's a very lonely home, Natty."

"It's because it's lonely, that I like it as I do."

We were ascending a hill, from the top of which I knew that I could see the old home for the last time on our journey. We reached the top. I turned, and the tears again filled my eyes as I saw the house with its high-pointed gables standing boldly out from the silvery background formed by the river. As we went on, the hill-top came up like a wall between home and me, and grew higher and higher, until the tallest chimney sunk behind it.

As the sun was setting, we drove up to the little white gate in front of the P—— academy. Mr. B——, the principal, came out in his long gown, and, as he welcomed me back, I thought his pressure of my hand was one of sympathy, and I felt that I feared him less than I had formerly done, but that I respected him more.

Tom and the horse and carriage were now all that was left me of home. I shook Tom's hand, and he said—as every one says to a boy when they leave him at school—"Natty, be a good boy." The horse, I thought, looked a dumb farewell as Tom took the lines and drove toward the village to put up for the night. The very rattle of the carriage over the stones seemed like a sound of home.

Mr. B—— took me by the hand and led me into the house.

He took my cap off my head and laid it gently, I thought, upon the table. There was a band of crape around it. And then Mrs. B—— came in, and, as she stooped down and kissed me, she did so with such an air of kindness, that I really thought her cap was not half so stiff as it used to be, and that the spectacles on her nose gave her a dignified, matronly, instead of an owlish look. I used to think, and so did all the boys, that she looked very much like an owl. Afterward, that kind kiss caused me to stand up in her favor, no matter what the other boys said against her.

As we went into the supper-room, I heard the boys, who were all seated at the table, whisper one to another, "Simpson's mother's dead;" and one big tall boy, who had always been my *beau-ideal,* said, "Poor fellow!" It seemed like true pity, and, coming just at the time it did, I thanked him for it fervently in my heart. After supper I stole out into the play-ground. It was already dark. The stars were out, and the moon was up. I turned my face upward, and the stars seemed to be in the same places above me that they were when I looked at them from the porch at home. I thought it singular then, that, though I had moved a distance of thirty miles, the same stars were above me. My thoughts were drawn up among those stars, and higher still—up to heaven; drawn up in such a way as only a boy's thoughts can be drawn there, without one single doubt to retard them in their flight, or call them back to earth.

A hand was laid upon my shoulder. I turned, and a boy of about my own size and years was standing at my side. He was deformed; but, beneath his protruding breast, beat a kind and gentle heart. He put his hand in mine, and we walked to a favorite bench that stood beneath some trees, and sat down. We put our arms about each other, and, for some moments, neither of us spoke. The longer we sat there the more he seemed like a brother. At length he said,

"Nat, my mother is dead too."

I drew my arm closer about him, and thought that he was still more like a brother, but could not speak.

"And my father, he is dead too," continued he.

"Charley," said I, "I pity you; you need my pity more than I need yours. Was your mother good?"

"I think she was. It is a long while since she died, and I can just remember her. I saw her die, and she was not afraid. That's why I think she was good."

"Did you ever have a sister, Charley?"

"Yes."

"Is she dead?"

"No; she's living, and so good and pretty."

"Ah, my sister's dead."

"Poor Nat, I pity you more than ever. I would rather die myself than have my sister die."

"Charley," said I, "do you ever pray?"

"I used to, long ago."

"So did I. Suppose we commence again."

We knelt down upon the grass beside the bench, and prayed in whispers. They were boyish prayers, but they came from the heart. Our sentences were probably not well-jointed, and the words not elegant; but we meant what we said.

When we looked up, the old teacher was leaning over us, and I saw him brush a tear from his eyes. When he bade us good night at the school-room door, his hands trembled.

THE TWO DUELISTS.

A VERY instructive biography, abounding, amid much valuable matter of a religious nature, in interesting anecdotes of departed men and things, has recently been published. We allude to the life of Robert Haldane, of Airthrey, and James Alexander Haldane, his brother—individuals who are honorably distinguished for their efforts at the beginning of this century to revive evangelical religion when at a very low ebb in Scotland. The work is one of great and permanent interest. From amid many passages we select the following, which describes Mr. James Haldane as a duelist, and shows him afterward, when under the transforming influence of the grace of God, as a reprover of the practice to which through false shame he had himself formerly yielded.

> "The ship was crowded with passengers; among these there was a cavalry officer, who was returning home—a notorious shot, a successful duelist, and much of a bully. It afterward appeared that he had been forced to leave the king's service, in consequence of his quarrelsome temper and aptitude for such brawls. In the course of the voyage he made himself very disagreeable, and was rather an object of dread. On one occasion some high words occurred between him and Mr. James Haldane, arising out of a proposal to make the latter a party to a paltry trick, designed to provoke an irritable invalid as he lay in his cot with his door open, and was, in fact, actually dying. Mr. J. Haldane's indignant refusal issued in this captain's taking an opportunity deliberately and publicly to insult him at the mess-table, when, in return for a somewhat contemptuous retort, the aggressor threw a glass of wine in Mr. Haldane's face. He little knew the spirit which he evoked. To rise from his seat and dash at the head of the assailant a heavy ship's tumbler was the work of an instant. Providentially the missile was pitched too high, pulverized against the beam of the cabin, and descended in a liquid shower upon the offending dragoon. A challenge ensued, and Mr. J. Haldane consulted with a friend as to the propriety of accepting it. That the challenger was under a cloud with his own regiment was certain, although the particulars were unknown, and it was decided that it was optional to accept or decline the cartel. But, as the matter was then doubtful, it was ruled that, in obedience to the code of honor, it was safer to give the captain the benefit of the doubt; and he was himself the more clear on the point, as the reputation of the challenger as a shot might propably be regarded as having influenced a refusal.
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> "The preliminaries being arranged, it was agreed that they should meet at the Cape of Good Hope; but the captain of the ship, suspecting mischief, refused leave to land. The meeting was accordingly postponed till they arrived at St. Helena, when they all went ashore, unobserved, very early in the morning. The night before, James Haldane made his will, wrote a letter of farewell to his brother in the event of his death, and then went to bed, and slept so soundly that he did not awake till he was called. It happened that, owing to the apprehension of being observed and detained, the duelists had only one case of pistols, which belonged to Mr. Haldane's second, a naval officer of some distinction, afterward better known, during the war, as Admiral Donald Campbell, who commanded the Portuguese fleet, and also enjoyed a pension for services rendered to Lord St. Vincent and Lord Nelson. The two antagonists were placed at twelve paces distant, and were to fire together by signal. Before the pistol was given into Mr. Haldane's hand, his second, in a low tone, repeated what he had before told him, that this was a case in which he must have no scruple about shooting his challenger; that it was not a common duel, but a case of self-preservation, and that one or the other must fall. The signal was given, and, as Mr. J. Haldane raised his pistol, with strange inconsistency he breathed the secret prayer—"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit;" thus verifying the observation of Tertullian, that in moments of imminent danger men involuntarily call upon God, acknowledging his presence and his providence, even when they seem practically to forget his existence and trample on his laws. With this prayer in his heart, and, as Admiral Campbell testified, with his eye fixed on his antagonist, without a symptom of trepidation, he calmly drew the trigger, when his pistol burst, the contents flying upward, and a fragment of the barrel inflicting a wound on his face. The other pistol missed fire, and the challenger immediately intimated, through his second, that he was so well satisfied with the honorable conduct of Mr. Haldane, that he was willing the affair should terminate. This message was accepted as sufficient. Bowing to each other, they parted with civility, but, as might be anticipated, without reconciliation. To such matters he scarcely ever alluded, but the facts were known to his brother, and by him repeated not long before his death."

A great change, however, passed over Mr. Haldane—that which Scripture has declared to be necessary for all who would enter the kingdom of heaven. He was regenerated by the Holy Spirit. Having quitted the naval service, and devoted himself to the work of the ministry, he was not ashamed, on the following remarkable occasion, boldly to rebuke the sin into which he had himself been betrayed. The narrative of his biographer proceeds as follows:—

"Early in the spring of 1804, Mr. James Haldane preached a remarkable sermon on the death of Thomas Pitt, second Baron Camelford, who was mortally wounded in a duel by Captain Best, and died in great agony four days afterward. This fatal catastrophe had produced an extraordinary public sensation, more especially following as it did on another duel, in which Colonel Montgomery, not many months before, had fallen by the hand of Captain Macnamara, in a wretched quarrel about their dogs. These events were calculated to arouse attention to the miserable fruits of the world's code of honor, in submission to which a young nobleman, at the age of twenty-nine, nephew to the great Earl of Chatham, and cousin to the prime minister, had forfeited his own life, extinguished a peerage, and sacrificed a great fortune, which chiefly fell to his sister, the wife of the celebrated Lord Grenville. Lord Camelford was not one of the common run of fashionable men, living upon town. He had fine natural talents. His illustrious uncle had bestowed much pains on his education, and addressed to him a series of letters with a view to his improvement, which have been since published. He had been passionately fond of science, and in many subjects connected with literature was no mean proficient. But in those unhappy days, when dueling was reckoned a mark of spirit, he had acquired in the navy, and in the world of fashion, the reputation of a first-rate shot. He had provoked and been concerned in many duels; and on one occasion, where the death of a superior officer in the West Indies had left some doubt as to the seniority of the next in succession, he brought the matter to an issue by giving certain orders to his rival, a Lieutenant Peterson, on disobedience of which he shot him dead on the sea-beach, although at the head of an armed boat's crew, ready to uphold their commander. For this rash act he was tried by a court-martial; but being found in the right as to his seniority, and consequent title to give the order, he was honorably acquitted.

"The notoriety thus acquired was not diminished by the fact that he had returned Mr. Horne Tooke to Parliament for his pocket borough, and threatened to substitute his own black servant in case of his nominee being declared by the House of Commons disqualified as a clergyman. Lord Camelford and Mr. Best were both in the navy, and intimate friends; but they had at the time a bet of £200 depending, as to which was the better shot. The meeting took place through the instigation of an abandoned woman, then under the protection of Lord Camelford, who falsely accused her former protector, Mr. Best, of having spoken disrespectfully of his lordship. This greatly incensed the irascible peer, who went up to Mr. Best at the Prince of Wales Hotel, in Conduit-street, where they usually dined, and after some altercation pronounced him 'a scoundrel, a liar, and a ruffian.' Mr. Best observed that these were expressions which admitted but of one answer, and a meeting was arranged for the next morning. But in the course of the evening he conveyed to Lord Camelford the assurance, that the information on which his lordship spoke was unfounded, and that a retraction of the words used under a wrong impression would be perfectly satisfactory. They again met in the morning at a coffee-house in Oxford-street, and once more Mr. Best pleaded for reconciliation, adding, 'Do not persist in expressions under which one of us must fall.' At this very moment Lord Camelford knew that he had been imposed on, and had written a declaration on his will that he was the 'aggressor in the spirit as well as letter of the word.' But false pride would not allow the haughty peer to listen to a remonstrance which might impeach his courage, and he replied: 'Best, this is child's play; the affair must go on.' On proceeding to the ground behind Holland-house, he reiterated to his second, the Hon. W. Devereux, the statement he had appended to his will; but said that he was fearful that his reputation would suffer if he made any concession to one who he rather thought was the best shot in England. They were placed at fifteen paces from each other, fired together, and Lord Camelford fell, to all appearance dead. In an instant he recovered the shock, so far as to exclaim, 'I am killed, but I acquit Best; I alone am to blame.' Captain Best and his second instantly rode off; and Lord Camelford's friend, on pretense of going for a surgeon, did the same as soon as a countryman came up, who found his lordship lying on his back, in the lower part of a field overflowed with water. His lordship was unwilling to be moved; but was at last placed in a chair and conveyed to Little Holland-house, where he lingered in great pain till the following Saturday, and then died. The ball had penetrated his right breast, passing through the lungs, and lodging in the backbone. He sent for his solicitor, and made a codicil to his will, in which he stated, that although most people desire that their remains might be conveyed to their native land to be interred, 'I wish my body to be removed, as soon as may be convenient, to a country far distant, to a spot not near the haunts of men, but where the surrounding scenery may smile upon my remains.' The place he chose was on the borders of the Lake of St. Lemprierre, in the Canton of Berne, where three trees stood on a particular spot. The center tree he desired to be taken up, and his body being there deposited, to be replanted. He added, 'Let no monument or stone be placed on my grave.' At the foot of this tree, his lordship said he had passed many hours, meditating on the mutability of human affairs. He left £1,000 as a compensation to the proprietors."

A pamphlet having been published by a clergyman, giving a very unscriptural view of Lord Camelford's character, Mr. Haldane felt it his duty to expose its pernicious statements from his pulpit.

> "Of the multitude that thronged to hear that sermon there are now comparatively few survivors. Some have lately departed, and among them the venerable Christopher Anderson. In reference to this sermon, he wrote, not long before his own death: 'It was understood that Mr. James Haldane meant to examine and expose this melancholy affair. Familiar as he had been for years with sea life, and once himself under the tyranny of these miserable "laws of honor," there was no man better qualified. The fear of God was now his governing principle, yet it required no common fortitude to meet such a case before such an audience.'
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> "The spacious building in which he preached, then capable of seating more than three thousand persons, was crowded to the doors. It was at the time of the threatened invasion, when the whole nation resounded with the clang of arms, and the most peaceful civilians were often arrayed in military costume. When he entered, there rose before him, not only the usual congregation, but officers in full uniform from Piershill barracks and the Castle—cavalry, infantry, artillery, and volunteers, officers on Lord Moira's staff, magistrates, men of letters and philosophers, men of business and retired gentlemen—all assembled to hear what was to be said in reprobation of dueling, and of the account circulating in print, from the pen of the Rev. Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, who attended the death-bed of Lord Camelford."

Then follows a description of the sermon, for which we must refer the reader to the biography itself. Throughout its delivery, we are told, the immense audience was still, awed by his earnest manner and thrilling language.

UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCES IN THE GOSPELS.

BY REV. T. R. BIRKS, ENGLAND.

I.

> "WHEN the even was come, they brought unto him many that were possessed with devils: and he cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick."—Matt. viii, 16.

There is here no reason assigned why the sick were not, on this occasion, brought to Jesus until the evening. On turning, however, to the narrative in the other Gospels, (Mark i, 32; Luke iv, 40, 41,) this reason is apparent. We are told that on the Sabbath-day Jesus entered into the synagogue at Capernaum, and taught; that immediately on leaving it he entered into the house of Simon, and it was the very same evening on which this crowd of applicants for mercy were gathered at the door. Now, from Matt. xii, 10, it also appears that the opinion was common among the Jews, that it was not lawful to heal on the Sabbath-day. We have thus a clear reason why the people waited until the evening, but one of which no trace exists in Matthew's narrative taken alone.

II.

> "Now the names of the twelve apostles are these: The first, Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother; James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother; Philip, and Bartholomew; Thomas, and Matthew the publican; James the son of Alpheus, and Lebbeus, whose surname was Thaddeus; Simon the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed him."—Matt. x, 2-4.

In the other two Gospels, the seventh and eighth names occur in a different order,—Philip and Bartholomew, Matthew and Thomas,—where the distinctive title, the publican, is also wanting. The whole list is composed of six pairs of names, the order of which seems to have been determined by the order of their call, whether to be disciples or apostles. Matthew places his own name second in the pair to which it belongs, and adds the offensive epithet, the publican. Mark and Luke, on the contrary, place Matthew's name before that of his comrade, and withhold the title which he himself has added, in a feeling of humility. This minute difference is naturally explained by the modesty of the evangelist, and thus becomes a pledge for the genuineness of the whole Gospel where it appears.

III.

The four Gospels, without any direct assertion, lead us to the same conclusion, that Joseph was dead before our Lord's ministry began. This will appear by collating the passages.

> "And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there. And both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage. After this he went down to Capernaum, he, and his mother, and his brethren, and his disciples; and they continued there not many days."—John ii, 1, 2, 12.
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> "While he yet talked to the people, behold, his mother and his brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him. Then one said unto him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee. But he answered and said unto him that told him, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?"—Matt. xii, 46-48.
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> "Is not this the carpenter's son? is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas? and his sisters, are they not all with us?"—Matt. xiii, 55, 56.
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> "There came then his brethren and his

mother, and standing without, sent unto him, calling him."—Mark iii, 31.

"Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses, and of Juda, and Simon? and are not his sisters here with us?"—Mark vi, 3.

"Then came to him his mother and his brethren, and could not come at him for the press."—Luke viii, 19.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."—John xix, 25–27.

There is thus no mention of the presence of Joseph at the feast in Cana, or the return to Capernaum, during the message of our Lord's relatives, the visit to Nazareth, or the crucifixion. All the four narratives agree, indirectly, in leading to the same conclusion, that the death of Joseph was earlier than our Lord's ministry. This agreement is unlikely to have occurred in fictitious narratives, and is therefore one mark in the Gospels of their historical reality.

IV.

"And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into the ship, (τὸ πλοῖον,) and sat."—Matt. xiii, 2.

The meaning of the definite article in this passage is so far from being evident, that our translators have omitted it entirely. No ship has been mentioned in this context to which it can be referred. How, then, can the peculiar expression be accounted for?

On turning to the Gospel of St. Mark, not in the parallel passage, but somewhat earlier, we meet with a simple explanation in these words: "And he spake to his disciples, that a small ship should wait on him, because of the multitude, lest they should throng him."—(iii, 9.) It is plain that this ship or boat, provided expressly for such a purpose, would be familiar to the thoughts of the apostle, and hence we may explain the force of the phrase, "He entered into the ship and sat."

The same explanation will equally apply to Matt. xiv, 22, where the same expression recurs: "And straightway Jesus constrained his disciples to get into the ship, (εἰς τὸ πλοῖον,) and to go before him unto the other side, while he sent the multitudes away."

This coincidence, from its very minuteness, depending merely on the insertion of the article, is so much the more unsuspicious and complete.

V.

In each Gospel an account is given of the miracle of the five thousand. We are told, also, in every case, that the disciples took up twelve baskets of fragments. Matt. xiv, 20; Mark vi, 43; Luke ix, 17; John vi, 13. In every Gospel, also, these baskets are termed *cophini*, (δώδεκα κοφίνους πλήρεις.)

The similar miracle of the four thousand is recorded only by St. Matthew and St. Mark, who state that the disciples took up seven baskets of fragments. Here, however, a different term is employed, and in each Gospel the baskets are called *spyrides*. Matt. xv, 37; Mark viii, 8, (ἑπτὰ σπυρίδας.)

Now, it is remarkable that, when our Saviour rebukes his disciples after crossing from Dalmanutha, the same distinction is accurately observed. Matt. xvi, 9, 10; Mark viii, 19–21.

"Do ye not yet understand, neither remember the five loaves of the five thousand, and how many baskets ye took up? (πόσους κοφίνους ἐλάβετε;) Neither the seven loaves of the four thousand, and how many baskets (σπυρίδας) ye took up?"

"When I brake the five loaves among five thousand, how many baskets (κοφίνους) full of fragments took ye up? They say unto him, Twelve. And when the seven among four thousand, how many baskets (σπυρίδας) full of fragments took ye up? And they said, Seven. And he said unto them, How is it that ye do not understand?"

From the word σπυρίς being used, (Acts ix, 25,) where Paul was let down in a basket by the wall of Damascus, it is natural to infer that it denotes baskets of a large size. The *cophini*, being twelve, might perhaps be the provision-baskets of the apostles. But whatever was the exact nature of the distinction, the constant mention of *cophini* in reference to one miracle, and of *spyrides* in connection with the other, is a minute and striking evidence of historical reality, and proves how the details of each event were fixed in the memory of the apostles.

VI.

"When Jesus then lifted up his eyes, and saw a great company come unto him, he saith unto Philip, Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat? (And this he said to prove him: for he himself knew what he would do.) Philip answered him, Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little."—John vi, 5–7.

This apostle is never once named, in the first three Gospels, as having any special question put to him, or taking part in the conversation of our Lord, and only once beside in the Gospel of St. John. Why should the question now be addressed to him rather than the others? The passage itself offers no key to the incident, and we might readily suppose that it was an accidental circumstance.

Let us turn to St. Luke ix, 10, where the same miracle is recorded, and we find this further circumstance mentioned, which fixes the scene of the miracle: "And he took them, and went aside privately into a desert place, belonging to the city called Bethsaida." The miracle is then said to have been wrought at the close of that very day.

If now we turn once more to St. John's Gospel, we find in the first chapter this passing intimation: "Now Philip was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter." Two different prepositions are here used, one of which seems to denote the birthplace, and the other the usual abode. Hence the meaning seems to be, that Philip, though a native of Capernaum, was an inhabitant of Bethsaida. It is thus explained why our Lord should address the inquiry to him rather than the others. They were in a desert place belonging to Bethsaida; and hence Philip was more likely than any of the rest to know where a supply of provisions might possibly be found.

One doubt, however, still remains. There were two Bethsaidas near the Sea of Tiberias; some have even supposed a third. For this last opinion, however, there is no evidence, and it has arisen only from a misconstruction of this very passage. Many have thought that the scene of the miracle was Bethsaida-Julias, to the northeast of the lake. If so, the coincidence would be deceptive, since Philip belonged to Bethsaida of Galilee. John xii, 21.

There are conclusive reasons which forbid us to place the scene in the neighborhood of Julias. The suburbs of one of the largest cities near the lake would be ill suited for the purpose of retirement. The course of the disciples on their return is also inconsistent with such a view of the locality. They crossed over toward Bethsaida, while the route from Julias to Capernaum would not bring them near to Bethsaida of Galilee.

One easy supposition removes all difficulty, and maintains the reality of the coincidence. Capernaum, Bethsaida, Chorazin, were fishing towns on the west of the lake, and would very likely have separate districts belonging to them on the opposite side, for the convenience of the crews in their frequent short voyages across the lake. If the miracle occurred in such a district belonging to Bethsaida of Galilee, and lying opposite to it on the further side of the lake, the whole becomes consistent and natural; and the appeal to Philip, as an inhabitant of Bethsaida, and acquainted with its localities, retains its strict propriety.

VII.

"When the people therefore saw that Jesus was not there, neither his disciples, they also took shipping, and came to Capernaum, seeking for Jesus."—John vi, 24.

The surprise of the people at not finding Jesus is easily explained, since they saw that he had not entered the ship, and no other vessel was near, until the arrival of the other boats from Tiberias, early the next morning. But why should they expect the disciples to be there, whom they had seen embark the evening before? An answer is found in St. Mark's Gospel. When Jesus came to them in the fourth watch, "he saw them toiling in rowing; *for the wind was contrary.*" With a stormy and adverse wind, that lasted until three or four in the morning, it was very natural to suppose that the disciples would have put back again, and be found along with Jesus on the eastern shore.

The Gender of Mysteries.—There is not a mystery in creation, the symbol or practical invention for meanings abstruse, recondite, and incomprehensible, which is not represented by the female gender. There is the Sphinx, and the Enigma, and the Chimera, and Isis, whose vail no man had ever lifted—they were all ladies, every one of them. And so was Proserpine and Hecate, who was one thing by night and another by day. The Sibyls were females, and so were the Gorgons, the Harpies, the Furies, the Fates, and the Teutonic Valkyrs, Norniss; and, in short, all representations of ideas, obscure, inscrutable, and portentous, are nouns feminine.

THE WONDERS OF THE EGYPTIAN MAGICIANS.

BY REV. DR. WARDLAW.

I SET out with avowing my full conviction, that in the doings of Jannes and Jambres, and their associates, there was *no reality of miracle—nothing that required the interposition of either divine or Satanic agency—nothing but what came within the scope of human power and dexterity of deception.* This is the position which, with Farmer and some other writers, I unhesitatingly take up; and I hope, without much difficulty, to satisfy the reader of its correctness.

1. I begin, then, by calling to his remembrance *one general fact*, namely, that the performances of the magicians went only a certain length; that, having succeeded thus far, they stopped and gave in, acknowledging their inability to go farther, and we then hear no more of their attempts. Now, this single fact, independently, for the present, of the cause of their stopping, which may by-and-by appear, renders it, in no small degree, previously probable that there was in the case nothing superhuman or preternatural; but simply a power of deception which succeeded to a certain extent, and then felt itself baffled. Had the power been supernatural, and its doings realities, there seems nothing, at the particular point where they did stop, to account for their so stopping. We shall see, on the other hand, how naturally their stopping is accounted for on what we believe to be the true hypothesis.

2. The supposition of real miracle on the side of the magicians, as well as on that of Moses and Aaron, involves in itself ideas too monstrous to admit of my being able to regard them, I do not say merely as probable, but as morally possible. Of those who hold the wonders to have been real, they are by some ascribed to the agency of God himself, and by others to that of Satan. Now just look at each hypothesis. According to the former, the great God is represented as for a time alternately contradicting himself; affirming and denying, attesting and disproving the same thing; putting forth his power, now on the side of truth, and now on that of error; and thus, by his own authority, accredited by his own divine seal, keeping the minds of his intelligent creatures in a state of dubiety and suspense as to the side on which truth lay: according to the other, He—the infinite Creator—appears engaged in a kind of trial of strength, a contest of power, real strength, real power, with the god of this world, the devil—a trial in which, for a while, it remains dubious which of the two has the mastery; nay, in which, in the *first* step at least, Satan has clearly the advantage. Now to me, I confess, it appears that we ought to be prepared to accept almost *any* hypothesis which promised to free us from suppositions so unworthy and revolting! If the magicians *really* converted their rods into living serpents, the first miracle, let it be remembered, is a miracle of creation—of instantaneous creation; and, were there any room for comparison in the case of creative power, (to which, as formerly remarked, the production of a world is as easy as the production of an atom,) the amount of the miracle was on the side of the magicians in the ratio of their number, whatever we may fancy it to have been to *one.* And the way in which this objection to their hypothesis has been disposed of by the abettors of the *reality* of the transformation in the one case as well as in the other, has ever, I confess, appeared to me to have more of the ludicrous in it than, in what relates to sacred things, I am fond of allowing my mind to dwell upon. It is very true, it has been said, that the rods of the magicians were as really as that of Moses turned into serpents; but then the serpent that had come of the rod of Moses settled the controversy on the right side, by swallowing up all the rest! As if the actual change of lifeless bits of wood into real living serpents were not a miracle incomparably greater than, after they had been produced, one of them devouring the others! How many there were of the rods of the magicians, we have no means of ascertaining. We are sure of two, those of "Jannes and Jambres," who are mentioned by Paul as having "withstood Moses;" but there might be, and probably were more, (perhaps not a few more, for it is said "they cast down every man his rod,") of whom these were the chief. I do not deny, be it observed, that the swallowing up of the other serpents by that of Moses *was* a settling of the point in dispute, but not in the way of determining the question of *superiority* between the miracles on the

one side and those on the other, on the supposition of both being equally real; but by the way of determining the *reality* of the one and the *juggling legerdemain* of the other. But, in truth, there is no room for hypothesis in the matter. A brief glance at the facts of the case may suffice to show its true character. Observe, then,—

3. In the narrative it is repeatedly said, that "the magicians *did so* with their enchantments." The phrase has by some been interpreted as meaning that they actually and substantially did the same thing. But it has no such meaning. It means no more than that they did it in like manner; that they effected a resemblance; and such a resemblance as proved sufficient to satisfy the minds of Pharaoh and his servants, which were abundantly predisposed to be satisfied, and so to harden their hearts, and keep them from yielding what they were naturally so loath to yield. Even had the expression been that they *did* the thing, we are all sufficiently aware how common it is, when we are speaking of the tricks of jugglers, to describe them as doing what they so palpably appear to do. But, if any should shake their heads in doubt upon this point, we have in reserve a thorough settler for it. Just look at one passage: "And the magicians *did so* with their enchantments, to bring forth lice; *but they could not*." Exod. viii, 18. This is enough surely. In this occurrence of it, the phrase means even less than we have been interpreting it to mean. We have interpreted it as meaning their producing a resemblance; but this occurrence of it does not go even thus far, but signifies their attempting to produce a resemblance and failing. Surely no proof can be more complete than this, that the phrase "they did so," does not mean their actually effecting the same thing: "they *did so*, but they *could not*;" that is, they tried, but did not succeed. The attempt, therefore, on their part, was not an attempt to do the very thing they saw done, but to produce such a resemblance to it as might satisfy those whom they well knew to be far from hard of conviction. Then observe further—

4. That no doubt might be left about the real meaning, it is uniformly added, "The magicians did so *with their enchantments*." This ought to be decisive. The original term has been variously derived by etymologists. But in either the one or the other of its two principal derivations—the one from a root signifying to *hide*, the other from a root signifying to *dazzle*—it is expressive of those arts by which, on the one hand, they contrived to hide or conceal, or those by which, on the other, they endeavored to dazzle; hiding their tricks from the eyes of spectators, or deceiving their vision by a glare thrown over it for the purpose, or by any other deceptive process. When, therefore, it is alleged that they are represented, in the Bible narrative, as doing the very same things with Moses the allegation is not true. All that is said is, that they did in like sort, and that they did so "with their enchantments" or *juggleries*. It *has* been said—If these things were done by anything of the nature of juggling or legerdemain, how comes it that Moses has given no hint of it? No hint of it! we reply: why he has expressly, in so many words, said it over and over and over again. Reflect now—

5. How exactly and satisfactorily the view we thus take of the case accords with all the facts.

In the first place, there was nothing done that, to any who are at all acquainted with the amazing arts of such professors of necromancy, and magic, and sleight of hand, will be regarded as at all beyond belief. For example, take the first miracle. Moses simply casts down his rod before Pharaoh, and it becomes a serpent. A message is sent by the king for the magicians. We cannot doubt that, when they got the message, they got, at the same time, intelligence of what had been done by Moses, and of the design for which they were wanted. They were thus put upon the alert. They had time to make the necessary preparations for counterfeiting the miracle. And when they made their appearance, it is said of them that "they did in like manner with their enchantments." Moses had used *no* enchantments, no covered arts. They did. And by what is said to be no unusual trick with sleight-of-hand practitioners in eastern countries to this day, they produced the appearance of the same transformation; when, in point of fact, instead of real transformation, there was nothing more than a clever undiscernible substitution.

In the East this trick is often effected by the taming of serpents, and the extracting of their stings. And very extraordinary accounts are given, yet not less well authenticated than extraordinary, of the powers of serpent-charmers. Such accounts are given, not by inferior travelers only—of whom some, by drawing a long bow, have brought discredit, in many instances most unmerited, upon the whole tribe, and have rendered "travelers' stories" a phrase of proverbial sarcasm—but by those of the highest order, and by missionaries of the most conscientiously truthful and thoroughly-attested character. The Rev. Walter Scott, in his erudite and able work on the existence and agency of evil spirits, observes:—

> "Facts equally wonderful, or even more so, are frequently performed with serpents, as well as in other ways, by Indian jugglers to this day. Nay, some more difficult are exhibited by professors of legerdemain, or of natural magic, in our own country. Surely it would be more easy for them to cause the Egyptians to suppose that they changed their rods into serpents, than for jugglers among us to cause spectators to imagine that they can eat or spit fire, or swallow knives or swords, or change an egg into a beautiful bird, singing most delightfully, and again transform it into an egg; or that they can stand the discharge of a musket loaded with ball, without being injured. I must maintain that some of these things require much greater skill and dexterity than would be required to enable the Egyptian magicians to substitute a serpent for a rod, in such a way that ignorant and credulous spectators would think that the latter had been changed into the former."

Then, secondly, we have the miracle of the blood. Let my reader bear now in mind how matters stood. The waters of the river, of the lakes, and ponds, and tanks, as well as all the water of their filtering vessels throughout the land of Egypt, had been turned to blood. Mark the difference. Moses simply stretches out his rod, and the stupendous wonder follows, on a scale by which every possibility of deception, it is useless to say, was precluded; and, at the same time, all reasonable questions silenced, as to the power by which it was effected. The magicians, of course, could not do *this*. It was already done. And the blood, observe, was not first reconverted into water, and then their power left to make trial of itself upon the same scale. No, no. When was it that "the magicians *did so* with their enchantments?" Why, it was when the blood was so abundant that the chief difficulty must have been to find as much water as to make the experiment on even the smallest possible scale! Is there the slightest difficulty in conceiving a deception effected in an extent so very limited as this? the simple deception of either changing the color of a little water so as to make it resemble blood; or of substituting, by their legerdemain, a portion of the water already turned to blood, of which there was so sad a profusion prepared for their use, and ready at their hand? Or is there any difficulty in believing, that when they had effected this little bit of sorry mimicry, the infatuated monarch would be easily enough persuaded that they could do more?

Then, thirdly, look at the next miracle—that of the frogs. The same general remarks are equally applicable to it. In this case, as in the former, it could be on a very small scale only that the imposition could be practiced; and here, too, by a power above theirs, the means had been amply provided for their purpose. Where could be the difficulty of "bringing up frogs," when, from end to end, the land was full of them? when they had found their way into houses, and bed-chambers, and ovens, and kneading-troughs? The king's heart, as before said, was predisposed to a favorable interpretation of all they did; and in such circumstances, with the material so abundantly furnished wherewith to practice their deception, and with a mind so credulous on which to work, how could they fail of success? They must have been wretched bunglers at their profession if they had. Let it now be noticed—

6. That our principle of interpretation accords not only with the nature of the cases in which they succeeded, but most remarkably with the circumstances of that in which they failed and came to a stand. Let us look at these. They are especially striking. The case in which they thus failed, and were constrained to give in, and own themselves baffled, was the fourth in the series of miracles—the miracle of the lice. On the lifting up of the wonder-working rod, and smiting with it the dust of the earth, the narrative, in strong terms, says:—"All the dust throughout the land of Egypt became lice, and there were lice upon man and upon beast." Now mark it well. Thus far the magicians had succeeded. Here they are set

fast. It is now that it is said of them, "They *did so* with their enchantments to bring forth lice; *but they could not.*" The question naturally suggests itself, How comes this? Is there in this miracle any greater difficulty than in those which preceded it? Was there not the same abundant provision in this case as in the others for facilitating deception? Or, if there was reality in the effects produced, was the power which had "brought up the frogs" not sufficient to bring up the lice? Or shall we say, that at this particular point God saw meet to withdraw the exercise of his own power, or to curb and frustrate that of the evil spirits? There is no need for any such suppositions. There is a much simpler and more satisfactory way of answering the inquiry after the cause and solving the difficulty. The two following facts are amply sufficient for the purpose:—1. In all the previous cases the magicians had *preintimation* of what was about to be done, and, in this way, had time to prepare. It appears from the narrative that the other miracles had been previously announced as about to be executed, if Pharaoh persisted in withholding his assent to the people's departure. But *this* miracle, the record bears, was ordered by Jehovah, and executed by Moses and Aaron at the moment, and upon the spot, without an interval, and without the separation of the parties. Is it not, then, a singular circumstance that it should have been *just then* they were constrained to give in, and to say, "This is the finger of God?" It is still said of them that they "did so with their enchantments." They made a feint at it by the use of their ordinary terms of incantation and arts of jugglery; but, for want of preparation, the trick was bungled and failed. And then—2. The loathsome vermin were "upon man and upon beast." The magicians themselves, in their own persons, were, equally with others, the victims of this vile, humiliating, and tormenting plague. How, in these circumstances, was it possible for them to make it appear that they had produced them? And, accordingly, this very circumstance seems to be assigned in the narrative as one at least of the causes why the magicians were, in this instance, foiled, and felt themselves incapable of presenting anything like a plausible counterfeit of the miracle. Being themselves subjects of the plague, they could not have the face to persist. The principal reason, however, of their now surrendering and owning their incompetency, appears to have been the one first mentioned. Well, too, might they have been getting tired of such a contest, which they could not but be sensible was so unequal a one. Every time that, in their diminutive way, they imitated one plague, it proved only the occasion of another following. What was to be the end of it? And this leads me to my seventh and last observation:—

7. How extraordinary the fact that the power, whatsoever it was, which appeared thus as an antagonist power to Jehovah's, was never appealed to by the king—and was never, by those who possessed it, put forth—for the removal or mitigation of any of the plagues! How came it that this power, supposed to be exerted with real efficiency, is always introduced to add to the evil, never to take it away? I have characterized this as very extraordinary. And was it not so? One should have imagined that the very first thing of which the king, and his courtiers, and his people would have thought, and would have set their hearts upon, would have been to call for the power of the magicians to counteract the power of Moses and Aaron, not to help it; to command away the successive evils, not to augment them; and that to the magicians themselves, had they really possessed any such power as has been ascribed to them, the very first thing that would have occurred would have been the exercise of that power in mitigating the pressure of woe after woe upon their people and their land. Pharaoh, at all events, might reasonably have been expected to say to them, "I don't want you, and have not sent for you to set your wits and your power to work in doing the same thing; we have got, in all conscience, more than enough of it already. If you possess any power sufficient to enable you to compete with these strangers, and with the God whose messengers they profess to be, pray put it forth, if you please, in counteraction. These are plagues and curses; *don't add to them, take them away.*" And few things can more strikingly evince the predisposition of the king's heart to admit deception, to allow himself to be duped and gulled by imposture, than this

very circumstance. His magicians, however, were quite incompetent for anything of the kind. When each of the successive plagues is to be removed, the mortifying petition must be presented to Moses and Aaron for the intervention of the same power by which it had been inflicted. The God that brought it must be prayed to take it away! By Jehovah it had been sent, by Jehovah alone it could be removed. And the Egyptians thus were made to see and to feel both his power to smite and his power to heal. But all in vain. King and people hardened their hearts. As for the magicians, nothing is to me more manifest than that their pretended power was *all imposture*. There were "enchantments," juggleries, feats of legerdemain, and various modes of deception, by which, for a time, they succeeded in producing the semblance of a corresponding miracle. But that was all. They soon failed, and were glad, I cannot doubt, of an excuse for backing out from a contest with a power, before which they could not but soon come to feel that they were nothing. And, in the language of Paul, "the folly" of Jannes and Jambres and their associates became "manifest to all men."

And so, ultimately, must the folly of all who are found "fighting against God." "Let the potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth; woe to the man that striveth with his Maker!" "He is wise in heart and mighty in strength: who hath hardened himself against Him, and hath prospered?" And hence, I repeat, the unspeakable importance and the imperative obligation of every man examining, seriously and thoroughly, with an humble and candid spirit, *whether this book contains his counsels*. If it does, those counsels are counsels which nothing could dictate but Infinite Benevolence. Our salvation, our eternal well-being, is their avowed object. And all the miracles recorded here are the forth-puttings of divine power, to recommend the acceptance of divine mercy. They have thus a bearing upon a deliverance infinitely more valuable than that from Egyptian bondage —present and everlasting deliverance from the bondage, the guilt, and all the penal consequences of sin. "If thou be wise, then thou shalt be wise for thyself; but if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it."

LAST DAYS OF BISHOP SANDERSON.

DR. ROBERT SANDERSON was an eminent scholar and divine. He was appointed chaplain to King Charles I., and afterward made bishop of Lincoln. About three weeks before his death, finding his strength decay, by reason of his constant infirmity, and a consumptive cough added to it, he retired to his chamber, expressing a desire to enjoy his last thoughts to himself in private, without disturbance or care, especially of what might concern this world. Thus, as his natural life decayed, his spiritual life seemed more strong, and his faith more confirmed; still laboring to attain that holiness and purity, without which none shall see God.

In this time of retirement, which was wholly spent in devotion, he longed for his dissolution; and when some that loved him prayed for his recovery, if he at any time found an amendment, he seemed to be displeased, by saying, "his friends said their prayers backward for him." He rejoiced much that he had so lived, as never to cause an hour's sorrow to his good father, and that he hoped he should die without an enemy.

He, in this retirement, had the Church prayers read in his chamber twice every day; and at nine at night, some prayers were read to him, and a part of his family, out of "The Whole Duty of Man."

The day before he took his bed, (which was three days before his death,) he, that he might receive a new assurance of the pardon of his sins past, and be strengthened in his way to the New Jerusalem, took the blessed sacrament of the body and blood of his and our blessed Jesus, from the hands of his chaplain, Mr. Pullen, accompanied by his wife, children, and a friend, in as awful, humble, and ardent a manner as outward reverence could express. After the praise and thanksgiving for this blessing was ended, he spake to this purpose: "I have now, to the great joy of my soul, tasted of the all-saving sacrifice of my Saviour's death and passion, and with it received a spiritual assurance that my sins past are pardoned, and my God is at peace with me; and that I shall never have a will or power to do anything that may separate my soul from the love of my dear Saviour. Lord!

confirm this belief in me; and make me still to remember, that it is thou, O God, that tookest me out of my mother's womb, and hast been the powerful protector of me to this present moment of my life! thou hast neither forsaken me now I am become gray-headed, nor suffered me to forsake thee in the late days of temptation, and sacrifice my conscience for the preservation of my liberty or estate. It was not of myself, but grace, that I have stood when others have fallen under my trials, and these mercies I now remember with joy and thankfulness; and my hope and desire is, that I may die remembering this, and praising thee, my merciful God."

After this, taking his bed, and about a day before his death, he said often, "Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me, but continue thy mercy, and let my mouth be ever filled with thy praise."

He continued the remaining night and day very patient and thankful for any of the little offices that were performed for his ease and refreshment, and during that time did often say to himself the 103d Psalm, (a psalm that is composed of praise and consolation fitted for a dying soul,) and say also to himself these words: "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed where true joy is to be found." And now his thoughts seemed to be wholly of death, for which he was so prepared, that the King of Terrors could not surprise him as a thief in the night; for he had often said, "He was prepared and longed for it." And as this desire seemed to come from heaven, so it left him not till his soul ascended to that region of blessed spirits, whose employments are to join in concert with his, and sing praise and glory to that God who had brought him and them to that place into which sin and sorrow cannot enter.

Thus this pattern of meekness changed this for a better life: it is now too late that mine may be like his, (for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age, and God knows that it hath not,) but I most humbly beseech Almighty God that my death may; and I do as earnestly beg, that if any reader shall receive any satisfaction from this very plain, and as true relation, he will be so charitable as to say, "Amen."*

The higher a Christian ascends above this sinful world, the more that religion prevails within, the more evidently shall he then find himself in a clear heaven, in a region that is calm and serene; and the more will those dark affections of fear and despair vanish away, and those clear and bright affections of love and joy, of hope and peace, break forth in strength and lustre upon the soul.

* * *

[For the National Magazine.]

THE RETURN HOME.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Who comes from far lands yonder?
A fond and faithful son,
Who years ago would wander,
A curious, careless one.

He roam'd the wide world, yearning
For scenes and objects new;
Behold him home returning—
He finds the old more true.

The dear old house, he's found it—
He knocks with joy once more;
But all is still around it—
All dark and still the door.

He calls loved names:—replying,
The empty court-yard rang;
The door wide open flying
With sword-like clash and clang.

A spirit-voice awakens
The strange and startled air;
No eye of fondness beckons,
He sees no mother there.

He roams, distress'd and lonely,
Through chamber, court, and hall;
Alas! the old lute only
Hangs on the mossy wall.

The dear old relic, weeping,
Into his arms he takes;
Its chords familiar sweeping,
His childhood's days he wakes.

And while the chords are ringing,
How swells his throbbing breast!
He hears his mother singing
Her darling boy to rest.

He sees her form before him,
So gentle, sweet, and mild,
At evening bending o'er him,
To say, "Good-night, dear child!"

Then drops the entrancèd gazer
The lute upon the floor;
He hastens to embrace her,—
But she is there no more!

Newport, R. I. C. T. B.

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* Life of Dr. Robert Sanderson, by Izaak Walton, in Wordsworth's Eccl. Biog., vol. iv.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNSON.

GRUB-STREET AND ITS INHABITANTS.

JOHNSON had passed more than seventeen years in London before the publication of his Dictionary raised him to that height of literary fame that he ever afterward occupied. His personal history for those years has been briefly sketched in the preceding pages; but to enable one to form a just estimate of the whole subject, so as to embrace in the view his "times" as well as his "life," a more extended survey of cotemporary affairs seems to be necessary. Each age has its own peculiarities, which require to be studied in order to obtain an intelligent notion of its affairs; and especially is the literature and literary history of each age marked by their own characteristics, which often differ so widely from those of other times that no system of generalization can be safely applied in investigating them. The condition of the republic of letters in England a hundred years ago must be studied by itself in order to be understood.

The materials for such an investigation are abundant and unusually valuable. During the greater part of that chaotic night which preceded the brighter dawning in which Johnson's star was in the ascendant, the genius of Pope beamed forth with a clear, but baneful light. Correct and delicate taste, where there is but little to gratify it, and much to offend, is, at best, a faculty of but doubtful utility; though probably few that possess it would willingly be deprived of it. In another age, and among more favorable circumstances, the cruel satires of the "Dunciad" might have given place to the fellowships of kindred wits and the amenities of literary recreations; and, in that case, the genius that was expended in uttering invectives against the prevailing dullness and false taste, might have been exercised in leading the age to loftier achievement in polite literature. But, as matters were, we have the "Dunciad," the best thing that the age could afford—a life-picture of the dark side of affairs as they then existed in the British world of letters.

The mutations of things that surely, but silently, occur with the steady lapse me, are nowhere else more decidedly ced than in literature. There e, and that not very remote from r notice, when [illegible] in English society the word *patron* had a real and specific signification; but the age of legitimate patronage had now passed away never to return. Literature, in common with the other retainers and sycophants at baronial halls, had been turned out, and cast upon its own resources; but, like most abandoned pensioners, it was slow to learn the arts of self-reliance, and to develop the spirit of a manly independence. From their late lordly abodes, where they dwelt in liveried and pampered slavery, the devotees of the Muses now fled to garrets, and visiting no longer, except in poetic dreams, the groves, and lawns, and sacred shades, where sentimental poets love to roam, they took up their abodes in obscure streets and out-of-the-way courts of the metropolis. The emancipation of literature by the cessation of patronage abolished the *guild* by which the art and profession had been restricted to a favored few, and opened the portals of the temple of Apollo to any whom either vanity might entice into it, or necessity drive thither. The train of the Muses was never before so large as now, when they had nothing but barren bays with which to reward their devotees.

New facts and phenomena call for a new nomenclature, and so the peculiar terminology of the "Dunciad" and kindred productions was brought into use to meet the requirements of the case. Foremost among these newly-coined expressions is "Grub-street," the celebrated locality of the men of letters of that age. "Grub-street," says Johnson in his great Dictionary, "is a street in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems, whence any mean production is called Grub-street." Few of the adventitious terms of the language have become more really and specifically significant than this. As a term used in the natural history of the genus *litterateur*, it is strictly and definitely specific. The species, however, though numerous, and for a while wonderfully prolific, had but a temporary existence, passing insensibly into other developments, as the creeping myriads of spring assume other forms with the progress of the season. It was of the period of the full tide of Grub-street life that the great master of English verse, comparing its numerous race to the progeny of Berecynthia paying their "homage to the mother of the sky," wrote:—

"Not less with glory mighty Dullness crown'd,
Now took through Grub-street her triumphant
round;
And her Parnassus, glancing o'er at once,
Beheld a hundred sons, and each a dunce."

But Grub-street formed a link in the chain of English literature, and as such answered a valuable purpose. It covered a transition period, and though unlovely in itself, it was a stage in the movement toward a better state of things. Though somewhat changed in character, the Grub-street race still existed, when, by the death of Pope and his own advancement in dignified authorship, Johnson was admitted to the first place among literary men in England. As in the lowest conditions of society there are often found the elements of a higher life, which in due time are seen manifesting themselves by elevating the entire social body, so the Grub-street fraternity not only from time to time gave some of its own members to the higher walks of literature, but also rose in a body from the low estate in which its career began. The period now immediately under notice was an age of magazines—less corpulent, indeed, and perhaps less elaborate than their successors of the present time—of reviews, such as they were, and of all forms of fugitive literature. "If literature had anything to hope from such exertions," says an elegant modern writer, relative to this period, "its halcyon days had come. If strength, subsistence, and respect, lay in employment of the multitudinous force of Grub-street; if demand and supply were law sufficient for its highest interest, literature was prosperous at last, and might laugh at all of Pope's prophecies. Every week had its spawn of periodical publications; feeble, but of desperate fecundity."

To supply the requisite matter for these multitudinous weeklies and monthlies was the business and livelihood of a corps of professional writers, of names indeed but little known to fame, but of prolific pens, because they wrote to live. Among these Johnson had long lived and written. From the lowest step of the causeway that leads from the deepest depression of the condition of authorship for bread, he had fought his way upward to his present proud eminence. But though he was among the Grub-street herd, he was never properly of them; and while there, as poor as the poorest, he was still sustained by a consciousness that he deserved a better fate, and by the assurance that a brighter day was yet in his future.

It is in mercy rather than from necessity that the names of the genuine Grub-street literati are given up to oblivion. To the delvers among old volumes, the Belzonis and Layards of literature, their names are still sufficiently familiar; and to such, certain obscure allusions and meaningless names found in the works of standard writers are all plain and intelligible. When Goldsmith satirized "*Ned Purdon*" in an epitaph, he was throwing a gilded arrow at a veritable "bookseller's hack," whose history would justify the presumed dread of terrestrial existence. The Kendricks, Kelleys, and Woodfalls, whose names occur so strangely commingled with those of the most renowned ones of their times, were not less real than these, though the present generation knows nothing of them. Johnson's own history brings us into contact with the Sheils, the Guthries, the Ralphs, (a quondam friend of Dr. Franklin,) and the Whiteheads; to say nothing of those whom, like Savage, he rescued from oblivion, or such as Goldsmith, who, following his great predecessor, forced his way upward to a more elevated grade of authorship. All these, with their nameless compeers, were the miners in literature of the times of Grub-street's glory; each brought his contributions to his patron, the publisher, and as the pay was generally proportioned to the amount, each strove to make the amount as large as possible.

When literature fled to the garrets of London, the booksellers and publishers—which callings were then blended—became the chief patrons of the starving followers of the Muses. It would seem that at this time there was an unusual number of distinguished members of the trade in the metropolis, and, in spite of the mutterings of their ill-fed and ill-clad dependents, the evidence leaks out by the way that they were, for the most part, men of good abilities, and of much generosity of spirit. A client who is incapable of caring for himself, and of directing his affairs with even tolerable discretion, will pretty certainly be dissatisfied with the patron who may kindly restrain his follies, and deny him the facilities for injuring himself. To this cause, no doubt, may be referred a large share of the invectives against the booksellers with which the literature of the first half of the last century abounds. Nor were the favors of the gentlemen of the trade always unappreciated, nor yet always unrewarded by the denizens of the garret. But for the pen of Johnson, the memory of Cave would have perished with his own generation; and even Dodsley, the generous, great-souled Dodsley, is known to the present age, and his memory is cherished among us because he was the friend and companion of the author of the English Dictionary. What though Osborne was left sprawling on his shop-floor, as the reward of his impertinence, and though Griffith is forever gibbeted in infamy on account of his meanness toward Goldsmith, and Wilkie is pitied or laughed at because he failed to detect the latent worth of the man who could "write like an angel," yet even Goldsmith learned that it was "better for men of letters to live by the labors of their hands till more original labor should become popular with trading patrons, than to wait with their hands across till great men should come to feed them;" and when the lord lieutenant of Ireland suggested the hope of advancement in his native island, he only commended his brother, a poor clergyman of "forty pounds a year," to the favor of the viceroy, as he was himself sufficiently provided for by his best friends, the booksellers. It is through his connection with "poor Goldsmith," that we have come to think kindly of the bustling consequence of Newberry, and for the same cause the name of Mundell is immortalized in the "Vicar of Wakefield," more honorably as well as more effectually than had it been emblazoned on brass or marble in Westminster Abbey. In the person of Davies the two characters were blended; but the author was not more favored by the bookseller than contrariwise; and when the bankrupt man of trade saw only starving want before him, the friendship of Johnson and the favors of Drury Lane theater restored him to authorship and to independence.

Among the further changes effected by the changed state of things, was the establishment of a commercial value for lit- ary productions. They who write to must live by writing; and as the de- of hunger are both constant and the calls to the toils of authorship become mandatory, and the writer's fabrics must be fashioned to the wishes of purchasers. The temptation to venality in such circumstances is obvious; but it is less than in the case of the pampered dependents of greatness. It is creditable to the profession of letters, that, as to the better class of writers, though in the depths of poverty and social depression, it has generally been the case, while their wares were in the market, their principles and personal independence were not for sale. When Walpole, to uphold his administration, was annually scattering a hundred and fifty thousand pounds among mercenary writers, on the whole list of his hireling band was not a single man now favorably known in English literature. To write for a subsistence is not less honest or honorable than to follow any other pursuit for the same purpose, and he who by his pen can produce merchantable fabrics is surely free to use his powers to his own advantage. But as no one is at liberty to prostitute his abilities to vile purposes, the powers of genius especially should be sacred to truth and right. So thought Johnson; for while he confessed that the price was with him the great incitement to literary labors, no man might dictate to him the matter and sentiments of his compositions. As a further result of the new state of things in literature, authorship at length became an independent and self-relying profession. The Grub-street mine from time to time afforded specimens of more precious metal than its ordinary leaden geniuses; and these with others who became authors from choice, and were sustained by their chosen profession, constituted in Johnson's time a considerably large and respectable body of men of letters. Among these Johnson now took his place, not by favor, but of right, and stood forth the acknowledged leader of the professional writers of the kingdom. Nor was this preëminence conceded to him for the want of distinguished rivals. Leaving his own writings out of the account, his age was far from being a barren one in literature: and its literary history brings us into contact with many a name of more than an ephemeral interest. A hasty reference to some of these may be at once pertinent to the subject and acceptable to the reader.

Foremost among these must be placed the name of SAMUEL RICHARDSON, who was a distinguished writer of his times, and the originator of a new class of literary productions. He never belonged to the Grub-street fraternity, for he found his way into the profession of authorship without passing through the severe apprenticeship that was endured by many others. He was a printer by trade, and had the rare good sense not to forsake the humble, but honorable calling by which he gained a livelihood to follow the Muses, till he was assured that bread as well as fame could be obtained from his new calling. The estimate of Richardson's character, both as a man and an author, and of the character and tendency of his writings, as given by a cotemporary writer, Sir John Hawkins, is probably as near to the truth as any that has been since made; indeed, it is singularly coincident with the verdict of the past half-century. He was uneducated, and but little acquainted with books; but he possessed a lively imagination, and a good share of reflection. His mind, however, was undisciplined, and for want of accurate knowledge he was perpetually liable to confuse truth with error, so that his images are often the wildest caricatures, and his philosophy as erroneous as its bases were false. He seemed to write because he was full of matter, and only to transfer to paper the arrant thoughts that were rioting in his brain. This warmth and earnestness of the writer, by being transferred to the reader, caused his writings to be read with great avidity, especially by such as read only for present amusement. His principal works were "Pamela," "Clarissa," and "Sir Charles Grandison," the original progenitors of the numerous, if not illustrious, race of books commonly known as novels and romances.

The estimate of Richardson's works in his own times was exceedingly various. By some—among whom, strange to say, was Johnson—they were greatly extolled, as rivaling Shakspeare in their delineations of character, and in their power over the passions. Others compared them unfavorably with those of Cervantes and Le Sage, as failing to give just views of life and manners, and as affecting not the healthy, but the morbid sensibilities of the heart, and so inducing a sickly sentimentality based on a vicious esthetical philosophy, instead of developing and strengthening the healthful and normal elements of the character. The correctness of this latter view is now sufficiently obvious, even when viewed from a philosophical stand-point; but, considered in the light of Christian morality, the pernicious tendency of such writings is much more clearly manifest. Vice is so portrayed that its turpitude is only partially discovered, while its allurements are set forth in their most seductive forms. Though gross criminality is not directly encouraged, and virtue is "damned with faint praise," yet are the passions and appetites that impel to criminal indulgences inflamed to the utmost of the writer's powers, and the securities of virtue effectually removed. It is, indeed, a thing quite possible that the readers of the class of works of which Richardson was the originator may be neither vicious in life, nor greatly corrupt in heart; but, if so, it will be in spite of their influence, rather than by their aid.

The style of Richardson's writings answered very justly to their matter; it was flimsy in its texture, and wanting in manly dignity, but reckless of the conventionalities of language, and attractive by reason of its freedom and earnest easiness. How such works ever obtained Johnson's approval is indeed unaccountable. True, Richardson and he were personal friends, and this fact seems to have blinded the eyes of the great moralist to the nature and tendency of his friend's books, so directly opposed to his own teachings and precepts. There were also other influences about him, of which, perhaps, the favor of the publishers and other interested parties was not the least considerable, inclining him to unite in the general laudation of the popular romances; but even then his commendations were not uniformly entire, nor at any time marked with his characteristic heartiness. Of the four numbers of *The Rambler*, supplied to Johnson by his friend, one (No. 97) was from the pen of Richardson; and it is said to have had the largest sale, as first issued, of any of the series; though the modern reader fails to detect the qualities that secured for it this early favor.

To the same general class belonged another, though somewhat different character—Henry Fielding. Here we will avail ourselves of the remarks of Hawkins, and as they are not only

HENRY FIELDING.

just and discriminating, but also concise and perspicuous, we will use his own language:—

> "This man was in his early life a writer of comedies and farces, very few of which are now remembered; after that, a practicing barrister, with scarce any business; then an anti-ministerial writer, and quickly after a creature of the Duke of Newcastle, who gave him a nominal qualification of a hundred pounds a year, and set him up as a trading-justice, in which disreputable station he died. He was the author of a romance entitled 'The History of Joseph Andrews,' and of another, 'The Foundling, or the History of Tom Jones,' a book seemingly intended to sap the foundation of that morality which it is the duty of parents and all public instructors to inculcate in the minds of young people, by teaching that virtue upon principle is imposture, that generous qualities alone constitute true worth, and that a young man may love and be loved, and at the same time associate with the loosest of women. His morality, in that it resolves virtue into good affections, in contradistinction to moral obligation and sense of duty, is that of Lord Shaftesbury vulgarized, and is a system of excellent use in palliating the vices most injurious to society. He was the inventor of that cant phrase, 'goodness of heart,' which is every day used as a substitute for probity, and means little more than the virtue of a horse or a dog; in short, he has done more toward corrupting the rising generation than any writer we know of."

Here also a place must be assigned to Dr. Tobias Smollet, who was likewise a writer of romances and a dealer with the booksellers, though now chiefly known as the author of a History of England, a part of which, for the want of a better, is used as a supplement to Hume's. He was among the compilers of the "Universal History;" he also wrote translations of Gil Blas, Telemachus, and Don Quixote. His principal works of fiction were the "Adventures of Roderic Random" and those of "Peregrine Pickle,"—works that could be relished only by a vitiated taste and a corrupted heart, and which will invariably leave their readers worse than they found them. He was for some time proprietor and conductor of the "Critical Review;" and he generally so managed his finances, that he lived respectably on the proceeds of his literary labors—having given up his medical profession at an early peroid of his life—though he was about equally destitute of genius and moral character.

One more name must be here introduced from the class now under consideration, that of Lawrence Sterne, a wild and eccentric genius, and a clergyman and dignitary of the cathedral of York. He is remembered as the author of "Tristam Shandy," and of a number of sentimental works, all strongly marked with his own strange characteristics. His writings were considerably in demand, when first published, and they are still sought for and read beyond most of their kindred of the same age; and though they are generally deformed by the same positive faults with those already noticed, they are much more sprightly; they also imbody a deeper and juster philosophy, and are interspersed with many excellent sentiments. Of the manners and character of the man, some notion may be formed from an anecdote of him, related by Johnson: "I was," says he, "but once in the company of Sterne, and then his only attempt at merriment was the display of a drawing too grossly indecent to have delighted even in a brothel." The character of the man is probably not unjustly illustrated by this brief anecdote. We cannot better conclude these notices of some of the principal original writers of that age, than by adding to the foregoing Sir John's estimate of the class:—

> "Of the writers of this class or sect," (says he,) "it may be observed, that being in general men of loose principles, bad economists, living without foresight, it is their endeavor to commute for their failings by professions of greater love to mankind, more tender affections and finer feelings, than they will allow men of more regular lives, whom they deem formalists, to possess. Their generous notions supersede all obligations, they are a law to themselves, and having good hearts, abounding in the milk of human kindness, are above those considerations that bind men to that rule of conduct which is founded in a sense of duty. Of this school of morality, Fielding, Rousseau, and Sterne, are the principal teachers, and great is the mischief they have done by their documents."

Those above named were properly original authors; their works were their own productions in matter as well as form. There was, however, another class of writers scarcely less notable than they, who lived by their pens, and were distinguished from the nameless race of scribblers, chiefly by their better success in the trade of authorship. Among these were some individuals of real respectability, who, though destitute of any large claims to genius, were nevertheless both diligent and useful writers. Nor did they belong to a merely temporary class. In all ages, since the invention of printing, the compilers and second-hand producers have been the principal contributors to the prolific harvests of the press.

Prominent among these, at the period now under notice, was Dr. Thomas Birch, a divine of the Established Church. He was brought up a Quaker, but subsequently passed over to the Church, and entered into holy orders; and though he obtained several unimportant preferments, yet he depended chiefly upon authorship for a subsistence. While yet a young man, he assisted in the compilation of the "General Biographical Dictionary," and afterward was editor of the works of a great number of distinguished persons. Among these were "Thurloe's State Papers," and the works of Lord Bacon, Mr. Boyle, Archbishop Tillotson, the prose writings of Milton, and the miscellaneous works of Sir Walter Raleigh. He also wrote biographies of most of those whose works he thus revised for publication. He had a large acquaintance with the learned men and favorers of learning of his own times, and by their favor was chosen first fellow, and afterward secretary of the Royal Society. He was of an active and cheerful spirit; ever inclined to be pleased, and well adapted to make the most of life. He sought knowledge with great avidity, and possessed a wonderfully retentive memory: but he lacked the power to assimilate what he received, and to reduce the mass of his accumulated stores to a homogeneous whole; he was, in short, an instance of that rather numerous class of learned men, whose learning greatly exceeds their education. His knowledge of facts, however, availed him much in his intercourse with the learned, while his perpetual cheerfulness and affability made his company desirable, and the purity of his character, and the harmlessness of his life, insured him the respect of all. Johnson, who valued conversational power very highly, held him in much esteem, but used to say of him, that a pen had the power of a torpedo upon him, benumbing all his faculties.

Dr. John Campbell was a voluminous and not a despicable writer of that age. He, too, was an author by profession, and was occupied for a time upon the "Universal History;" he also had a hand in the "Biographia Britannica;" he likewise wrote the Lives of the British Admirals; and, above all, he was the author of a valuable descriptive and statistical work, entitled, "A Political Survey of Great Britain." By industry and economy, he was enabled to maintain himself and a large family independently and respectably. At a later period he was made royal commissioner for the colony of Georgia, in America, by which means he was raised to comparative affluence. Toward the end of his life he resided in London, in a kind of dignified retirement, where his house became the resort of many of the most learned and virtuous persons in the metropolis; who were honored and profited with his friendship and society. It is not known that any personal relations subsisted between him and Johnson; they were too unlike ever to have become intimates.

A very different character from the foregoing was his cotemporary and fellow-author, Dr. John Hill, originally an apothecary, but having a strong inclination to authorship. He first attempted to write for the stage; but failing of success in that, he next turned his attention to natural history, at which he was more successful. To conceal his want of an academical education, he obtained a degree in medicine from some outlandish university. His whole business, however, was to compile books; and such was his dogged industry, that though his services never commanded a great price, yet he is said to have received not less than fifteen hundred pounds for the labor of a single year. He is described as vain, conceited, and both satirical and licentious in his writings, while truth was almost wholly disregarded by him. Nor could constant defeat in his conflicts, and an occasional personal chastisement, avail to bring him to a better course of conduct. He accumulated a large estate, of which he made a most ostentatious display about the town, and in the resorts of fashion. Yet with all this folly and viciousness, he had some redeeming traits. He uniformly treated religion with a decent reverence, and among his last productions was a vindication of God and nature against the empty philosophy of Bolingbroke.

These individual cases are given as the chief men of letters of the time, rather than as a complete list of even respectable writers then living. The whole may serve to indicate the state of literature, and the condition of the profession of authorship when Johnson took his place at its head. But to understand his situation more fully, his social and personal relations should be considered. It is believed that at this time the range of his acquaintances was somewhat extensive, embracing many persons of real respectability, and some of the higher classes. His townsman and early associate, David Garrick, was still his friend, though prosperity had elevated the successful player to a social position quite above that formerly occupied by himself and the associates of his youth; and though Johnson was accustomed to tax his forbearance to the utmost, yet would Garrick submit to it,—the more patiently, probably, because it was always evident that his old instructor still regarded him with respect and genuine kindness. Hawkins, Hawkesworth, Bathurst, and Taylor, were, each of them, among his personal associates and friends. In the same list should be named Dr. Thomas Adams, the worthy master of Pembroke College, Oxford, the early and steady friend of the illustrious pupil of Pembroke. Of the booksellers, he was on terms of personal friendship, among others, with Cave, Dodsley, Millar, Newbury, and Davies, and with Mr. Strahan, the printer; and from among the titled classes, with the Earl of Orrery and Lord Southwell. Among his female acquaintances, in matters of literature, the first place belonged to Miss Elizabeth Carter —a name well known in the literary history of those times, who enjoyed the unequaled honor of contributing two numbers to "The Rambler"—Mrs. Lenox, Mrs. Masters, and Mrs. Macauley, were of the same class. These persons constituted a kind of literary and social circle, of which Johnson was, if not already the central sun, at least a star of the first magnitude. By them the excellences of his character were known and appreciated; and though they well understood his eccentricities, yet the greatness of his intellect, and the goodness of his heart, and especially the stern integrity of his character, were esteemed quite sufficient to atone for the want of those external graces of manners that are too often set forth as a substitute for all of these.

While this subject is up, it may be proper to notice certain of Johnson's associates, who seem to have come to the notice of the public, and to their connection with him, at nearly the same time. Some of them are only known as his friends and companions, while others added to this title to notoriety an independent reputation of their own; foremost among these was Reynolds, the painter, the afterward renowned Sir Joshua. He was the son of a clergyman, who kept a grammar school at Plympton, in Devonshire. After pursuing the necessary preparatory studies under his father, he went to Oxford, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. From a very early age he had shown a passion for painting, and as this rather increased than declined, as he grew up to manhood, his father sent him to London, and placed him under the care of the celebrated Hudson., He afterward went abroad, and spent two years on the Continent, chiefly in Italy, applying himself to his favorite study, and copying some of the best specimens of the Italian school of art. In 1752 he returned to London. By what means he and Johnson came to an acquaintance is not clearly ascertained. Some remarks of Boswell's would seem to indicate that they had known each other soon after Reynolds's first coming to London; but he afterward shows this impossible to have been, by stating that when Reynolds first saw the Life of Savage, after his return from Italy, "he knew nothing of its author." But so favorably was he impressed with that work, that, upon his return to the metropolis, he lost no opportunity to become acquainted with the writer. The estimate of Johnson's genius, formed by Reynolds upon reading his writings, was more than sustained by his conversation; and from the first the young artist diligently cultivated the friendship of his newly-made acquaintance. This favorable impression was fully reciprocated by Johnson, who, from the very first interview, conceived a

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

high opinion of his young friend; and the connection, thus early and suddenly formed, was lasting as the lives of the parties to it, and increased with their increasing years.

Sir Joshua in after life would relate a characteristic anecdote of Johnson relative to the period of their first acquaintance. One evening the two friends were at the house of certain female acquaintances, when they found their fair hostesses almost wholly occupied by a couple of ladies of quality. Johnson endured the discourtesy for some time; and then determined to avenge himself by afflicting the vanity of their friends. He therefore called out to Reynolds in a loud tone,—"How much do you think you and I could get in a week, if we were to work as hard as we could?" This was intended to give the ladies the notion that the two friends were common laborers, and that their hostesses were on terms of intimacy with persons of low habits and associations.

Reynolds was then a young man, but little known in London, and just commencing that brilliant career which advanced him at length not only to the head of his own profession, but also to an enviable position in the very best society in the kingdom. The habitual elevation of his mind, the purity of his life, and his social qualities, all served to secure and maintain the warmest friendship between himself and Johnson. Few of Johnson's companions were at once so loved and reverenced as was Sir Joshua Reynolds. His name will occur frequently in the sequel to this biography.

Bennet Langton, of Langton Hall, in Leicestershire, was another of Johnson's cherished friends and companions. While yet a youth, he had read the "Rambler" at his rural abode, and had conceived a very high opinion of its author; and soon afterward, upon coming up to London, he was very solicitous to obtain an introduction to him. That was not difficult to be obtained; and accordingly, the romantic young rustic and the great moralist were soon brought into each other's company. Langton had conceived an idea of the personal appearance of the object of his admiration, corresponding to those qualities of mind which he had so much admired in his writings, and of course was not a little surprised when he saw him,—especially as his plight was then peculiarly uncourtly. It was about noon when the youthful scholar first called on the mighty sage, who had not yet left his chamber. He was not kept long in waiting, however; for very soon down came the newly-awakened giant, in his little brown wig, with his clothes hanging loosely about him. Lang-

BENNET LANGTON.

ton, who had always associated a proper regard for personal appearance with all his ideas of individual worth and real greatness, was not a little disappointed at the sight of the incarnation of the "Rambler." But the shock was but momentary; for Johnson almost immediately launched into a rich and animated conversation, replete with philosophical and religious wisdom, and in perfect agreement with the principles in which Langton had been educated; so that he left with increased admiration of the wonderful man. Johnson, too, was greatly pleased with his youthful visitor, whose appreciation of the "Rambler," and especially of its author, seemed a sufficient evidence of the correctness of his taste and the solidity of his judgment; and to this was added the charm of ancestral renown, to which Johnson always paid great deference. "Langton, sir," he would remark, with great earnestness, "has a grant of a free-warren from Henry the Second; and Cardinal Stephen Langton, in King John's reign, was of this family."

The subsequent history of this young man is so closely interwoven with that of Johnson that there is now no occasion to pursue it further. A sketch of his personal appearance, at a later period of his life, as given by the good-natured Miss Hawkins, may not inappropriately accompany the annexed portrait:—

> "O that we could sketch him with his mild countenance, his elegant features, and his sweet smile, sitting with one leg twisted round the other, as if fearing to occupy more space than was equitable; his person inclining forward, as if wanting strength to support his height; and his arms crossed over his bosom, or his hands locked together on his knee; his oblong, golden-mounted snuffbox, taken from the waistcoat pocket opposite his hand, and either remaining between his fingers or set by him on the table, but never used but when his mind was occupied on conversation,—as soon as conversation began, the box was produced."

Langton soon after returned to Oxford, where he still held a residence as a student of Trinity College, and where he had formed an acquaintance with a young man, the son of Lord Sydney Beauclerk, and grandson of the Duke of St. Albans—an acquaintance which was as lasting as their lives.

Beauclerk was a wit in the best sense of that term. He possessed great acuteness of understanding; in his manners he was an almost perfect model of the gentleman; and in his dress—without verging into foppishness—he was scrupulously exact, and always graceful. His love of fun and frolic knew no bounds, except those imposed by his delicate sense of social propriety, which indeed he would never violate.

Johnson, soon after his interview with young Langton, visited Oxford, and spent some time at that venerable seat of learning. He was at first greatly surprised and grieved to find his young friend on terms of intimacy with one of the wildest young men of his college—a person who had the reputation of being loose in both his principles and his manners. Langton soon brought his two friends together; and it was not long before the representative of the ancient family of St. Albans, and the reputed living image of Charles the Second—the gay and dissipated Beauclerk—was the boon-companion of the great censor of the morals of the age. The news of this strange coalition was presently told in London, when Garrick expressed a fear that he should have to bail his old friend out of the round-house. Beauclerk was too much of a gentleman, and valued wit and learning too highly, to offend Johnson with sallies of infidelity or licentiousness; and Johnson loved wit and pleasantry as well as he. Johnson's intimacy with his two young friends dates from his first acquaintance with them, and innumerable were the scenes of hilarity into which they led him. It was observed that Beauclerk could take greater liberties with him than any other individual; and, in return, Johnson delighted in castigating the young wit, when either his folly or vices laid him open to the censures of his grave associate. Beauclerk's satires occasionally cut a little too deep for Johnson's liking, and unwill-

TOPHAM BEAUCLERK.

ing to confess their power, he complained of their malignity: "You never open your mouth," he exclaimed, "but with the intention to give pain; and you have often given me pain, not from the power of what you said, but from seeing your intention." But it was often very evident that the power as well as the aim of his blows was the cause of Johnson's dislike of them.

One night, after Johnson had returned to London, and his two young friends were also in town, when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern, and sat till three in the morning, they resolved to go and call on Johnson and endeavor to prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They accordingly proceeded to his lodging, in the Temple, and rapped violently at his door, till he appeared in his night-dress, with his little black wig on his head instead of a nightcap, and a large poker in his hand. Upon ascertaining who his disturbers were, and what their errand, he exclaimed, "What! is it *you*, you dogs? I'll have a frisk with you." He was soon dressed, and the three sallied forth together into Covent Garden, where the green-grocers and fruiterers were arranging their hampers, just received from the country. Johnson attempted to help them, while the honest gardeners—half-surprised and half-amused—gazed at his huge figure and strange movements with wonder, and evident disrelish of his interference; and the young men looked on and were amused with the grotesque scene. Then repairing to a tavern, they had a bowl of Johnson's favorite lemonade prepared, when, in contempt of sleep, from which he had been aroused, he repeated a distich from an old drinking song,—

Short, O short, be thy reign,
And give us to the world again.

They then went down to the Thames and rowed to Billingsgate. Here Langton deserted his associates, having an engagement to breakfast with some young ladies; but the other two resolved to devote the whole day to the pleasures with which they had begun it,—and Johnson scolded him for "leaving his social friends to go and sit with a set of *one-idea'd* girls." Garrick, having heard of this adventure, threatened Johnson with an exposure in the *Chronicle:* but Johnson said, "he durst not do it; his wife would not let him." This remark was evidently designed as an allusion to Garrick's domestic affairs; and the intimation it makes is alike creditable to himself, and the excellent woman whose influence had so great and happy an effect upon the manners and course of life of her less discreet and conscientious husband.

JOHNSON, BEAUCLERK, AND LANGTON.

NATURE'S FAREWELL.

The beautiful is vanish'd, and returns not.

Coleridge's Wallenstein.

A YOUTH rode forth from his childhood's home,
Through the crowded paths of the world to roam;
And the green leaves whisper'd, as he pass'd,
"Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so fast?

"Knew'st thou with what thou art parting here,
Long wouldst thou linger in doubt and fear;
Thy heart's free laughter, thy sunny hours,
Thou hast left in our shades with the spring's wild flowers.

"Thou mayst come to the summer woods again,
And thy heart have no echo to greet this strain;
Afar from the foliage its love will dwell:
A change must pass o'er thee; farewell, farewell!"

On rode the youth; and the founts and streams
Thus mingled a voice with his joyous dreams:—
"We have been thy playmates through many a day,
Wherefore thus leave us? O, yet delay!

"Listen but once to the sound of our mirth;
For thee 't is a melody passing from earth!
Never again wilt thou find in its flow,
The peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

"Under the arch by our mingling made,
Thou and thy brother have gayly play'd;
Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore,
But as ye *have* met there—O, never more!"

On rode the youth; and, the boughs among,
Thus the wild birds o'er his pathway sung:—
"Wherefore so fast unto life away?
Thou art leaving forever thy joy in our lay!

"Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee,
With the breath of the world on thy spirit free;
Passion and sorrow its depths will have stirr'd,
And the singing of waters be vainly heard.

"Thou wilt bear in our gladsome laugh no part—
What should it do for a burning heart?
Thou wilt bring to the banks of our freshest rill
Thirst which no fountain on earth may still!

"Farewell!—when thou comest again to thine own,
Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone!
Mournfully true is the tale we tell—
Yet on, fiery dreamer;—farewell, farewell!"

And a something of gloom on his spirit weigh'd,
As he caught the last sounds of his native shade;
But he knew not, till many a bright spell broke,
How deep were the oracles nature spoke!

MRS. HEMANS.

OLIVE HATHAWAY.

OLIVE HATHAWAY has always appeared to me a very interesting creature. Lame from her earliest childhood, and worse than an orphan,—her mother being dead, and her father, from mental infirmity, incapable of supplying her place,—she seemed prematurely devoted to care and suffering. Always gentle and placid, no one ever remembered to have seen Olive gay. Even that merriest of all hours—the noon-day play-time at school—passed gravely and sadly with the little lame girl. She had no troop of playfellows, no chosen companions—joined in none of the innocent cabal or mischievous mirth of her comrades; and yet every one liked Olive, even although cited by her mistress as a pattern of sempstress-ship and good conduct—even although held up as that odious thing, a model—no one could help loving poor Olive, so entirely did her sweetness and humility disarm envy and mollify scorn. On leaving school, she brought home the same good qualities, and found them attended by the same results. To Rachel Strong, the village laundress, her assistance soon became invaluable. There was not such an ironer in the country. One could swear to the touch of her skillful fingers, whether in disentangling the delicate complexity of a point-lace cap, or in bringing out the bolder beauties of a cut-work collar; one could swear to her handy-work just as safely as a bank-clerk may do to the calligraphy of a moneyed man on 'Change, or an amateur in art to the handling of a great master. There was no mistaking her touch. Things ironed by her looked as good as new, some said better; and her aunt's trade throve apace.

But Olive had a trade of her own. Besides her accomplishments as a laundress, she was an incomparable needlewoman; could construct a shirt between sunrise and sunset; had a genuine genius for mantua-making; a real taste for millinery; was employed in half the houses round as a sempstress, at the rate of thirty-six cents a day; devoting by far the greater part of her small earnings to the comforts of her father, a settled inhabitant of the workhouse at Aberleigh. A happy man was poor William Hathaway, albeit the proud and the wordly-wise held him in scorn; happiest of all on the Sunday afternoons, when he came to dine with his daughter and her good aunt Rachel, and receive the pious dole, the hoarded half-pence, or the "splendid shilling," which it was her delight to accumulate for his little pleasures, and which he, child-like in all his ways, spent like a child, on cakes and gingerbread. There was no fear of the source failing; for gentle, placid, grateful, and humble, considerate beyond her years, and skillful far beyond her opportunities, every one liked to employ Olive Hathaway. The very sound of her crutch in the court, and her modest tap at the door, inspired a kindly, almost a tender feeling, for the afflicted and defenseless young creature whom patience and industry were floating so gently down the rough stream of life.

Her person, when seated, was far from unpleasant, though shrunken and thin from delicacy of habit, and slightly leaning to one side from the constant use of the crutch. Her face was interesting from feature and expression, in spite of the dark and perfectly colorless complexion, which gave her the appearance of being much older than she really was. Her eyes, especially, were full of sweetness and power, and her long straight hair, parted on the forehead, and twisted into a thick knot behind, gave a statue-like grace to her head, that accorded ill with the coarse straw bonnet and brown stuff gown, of which her dress was usually composed. There was, in truth, a something elegant and refined in her countenance; and the taste that she displayed, even in the homeliest branches of her own homely art, fully sustained the impression produced by her appearance. If any of our pretty damsels wanted a particularly pretty gown, she had only to say to Olive, "Make it according to your own fancy;" and she was sure to be arrayed not only in the best fashion, but with the nicest attention to the becoming, both in color and form.

Her taste was equally just in all things. She would select, in a moment, the most beautiful flower in the garden, and the finest picture in a room; and going about, as she did, all over the village, hearing new songs and new stories from the young, and old tales and old ballads from the aged, it was remarkable that Olive, whose memory was singularly tenacious for what she liked, retained only the pretty lines or the striking incidents. For the bad or the indifferent, she literally had no memory; they passed by her as the idle wind, that she regarded not. Her fondness for poetry, and the justness of taste which she displayed in it, exposed poor Olive to one serious inconvenience; she was challenged as being a poetess herself; and although she denied the accusation earnestly, blushingly, and even fearfully, and her accusers could bring neither living witnesses nor written documents to support their assertion, yet so difficult is it to disprove that particular calumny, that, in spite of her reiterated denial, the charge passes for true in Aberleigh to this very hour. Habit, however, reconciles all things; people may become accustomed even to that sad nick-name, an authoress.

In process of time, the imputed culprit ceased to be shocked at the sound, seemed to have made up her mind to bear the accusation, and even to find some amusement in its truth or its falsity: there was an arch and humorous consciousness in her eyes, on such occasions, that might be construed either way, and left it an even wager whether our little lame girl were a poetess or not. Such was and such is Olive Hathaway, the humble and gentle village mantua-maker; and such she is likely to continue; for, too refined for the youths of her own station, and too unpretty to attract those above her, it is very clear to me that my friend Olive will be an old maid. There are certain indications of character, too, which point to that as her destiny: a particularity respecting her tools of office, which renders the misplacing a needle, the loss of a pin, or the unwinding half-an-inch of cotton, an evil of no small magnitude; a fidgety exactness as to plaits and gathers, a counting of threads and comparing of patterns, which our notable housewives, who must complain of something, grumble at as waste of time; a horror of shreds and litter, which distinguishes her from all other mantua-makers that ever sewed a seam; and lastly a love of animals, which has procured for her the friendship and acquaintance of every four-footed creature in the vicinity.

This is the most suspicious symptom of all. Not only is she followed and idolized by the poor old cur which Rachel Strong keeps to guard her house, and the still more aged donkey that carries home her linen; but every cat, dog, or bird, every variety of domestic pet that she finds in the different houses where she works, immediately following the strange instinct by which animals, as well as children, discover who likes them, makes up to and courts Olive Hathaway. For her doth Farmer Brookes's mastiff, surliest of watch-dogs, pretermit his incessant bark; for her, and for her only, will Dame Wheeler's tabby cease to spit and erect her bristles, and become, as nearly as her spiteful cat can become so, gentle and amiable! Even the magpie at the Rose, most accomplished and most capricious of all talking birds, will say, "Very well, ma'am," in answer to Olive's "How d'ye do?" and whistle an accompaniment to her "God save the King," after having persevered in a dumb resentment for a whole afternoon. There's magic about her placid smile and her sweet low voice—no sulkiness of bird or beast can resist their influence. And Olive hath abundance of pets in return, from my greyhound, Mayflower, downward; and, indeed, takes the whole animal world under her protection, whether pets or no; begs off condemned kittens, nurses sick ducklings, will give her last penny to prevent an unlucky urchin from taking a bird's nest; and is cheated and laughed at for her tender-heartedness, as is the way of the world in such cases.

Yes, Olive will certainly be an old maid, and a happy one—content and humble, and cheerful and BELOVED!

WHAT CAN WOMAN DESIRE MORE?

The National Magazine.

MAY, 1853.

THE CHRISTIANITY REQUIRED BY THE TIMES.

REFORM IN CHRISTIAN BENEFICENCE.

WE sit down at our "Editor's Table," to make a few hearty remarks on a hearty subject—a subject which needs not much elaboration, though it certainly needs much conscientious revision throughout the Christian world. Many of the measures discussed in this series of articles, especially in the last one, have, it must be acknowledged, their *radix* in "the root of all evil"—money; and divinely wise is the providential ordination which thus connects so much good with so much evil. The great reforms which we have shown to devolve upon the "Christianity of our times," cannot be prosecuted, any more than war itself, without such "sinews." Here, indeed, is their most urgent desideratum, and we think we mistake not when we say, that the next great idea to be brought out and made prominent in the Church, is its *true standard of pecuniary liberality*—the right relation of Christian men to their property.

The subject has already begun to attract attention; but it is yet altogether too vague; it needs development, precision, demonstration. Several prize volumes have recently been published upon it; several personal instances—princely ones—of systematic charity, founded upon a corrected view of the subject, have become familiar to the public, and, as examples, will do much to promote the beneficence of the times; but the idea is yet too indefinite to have a distinct impression on the public mind of the Church. It must be more discussed. *It is* THE *idea for the next general discussions of Christian reformers.* And a sublime theme for them is it—ennobled not only by its essential beneficence, but by not a few profound ethical relations.

Half the energy now expended in wranglings that distract the Christian world, and disfigure the Church with sectarian bigotry, would be sufficient, if devoted to this great question, to advance Christendom fifty per cent. in a couple of generations, and would come near redeeming the world in a century. The remark is emphatic, but we utter it in all soberness.

A change amounting to a *revolution* must come over Christendom, in this respect, before Christianity can fairly make its experiment in our world. And does not the providence of God present the solution of this question as, precisely and inevitably, the next great duty of the Church? A series of providential dispensations have followed each other in her modern history until she has been brought to confront directly this problem, and here she stands—hesitating, shall we say? No—we trust not hesitating; but preparing to solve it, and to derive from it a new, and, as we believe, a transcendent dispensation of success.

First in these providential dispensations was the Reformation, letting out again the light of the primitive truth upon the world; next came the "Revival Epoch," under Edwards, Wesley, and Whitefield; then, and almost immediately, ensued the great Aggressive Movement originating Sunday-schools, Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies, the Temperance Reform, &c. By degrees the *foreign world* has opened its doors to evangelization, till now we have access to Asia—China on the east, India on the south; to Africa—south, east, and north, everywhere, in fine; more or less, though with some drawbacks, to Europe; nearly all of the northern and southern continents[°] of the New World, and throughout the isles of the Pacific and South Seas. Everywhere, in fact, does the Macedonian vision stand out on the boundaries of the nations and beckon us. Not even in the age chosen by God for the introduction of the Christian religion, because of the general sway and peace of the Roman Empire, was the whole world more amply thrown open for the march of the Church. There is now passing over her a day of opportunity such as the history of our fallen race has never before seen. What is the providential meaning of these facts?

Not only have we this great access to the nations, but the *Scriptures* have been rendered into most of their languages. We have now about two hundred translations. Out of the eight or nine hundred millions of our world's population, some six hundred millions have the oracles of Revelation in their vernacular. This was the next essential step; for what could the living agency, entering into these open doors, have done with masses of reclaimed pagans without the Scriptures? What else than prepare another edition of Popery?

The next great need was *men;* and even here, where the chief obstacle to the missionary movement was at first apprehended, the providence of God has met the Church in due time. The "American Board," when it started, challenged all Protestant Christendom for men, and was ready to pledge itself to send out all who should be properly provided; now it has no lack of them. When the Methodist China Mission was started, two or three missionaries were called for: the late Bishop Hedding had immediately some *forty* applications, mostly from promising, educated young men. An inspiration from on high—an heroic spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice—has manifestly been poured out upon the Christian ministry to provide for this want, at the very time that the Church had prepared itself for the provision; at a time, too, when her domestic fields presented the most urgent opportunities for laborers. Thus has God exemplified the great principle of his providential economy toward her, viz., to provide her opportunities as she prepared herself for them. "Do the duty next to you, and all others will reveal themselves in their due order," says Goethe—a maxim applicable to public as well as personal conduct, and corroborated by the whole history of the Church.

Meanwhile many surprising facilities for the spread of Christianity have been provided. The cheapness of knowledge, by the improvements of the press, is a peculiar advantage of our

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[°] Missionaries can labor and Bibles be distributed in nearly all the South American States.

times. The rapidity of international communication is annihilating distance. Colonization, now unknown among unenlightened nations, is spreading Christian civilization around most of the earth. Navigation and commerce, a few generations ago, in the hands of the Catholic powers of Spain, Portugal, and the Italian cities, are now mostly transferred to the Anglo-Saxon Protestant world. England is the mistress of the seas, and America, in less than ten years, is to be their master.

No man, however sober his judgment, can look at these facts without perceiving that the history of the human race is verging fast to a new and unprecedented epoch—that the false religions, the whole *status* of the unenlightened world, surrounded and pressed upon by such resistless agencies, must inevitably be revolutionised.

We have, then, the geographical *access;* we have the Scriptures, the *munitions;* we have many incidental *facilities*, and the *men* necessary for this final moral campaign of the world. What is next needed? The *sinews of the war*, we repeat—the right standard of pecuniary liberality in the Church. We say, with all deliberation, that we cannot perceive why the mission of Christianity in our world could not proceed right on to its consummation, if this one condition were secured. The great obstruction now before its chariot-wheels is Mammon—the last idol of our Christian heathenism—and the Church needs a revival of its old Iconoclasm to break down this universal idolatry.[°]

Thus is the subject, now under review, the great question of the day in respect to the specially evangelical movements of the Church; it is equally so in respect to those great reformatory measures which we have lately discussed. The public mind, in most Christian lands, is getting right convictions in regard to the necessity of such reforms. Christendom is rife with discussions and schemes about them. There is almost an excess of such discussions and schemes; they are becoming tiresome. What we now want is more practical endeavors—more *work*, and more *means* to work with.

What is the actual standard of pecuniary liberality in the Church? Let us meet the question honestly; but, in doing so, let us acknowledge some late, rapid improvements—improvements which indicate that the revolution we have affirmed to be necessary is not improbable. Twenty-five years have effected marvelous changes in this respect; nearly all the great Protestant philanthropies have been vastly advanced within that period; and if we bear in mind that hardly a century has passed since most of our Christian "enterprises" began, the present degree of pecuniary liberality among us is certainly an encouraging indication. Many Christian capitalists, in England and this country, have come to understand that they are not *proprietors*, but *stewards* of their wealth; and are devoting it, in large sums, to the charities of the times. Boston has won an enviable fame by the generosity of her rich men; New-York promises to excel her. Within the last year, about a million of dollars has been given for benevolent purposes in the latter city.

If we examine the treasury accounts of the "Christian enterprises" of the day, we shall find a rapidly increasing ratio of receipts. A few years ago, Stephen Roszell, of the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, wrote to a friend, that he "really believed the time would come in which that conference would afford $1,000 per annum for the missionary cause." A newspaper item, now current, reports the sum raised by it the last year at $24,500! The estimate of the veteran Roszell is now probably met by some single Churches of the Conference.[°] Such examples are multiplying everywhere, and in all sects.

Still how far short of the necessity of the times and the capacity of the Church is its liberality! It has been said that the aggregate appropriations of American Protestantism, for foreign evangelization, do not exceed the annual expense of a single American ship-of-the-line. Is this fact befitting the strength and opportunities of American Christianity in an age like this? The largest denomination of the land contributes, to both its foreign and domestic missions, at the rate of only about twenty-one cents for each of its members.[†] The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has commanded greater success; the members of the Churches patronizing it give at the rate of one dollar each. These are fair indications of the pecuniary liberality of the times. Encouraging as they are, in comparision with the past, they almost assume a ludicrous insignificance, when we consider the design contemplated—the overthrow of the Heathenism, the Mohammedanism, and the Popery of the nations—the moral renovation of the world. Would ten dollars per member—*ten millions per annum*—be an extravagant contribution for Methodism to such a design? We think the time will come when even that sum will be deemed a pittance for the purpose.

The Christian beneficence of the times lacks two important elements—the sentiment of *moral obligation* and *method*.

There is, unquestionably, some sentiment of duty associated with these charities, but it is so general as to be almost inappreciable. It has no strong hold on the conscience. We feel that we ought to do something for them. He

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[°] "Covetousness, which is idolatry," says St. Paul. The phrase is a striking one. "Idolatry" was a synonyme for heathenism, with all its attendant abominations. "Covetousness" in the Church was, therefore, in a sense, the *retention of heathenism*—"idolatry." It is notable how *specifically* this sin is thus described. In another Epistle Paul says—"This ye know, that no covetous man, *who is an idolater*, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God"—the Church.

[°] The "Baltimore city station" alone contributed, the past year, $1,645.

[†] Methodism may plead some apology, however. It is not a century old; in about eighty-seven years it has erected four thousand two hundred and twenty chapels, (not much less than one a week during all its history,) at an expense of $14,730,571. Its expenses for colleges, academies, parsonages, the renewal as well as the original erection of chapels, &c., has been estimated, for the last quarter of a century, at "very little short of one million dollars per annum." This is in addition to the expense of its ministry, missions, &c. Zion's Herald, Boston, is our authority for these facts.

would be pronounced an egregious heretic who should deny it absolutely—but how few of us have ever given it a place among our ordinary and acknowledged duties? How few have defined its extent or kept its reckoning, or deliberately provided for it, *as a duty?* Who feels conscience-stricken if it is omitted? We give when occasion offers, but how?—we hardly know ourselves. An eloquent speech, an anecdote, an example of rivalry, sometimes even a jest, extorts our contribution, and thus much of the whole fiscal scheme of Christianity for the redemption of the world—much of the whole "Exchequer" of the "kingdom of God" among men, is based upon uncertain and petty—*whims*, should they not be called? Is this right? Is it not amazing that the finances of religion have not taken a more *religious* character? Is there not needed here a revolution, as we have said?

While mere impulse is thus the occasion of most of our contributions, the manner of giving them is mostly *casual.* *Systematic Charity* is beginning to be a theme of the religious press and of the pulpit—a hopeful sign of the times. But how limited yet is the habit? Here and there you meet a conscientious man who has become convinced that it is not only his duty to give, but that the obligation is so sacred as to require scrupulous attention. He feels that he must render account of it in the "last day," and he settles the claim by a methodical adjustment of his liberality to the whole business of his life. How can he well do otherwise? Yet so rare are these examples, that scarcely any man can enumerate twenty-five of them in all his acquaintance.

Such, then, is the existing standard of Christian beneficence. We are not aware that we have described it with too little qualification. If any one thinks we have, he will, at least, admit that we are not far short of the truth.

If it is asked what it *should be?* we reply, Just the reverse of the defects mentioned. It should be made a matter of *conscientious duty*, and become a *practical*, a *regular habit;* and until the teachers of Christianity have so taught the people, we cannot expect our religious charities to assume stability and efficiency. Perhaps no point of Christian ethics is more misapprehended, or rather not apprehended at all, than the relation of Christian men to their property. And yet the Scriptures are noticeably express on the subject; they teach, as we have said, not the *proprietorship*, but the *stewardship*, of the religious man of property. There is a perverse discrimination made among us between the moral responsibility of such talents and that of almost all others—a remarkable fallacy that has withheld from Christianity nine-tenths of its proper effectiveness in the world.

The Parable of the Talents only discriminates their degrees; the principle of their moral responsibility is the same; and he that had the least gift, and felt, therefore, that he had the least necessity to be scrupulous, was the one who was cast "into outer darkness, where there was weeping and gnashing of teeth."

The man who is endowed with the call and the talents to preach the gospel feels that "woe is me if I preach not the gospel." If he abandons his sacred office to seek wealth, even Christian men of business look upon him as a sort of apostate, and hold him accountable to God for the misapplication of his talents. And so he is, and terrible, and perhaps fatal, is his accountability; but be reminded, Christian men of business, that when you entered the "kingdom of God," you also became "priests"—for ye are "kings and priests unto God;" "ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price." Your talent is different, but your *responsibility* for its religious use is the same as his. Like him, you live in the world only to promote the interests of that spiritual kingdom into which you have entered. There is no more obligation on the missionary, in the ends of the earth, to devote his talents to the interest of that kingdom, than there is on you, in your workshop, to devote your humbler talents to the same great end. Woe will be on him if he preach not the gospel; woe will be upon you in like manner if your talents, whatever they may be, are not with a similar consecration devoted to its promotion. Have you ever awakened to this unquestionable fact? It probably strikes you, now that we are presenting it to you, as exceedingly questionable—a rhetorical extravagance rather than a sober, logical fact. But, be assured, that you cannot otherwise interpret your Bible; be assured that death will so interpret it to your awakened conscience, and "the Judge of quick and dead," when the "books shall be opened."

How different is the prevalent view of the religious uses of property, even among Christian men? How few of them differ in their business habits from unreclaimed worldlings around them? They are in the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and it may be in their closets daily; but how few of them carry a well-defined religious purpose into their business life? They share the common and ruinous avidity for wealth. They go on adding house to house and stock to stock; death comes at last, and amid their accumulated treasures—accumulated for they hardly know what—they are summoned to their account. And what an account must be given of such a life by men professing to "be not of the world," to "live not unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them, and rose again." A dereliction, an appalling dereliction, prevails all through Christendom in this respect. It has been the disaster of the world. The prolonged delay, if not defeat, of the Christian mission has been a fearful mystery to many good men. There have been many causes for it, doubtless; but the chief one, the one which *now*, as we have shown, is the chief obstruction of the gospel, is that which we are discussing—the almost universal abnegation of the Scriptural doctrine of the relation of Christian men to their property. Is it not at once obvious, that if the right idea of this subject were brought out fully in all the Church, and its fiscal schemes were based upon the sense of duty and settled habits of liberality, the whole face of Christendom and of the world itself would soon be changed?

The subject assumes an impressive importance as we advance into it. We shall return to it in our next number.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

The Crystalotype—Portraits of Bishops—Lecture of Wendell Phillips—Mercantile Library—Lowell Lectures—Harvard College—Free University—Young Men's Christian Association—Ornamental Tree Society—Literary Items.

UNDER the euphonious name of *crystalotype*, Mr. J. A. Whipple, of Boston, is now elaborating and perfecting a beautiful process, which he has patented, by which daguerreotype portraits or pictures are indefinitely multiplied, in a permanent form, upon paper. The proposed design is first thrown by the camera upon a glass surface covered with a prepared enamel, producing what is called a *negative* picture, the lights and shadows holding positions just opposite to their relations in the true representation. The paper upon which the picture is to be reproduced, having received its chemical preparation, is brought in contact with the rays of the sun through the glass negative, and a perfect image of the desired object is obtained; its outline as distinct and sharp as nature itself; visible in any light, and thus having greatly the advantage of the daguerreotype on a metallic surface, and admitting of an indefinite number of impressions at a moderate expense. When the process is brought to a comparative perfection, it will, undoubtedly, become the universal medium for book and periodical illustration, as well as the popular art for multiplying household faces and forms. The artist, with his camera under his arm, can, in a few moments, secure the perfect "counterfeit" of any public edifice or individual, or of any marked natural scenery; and, in a short period in his office, through the unpaid labors of the sun, can strike off as many proofs of his picture as may be desired by the publisher. Mr. Whipple deserves well at the hand of his countrymen for the enthusiastic zeal with which he has cultivated and enlarged the boundaries of his beautiful art, and he is now in a way to receive the deserved reward of his ingenuity and diligence. During the session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Boston, he prepared a fine daguerreotype of the whole bench of Methodist Bishops, and of a number of the prominent clergymen of the denomination, from various parts of the country. These will soon be published in the crystalotype form, and will be at once admired as specimens of art, and eagerly sought as *souvenirs* of men whose forms and memories are worthy of an honorable preservation.

The two series of public addresses before the Mercantile Association closed, with the finest lecture of the season, by Wendell Phillips, Esq. His subject was "The Lost Arts." It was delivered without the aid of a manuscript; and for grace of address, beauty, and exuberance of language, for fullness of information, and for clearness of style and argument, as well as for the delightful vein of chastened humor that ran through the whole of it, it has rarely been equaled, and never surpassed, by a public lecturer among us. It was well remarked, in reference to it, that the speaker proved that eloquence was *not* one of the *lost arts*. The closing tribute to Christianity was a worthy peroration of an admirable discourse. The president of the society, in an appropriate address, alluded to the prosperity of the institution, and its promise for the future. More than five thousand persons have attended the weekly lectures during the winter; and after paying all their expenses, over fifteen hundred dollars will remain in the treasury of the society, to be devoted to the enlargement of their library, and to the other purposes of the association. A collection of thirteen thousand volumes—the choicest selections in all the walks of literature, science, and religion—has already been gathered in the library of the institution, and one hundred serial publications upon the tables of the reading-room invite the perusal of the young merchants of our city.

The Lowell lectures have been unusually valuable and interesting this winter. Mr. Bowen, of the North American, just elected Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in Harvard University, Charles B. Goodrich, Esq., Bishop Potter, of Philadelphia, and Professor Felton, of Cambridge, have been the successive lecturers this season before this institute. Lecturing has fairly become a profession. Dr. O. W. Holmes stated, in a late address, that he was called to deliver seventy-one public lectures last winter, and most of our popular speakers have their hands full of engagements in city and country lyceums. It is one of the great educators of the day, and no small amount of responsibility rests both upon lecture-committees and lecturers themselves, for our social life cannot fail to receive profound impressions from this popular tribunal.

An interesting debate and decision occurred at a late meeting of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University. Harvard has been considered as a state university, and, as such, has received endowments from the legislature. At a late election of a fellow, in the place of Dr. Sparks, resigned, Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, was nominated. Several orthodox Congregationalists objected to the nomination, solely on the ground that the university was a state institution, and that there should be no denominational preponderance in the Board of Fellows, but that now all were Unitarians. This view ex-governor Boutwell, himself a Unitarian, ably supported. But Dr. Ellis and Dr. Gannett took another view of the subject, arguing that the university could not be considered a state institution, and that its denominational aspect and organization ought not to be changed. This view, so contrary to a prevailing sentiment in the community, seems to have been sustained by a large vote. Of twenty-two votes, Dr. Putnam received seventeen, and was elected.

Samuel A. Elliot, Esq., of Boston, lately delivered an address before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, in which he urges, by a forcible line of argumentation, the importance of the state providing free collegiate education for the young, as well as a common-school training; insisting that it should actually provide all necessary means and appliances, "such as buildings, books, instruments, salaries, scholarships, &c., so that it might really have something of its own to look after, instead of seizing upon what has been established by private bounty, and calling it a state institution, merely because it is designed, or adapted, to benefit the whole commonwealth."

The Young Men's Christian Association has enjoyed a good state of prosperity during the first year of its history. They have just made arrangements to secure a suit of convenient and beautiful rooms in the new Tremont Temple, which is about completed. Connected with the reading-room will be post-office boxes, for the various clergymen of the city, so that these rooms will be the general meeting and gathering place for the piety of the city, the ministers being brought, from time to time, into profitable social relations with the Christian young men of the city. The Sabbath evening lectures, before this association, have been of a high character, and have been well attended.

This mild morning in March reminds me that Spring is coming, and this thought suggests to my mind an item which has been copied into our city papers. It refers to a society in East Boston, which ought to have a counterpart in every village in our land. The "East Boston Ornamental Tree Association" have set out, during the past year, two hundred and twenty-five fine shade trees, and they design this year to add from eight hundred to a thousand more to the number. Now is the moment to form such a society, and to enter at once upon a work affording pleasure in the present, and giving a prophecy of beauty and comfort in the future.

In the literary world there is with us about the usual enterprise among the publishers. It is understood that Rev. Dr. Lathrop is preparing a biography of the late Hon. Amos Lawrence. Epes Sargeant, Esq., has left the editorial care of the *Transcript*, and devoted himself to the publication of several literary works, and to the preparation and delivery of popular lectures. Phillips, Sampson, & Co., are just ready to publish a new scientific work, from the pen of Pres. Hitchcock, entitled "An Outline of the Geology of the Globe, and of the United States in particular; with two Geological Maps, and Sketches of Characteristic American Fossils." Also, "Lectures on Life and Health, or the Laws and Means of Physical Culture," by William A. Alcott, M. D. They have in press, "The Last Leaf of Sunny-Side," being a tribute to the memory of the author of "Sunny-Side," "Peep at Number Five," "Tell Tale," &c., by her husband, Professor Phelps, of Andover. They announce, also, a valuable republication, especially for the library of the clergyman, "Genesis and Geology; or, an Investigation into the Reconciliation of the Modern Doctrines of Geology with the Declarations of Scripture," by Denis Crofton, B. A.; with an Introduction by President Hitchcock of Amherst College. The above publishers are issuing octavo editions of the English Poets, on fine paper and with appropriate and well-executed illustrations. The series will form the best library editions published in this country. Montgomery's Works have just been issued in this form; and the Christian poet well deserves the elegant dress in which he is arrayed.

Crosby & Nichols have issued already the fourth edition of the interesting Memoir of Mrs. Mary L. Ware, by Dr. Hall. A good portraiture of her character is presented in the admirable steel engraving that graces the volume—an amiable and earnest life, the memory of which is like fragrance poured forth. They have also published "The Sickness and Health of the People of Bleaburn," which, with the covering of a thin vail of fiction, relates the actual labors and sacrifices of Mrs. Ware, during a visit to Osmotherly, England, in a season of pestilence and general terror.

Ticknor, Reed, & Fields, have just issued a charming little volume, by your poet-biographer, R. H. Stoddard, entitled "Adventures in Fairy Land;" a new poem, by Whittier, "The Chapel of the Hermits;" "Tanglewood Tales," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "Essays on the Poets," by De Quincey; "The Kathayan Slave," by Mrs. Judson. They have in press "A Life of Burke," by Prior, and of "Sir James Macintosh," by his son, and "The Youth of Leonardo da Vinci."

John P. Jewett & Co. announce as early forthcoming from their press, "The Silent Land: or, Leaves of Consolation for the Afflicted," by Mrs. H. Dwight Williams—a duodecimo with five illustrations; "The Shady Side: or, Life in a Country Parsonage;" intended, in a measure, as a contrast to the "Sunny Side," and said to be written with much vivacity; "Count Struenree the Skeptic, and the Christian," translated from the German, by Mrs. Wilson; "The Last Hours of Christ," by W. G. Schauffler, missionary at Constantinople. The publication of the collected works of Dr. Beecher is continued, vol. 3 having just been issued. The last volume is illustrated with a life-like portrait of the doctor. This work will be a valuable acquisition to theological literature, and a noble monument to the diligence and power of their author. "White Slavery in the Barbary States," by Hon. Charles Sumner, illustrated with fifty engravings designed by Billings. This work, in mechanical execution, and in the richness of its contents, will be one of the most attractive of the season. "Philosophy of Mysterious Rappings," by Dr. E. C. Rogers. This is, by far, the most philosophical and satisfactory explanation of the strange phenomena lately exhibited in all parts of our country. "Writings of Professor Bela B. Edwards, D. D., with a Memoir," by Professor Park, 2 vols. 12mo; a valuable contribution to our permanent literature. "Complete Encyclopedia of Music," by John W. Moore, assisted by John S. Dwight, Esq. This volume will form a large octavo of a thousand pages, and will be a complete treasure-house of musical information.

T. R. Marvin and S. K. Whipple & Co. have just issued a second edition of "The Friends of Christ in the New Testament: Thirteen Discourses, by Nehemiah Adams, D. D." 8vo., three hundred pages. This beautifully published volume was committed to the press at the solicitation of a committee of the doctor's congregation, at the head of which was Rufus Choate. It is one of the richest series of Christian portraitures which has been sent forth from the religious press. S. K. Whipple & Co. are bringing out the second edition of the "Lessons at the Cross, or Spiritual Truths familiarly exhibited in their Relations to Christ, by Sherman Hartley, with an introduction by Rev. G. W. Blagden, D. D." A precious little volume for all the lovers of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Gould & Lincoln present a most inviting list of new and forthcoming publications. Four editions, as soon as announced, have been sold of "The Captive in Patagonia: or, Life among the Giants; a Personal Narrative, by Benjamin F. Bourne," giving, in connection with personal adventures, a graphic description of the customs and manners of this strange and almost unknown people. They also offer to young America "Pleasant Pages for Young People, or, Book of Home Education and Entertainment, by S. Prout Newcombe, with numerous illustrations;" an admirable paper for family-reading and culture. "Chambers's Repository; or, Instructive and Amusing Papers, with Illustrations," vol. 1: a new series of this popular work. "A Treatise on Biblical Criticism, by Samuel Davidson, D. D., a revised and enlarged edition:" two elegant octavo volumes. "The Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1853: or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, by David A. Wells." A most valuable manual for every profession and business, which has come now, like an almanac, to be an annual necessity. They have in press "Dr. Grant and the Mountain Nestorians," by Rev. Thomas Lourie, his surviving associate in that mission: with portrait and illustrations, 1 vol. 12mo. "Memorials of Early Christianity," by the Rev. J. G. Miall, 1 vol. 16mo.

ENGLISH SINGING BIRDS.

WE notice in *Kidd's Journal*, London, (a work, by-the-way, full of delightful articles on natural history,) a very charming thought—to men of our whimsical tastes at least—nothing less than a proposal to introduce into this country some of the finest singing-birds of England. The experiment has in fact been commenced, and not without some success. God bless the simple-minded and good-hearted benefactor of the country who has undertaken it! If he comes this way we hope he will step into our sanctum and give us his hand. He says, in good William Kidd's "Own Journal," that he has resided in this country some twenty years, and "being a warm admirer of nature's handiworks, has paid some little attention to the birds and plants of the State of New-York. While, however, admiring the fine plumage of the former, he has regretted the almost total absence of song." That certainly sounds odd to an American, accustomed to the rapturous Spring melody of our forests; yet, in respect to the superior music of European birds, it is true. We have the mocking-bird, to be sure, and he may be set off against the music of the spheres itself—so far as we ever heard of the latter—but we have him (native and at large) only in the South. To increase our rural music the writer says:—"I and my associates have conceived the idea of introducing English song-birds, and you will no doubt be pleased to learn that the *Sky-Lark*, liberated in the neighborhood of Brooklyn about eight years ago, has continued to frequent the same spot, and, though persecuted almost beyond endurance by trappers and gunners, he still maintains his ground. A letter received by the last steamer informs me that his song is still heard, and that *at least* one nest has escaped the spoiler." The "*spoiler*"—alas for both his head and his heart when he reaches the self-degradation necessary to allow him to direct his death-aim at a *sky-lark*, or any similar bird. We should expect him next to shoot at his own guardian angel while flying to the sky with his prayers. Don't frown, brothers of the gun; we confess a lurking relish for your favorite recreation, and imagine that it might have been a strong temptation to our father Adam in Paradise, as might also that other rural felicity, the venerable Izaak Walton's "Contemplative Man's Recreation;" (*sub rosa*—we pull the trigger and the hook also ourselves, whenever we can get a stealthy opportunity;) but there is roguish prey enough—legitimate to the gun and the palate—without this sacrilegious murder against God's forest choirs; and good sportsmen universally have both chivalry and moral feeling enough to disdain the unnatural cruelty. One of the finest charms of their rural wanderings and adventures is the melody of the groves, and they would not lessen it; heartless, untrained aspirants of the art, are alone guilty of this meanness. But to our English benefactor: he reports that he and his associates have found an asylum against this sporting massacre in Greenwood Cemetery. "We are now," he writes, "about to try the experiment on a more extended scale, and for this purpose we have the grounds of one of the most beautiful rural cemeteries in the world allotted us for the purpose. This consists of more than three hundred acres of open and wooded land, enclosed in a good fence, and protected by keepers. We have a room in one of the buildings in which we intend to keep the birds during the winter; so that we can liberate them the moment the season opens."

Among the birds to be sent over are "sky and wood-larks, thrushes, blackbirds, robins, black caps, and goldfinches; all these in sufficient quantities to insure success. We have arranged to send them out by a steamship, which will arrive there in about twelve days. I have noted well your remarks on 'Canaries breeding in the open air,' in England, and intend to try the experiment in America." This writer has also tried to naturalize among us some English plants, and has succeeded with the fox-glove, "which is now found growing among the rocks;" but he has not been so successful with the daisy. Success to him and all like-minded men! If ever, good reader, you find a man of such tastes, be sure to make him your friend. Such love of nature is next to the love of nature's God; it dwells not in a treacherous or an ungenial bosom, and it is usually the accompaniment of simple and kindly characteristics which give a charm to the life and converse of their possessor.

A friendly critic alludes to the theology of the concluding verses in our late article on Poe. Were the lines in prose, and subject to exact construction, they would be heterodox; but our good critic must bear in mind the doctrine of "poetic license," a doctrine which would allow these verses a good sense, though, we confess, not without a little straining. We shall endeavor to take better care hereafter.

Book Notices.

THE *Messrs. Harper* are issuing in excellent style the works of *Coleridge*, to be completed in seven volumes. At "this present writing" we have received four of them. The first contains the "Aids to Reflection" and "Statesman's Manual," with the "Preliminary Essay" by Dr. Marsh, and an Introductory Essay by Prof. Shedd, who has the editorial supervision of the edition. Volume second comprises "The Friend," with Appendix, &c., the third the "Biographia Literaria," and the fourth his "Lectures and Notes upon Shakspeare and the other Dramatists." The entire collection will contain everything from Coleridge, unabridged, except his newspaper articles. Prof. Shedd in his "Essay," consisting of about sixty pages, does ample justice to his distinguished subject, presenting all the facts necessary to a knowledge of his character, and skillfully and satisfactorily analyzing his philosophy. We need say nothing of the intrinsic value of these works. Coleridge was *the* thinker of his age, and every new review of his labors enhances the estimate of them among literary men.

Dr. Skinner has translated *Vinet's Pastoral Theology*, which has been recently published by the *Harpers*. It is a volume somewhat fragmentary, not having been prepared for the press by the author; but full of thought and lessons of practical experience—Calvinistic in its theology, free from offensive bitterness, and exceedingly suggestive. The translator has done his work well, and added a chapter of his own with several important notes. The conscientious pastor will find the volume instructive and quickening.

Elements of Geology, by Professors Gray and Adams. This work is admirably adapted to the purpose of class-instruction in our high-schools and colleges. It presents, in a condensed form, the outlines of the science. It embodies the results of the latest surveys and researches in the United States and the British Provinces. The excellent expedient was adopted of using the printed sheets in geological classes before publication, in order to their more perfect adaptation to the purposes of practical instructions. Its cuts are copious and illustrative. (*Harper & Brothers, New-York.*)

A Greek Reader, with Notes and a Lexicon, by Prof. J. J. Owen. Professor Owen's series of Greek books are among the very best publications of the kind, for the purpose of academic and collegiate instruction. His Reader, now before us, embodies a series of "elegant extracts," most of which have appeared before in the selections either of Dalzel or Jacobs. It should be used, after some preparatory *lessons*, upon sentences selected for grammatical drilling in progressive order. We have the usual extracts from Æsop; next come the jests of Hierocles—those genuine fossil specimens of Greek fun, which we first had to dig up in the Græca Minorca, in our student days, and which our grave pedagogue always grimly smiled at whenever they turned up; next follow Lucian and Xenophon; then a few Homeric extracts, and the remainder consists of the purest and sweetest of the Odes of Anacreon. The selections are made with a due regard for the capacity of the beginner. The notes preserve the just medium as regards the *amount* of aid they furnish. The compiler judiciously avoided confining himself to the Attic dialect; but the propriety of perplexing the young pupil with the peculiarities of the Epic dialect may be questioned. (*Leavit & Allen, New-York.*)

The Methodist Quarterly Review for April reaches us just as we go to press. We can only give the contents:—

I. The Eclipse of Faith, by Rev. Dr. Floy.
II. Port Royal, by J. A. U.
III. Vestiges of Civilization.
IV. Geographical and Statistical Science.
V. M'Culloh on the Scriptures, by Dr. T. E. Bond, jr.
VI. Japan and the Japanese, by Rev. T. F. R. Mercein.
VII. Exegesis of Hebrews ii, 16, by Rev. Dr. N. Rounds.
VIII. Short Reviews and Book Notices.
IX. Religious and Literary Intelligence.

These titles bespeak an elaborate and valuable number, and we promise ourselves, in its future perusal, a repetition of the pleasure we invariably find in reading this very ably conducted work. $2 per annum. (*Carlton & Phillips, New-York.*)

Rev. Dr. Peck's work on "*The Formation of a Manly Character*," alluded to by us some time since, has been published by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*. It will be found one of the best books of the kind extant. We could wish some of its positions slightly modified; it is a little too cautious in respect to the reformatory spirit of the times; but its views in general are of the most elevated character. There is a pervading good sense in these pages which cannot fail to commend the work to all who will examine it. We are glad to see such emphasis put upon *physical* education. The chapters which follow, on mental and moral manhood, are full of strong thought. In fine, this is no ephemeral production, like most late books of its class. It deserves a permanent place in the library of the young man who would understand and make rightly available his life.

"*Adventures in Fairy Land*," is the title of a new volume from the pen of "our own contributor," R. H. Stoddard, Esq. It has been issued in elegant style by *Ticknor, Reed, & Fields, Boston*. The title is somewhat a misnomer, as the Fairies figure very little in the volume; but "what's in a name?" "a rose would smell as sweet," &c. These "adventures" are in fact most tasteful and exceedingly beautiful allegories, narrated as stories to a company of young listeners. There is an exquisite poetry in their style, and a remarkable delicacy and tenderness in their sentiment; the lessons they teach, though not in all minutiæ accordant with our own notions, are nevertheless full of pathos and purity. The engraved illustrations are very fine, and give additional grace to the graceful book.

No man, since Lafayette, has passed through the United States with greater *éclat* than Kossuth. The record of his tour could not fail to be intensely interesting. Count Pulszky and his lady have given to the world two volumes of notes on this splendid passage. They are entitled "*White, Red, and Black: Sketches of American Society,*" &c. They have been issued by *Redfield*, of this city, in excellent style. With some inaccuracies, this work is surprisingly just in its views of American life and character. It is full of good sense, notwithstanding a strong gossipish proclivity, which leads the lady (we suppose, of course) to treat the intercourses of private life with unusual freedom—unusual at least among any other than our own pen-and-ink sketchers. Perhaps Madame Pulszky acted on the old maxim, "When among the Romans," &c. She has fairly unvailed the domestic life of the Boston *élite*. The book is exceedingly entertaining, and not a little valuable.

Messrs. Harper have published the first volume of Broadhead's "*History of New-York.*" It comprises the period from 1609 to 1664. A work of marked ability, this volume will be found thoroughly elaborated, its plan well-adjusted, its *matériel* unexpectedly novel and abundant, its opinions and discussions sensible, its style good, and its pages generally of no ordinary interest. This is a brief, but we think the reader will say a just estimate of the volume.

Memoirs of both the Humboldts have been published by *Messrs. Harper*, translated and arranged from the German of Klencke and Schlesier, by Juliette Bauer. These "Lives" constitute a stout duodecimo, and are especially interesting from their relation to the cotemporaneous literary and scientific history of Germany. We are indebted to the same liberal publishers for the first volume of Dickens's "*Child's History of England*"—the very work for its purpose—simple in its style, and yet comprehensive and valuable in its contents. Also another of Jacob Abbott's histories, "*The History of Nero,*" in which the horrible depravities of that Cæsar and of Messalina figure largely. The mechanical execution of the volume is very fine.

"*The Successful Merchant,*" by Wm. Arthur, England, is one of *the* books of the day. It has excited unusual interest in England, and is having a remarkable circulation here. Presenting a model character for merchants, it is scarcely less interesting to readers of any other class. *Carlton & Phillips*, who first published it in this country, have issued a new edition in improved binding, but at a *reduced* price. Its former price was 60 cts.; it now sells at 40 cts. It should be placed in the hands of every business man in the land.

"*Interviews, Memorable and Useful, from Diary and Memory, reproduced, by S. H. Cox, D. D.*" A "queer" book is this. Old Sir Thomas Browne might have been amazed at its Latinism, and old Burton at its incessant mottos and other quotations. There is an inexorable theological orthodoxy on every page, a great deal of quaint, but sterling sense, and no little nonsense. The chief value of the book is in the psychological anomaly which it presents—a unique specimen of mind, worthy of some study, and not a little amusing withal. The interviews are with Chalmers, Emmons, J. Q. Adams, two Mormons, and a fashionable lady in France. (*Harpers, New-York.*)

"*Home Scenes*" is the title of a very pretty little tale of domestic life, by Amanda Weston, published by *Matlock, Syracuse*. The story is gracefully told, and pervaded by a sweet Christian spirit.

"*Father Reeves, the Methodist Class-Leader,*" is the title of a charming volume of religious biography by Edward Corderoy, of England, issued from the press of *Carlton & Phillips*. This good layman did the religious labors of a half-dozen ordinary clergymen. He was a saint and an apostle, though a layman. Tait's Edinburgh Magazine says, "there is a grandeur in such a career not to be met with elsewhere." The work is intensely interesting, especially to Methodist readers. Its price, in really beautiful style, is but 20 cts.

Pamphlets have accumulated on our hands beyond our ability to notice them all as we would like to:—An able address on *Fashionable Amusements*, by Rev. W. H. Pearne, has been issued at the office of the *Northern Christian Advocate, Auburn, N. Y.* It discriminates well between innocent and guilty recreations, and argues its points with much skill and force.—President Allen's eulogy on *Webster*, before the city councils of Philadelphia, is an eloquent performance—a skillful analysis of the great statesman's character and services—with, however, too unctuous a treatment of his moral defects.—The *Supremacy of the Higher Law* is the title of another pungent discourse against the Fugitive Slave Law. It is from the pen of Rev. W. J. Robinson, of Maine, and treats the subject in a manner which cannot fail to interest both parties, if they will read him.—We may, in like manner, recommend to both parties an address on the question of the constitutionality of slavery, by *Rev. E. H. Pilcher*, published in cheap form, and discussing the question with decided vigor and no little eloquence. If any of us go astray in either our logic or ethics, on this "vexed subject," it will certainly not be because it is not sufficiently discussed. Novels and polemics are belaboring both sides of it with might and main, North and South.—*Consumption Curable* is the title of a pamphlet from the pen of Dr. Howe, of New-York, on Dr. Ramadge's treatment of pulmonary disease. It discusses chiefly the uses of a breathing-tube for the expansion of the chest and the cure of incipient consumption. Did the work relate to any drugging process, we should drop it, as we would a "hot potato;" but as a mechanical remedy, and one, the good effects of which we have witnessed in some striking cases, we can soberly commend Dr. Howe's tube and pamphlet, not only for pulmonary disease, but for gastric affections. We *know* this mechanical treatment to be most positively advantageous.

Literary Record.

At a recent meeting of the London Asiatic Society, Professor Wilson delivered a lecture on the *Vedas*—the sacred writings of the ancient Hindoos. The lecturer proceeded to notice the labor of Europeans on the Vedas, and the means taken to make their contents known to the world. It appears that of the four Vedas, the texts of three, and the translations of two, are either printed or in course of publication. The Vedas consist of two parts,—the *Mantra* and *Brahmana*, or the practical and speculative,—the former consisting of hymns, and the latter chiefly of directions for the application of the hymns to the principal religious ceremonies. The metaphysical treatises called Upanishads are included in the Brahmanas. The whole of the hymns, as grouped together, form what is called the *Sanhita* of the Veda: that of the Rigveda contains about ten thousand stanzas; and the shortest, that of the Sama or third Veda, about sixteen hundred. Of the four Vedas, the Rigveda is certainly the most ancient, for parts of it are found in each of the others. The hymns of the Mantras are more ancient than the Brahmanas; and the Upanishads, though always considered an integral part of the Veda, belong to a totally different era and system. The chief value of the Vedas depends upon their high antiquity; the most remarkable result of our acquaintance with these works is, the discovery that no warrant is found in them for any of the principal dogmas and institutions of modern Hinduism.

Several letters written by the "*Great Corneille*," as the French call their principal poet, have been discovered in the collection of manuscripts in the Bibliotheque Sainte Genevieve at Paris. These letters were addressed to the Reverend Father Boulard, Deputy-Abbot of the Monastery of St. Genevieve, and are dated from 1652 to 1656. They refer to his translation into verse of the famous "Imitation of Jesus Christ." This remarkable work is generally, and now certainly, ascribed to Thomas à Kempis; but many very learned Churchmen, and other persons, have labored hard to prove that it was written by John Gerson, at one time Chancelor of the Benedictine Order. In these newly-discovered letters of the poet there is great caution in speaking of the rival claims of à Kempis and Gerson. The chiefs of the Benedictines and the chiefs of the Genovefains, both were extremely anxious to get him to declare himself on their side in the great controversy, thinking, naturally, that such an authority would not only have immense weight of itself, but would be virtually decisive if proclaimed in his poetical translation of the "Imitation."

At a late meeting of the London Royal Society, it was announced that the late *Rev. C. Turnor, F. R. S.*, had bequeathed to the Royal Society his very valuable and interesting collection of memorials and relics of Sir Isaac Newton, with $1,000 to complete the collection.

The *University of Oxford* have voted in Convocation the sum of $2,500, as a donation to the funds of the great educational institute to be established as a testimonial to the Duke of Wellington, the late Chancelor of the University.

At a recent session of the French Academy, *M. Arago* presented from Mad. O'Connor, the daughter of Condorcet, four manuscript volumes in quarto, that have long remained unknown, in the family mansion, near Montargri. The first volume is a Treatise on the Integral Calculus, written by Condorcet in his early life. The fourth volume contains a large quantity of autograph letters from d'Alembert, Lagrange, Laplace, and other mathematicians.

Among the five thousand volumes of *Neander's Library*, now in this country, is a complete set of the Church Fathers,—such as Clement, Polycarp, Ignatius, &c. The works of the earliest scholars of middle ages may also be found,—among which are those of the "Venerable Bede," and his pupil Alcuin, who, under the patronage of Charlemagne, became the father of theological and liberal learning in France. From the schools which he there founded in the eighth century, sprang the schoolmen of the ninth century and onward. Here we find the works of John Scotus, Anselm of Canterbury, Abelard, Roscellinus, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, &c. Twelve hundred volumes of the writings of the Reformation, in the original editions, may be found. Of the more modern works on Church History and its literature, are,—the great work of Baronius and his continuators, on Ecclesiastical History, Petz's Thesaurus, Petz's Monumenta, and Niebuhr's Byzantine Historians.

"The Revival of the French Emperorship anticipated from the Necessity of Prophecy," is the title of a new work, by *Mr. G. S. Faber*, an English writer, who has long had the prophecies of the Bible under consideration. Mr. Faber undertakes to show that Napoleon the First was the "seventh head" of the Beast, mentioned in the Revelation, while Napoleon III. is the "eighth head."

Dr. Hedren, bishop of one of the Swedish dioceses, has lately presented to the Library of the Gymnasium, at Linkoping, Sweden, (the largest Gymnasial book collection of that land,) a copy of the *Missale Ecclesiæ Upsaliensis, Basileæ, per Magistrum J. de Pfordtzheim*, 1513. Only five copies of this book are in existence.

The Cross of the Legion of Honor has been given by Louis Napoleon to M. Huc, the traveler in Thibet and Tartary.

La Ruche Litteraire, the Literary Hive, is the title of a new magazine which has been started in Montreal, under the direction of Mr. G. H. Cherrier.

The *Prussian booksellers* are, it is said, about to establish a grand book-fair at Berlin, in order to be independent of that at Leipsic.

A new edition of the poetical works of *Milton*, with indexes, is being prepared for the press by Mr. Charles D. Cleveland. It is to be issued in one volume, 12mo., with preliminary dissertations upon each poem, critical and explanatory notes, and, what will render the edition still more valuable, an index to "Paradise Lost," and a verbal index to all the poems. The text of the poems is to be chiefly that of Sir Egerton Brydges, collated, however, with those of other editors.

Kohl, a German scholar, celebrated for his works on England, Ireland, and Russia, is said to be engaged at Dresden on a work pertaining to the "*Gradual Discovery of America*."

A member of the civil service of the Honorable East India Company has offered the sum of $1,500 as a prize to the composer, in the English language, of the best essay in refutation of the error of Hindu Philosophy, according to the Vedanta, Nvaya, and Sankhya systems.

The well-known German, *Kinkel*, has accepted a place as Professor of the German Language, at Westbourne College, London.

A periodical has been established in France called "*Les Archives du Methodisme*," or the Methodist Record, to be edited by a layman, and to appear monthly.

A new edition, the eighth, of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is about to be issued by Messrs. Black of Edinburgh. The first volume of the edition now announced will consist of the celebrated preliminary dissertations by Dugald Stewart and Sir James Mackintosh, on the history and progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy; and by Professor Playfair and Sir John Leslie, on the History and Progress of the Mathematical and Physical Sciences. To the dissertation of Sir James Mackintosh will be prefixed a preface by Dr. Whewell. To these will be added two new dissertations by the Archbishop of Dublin, on the Rise, Progress, and Corruptions of Christianity, and by Professor James D. Forbes, of the University of Edinburgh, on the Progress of Physical Science to the present time. The whole work will be edited by Dr. Thomas Stewart Traill, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh. The work is to be issued in monthly parts and in quarterly volumes,—to be completed in twenty-one volumes.

Norton's *Literary Gazette* states that the *Rev. V. R. Hotchkiss*, of Buffalo, New-York, has in his library some specimens of rather ancient typography. One is a Bible printed in 1599, of the edition prepared by Coverdale, and, it is supposed, John Knox, during the period of their exile in Switzerland, under the reign of the "Bloody Mary," between 1553 and 1558. It is the only independent version between Tyndale's and the one now in use—King James's version being thirteen years later than the date of the imprint of this. Copies of this edition are now rare; but are occasionally met with as "heir looms" in New-England. Attached to it, as an appendix, is "The Book of Psalms, by Sternhold & Hopkins, conferred with the Hebrew, with apt notes to sing them withall." This is supposed to be the first metrical edition of the entire Psalms, and was in quite general use until superseded by Dr. Watts. On a fly-leaf of this Bible is the coat-of-arms of John Locke. The second is a copy of Chaucer, in black letter, printed in 1561—in the original binding—literally a "moth-eaten tome." A third is a copy of Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy," a Latin work, printed in 1523, but written while the author was in prison, where he had been thrown by order of Theodoric, the Goth. It was anciently very popular, and was translated by Chaucer, and also, we believe, by King Alfred.

The Flushing Female Institute, under the presidency of Rev. William H. Gilder, A. M., is one of the best seminaries of its class in this country. Its faculty is large and accomplished, its location beautiful and healthful, its edifice (erected by Rev. Dr. Hawks) one of the finest in this vicinity, and its success a good indorsement of its pretensions. The catalogue for 1852 has just been received, and shows the institution to be in a state of growing prosperity.

At a recent meeting of the *New-York Historical Society*, an important and interesting paper, on the "Literature, History, Geography, and Manners of the Icelanders," was read by *Pliny Miles*, Esq. Mr. Miles gave a clear account of the condition of the island, showing it to be rich in historical recollections, and interesting in literary reminiscences. Its territory is about forty thousand square miles—about the size of the state of New-York—but the population numbers only sixty thousand. The people are attached to home, frugal, enterprising, and not unaccustomed to the refinement of civilization. Among the poets and historians of the country we find the names of Snorro Sturleson, Sæmund Suncawed the learned, Stephensen, Petersen, and many others. The works of Icelandic authors have been translated into nearly all the European languages; while in Iceland there have appeared translations of the British and German poets, of American authors—as Franklin, Irving, and the writings of Washington; besides extracts from English and American newspapers, the "Prayer" of Kossuth on the defeat of the Hungarian armies, and sundry other productions. Some of these later issues appeared in 1849, in an Icelandic annual, entitled the "Northerfari." In Iceland the education of the family circle is regarded as a sacred duty, and manuscript copies are made of poetical and historical works.

We learn from the Thirtieth Annual Report of the *Philadelphia Mercantile Library Company*, that seven hundred and forty-four new volumes have been purchased during the year, at a cost of $719 60; and the number drawn from the library was upward of thirty-five thousand. The incumbrances on the building are likely to be entirely removed in a short time.

A prize of $500 has been offered by *R. W. Latham, Esq.*, of Washington, for the best national poem, ode or epic, written by an American, and forwarded to him, with a transfer of the copyright, before the first Monday of next December. The President, and other distinguished gentlemen, are a committee of award.

The degree of M. D. was conferred upon one hundred and one medical students at the last annual commencement of the Medical Department of the New-York University. An appropriate valedictory by Professor Draper closed the proceedings.

Religious Summary.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the *British and Foreign Bible Society* was recently celebrated in England with appropriate services. The Bible Society, formed in London, in 1803, soon became the parent of many others. At the present time the number of societies in connection with it is eight thousand two hundred and fifty-seven. When the Society was first established, the translations of the Bible, in whole or in part, may have been about fifty; but since then the number has greatly increased. There are now one hundred and forty-eight languages or dialects in which the Society has promoted the distribution, printing, or translation of the Scriptures. During the first four years the number of copies circulated was 81,157. Last year alone, at home and abroad, 1,154,642 were circulated; and the total number from the commencement is computed to be 25,402,309 copies. Assistance has been given to other societies in the distribution of about 18,000,000 more; so that the circulation, by means of these combined societies, cannot be less than 43,000,000 copies of the Holy Scriptures, in whole or in part. Thus, within the present century, the records of inspired truth have been rendered accessible to about 600,000,000 of the human family.

At the anniversary of the *Boston Young Men's Missionary Society*, the treasurer reported the sum of $2,110 as the total amount of collection for the current year, showing an increase over last year of $300. The membership of the Churches sustaining this Society is 1,933, making an average in contributions to it alone, during the year, of $1 09 per member.

Mosul, opposite the site of ancient Nineveh, has been made the centre of a new mission. A great work is already in progress. The Bible is the acknowledged standard in all religious discussions, and, as the number of readers is increasing, light must necessarily spread. Valuable assistance in the prosecution of the missionary work is rendered by Deacon Jeremiah, an able and earnest advocate of Christianity. Having obtained a saving knowledge of the gospel during a revival among the Nestorians, he is well qualified to be a preacher of Christ, particularly among the Chaldeans, to whom he once belonged. He has already done good service, and his voice has been heard far up the Tigris.

The *English Baptist Missionary Association* are about sending twenty additional missionaries to Hindostan.

A mission has been recently commenced by converted Sandwich Islanders in the *Micronesian* group, two thousand miles to the westward of their islands. The Sandwich Islanders contribute liberally to the support of their religious institutions, and also to foreign missions. In no country has Christianity, in modern times, obtained so complete a triumph over heathen idolatry as in the Sandwich Islands. The principles of the gospel have reached every class of society, and form an element in all the national institutions. The number of common schools in these islands is five hunded and thirty-five, containing fifteen thousand five hundred pupils. The cost of these schools is $26,000; and the whole annual expenditure for education amounts to $60,000, three-fourths of which is paid by the government. The Churches contain upward of twenty thousand members, of whom one thousand four hundred have been admitted during the past year.

Rome has a population of 175,000, and among them are 29 bishops, 1,280 priests, 2,092 monks and members of religious orders, 1,690 nuns, and 537 ecclesiastic pupils.

Kave, Bishop of Lincoln, England, is dead. He wrote "Lectures on Ecclesiastical History," "Remarks on Dr. Wiseman's Lectures," and "Athanasius and the Council of Nice."

The *Western Theological Seminary* of the Presbyterian Church, at Alleghany City, Pennsylvania, now contains 52 students, of whom 20 are in the Junior class.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow (son of an eminent statesman of the Washington school, and brother of the poet, Henry W. Longfellow) has accepted a call from the Second Unitarian Society of Brooklyn, worshiping in the Athenæum Building, corner of Atlantic and Clinton-sts.

At the late session of the *Baltimore Conference* of the Methodist Episcopal Church *thirty* young men were received into the conference, and twenty more are still wanted! An increase of 2,700 members during the past year was reported. The missionary collections for the year amounted to $24,550. All the necessary preliminaries were duly provided for the erection of a metropolitan church in Washington City, and $2,355 subscribed to the object.

There are upon the *Western Reserve* fourteen Old School Presbyterian Churches, twenty-two New School, sixty-three Congregational Churches connected with the New School Presbyteries, eighty-four Congregational Churches which are not connected with Presbyteries, and three whose relations are unknown. A correspondent of the *Central Christian Herald*, in speaking of the want of ministers in the New School Presbyterian Church, remarks, that "in Ohio there are one hundred and twenty-eight pastors and stated supplies, and two hundred and thirty-two Churches. In our four Synods, one hundred and two pastors and stated supplies, and two hundred and twenty-five Churches. In the Synod of Ohio, thirty-five pastors and stated supplies, and seventy-three Churches. In the Presbytery of Franklin, eight pastors and stated supplies, and nineteen Churches."

At the last Board meeting of the *Tract Society* of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the formation of two conference auxiliaries, one connected with the Baltimore, the other with the California Conference, was announced. Rev. George D. Chenoweth has been appointed the Conference Tract Agent, and also Corresponding Secretary of the Baltimore Conference Auxiliary.

Over $300 were raised in behalf of the new tract enterprise in Hagerstown, Maryland, at the late session of the Baltimore Conference. The Board of Managers at New-York have appropriated $100 for the distribution of tracts among the Scandinavians under the direction of Rev. Mr. Hedstrom, of the Swedish mission in this city; $150 to the Baltimore Conference Tract Society; and $300 to Rev. Mr. Jacoby, at Bremen, to aid in printing the publications of the society in the German language at that place. Measures have also been taken by the Board to get up a suitable certificate of life-membership. The prospects of the Society are very flattering.

The labors of the missionaries of the *Rhenish Society* in the Island of *Borneo* have been attended with considerable success. There are in the schools upward of 1,000 scholars; the places for preaching are well attended, and about 100 persons have been baptized. The New Testament has been translated into the Dyak language, and an addition of 1,500 copies, printed at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has been distributed by the missionaries. The desire for books is great, and especially for the New Testament, which many of the Dyaks regard as a powerful protector, and carry it with them in all their journeys.

Among the *Jews* in London there is a great demand for copies of the Old Testament. The subject of their restoration to Palestine, and the nature of the promises on which the expectation is founded, are extensively engaging their attention.

A remarkable change is said to be in progress among the *Jews* in almost every country. Rabbinism is rapidly losing its influence; and multitudes are throwing aside the Mishna and the Talmud, and betaking themselves to the study of Moses and the prophets.

The California Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in the Powell-street Church, San Francisco, recently. The conference embraces three districts, San Francisco, Sacramento, and Marysville. Thirty-eight traveling preachers are employed within its bounds. The numbers in society were reported as one thousand two hundred and seventy-four members, and one hundred and fourteen probationers; total one thousand three hundred and eighty-eight, being nearly double the number of the preceding year. The sum of $1,000 was raised for missions during the year and $18 for the Sunday-school Union. This conference has the honor of being the first to take hold of the new Tract enterprise of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in their Minutes they report $59 raised for it.

In the Sabbath schools connected with the *Baptist Churches* in the city and county of Philadelphia, there are about eight hundred teachers and eight thousand scholars.

The following are the statistics of the *Lu-*
—Sweden, 3,000,000; Norway,
the Faroe Islands, Jut-
000,000; France, 500,-
000; Prussia,
and
Moravia, 1,500,000; Poland and Russia, 2,500,000; United States, 1,000,000; West India Islands, 100,000; Brazil, 100,000; South American States, 50,000—total, 42,250,000.

The number of *Baptists* in the United States, according to the Baptist Register, is 899,038, divided as follows:—Regular Baptists, 772,216; Anti-Mission, 66,507; Free-Will, 51,775; Seventh-Day, 6,351; Six-Principle, 2,189. In the British provinces there are 28,385; in the West Indies and Honduras, 35,058; in Europe, 196,824; in Asia, 12,297; in Africa, 1,242; making a total of 1,167,844.

There are at present thirty churches in San Francisco, Cal. This is about one to each thousand inhabitants. The Methodists have four; the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Baptists two each; the Congregationalists, Roman Catholics, Swedenborgians, and Welsh, one each.

There are eighteen *Methodist* Churches in Cincinnati, and three thousand five hundred members.

Dr. Wayland, in an address before the Baptist Convention in Boston, alluded to the paucity of Baptist clergymen, and said that statistics would show that there are some four thousand Churches destitute of pastors—some four or five hundred clergymen are needed to supply the vacancies year by year in the ranks of those now effective, leaving the four thousand unprovided for.

There are among the *colored people* of Philadelphia nineteen places of worship; of which nine are Methodist, five Baptist, three Presbyterian, and two Episcopal. Nearly or quite all these churches have Sunday schools attached to them; and the aggregate number of colored children in these and other Sunday schools in the city, is about two thousand.

An interesting revival in the *Drome*, a department in the eastern part of France, is announced. Two hundred persons, of whom fifty are children, have made a profession of the knowledge of salvation by the remission of their sins. It has spread into the National Reformed Church, so that the prayer meetings are now held in the churches, under the direction of the Methodist preacher, or the pastor appointed by the government.

The late *Henry Lyon*, of Rochester, has made the following liberal bequests: American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, $2,000; Home Missionary Society, $2,000; American Tract Society, $2,000; American Bible Society, $2,000; American Sunday-school Union $1,000; American Education Society, $1,000; Rochester Orphan Asylum, (Protestant,) $500; Rochester Female Charitable Society, $300; Home for the Friendless, $200—total $11,000.

There are twenty-one distinct *Methodist organizations* in the world—twenty-three if we add the French and Australian Churches. Five of these are in England and Ireland; four in Canada; and eleven in the United States. There are one hundred and eight annual conferences; twenty-seven bishops; upward of forty-nine thousand traveling and local preachers; and two million, one hundred and ten thousand communicants.

Art Intelligence.

Professor Rietschel is occupied at Dresden upon the monument to Goethe and Schiller, to be erected in Weimar. Reitschel has abandoned entirely the system of clothing modern portrait statues in the flowing folds of ancient Greek and Roman costume; he maintains, that monumental statues should be not only portraits of the individuals meant to be represented, but also tolerably accurate pictures of the costumes of the time. Following out this idea, he has given his two statues of Goethe and Schiller in the ordinary dress of the early part of the present century, and the effect produced is extremely good. The two figures stand side by side, Goethe grasping firmly in his hand a crown of laurels, which Schiller, the younger poet, but lightly touches. Goethe, in accordance with his character, looks calmly and confidently on the great world, whilst Schiller's eyes are raised to heaven as if seeking for inspiration; the figure of Goethe is full of dignity and repose, that of Schiller of emotion and grace.

The *Dublin Industrial Exhibition* of this year will receive a most valuable contribution from Prussia: a most interesting collection of the works of celebrated living painters, sculptors, and other artists of Prussia; which, together with the *élite* of Prussian manufacturers, which the Government is now summoning the different Chambers of Commerce to exhibit, will form a complete representation of the present state of the fine arts and industry in that country.

The association of Artists of the province of *Prussia* have opened the annual exhibition in the royal palace at Konigsberg. The number of works is about five hundred, the greater part of them from Berlin and Dusseldorff. Some Dutch, French, and Bavarian artists, are among the exhibitors. The most attractive are a *Godefroy de Bouillon before Jerusalem*, by M. Jacobs; and a *Dying Adonis*, by Professor Kloeber of Berlin.

It is proposed that a bust of *Dr Jonathan Pereira*, the late eminent pharmaceutist, shall be executed, to be placed in the New College of the London Hospital.

A large statue of the god *Apis*, found in the lower part of a temple in Egypt, has lately arrived at Marseilles. The French government supplied M. Mariette with funds for making excavations at Memphis and other places, and it is he who has discovered the image of the god. It is destined for the Louvre. The Louvre is likewise about to receive a large head of a woman in marble, (about two yards high,) and recently in the ruins of Carthage:—it appears to have served to ornament the façade of a temple, and most probably represents Dido, though the discoverers of it profess themselves unable to decide.

A suit of *Greek Armor*, found at Cumæ, has just been placed in the Tower of London armory. The suit consists of helmet and breast-plate, (with an embossed head of Medusa and other ornaments,) back-plate, neck-piece, embossed with a comic mask, belt, knee-pieces, greaves, spearshead and dagger. The helmet is winged, and has spiral ornaments for holding the plumes. It cost $1,000.

A painting of the *Descent from the Cross*, by Poussin, has just been discovered among some old lumber in the Church of Notre Dame at Lamballe, Department of the Cotes du Nord. It is estimated, though somewhat damaged, to be worth $6,000.

Some of our best portraits are from daguerreotypes by Lawrence, 381 Broadway. That of Dr. Tyng in our last is a specimen. One for a future number, a life-like portrait of Dr. Bacon, is another. We can recommend this artist to our readers unreservedly. He ranks among the very best in the country. He received a medal from the World's Fair of 1851. Call in and see his works.

The "Museum of Sovereigns," which *Emperor Bonaparte* ordered to be formed some time ago in the Louvre at Paris, has been thrown open to the public. It contains things that belonged personally to the sovereigns who have reigned in France. They occupy five rooms, and among them may be noticed the spurs, sceptre, and hand of justice of Charlemagne; the armor and swords of Francis I., Francis II., Henry II., III., and IV.; the prayer-books of Henry II., (a clumsy volume,) Mary Stuart, Henry IV., and Louis XIV.; the stone basin in which Saint Louis was baptized; the simple deal table on which Louis XVIII. was accustomed to write during his exile in England, and which he carefully preserved in the Tuileries after his accession to the throne; the writing-table of Louis Philippe, damaged in the Revolution of February; the coronation robes, some uniforms, swords, &c., of Napoleon, together with a splendid copy, in vellum, of the translation of Ossian—his favorite poet—and the flag which he kissed on taking leave of the army at Fontainbleau. Most of the things collected are curious, and some possess a high historical interest.

At a late meeting of the *Institute of British Architects*, Mr. Twining described a new drawing instrument, invented by him, and denominated the Artist's Goniometer for measuring the angles of horizontal lines in a landscape or building. This instrument consists of a vertical rod, supporting a horizontal graduated semicircular plate, above which a needle is moved in any direction, so as to be placed parallel with any line to be delineated. The angle indicated by the needle is then transferred to the drawing by means of another graduated semicircular plate, fixed over the upper edge of the drawing-board—the apparatus being placed at a distance from the drawing corresponding with the width of the latter. Above the plate or dial is placed another in a vertical position, which can be moved vertically round its axis, and serves to mark the elevation or depression of any point above or below the horizon.

Scientific Items.

RECENT letters from *Egypt* report the discovery in that country of a buried city. It is alleged to be situated about five hours' journey from Cairo, near the first cataract. It is said that an Arab having observed what appeared to be the head of a sphinx appearing above the ground near this spot, drew the attention of a French gentleman to the circumstance,—who commenced excavating, and laid open a long-buried street, which contained thirty-eight granite sarcophagi,each of which weighed about sixty-eight tons, and which formerly held evidently the ashes of sacred animals. The French gentleman, it is added, has got a grant of the spot from the Egyptian Pacha, and has exhumed great quantities of curiosities,—some of them ancient earthen-ware vessels of a diminutive size. This street when lighted up at night forms a magnificent sight. It is upward of sixteen hundred yards in length. It is added, that many of the curiosities dug out have to be kept buried in sand to preserve them from perishing.

Alexander Parkes, of England, has patented a process for the separation of gold from compounds of lead containing that metal. The gold, or auriferous earth, is first melted with lead and the usual fluxes; and the compound resulting from this operation is melted with the addition of one per cent., or twenty-two pounds four ounces of zinc to every ton thereof containing ten ounces of gold. This proportion will be increased with that of the gold present. The zinc is added when the compound is in a melted state, and at about the melting temperature of zinc; and after stirring, so as to insure the gold being all taken up, the mixture is allowed to cool, the zinc and gold in combination are removed, and the gold separated by removing the zinc by means of acid, or by distillation with carbon.

An interesting circular has been addressed by the *Association for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, at New-York*, to the mine proprietors and metallurgists of this country, calling upon them to render their assistance in forming the nucleus of an institution similar to the Museum of Economic Geology in England, and the Mining Schools of France. European nations have already turned their attention to this. France and Germany possess admirable mining schools, in which youths are thoroughly and practically fitted for their subsequent duties. England has an ample and admirable school of Economic Geology, which is always crowded with students. It will be seen from the circular itself that every care will be taken of any specimens forwarded for exhibition.

Sears C. Walker, Esq., the eminent astronomer and mathematician, died recently, near Cincinnati. For several years he had been connected with the Coast Survey of the United States, and in charge of the operations for determining differences of longitude by telegraph, and of the discussions of astronomical observations for longitude. He has contributed to the Smithsonian Contributions, and to the American Nautical Almanac, an ephemeris of the newly-discovered planet Neptune, which has been received with admiration by astronomers both at home and abroad. While in connection with the National Observatory, he took a leading part in the discussions which followed the discovery of that planet; and he was thus induced to grapple early with the difficulties of the entire problem.

At a late meeting of the *London Society of Arts*, Chromatic Photo-printing—being a model of printing textile fabrics by the chemical action of light—was discussed. The author proposes to employ the chemical agency of light in dyeing or staining textile fabrics; the cloth—whether of wool, silk, flax or cotton—being first steeped in a suitable solution, then dried in the dark, and subsequently exposed to the action of light, those parts which are to form the pattern being protected by pieces of darkened paper, or some other suitable material, attached to a plate of glass. When the desired effect is produced, the time for which varies from two to twenty minutes, according to the nature of the process, the fabric has to be removed, in order to undergo a fixing operation, while a fresh portion of it is exposed to light.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburgh have elected the *Earl of Rosse*, President of the Royal Society of London, an honorary member, in consideration of his high scientific acquirements, and of the important services which he has rendered to astronomy.

At the beginning of 1853, the extent of telegraphic communication throughout the world was about forty thousand miles.

An important improvement in the manufacture of iron has recently been made by Mr. J. Renton, of Newark, New-Jersey. For several years he has been engaged in experimenting upon iron ores, for the purpose of producing good wrought iron direct from the ore, with mineral coal. The *Scientific American* says:—"The process is founded upon truly scientific principles, and supersedes the necessity of previously melting into pig-iron, as the ore can be made immediately into blooms, an advantage which will be immediately appreciated by all interested in the manufacture of iron. We have personally visited the place, and can therefore speak more confidently on the subject. During our stay we saw the operation carried on, and marked the time required for making the iron, which was at the rate of a ton per day of twelve hours—three blooms, of over seventy pounds each, having been made in about an hour. An improvement like this on the old-fashioned slow and expensive process, by which the ore or metal has to undergo two successive exposures in the furnace before it can be made into wrought iron, is a great triumph of American skill. Any description of fuel—wood or coal, both anthracite and bituminous—can be indifferently employed for heating the furnace, and with nearly equal advantage."

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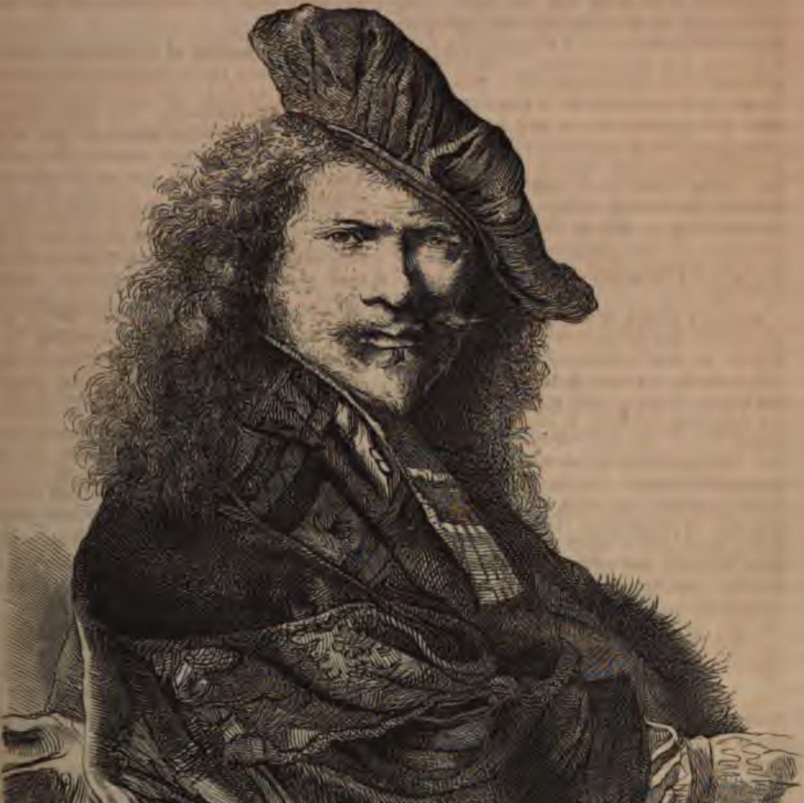

SKETCHES OF THE ARTISTS—REMBRANDT.

SKETCHES of the Artists! interesting they ought to be, certainly, even in spite of the inability of the sketcher. We propose to alternate our outlines of the poets with these portraits. One thing we guarantee at least, namely, that our own artists shall do well their part of the work: it should inspire them with a fellow-feeling; their engravings shall befit the subject. Let it be borne in mind that we write for the people, and to no small extent for the young. Our estimates must not therefore be elaborately critical. That would be a defect. These things we propose: first, rapid biographical outlines of our subjects; second, to weave into these outlines characteristic illustrations, incidents, anecdotes, &c.; third, to present a general appreciation of the style and merits of the artist. But we shall attempt these designs without methodical form, blending our topics, and writing easily that we may be read easily. Let not our readers be repelled then with the fear that we are about to inflict upon them a dry artistic dissertation on the artists. We shall attempt no such profanation of the subject. We shall not only better please our readers, but better appreciate our subjects by a different course. The beautiful months are passing over us; let us, then, sit down together, leisurely, in the woodland shade, or among the garden-flowers, and talk of the masters of the "Beautiful."

The picture at the head of our paper is known as the Rembrandt *appuyé*, representing the eminent artist in a rich cloak and velvet cap. It is one of the many which he has left of himself, in every variety of position and costume, at different periods of his life, from youth to advanced age. Sometimes he is portrayed with a hawk on his arm, or a saber in his hand; sometimes drawing, with a full lace ruffle about his neck; or bareheaded, with his hair standing out from his head in all directions. It is said that he painted about fifty pictures of himself. Whether these numerous "counterfeit presentments" were the result of the insatiable vanity which has been ascribed to him, or whether they were the impulse of his genius, scorning inaction, and perfecting itself by the most laborious practice in every variation of light, color, and drapery—wearying and disgusting to those unpossessed of the divine spark—we shall not attempt to determine.

His personal appearance has been thus described:—

> "He was a man at once robust and delicate. His broad and slightly-rounded forehead presented a development that indicates a powerful imagination. His eyes were small, deepset, quick, intelligent, and full of fire. His flowing hair, of a warm color, bordering on red, and curling naturally, may possibly indicate a Jewish extraction. His head had a great deal of character, in spite of the plainness of his features; a large, flat nose, high cheekbones, and a copper-colored complexion, imparted a vulgarity to his face, which was however relieved by the form of his mouth, the haughty outline of his eyebrows, and the brilliancy of his eyes. Such was Rembrandt; and the character of the figures he painted partakes of that of his own person,—that is to say, they have a great deal of expression, but are not noble; and possess much pathos, but are deficient in what is termed style."

The character of Rembrandt, in fact, is a riddle—a collection of contradictions which must have puzzled the staid Dutchmen of his day, and which has not yet been solved by the critics of our time. His mental traits are as much a study for the psychologist, as are his wonderful productions to the lover of art. Reckless, daring, and mischievous, as a school-boy, and even in his mature years, he was, nevertheless, unwavering in his devotion to his profession, and indefatigably industrious. It is said that his vanity was only equaled by his avarice; yet the same authorities tell us that he was "coarse in his manners and neglectful of his dress." We find, too, that he married a poor village girl of Ransdorp, in the zenith of his fame, when doubtless many a fair one would have laid a fortune, with her heart, at his feet, for woman's enthusiasm for genius is acknowledged. The artist of eminence possesses the power of conferring immortality upon those connected with him. Rembrandt has given us accurate representations of his peasant wife, smiling at her blushes and finery, reflected from the mirror which she holds in her hand; while the bewitching faces of more high-bred beauties have been forgotten with their lives. It is a question, likewise, if much of his reputation for avarice was not the result of her early-formed and tenacious frugality; for though at her death he was possessed of a fortune amounting to upward of forty thousand florins, it was entirely dissipated in a few years after. Their domestic "bill of fare" would certainly not prove tempting to a fashionable artist of our day; but if Paul Rembrandt and his village bride, trained in poverty as their early years had been, preferred brown bread, salt herrings, and small beer, to the dainty fare of more refined circles, why should they not gratify their tastes! Perhaps they dieted for *dyspepsia*, though we must confess their round healthy faces scarcely *countenance* such a conjecture, and we doubt if the disease was then known.

Like most of those who have written their names on the page of history, the artist's life was commenced in obscurity. His mother's maiden name was Cornelia Van Zuitbroek; his father was a miller, Herman Gerrestz, surnamed Van Ryn, or,

THE MILL.

of the Rhine; and the worthy couple lived on a branch of that beautiful river, at a short distance from Leyden, near the villages of Layerdop and Konkerck. On the 15th of June, 1606, in an odd-looking house, connected with the old mill, the great painter first saw the light—the light with which he was afterward to attain such triumphs.

He grew up a stout, good-natured boy, possessing, however, great resolution and independence of character, which he displayed in a most violent opposition to the occupation of his father, when it became necessary to initiate him into its mysteries. Finding labor so distasteful to his son, the old miller concluded that the easy life of the priesthood might suit him; he accordingly sent him to the University of Leyden, to acquire an education. It must have been a sad disappointment to his paternal pride, when the youth, who liked the Latin grammar no better than grinding flour, was sent back by his teachers as incorrigible. The disheartened old man was at his wits' end; to settle his own head, and that of his son, a severe drubbing was administered, which was quite as repugnant to the taste of the young reprobate as either of his previous experiments of preparatory life. Indignant at this unsuccessful method of fascinating him with Latin, and probably fearing a repetition of the disagreeable discipline, the boy escaped the next morning to the house of the artist Van Zwanenburg, who was an acquaintance of his father's in Leyden. He kindly undertook to obtain the sturdy miller's consent to the new employment, which the runaway seemed determined to pursue; a task of no little difficulty, for it was necessary to relinquish all prospect of present gain, with uncertain hopes for the future.

The commencement of this career seemed unpromising enough; but numerous artists have since contended for the honor of forming the style of the painter whose works soon gave immortality to his name. Peter Lastman, Jaques Pinas, and George Schooten, have all been claimed as his masters by different biographers. The truth is, he soon outstripped his teachers. After a few lessons in perspective, which he found tiresome in its detail, his active mind struck out a new path, which simplified the process and reduced the labor. He was absorbed and diligent in his new employment, but was ever aiming to produce great effects with little work. In his later pictures, the paint is laid on apparently in masses, but with such accuracy, such matchless knowledge of their relation to each other, that they produce, at a distance, the most harmonious and magical effect. It is said that the hair and beard of his portraits were finished with the handle of his brush. He disliked having his pictures too closely examined, but pushed back the too prying visitor, saying, paint was unwholesome, and should not be smelled.

One of Rembrandt's first sketches happened to meet the eye of a Leyden burgomaster, who immediately recognizing the genius it evinced, offered to interest a distinguished painter of Amsterdam in his behalf. Joyfully was the offer accepted, and under his new master the boy-artist scarcely allowed himself a moment's repose; for the old miller obstinately refused to maintain his son in what he sincerely believed to be *idleness*. Save the mark! To him, as to many, every one was idle who did not grind flour, or at least florins.

When his term of instruction had expired, he returned with high hopes to the old mill, where, much to his father's mortification, instead of resuming the respectable employment which he had tried so hard to beat into him, the graceless son set about his first picture, forming such a studio as he could from an upper loft, lumbered with grain-bags and lighted with only a narrow window in the roof. True to the determination which he had early formed, of being guided by nature alone, and thus preserving the originality which he felt within him, Rembrandt's first finished essay at his art was a picture of the old mill. The miller, in the strong light of a lantern, which reveals his sternly-marked features, is directing his workmen in the arrangement of the flour-sacks in the granary. At the foot of the wooden staircase, the face of his mother is seen in a single ray, which streams from the lantern.

This picture, simple and yet picturesque as were its conception and arrangement, was carried on foot, by the resolute Paul, to the Hague; where, to his astonishment and delight, it was purchased by a rich amateur for one hundred florins.

Unlike Correggio, whose life was sacrificed for the two hundred copper livres, received for one of his immortal pictures, with which he toiled twelve miles on foot under a burning sun, our artist, impatient to inform his father of his good fortune, returned in the diligence. Here occurred one of those incidents with which his life was filled, so illustrative of his character for recklessness and caprice. When the coach stopped for dinner, the passengers alighted; but Rembrandt remained, too fearful of losing his hard-earned treasure. When the horses had finished their grain, they started off in an unaccountable manner, and halted not till they had reached their accustomed resting-place in Leyden, when the overjoyed artist hastened home with his precious florins. The stable-boy should not have left his horses harnessed while a youth, with such a mischievous face, remained alone with them, elated with his first success, and burning to make it known to those who had ridiculed and discouraged him. It was too irresistible a temptation. Doubtless, too, he exulted over the dismay of his fellow-passengers, who were left behind, with plenty of leisure, however, and disposition to abuse the author of the trick.

In 1630, at the early age of twenty-four, Rembrandt was established in Amsterdam as the most eminent and original of living artists. He here opened a school, and pupils flocked around him, though the exorbitant sum of one hundred florins annually was demanded for each. His scholars studied from models in separate apartments; so jealous was he to preserve the original talent which might be developed. Among others of those who afterward became distinguished, were Fictoor, Gerhard Douw, Lievens, Van Eeckhout, Van Hoogstraten, Govaert Flink, Leonard Bramer, and Ferdinand Bol. He is said to have retouched the pieces executed by those under his instruction, and sold them for his own, at the extravagant prices which he could always command.

His studio is described as a circular room, in which the light was admitted through narrow openings, so managed as to exclude it from all but one. The most fantastic and singular effects were thus produced. This strange room was filled with all kinds of draperies, turbans, scarfs, rusty halberds, suits of armor, and antique furniture. He was very proud of his picturesque collection, showing them to visitors as his antiquities, and he never wearied of re-arranging them, so as to vary the effect of light and color; he called this "making his models sit to him." He also possessed many valuable engravings, among which were those of Mark Antony, the famous engraver of Bologna after Raphael.

The style which Rembrandt first displayed to the world forms an era in the history of art,—so grand and conclusive were his discoveries, so perfect, and yet seemingly almost miraculous, was his effective management of the simple agencies of light and shade. Discarding the rules and trammels through which his predecessors had plodded, as is the province of genius alone, he arrived at the desired result intuitively. His early pieces were in the highly-finished manner which was then the demand of his countrymen; but he soon struck out for himself a sharp, bold style, often apparently rude and coarse, but brilliant and accurate, and producing most wonderful effects. His three distinguishing characteristics were touch, expression, and *chiaro-oscuro*; in the latter he is indeed unrivaled. His lights are so well managed, his shadows so clear, his finish often soft and delicate in the extreme; and, even when seemingly coarse and rough, the *tout ensemble* is harmonious and effective. A daub of paint, which may seem to be dashed at random, or by accident, upon the picture, is found to be indispensable in giving life and expression to his subject. Only the most perfect control of touch, and a knowledge of his art learned from nature alone, could accomplish these triumphs.

His mastery over the wide range of subjects which he attempted is not the least remarkable proof of his genius. A distinguished critic says of his portraits: "Far from suffering by a comparison with those of any other painter, they often threw those of the greatest masters into the background." His figures are described as wanting in grace and purity. According to his early resolution, he studied nature alone; and it must be confessed that his own country furnished somewhat grotesque models for the classic scenes which he occasionally attempted, or for the noble Jewish forms which should have adorned his favorite Scripture productions.

His landscapes are generally of a gloomy character, often representing the struggle between storm and sunshine. He seldom chooses extensive views; but renders the most limited scene and the commonest objects poetical, by his unrivaled management of his great and triumphant weapon—the light. It has been remarked that "Rembrandt expressed all ideas by light and shade. Life is light, and death is darkness; and silence is represented by a sweet harmony of tones, softly graduated to produce upon the eye the same effect that silence would produce upon the ear."

His sitters were often wearied with the exactitude with which all the preliminaries must be arranged, before he would take up his magic pencil for work. The attitude, the draperies, but above all the light, must be adjusted with the utmost nicety, at any expense of time and labor; or the great artist refused the vigorous touch, which was to send them down to posterity, in the glowing coloring, the golden radiance, and the living expression, which characterized all his portraits.

Many anecdotes are told illustrative of his capricious nature, as well as of his avarice; but they all prove him to have been possessed of matchless *bonhomie*, and this we opine is more rarely united with genius than even the miserliness which has been so universally attributed to him. Indeed, some of these are difficult to reconcile with this unworthy trait.

At one time a wealthy family were sitting for the completion of a group. In the midst of his work he learned that a favorite monkey had accidentally been killed. Besides the loud lamentations which he made over his loss, his grief found expression in a spirited sketch of his pet, among the heads of his aristocratic patrons; when they finally objected to pay for the work with this addition to their domestic circle, the mischievous artist refused to erase the obnoxious subject, but kept the picture, immortalizing his departed companion and his own eccentricity.

His pupils often amused themselves by painting imitations of coin, and scattering them about the room; well knowing that their rheumatic old master would not fail to stoop for them, be the difficulty ever so great, or the amount ever so trifling.

A story is related of an amateur, who offered Rembrandt two hundred florins for a picture which struck his fancy. The bargain was concluded, and the purchaser was to call for it on the morrow. Before evening the artist received a letter offering three hundred florins for the same picture, which the writer described, and pretended to have seen at a casual visit to his studio. Time and place were named for its delivery. The distance fixed upon was long, and the hour an inconvenient one; but Rembrandt wearied himself in seeking his unknown correspondent. After a protracted but fruitless search, he returned to find in his room the individual with whom he had bargained the day before, awaiting his prize. Adroitly concealing the coveted picture, (for the additional hundred florins might yet be obtained,) the crafty artist mournfully bewailed an accident which had befallen it; but generously promised to paint another precisely like it. The stranger, however, indignantly refused a copy of the work he had selected; and soon after his departure Master Rembrandt received another brief letter from his anonymous correspondent, reproaching him with his falsehood, ridiculing the weariness he had endured, and exulting in the loss of the sale; closing with some advice well suited to the circumstances. This of course revealed the deception; but instead of flying into a passion, or nursing his wrath in dignified silence, Rembrandt, good-naturedly surveying the rogues surrounding him, charges them with the trick, and exclaims:—"Ah, you young varlets do not know the value of a florin as I do." It must be admitted that this story has no very satisfactory authority.

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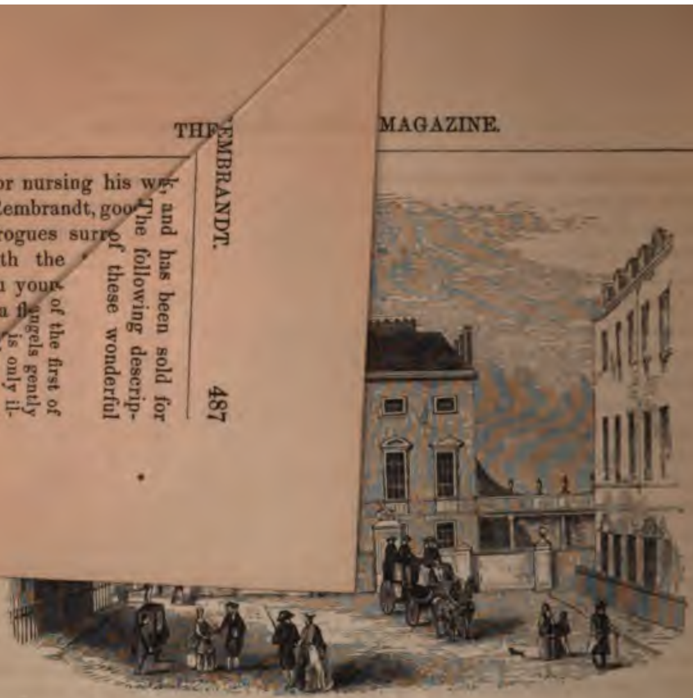

CHESTERFIELD HOUSE.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNSON.

THE ADVENTURER—THE DICTIONARY.

THE year 1753 found Johnson in his desolated home in Gough-square, still occupied with his "Dictionary," which had hung heavily upon his hands through many years of toil and weariness. He was still doomed to unremitted diligence; nor was the grim form of poverty yet driven beyond his threshold, though the long night of his labors was rapidly drawing toward its termination.

Under date of January 1st, 1753, *new-style*—which he then adopted, and used ever afterward—is found among his published "Prayers and Meditations" a prayer by which the state of his mind is forcibly indicated. After an expression of gratitude for past mercies, and a prayer for gracious assistance for the future, he adds, "Make me so to consider the loss of my wife whom thou hast taken from me, that it may dispose me, by thy grace, to lead the residue of my life in thy fear." The loss of his wife for a long time pressed heavily upon his spirit, and gave a tinge of sadness to many of his productions.

He had then, for nearly a year, been relieved, by the discontinuance of "The Rambler," from one half of the double burden that had before rested upon him for two whole years. But though constitutionally inclined to indolence, its indulgence was quite incompatible with the healthy action of his mind, as well as inconsistent with the requirements of his circumstances. He found it agreeable, therefore, to relieve the dull routine of heaping up words and writing definitions by more congenial occupations. His love of the Essay was not exhausted by the hard service it had given him; and though he was not prepared again to assume the burden of such a stated issue, he was pleased to see a successor to his cherished "Rambler" brought into existence soon after the cessation of that work. "The Adventurer" was set on foot, under the influence of "The Rambler," and was designed, from the first, to be its supplement. But it was wisely determined that it should not, like its predecessor, be the production of a single hand. The work was undertaken by Hawkesworth, the intimate friend and willing disciple of Johnson; with whom it is supposed that Dr. Bathurst, another equally intimate and endeared companion of the great moralist, was associated. For the work thus assumed, Hawkesworth was not wholly unqualified, though his just pretensions to scholarship were never extensive. But he was a man of quick perception, and he had by much reading, chiefly of current English and French literature, acquired a good share of superficial knowledge, and some facility in criticism and composition; and by aiming at the style of Johnson, whom he long regarded as "his guide, philosopher, and friend," he gave a good degree of strength and dignity to his own. It is known that the work was undertaken with Johnson's concurrence and approval, and presently he came to be actively engaged in it.

The first number of "The Adventurer" was issued on the 7th of November, 1752, and, like its predecessor, it made its appearance in semi-weekly numbers. The principal contributors, besides Hawkesworth, who, in addition to the general editorial supervision, wrote nearly one half of the essays—and Johnson, whose pieces are supposed to amount to about thirty—were Dr. Bathurst, who wrote several of the earlier numbers; Bonnel Thornton, who had been among the first publicly to recognize the excellence of "The Rambler," which he did in a miscellany called "The Student," of which he was then editor; and Dr. Joseph Warton. The connection of Warton with "The Adventurer" was procured by Johnson, with the design of obtaining from him such critical essays as it was known he was capable of producing, and which could not fail greatly to enhance the value of the publication.

The design and general form of "The Adventurer" being the same with those of "The Rambler," that work may seem to be little more than a continuation of this. But though the two works have many features in common, they are equally clearly distinguished by strongly marked differences. Their diversity of authorship necessarily gave greater variety of style and modes of thought to "The Adventurer's" essays than could have been attained from a single mind. The range of subjects was also larger than in the preceding work; and, instead of confining themselves to the grave themes that almost exclusively occupy "The Rambler," the writers of "The Adventurer" frequently indulged their readers with portraits of character, narratives, and essays of wit, humor, and pleasantry. Compared with "The Rambler," "The Adventurer" has less solemn dignity; its style is not so grave, its morality is less rigid, and its religious character is almost wholly wanting; while it has more variety, is more sprightly, and altogether has less of the magisterial tone of the teacher, and more of the manner of a companion and friend. The critical papers in "The Adventurer," for which it was indebted chiefly to the Reverend Dr. Warton, constitute a feature of real excellence that finds but a poor counterpart in "The Rambler." Even Johnson's own papers in "The Adventurer," though generally similar to those in "The Rambler," are less elevated and solemn, and also much more varied in style and purpose.

DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

The immediate success of this new candidate for public favor, as might be presumed, was greater than that attained by its stately predecessor; and though many of its essays relate to matters of less permanent interest, yet they are even now read with both pleasure and profit.

For the year 1753 Johnson's history presents very few points of interest. He toiled at his "Dictionary," and occasionally wrote an essay for the "Adventurer;" and that is about all that can be said of his occupations: his domestic affairs will be noticed in another place. Nearly the same account must be given of the next year, only omitting the "Adventurer," and substituting the "Life of Cave." That earliest of Johnson's patrons of the trade died during the latter part of the former year; and in the February number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* appeared his biography,—the same that is still found in the collected works of its author. That work is a remarkable instance of the power of genius, to elevate and ennoble a subject in itself quite common, and without the elements of greatness. Cave, no doubt, possessed many good qualities, as well as some characteristic foibles; but in neither was there anything to distinguish him from thousands of others. He was a diligent and moderately-successful man of business; he had lived as other men in similar circumstances live, and had died as other men die,—and one would ask what could be made of the biography of such a one? Yet did Johnson make of it a considerably extensive and really valuable piece of biography; and so gave to fame a name that otherwise would not have survived his own generation.

But a more important epoch in Johnson's history was now at hand. His great philological work, which had been upon his hands for nearly seven years, was rapidly approaching its completion; and as the author began to see the end of his labors he increased his diligence, from the impatience resulting from hopes almost realized but still deferred. Another motive may also have added to his haste and impatience. He had contracted with the booksellers to do the job for fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds, out of which he was to meet all expenses incidental to the preparation of the work; and he was to be paid as it advanced. Of this sum, a considerable proportion was paid to assistants, and for books of reference and stationery; so that now the whole amount was exhausted, though the work was not yet finished.

It has been noticed, that when the "Plan of the Dictionary" was issued in 1747, it was addressed to Lord Chesterfield. In the accompanying address Johnson consented to solicit for the proposed work the patronage of that nobleman, who was then one of his majesty's Secretaries of State. The tone of delicate but decided flattery there used, is so unlike the hardy independent style in which he usually turned over his productions to public criticism, as to suggest the suspicion that large expectations were entertained as to the advantages likely to result from the solicited patronage. It should be remembered that during all this period Johnson was miserably poor; that he was compelled in whatever he did to make "provision for the day that was passing over him." The "Dictionary" he considered as "a work devoted especially to the honor and advantage of the whole nation; and one in which the nation might be said to have a kind of property." It is not strange, therefore, that the starving author, while thus toiling for the public advantage, should think that since one of the king's ministers had become patron to the work, the favor of the government, in a substantial form, should be extended to him. This expectation induced him to depart from his usual course, and evidently at some sacrifice of feeling, to solicit one of the great to consent to be recognized as his patron.

To those who view the subject from a distance, and know the characters of the men and their circumstances, it is not a matter of surprise that the attempted coalition was not successful. How far the attempt was carried is not certainly known; but probably further than either of the parties subsequently wished to confess. It is known that Chesterfield highly appreciated the flattering distinction shown to him, and that Johnson paid several visits to his lordship's mansion, and, worst of all, that Chesterfield gave, and Johnson accepted, ten pounds from his patron. But the union was a forced and unnatural one, and was destined from the first to result in mutual disgust and alienation.

Among the celebrated "Letters" of Lord Chesterfield, which, though not published till some years later, were written about this time, is one containing what is commonly known as the character of "a respectable Hottentot," of which portrait Johnson was by many believed to have been the original. Though a base caricature, the points of likeness are well chosen, and, perhaps, according to Chesterfield's notions of things, not overdrawn.

> "There is a man," writes his lordship, "whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect; but whom it is so impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever whenever I am in his company. His figure (without being deformed) seems made to disgrace or ridicule the common structure of the human body. His legs and arms are never in the position which, according to the situation of his body, they ought to be in; but constantly employed in committing acts of hostility upon the graces. He throws anywhere but down his throat whatever he means to drink, and only mangles what he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards of social life, he mistimes and misplaces everything. He disputes with heat and indiscriminately, mindless of the rank, character, or situation of those with whom he disputes. Absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity and respect, he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors; and, therefore, by a necessary consequence, absurd to two of the three. Is it possible to

> love such a man? The utmost I can do for him is, to consider him a respectable Hottentot."

Whether the separation took place silently through mutual antipathy, or violently, is not certainly determined, though the current tradition has favored the latter. Sir John Hawkins, who is good authority in all matters of fact relative to this portion of Johnson's history, and who, in this particular, is seconded by Lord Lyttleton, attributes the breach to an offense taken by Johnson at what he deemed a personal slight from his lordship. Johnson having called on Chesterfield one morning, was kept waiting a long time in an outer room for his noble host to be sufficiently disengaged to receive him; but when the door opened, out walked Colley Cibber, a person for whom Johnson had the most intense contempt; when, enraged to find that it was for such a one that he had been kept at a distance, he hastily left the place, and never came again. This account is certainly made probable by a remark in Johnson's letter to Chesterfield, given below; though Boswell tells us that Johnson gave him to understand that the statement was not well-founded. It is hardly to be supposed that a transaction of this kind would be orally transmitted with entire accuracy in all its details; but the balance of evidence is certainly in favor of the substantial truthfulness of Sir John's statement. Nor is this at all inconsistent with Johnson's declaration "that there never was any particular incident that produced a quarrel between Lord Chesterfield and him; but that his lordship's continual neglect was the reason why he resolved to have no connection with him."

Though but little can be said in defense of Lord Chesterfield's character, yet in this quarrel the fault seems not to have been all on one side. His lordship had made no definite promises, nor attempted to excite hopes that he did not afterward answer to; nor was he responsible for the large expectations entertained by Johnson and his employers. Had the government seen fit to give him a competent maintenance while occupied with a work of so much public interest, the act would have been both just and judicious; but such acts are too uncommon to make the neglect of them any occasion of complaint against individual kings or ministers. Nor is it at all strange, considering the characters and relations of the two persons, that Chesterfield treated Johnson with "continual neglect." He could not do otherwise, without carrying out beyond the usual limits of its tyranny the fashionable hypocrisy that his lordship dignified with the style of the rules of politeness. It is also due to Chesterfield that it should be known, that during most of the period in which Johnson supposed himself to be purposely neglected, though he probably knew nothing of it, his patron was prostrated by disease, or excluded from society by deafness and other growing infirmities. When it became generally known that the "Dictionary" was nearly ready for publication, Chesterfield published in a weekly paper called "The World" two letters calling public attention to the expected publication, and saying many fine things of the fitness of the author for his work, and, therefore, as to what might be expected of the work itself.

> "I think the public in general, and the republic of letters in particular," he remarked, "are greatly obliged to Mr. Johnson for having undertaken and executed so great and desirable a work. Perfection is not to be expected from any man; but if we are to judge by the various works of Johnson already published, we have good reason to believe that he will bring this as near to perfection as any man could do. The Plan of it, which was published some years ago, seems to me to be proof of it.
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> "It must be owned that our language is, at present, in a state of anarchy, and, hitherto, perhaps, it may not have been the worse for it. * * * The time for discrimination seems to be now come. Toleration, adoption, and naturalization, have run their lengths. Good order and authority are now necessary. But where shall we find them, and at the same time the obedience due to them? We must have recourse to the old Roman expedient in times of confusion, and choose a dictator. Upon this principle I give my vote for Mr. Johnson to fill the great and arduous post; and I hereby declare that I make a total surrender of all my rights and privileges in the English language as a free-born British subject to the said Mr. Johnson during the time of his dictatorship."

That Chesterfield was sincere in all he then said there is no cause to doubt, simply because he had no motives to be insincere. That he was disinterested is, however, not to be supposed, for disinterestedness was not an element of his character. He no doubt believed all he said about the probable excellence of the forth-coming work, and was not unwilling that the au-

JOHNSON REPULSED FROM CHESTERFIELD'S DOOR.

thor should be compensated for his labors, and, since his own name was connected with it, at its first public announcement, he was now quite willing to share in the honor it was likely to bring to all connected with it, by having it come forth under his auspices. Nor is it probable that Johnson would have objected to this at the time that he solicited his lordship's patronage; but a great change had occurred during the intervening period, especially in his views and circumstances. Seven years had been passed in independent poverty, during which time the literary drudge had become widely known, and generally recognized, as the first writer in the kingdom. Disappointed as to the advantages contemplated in the original ascription to a noble patron, the failure to receive what he would probably have thought too dearly paid for, released him from his relation of dependence, and left him free to pursue his course alone. He had submitted in sullen silence to neglect, and had battled bravely against the whole haggard train of poverty, without the loss of self-respect; but he could not now endure this patronizing condescension of his lordship. For once his wounded pride got the better of his judgment. He addressed a private letter to his noble friend—such a one as only insulted greatness in distress could address to supercilious meanness, strutting in empty show and swelling with vanity. Probably he afterward regretted this step; but having uttered nothing more than he fully believed, neither his pride nor his love of truth would permit him to retract any part of it. His own account of the matter, when the whole had become an old story, was:—"After making great professions, he had, for many years, taken no notice of me; but when my 'Dictionary' was coming out, he fell a scribbling in 'The World' about it. Upon which, I wrote him a letter expressed in civil terms, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him."

The letter itself is so highly characteristic, and so intrinsically valuable, that no biography of its writer would be complete without it. It is therefore given in full:—

"TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

"*February* 7, 1775.

"MY LORD,—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of 'The World,' that two papers, in which my 'Dictionary' is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;* that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well-pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication without one act of assistance,[*] one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

"The shepherd in 'Virgil' grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it;[†] till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.

"My lord, your lordship's most humble,
"Most obedient servant,
"SAM. JOHNSON."[‡]

Several minor points in this letter require a passing notice. The reader will perceive what amount of evidence it affords in favor of Hawkins's account of the immediate occasion of the rupture between the parties; something equivalent to this was necessary to justify the statement in an offensive form, "I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door." The suspicion that pecuniary assistance was expected is greatly strengthened by the complaint that he had not received "one act of assistance." Nor was this strictly true; for, as already stated, he had received a *largess* of ten pounds; but this was so different, both in amount and in form, from the assistance he needed and expected, that he wholly omitted any account of it. The complaint as to the untimeliness of the favors now shown by his lordship may seem less reasonable; but Johnson asked no favor for his work, but only the means of subsistence, not as a pauper, but a public servant, while occupied with its production.

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[*] The following note is subjoined by Mr. Langton:—"Dr. Johnson, when he gave me this copy of his letter, desired that I would annex to it his information to me, that whereas it is said in the letter that 'no assistance has been received,' he did once receive from Lord Chesterfield the sum of ten pounds; but as that was so inconsiderable a sum, he thought the mention of it could not properly find a place in a letter of the kind that this was."—*Boswell.*

[†] In this passage Dr. Johnson evidently alludes to the loss of his wife. We find the same tender recollection recurring to his mind upon innumerable occasions; and, perhaps, no man ever more forcibly felt the truth of the sentiment so elegantly expressed by my friend Mr. Malone, in his Prologue to Mr. Jephson's tragedy of "Julia:"—

"Vain—wealth, and fame, and fortune's fostering care,
If no fond breast the splendid blessings share;
And, each day's bustling pageantry once past,
There, only there, our bliss is found at last."—*Boswell.*

[‡] Upon comparing this copy with that which Dr. Johnson dictated to me from recollection, the variations are found to be so slight that this must be added to the many other proofs which he gave of the wonderful extent and accuracy of his memory. To gratify the curious in composition, I have deposited both the copies in the British Museum.—*Boswell.*

The confidence that he entertained of the sufficiency of his "Dictionary" to sustain itself, is much more fully stated in another place, which will presently come under notice. The allusion to his indifference to praise, and his solitariness, forcibly illustrate the state of his mind, arising from the loss of his wife; and his intimation that he is known without the favor of a patron, attests the strength of his unbroken spirit.

That Chesterfield felt the force of Johnson's letter, accustomed as he was to little else than cringing and flattery, cannot be doubted; but he was too much a man of the world to show all that he felt, and especially he felt himself too strong in his position to be greatly affected by one so much below him. He permitted the letter to lie open upon his table; he talked of it among his friends, and even pointed out its strong points, and confessed both the strength and the elegance of its language. The affair gave rise to no little gossip in high places; and while, of course, the gay and the great took part with Chesterfield, not a few of the better class, particularly among the learned, sympathized very fully with Johnson. Among those who approved his course, he was especially gratified to find the learned and judicious Dr. Warburton, who, though still personally unacquainted with him, requested Dr. Adams, master of Pembroke College, to carry his compliments to Johnson, and to tell him "that he honored him for his manly behavior in rejecting the condescensions of Lord Chesterfield, and for resenting the treatment he had received from him with a proper spirit." Such a commendation, at such a time, was highly gratifying to the proud but wounded spirit of the prospective lexicographer, and was even more valuable than the willing praise bestowed on a former occasion.

But this noble independence of spirit was not equally highly appreciated by some others of Johnson's friends. Dr. Adams, whose reverence for learning and personal regard for Johnson, were tempered with no small share of worldly prudence, greatly regretted this rupture. He earnestly expostulated with his friend for the course he had taken, and attempted to apologize for the apparent neglect with which he had been treated. Johnson was slow to believe that the slights he had received were not intentional, and added to the expression of his doubts, "Lord Chesterfield is the proudest man this day living;" to which Adams replied, half in admiration and half in censure,—"No, there is at least one person prouder." Chesterfield and Johnson were both proud men; but their pride could never be compared in degree, because it was utterly unlike in kind in the two persons. In the one it was the creature of external circumstances; in the other the native dignity of manhood, rising above and triumphing over circumstances. Dodsley, too, was grieved on account of the position things had assumed; but he felt and spoke only as a man of business. When Dr. Adams said to him that he was sorry Johnson had written that letter, he replied very coolly, that "he was sorry too, for he had a property in the 'Dictionary,' to which his lordship's patronage might have been of consequence."

Johnson, no doubt, possessed in a high degree the quality he so much commended in his friend, Dr. Bathurst—he was "a very good hater;" and as his judgment coincided with his feelings toward his noble antagonist, and, more than all, as the recollection of his own humiliation in consenting to sue for his patronage now stung him to revenge, his dislike toward the man whom he declared he had taken to be "a lord among wits," but found him to be only "a wit among lords," became both cordial and intense. He did not hesitate to express himself freely, and with his own peculiar forcibleness on the subject; and when Chesterfield's famous Letters were published, he declared that "they taught the morals of a prostitute, and the manners of a dancing master."

During the latter part of the year 1754 the "Dictionary" may be considered as having passed out of the hands of the author into those of the printer, being now in the transition state technically known as "in press." The Herculean task of more than seven years' continuance were almost ended, though the oversight of the publication would necessarily require no little labor at his hands. It will, however, be agreeable to turn aside, and contemplate this great artificer of books occupied in more genial occupations than the daily toils of authorship; and as we have carried this part of the narrative ahead of the life history, certain events of the current year may be here noticed.

On the sixth of March of that year were issued from the press of Mallett, the bookseller, the posthumous works of Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke. His lordship's skeptical opinions—if the vagaries of a disordered fancy may be so called—were no secrets during his lifetime, though he prudently withheld them from the public. He, however, committed them to paper, with the design of having them issued after his death, which was now done according to his purpose. The impression made by these works among all right-minded persons was most painful; and in the literary circles in which Johnson moved only one sentiment prevailed respecting them. It is not certain that he ever honored them with a perusal; but it was not difficult to form a sufficiently accurate opinion of them from common fame. After learning in this manner their character and tendency, he remarked, with characteristic force and aptness of comparison—"Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward—a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; and a coward, because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half-a-crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death."

On this occasion Garrick signalized himself somewhat out of his usual line. Though his associations were among the gayest and most frivolous of society, he nevertheless retained at all times a just reverence for religion, which rather increased than declined as he advanced in years. He also aspired in some small degree to the name of a poet; nor were his efforts in the "divine art" altogether contemptible.

He now composed an ode on the death of Mr. Pelham, which occurred on the same day on which Bolingbroke's works were issued; and the coincidence is thus noticed:—

"The same sad morn, to Church and State,
(So for our sins 't was fix'd by fate,)
A double stroke was given;
Black as the whirlwinds of the north,
St. John's fell genius issued forth,
And Pelham fled to heaven."

During the summer of this year Johnson made a visit to Oxford—the same already noticed in the account of his acquaintance with Langton and Beauclerk—for the purpose of consulting some of the libraries, to aid him in completing his "Dictionary." His most intimate friends and correspondents at Oxford, at that time, were the brothers Revs. Joseph and Thomas Warton, of Trinity College. He arrived just at the beginning of the long vacation, when many were leaving town; but this rather favored than hindered the object of his visit,—his friends were at leisure, and he had a more ready access to them, and whatever else he had occasion to visit. He lodged during his stay, which extended to about five weeks, at *Kettell Hall*, in the immediate vicinity of Trinity College; and was so well pleased with all things about him, that he seriously meditated removing to Oxford, and residing at Trinity College. The next day after his arrival he visited Pembroke College, in company with Dr. Joseph Warton; and was much pleased to find most of the old servants whom he had left there more than twenty years before. The master, Dr. Radcliffe, received him with only cold civility, which Johnson did not fail to notice and animadvert upon. He was, however, much pleased to meet with an old class-mate, Rev. Mr. Meeke, one of the Fellows, who received his old associate with great cordiality. Johnson spake of Meeke as among the best of his class; and confessed to some envy he used to feel toward him on account of his superiority in the classics. But he seemed to think the seclusion of the college had effectually buried the superior parts and attainments of his former rival. After parting from him, Johnson remarked to Warton:—"About the same time of life, Meeke was left behind at Oxford to feed on a fellowship, and I went to London to get my living; now, sir, see the difference in our literary characters." Upon this the learned and copious editor of Boswell very happily remarks: "Poverty was the stimulus which made Johnson exert a genius naturally, it may be supposed, more vigorous than Meeke's; and he was now beginning to

KETTELL HALL.

enjoy the fame, of which so many painful years of distress and penury had laid the foundation. Meeke had lived an easy life of decent competence; and on the whole, perhaps, as little envied Johnson as Johnson him."

As they were passing out of the college Johnson pointed out the place where he translated Pope's Messiah—a performance of which he spoke with evident satisfaction.

At this time the Rev. Francis Wise, keeper of the archives of the University, and Radclivean librarian—a person somewhat distinguished for his zeal and learning in the Roman and Anglo-Saxon antiquities of Britain—resided at Ellesfield, a few miles from Oxford; and as he and the Wartons were on terms of intimacy, Johnson also visited him several times, and a warm and lasting friendship grew up between the two scholars.

ELLESFIELD.

In returning from one of these visits to Ellesfield, the friends turned aside to examine the ruins of Oseney and Bewley Abbeys. Johnson was deeply affected by the view of these magnificent ruins, and stood gazing in silence for half-an-hour. He had a high and almost religious reverence for whatever bore the marks of antiquity; and the stately solemnity of these moldering Gothic piles seemed peculiarly suited to his mind and temper. In speaking of these ruins afterward, he remarked: "I viewed them with indignation." A corresponding remark, in reference to similar ruins in Scotland, gave great offence to the over-sensitive North Britains.

It has been noticed that several years before this date Johnson had been an unsuccessful suitor for the degree of Master of Arts. His changed circumstances now promised a better result should the application be renewed. The matter was accordingly undertaken by his Oxford friends, —especially the Wartons and Mr. Wise. Johnson was not indifferent as to the success of the movement; for though he had less need of such favors than formerly, he had not yet reached that point of eminence at which a college degree can afford no additional honor. Both himself and friends were solicitous to have his name upon the title-page of the "Dictionary" appear as that of a titled scholar; and for that purpose the printing of the first sheet of the book was delayed for several months. With all his hardy independence, Johnson loved praise; and especially as to literary reputation he was far from being indifferent. By the influence of his friends and the help of his own reputation, especially as the author of

BEWLEY ABBEY.

the "Rambler," and of the expected "Dictionary"—both of which are named in the diploma—the desired degree was obtained with but little difficulty; and by the undivided suffrages of the University.

OSENEY ABBEY.

Early in the spring of 1755 was issued from the press of Andrew Miller, bookseller in the Strand, "*A Dictionary of the English Language, . . . to which are prefixed, a History of the Language, and an English Grammar, by* SAMUEL JOHNSON, A. M." This was an event of no ordinary interest to the author and his friends, and probably the publishers had equal cause for rejoicing. When the messenger, who had carried the last sheet to the publisher, returned, Johnson asked what he said to it. The messenger answered, "He thanked God that he was done with you." "I am glad," said Johnson, "that he thanks God for anything." As the work when published fully justified the expectations that had been entertained concerning it, and its accomplishment rolled from the shoulders of the overtasked author a burden under which he had staggered for seven years, its completion was an occasion of much exultation among his friends.

The merits of Johnson's "Dictionary" are too well known to require any statement in this place: and though the subject of English lexicography, on account of Johnson's relation to it, would not be out of place in his biography, yet the magnitude of the subject forbids its introduction. He was usually pretty well satisfied with his own productions, and the "Dictionary" was not excluded from this common paternal favor; though, while he claimed that he had done much to bring order out of the preëxisting chaos of words, he confessed that the work was very far from perfection.

The original preface was at once a characteristic and highly valuable essay. The difficulties of the work he had performed are first stated in general terms, and then more specifically, together with his method of obviating them, and the aids of which he had availed himself in the work. His closing remarks are so nobly eloquent and so pathetically impressive that they cannot be abridged, nor yet wholly omitted,—the final paragraph is therefore given entire:—

> "In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the

author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns; yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the *English Dictionary* was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amid inconvenience and distraction; in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge and coöperating diligence of the Italian Academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni; if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain, in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise."

The deep tone of sorrow that marks the closing sentences of this elegant and forcible address to the public, cannot fail to arrest the attention of every reader; and many will be ready to inquire why he was thus depressed in spirit. Some part of this may, perhaps, be ascribed to his constitutional melancholy, but much more to his circumstances. Omitting one or two names, we ask in vain who were "the most of those whom he had wished to please" who had already "sunk into the grave?" The circle of his intimate friends had never yet been extensive, and among those whom he had, it does not appear that there had been any unusual mortality. But death had invaded his household, and deprived him of the sole companion of his home, and she was more to him than all the world beside. It would probably have afforded him a higher satisfaction to have laid his "Dictionary" at her feet, and to have heard her commendation of his labors, than was derived from the applause of all the great world. The seeming indifference to the public judgment, however, though probably sincere, was only temporary, as is evinced by his cotemporary letters to his friends. He had too much self-respect to fawn for [illegible]; he knew the merits of his productions, and was too proud to be vain; yet praise freely offered was always gratefully accepted—though rather as a just recompense, than as a gratuity.

But a scarcely less painful cause of dejection existed in his finances. The price paid for his "Dictionary" was spent before the work was completed; and while it was in progress he was often compelled to devote himself to other things, in order to "make provision for the day that was passing over him;" and when the work was done, and his wearied hands hung down, and his overtasked brain demanded repose, stern want was still clamoring for its daily supplies. In such a case, minds less inclined to melancholy might speak of their condition as a "gloom of solitude," and nothing else so effectually as starving poverty inclines one to be indifferent to censure or praise.

[For the National Magazine.]

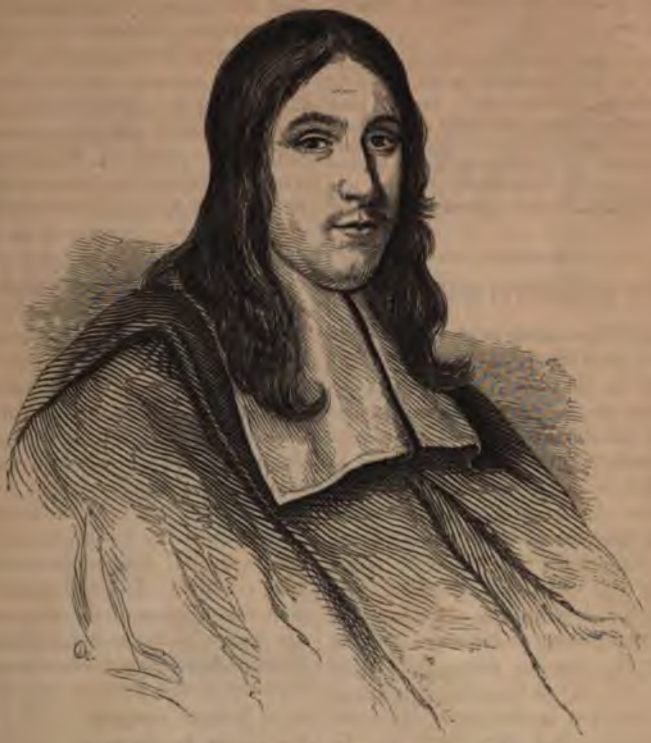
THE ROES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LICHTWER.

"My child," thus to her son the old roe said,
"Thou venturest in the woods as fearlessly
As if there were no tiger dwelling near us!
If once he sees thee, thou art good as dead!
I tremble, even now, lest he should hear us!"
"But, mother," said the roe-buck, "pray tell me
What sort of beast, then, may this tiger be?"
"O son, it is a frightful creature!
A hideous monster, both in form and feature;
His greedy, glaring eyes the murderer speaking,
His jaws with blood continually reeking;
The bear is not so terrible, nor yet
Does the old lion's roar put me in such a sweat."
"Good," said the son, "ah, now I know full well
This gentleman!" and went his way,
And, as ill-luck would have it, straightway fell
In with the beast who in the jungle lay.
The roe-buck started, it is true; but then,
Mustering his courage up again,
He said: "That is not he!
O no, it cannot be!
The tiger is a bloody beast—a creature
Hideous in form and feature!
Whereas this animal all goodness seems and grace—
There's fire, but no great fierceness in his face;
Give me such tigers for my friends!" said he,
Soliloquizing somewhat audibly;
And all too late repented his mistake,
When the *dear* creature sprang upon his neck!

Newport, R. I. C. T. B.

VANITY is often so excessive, that those who are compelled to walk on crutches would fain make us believe that they are raised on stilts.



JOHN WESLEY, GRANDFATHER OF JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.

THE GRANDFATHER OF WESLEY.

SOME time since we received from a Methodist preacher on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, a portrait, entitled "John Wesley, A. M., of New Inn Hall, Oxford, Grandfather of Revs. John and Charles Wesley." Our correspondent wrote that he had obtained it from an English emigrant, then residing on "The Cape," who had found it among the rubbish of a seller of old books in an English provincial town. The English picture is evidently a "reliable" one; it is exceedingly well engraved, and was unquestionably got up with no little pains and expense. Our artist has executed a faithful copy of it. Though known in England, it is a novelty here, and we present it to our Methodist readers, as something more than a mere curiosity; for, without this John Wesley —*the* John Wesley would not have been. The characteristics and lives of the two men were also very similar, so much so that many of the most important traits of the founder of Methodism seem to have been inherited from his grandfather, rather than derived, as is usually supposed, from his maternal education. The elder John Wesley, like his celebrated descendant, was a student at Oxford, was devotedly pious from his childhood, kept a very minute diary down to the end of his life, deviated from the "Uniformity" of the Church, was "ejected" from his pastoral charge, preached about the country, not unlike the circuit preachers of his grandson, was persecuted, was four times imprisoned, and died in all his obstinacy and piety. He was a *character*, and a good and noble one. The reader who would trace his history more minutely and especially trace in it the resemblances of the later John Wesley, will find some data for the purpose in Adam Clarke's "Wesley Family," and Calamy's "Non-conformists Memorial," though it is to be regretted that there are none but very meager accounts of him extant. It is supposed he was born about A. D. 1636, and died about A. D. 1678.

The origin of the engraving from which our cut has been taken is indicated by the following passage in Clarke's "Wesley Family:"—

> "There is a very fine painting of this excellent man now in the possession of Mr. Cropp, of Vincent Square, Westminster. On the back of the painting is the following inscription: 'Copied from the back of this portrait before it was restored—"John Wesley, A. M., of New Inn Hall, Oxford, Grandfather to the late celebrated Mr. J. Wesley, ejected for Non-conformity."'"

THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE.

WHILE this excitement lasted, Law took good care not to expose himself unguarded in the streets. Shut up in the apartments of the regent, he was secure from all attack; and whenever he ventured abroad, it was either *incognito*, or in one of the royal carriages, with a powerful escort. An amusing anecdote is recorded of the detestation in which he was held by the people, and the ill-treatment he would have met had he fallen into their hands. A gentleman of the name of Boursel was passing in his carriage down the Rue St. Antoine, when his further progress was stayed by a hackney-coach that had blocked up the road. M. Boursel's servant called impatiently to the hackney-coachman to get out of the way; and, on his refusal, struck him a blow on the face. A crowd was soon drawn together by the disturbance, and Mr. Boursel got out of the carriage to restore order. The hackney-coachman imagining that he had now another assailant, bethought him of an expedient to rid himself of both; and called out as loudly as he was able, "Help, help! Murder, murder! Here are Law and his servant going to kill me! Help, help!" At this cry the people came out of their shops, armed with sticks and other weapons, while the mob gathered stones to inflict summary vengeance upon the supposed financier. Happily for M. Boursel and his servant, the door of the church of the Jesuits stood wide open; and, seeing the fearful odds against them, they rushed toward it with all speed. They reached the altar, pursued by the people, and would have been ill-treated even there, if, finding the door open leading to the sacristy, they had not sprung through, and closed it after them. The mob were then persuaded to leave the church by the alarmed and indignant priests; and finding M. Boursel's carriage still in the streets, they vented their ill-will against it, and did it considerable damage.

The twenty-five millions secured on the municipal revenues of the city of Paris, bearing so low an interest as two and a half per cent., were not very popular among the large holders of Mississippi stock. The conversion of the securities was, therefore, a work of considerable difficulty; for many preferred to retain the falling paper of Law's Company, in the hope that a favorable turn might take place. On the fifteenth of August, with a view to hasten the conversion, an edict was passed, declaring that all notes for sums between one thousand and ten thousand livres should not pass current, except for the purchase of annuities and bank accounts, or for the payment of instalments still due on the shares of the company.

In October following another edict was passed, depriving these notes of all value whatever after the month of November next ensuing. The management of the mint, the farming of the revenue, and all the other advantages and privileges of the India, or Mississippi Company, were taken from them, and they were reduced to a mere private company. This was the death-blow to the whole system, which had now got into the hands of its enemies. Law had lost all influence in the Council of Finance, and the company being despoiled of its immunities, could no longer hold out the shadow of a prospect of being able to fulfill its engagements. All those suspected of illegal profits at the time the public delusion was at its height, were sought out, and amerced in heavy fines. It was previously ordered that a list of the original proprietors should be made out, and that such persons as still retained their shares should place them in deposit with the company; and that those who had neglected to complete the shares for which they had put down their names, should now purchase them of the company, at the rate of thirteen thousand five hundred livres for each share of five hundred livres. Rather than submit to pay this enormous sum for stock which was actually at a discount, the shareholders packed up all their portable effects, and endeavored to find a refuge in foreign countries. Orders were immediately issued to the authorities at the ports and frontiers, to apprehend all travelers who sought to leave the kingdom, and keep them in custody, until it was ascertained whether they had any plate or jewelry with them, or were concerned in the recent stock-jobbing. Against such few as escaped, the punishment of death was recorded, while the most arbitrary proceedings were instituted against those who remained.

LAW DRAWN BY COCKS.°

Law himself, in a moment of despair, determined to leave a country where his life was no longer secure. He at first only demanded permission to retire from Paris to one of his country-seats—a permission which the regent cheerfully granted. The latter was much affected at the unhappy turn affairs had taken; but his faith continued unmoved in the truth and efficacy of Law's financial system. His eyes were opened to his own errors; and during the few remaining years of his life he constantly longed for an opportunity of again establishing the system upon a securer basis. At Law's last interview with the prince, he is reported to have said: "I confess that I have committed many faults. I committed them because I am a man, and all men are liable to error; but I declare to you most solemnly that none of them proceeded from wicked or dishonest motives; and that nothing of the kind will be found in the whole course of my conduct."

Two or three days after his departure the regent sent him a very kind letter, permitting him to leave the kingdom whenever he pleased, and stating that he had ordered his passports to be made ready. He at the same time offered him any sum of money he might require. Law respectfully declined the money; and set out for Brussels in a post-chaise belonging to Madame de Prie, escorted by six horse-guards. From thence he proceeded to Venice, where he remained for some months, the object of the greatest curiosity to the people, who believed him to be the possessor of enormous wealth. No opinion, however, could be more erroneous. With more generosity than could have been expected from a man who during the greatest part of his life had been a professed gambler, he had refused to enrich himself at the expense of a ruined nation. During the height of the popular frenzy for Mississippi stock, he had never doubted of the final success of his projects in making France the richest and most powerful nation of Europe. He invested all his gains in the purchase of landed property in France—a sure proof of his own belief in the stability of his schemes. He had hoarded no plate or jewelry, and sent no money, like the dishonest jobbers, to foreign countries. His all, with the exception of one diamond, worth about five or six thousand pounds sterling, was invested in the French soil; and when he left that country, he left it almost a beggar. This fact alone ought to rescue his memory from the charge of knavery, so often and so unjustly brought against him.

As soon as his departure was known,

° Law in a car drawn by cocks; from *Het groote Tafereel der Dwaasheid.*

all his estates and his valuable library were confiscated. Among the rest, an annuity of two hundred thousand livres (£8,000 sterling) on the lives of his wife and children, which had been purchased for five millions of livres, was forfeited, notwithstanding that a special edict, drawn up for the purpose in the days of his prosperity, had expressly declared that it should never be confiscated for any cause whatever. Great discontent existed among the people that Law had been suffered to escape. The mob and the parliament would have been pleased to have seen him hanged. The few who had not suffered by the commercial revolution rejoiced that the *quack* had left the country; but all those (and they were by far the most numerous class) whose fortunes were implicated regretted that his intimate knowledge of the distress of the country, and of the causes that had led to it, had not been rendered more available in discovering a remedy.

At a meeting of the Council of Finance and the General Council of the Regency, documents were laid upon the table, from which it appeared that the amount of notes in circulation was two thousand seven hundred millions. The regent stated that Law, upon his own authority, had issued twelve hundred millions of notes at different times, and that he (the regent) seeing that the thing had been irrevocably done, had screened Law by antedating the decrees of the council which authorized the augmentation. It was also ascertained that the debt, on the 1st of January, 1721, amounted to upward of three thousand one hundred millions of livres, or more than $620,000,000, the interest upon which was $15,980,000. A commission, or *visa*, was forthwith appointed to examine into all the securities of the state creditors, who were to be divided into five classes; the first four comprising those who had purchased their securities with real effects, and the latter comprising those who could give no proofs that the transactions they had entered into were real and *bonâ fide*. The securities of the latter were ordered to be destroyed, while those of the first four classes were subjected to a most rigid and jealous scrutiny. The result of the labors of the *visa* was a report, in which they counseled the reduction of the interest upon these securities to fifty-six millions of livres, and an edict to that effect was accordingly published and duly registered by the parliaments of the kingdom.

FIAT JUSTITIA
Should LAW be just to unjust LAWS,
And all his proud Directors,
The LAW must hang up LAWS, because
The vilest of Projectors.
Let this invite you to behold
Their decent EXECUTION,
Who basely, for the sake of GOLD,
Have brought us to confusion.
LAMENTATIONS

NECK OR NOTHING, OR DOWNFALL OF THE MISSISSIPPI COMPANY.*

Another tribunal was afterward established, under the title of the *Chambre de l'Arsenal*, which took cognizance of all the malversations committed in the financial departments of the government during the late unhappy period. A Master of Requests, named Falhonet, together with the Abbé Clement, and two clerks in their employ, had been concerned in divers acts of peculation to the amount of upward of a million of livres. The first two were sentenced to be beheaded, and the latter to be hanged; but their punishment was afterward commuted to imprisonment for life in the Bastile. Numerous other acts of dishonesty were discovered, and punished by fine and imprisonment.

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* From a print in Mr. Hawkins's collection.

D'Argenson shared with Law and the regent the unpopularity which had alighted upon all those concerned in the Mississippi madness. He was dismissed from his post of Chancelor to make room for D'Aguesseau; but he retained the title of Keeper of the Seals, and was allowed to attend the councils whenever he pleased. He thought it better, however, to withdraw from Paris, and live for a time a life of seclusion at his country-seat. But he was not formed for retirement; and becoming moody and discontented, he aggravated a disease under which he had long labored, and died in less than a twelvemonth. The populace of Paris so detested him, that they carried their hatred even to his grave. As his funeral procession passed to the church of St. Nicholas du Chardonneret, the burying-place of his family, it was beset by a riotous mob, and his two sons, who were following as chief mourners, were obliged to drive as fast as they were able down a by-street to escape personal violence.

As regards Law, he for some time entertained a hope that he should be recalled to France to aid in establishing its credit upon a firmer basis. The death of the regent in 1723, who expired suddenly as he was sitting by the fireside conversing with his mistress, the Duchess de Phalaris, deprived him of that hope, and he was reduced to lead his former life of gambling. He was more than once obliged to pawn his diamond, the sole remnant of his vast wealth, but successful play generally enabled him to redeem it. Being persecuted by his creditors at Rome, he proceeded to Copenhagen, where he received permission from the English ministry to reside in his native country, his pardon for the murder of Mr. Wilson having been sent over to him in 1719. He was brought over in the admiral's ship—a circumstance which gave occasion for a short debate in the House of Lords. Earl Coningsby complained that a man who had renounced both his country and his religion should have been treated with such honor; and expressed his belief that his presence in England, at a time when the people were so bewildered by the nefarious practices of the South-Sea directors, would be attended with no little danger. He gave notice of a motion on the subject; but it was allowed to drop, no other member of the House having the slightest participation in his lordship's fears. Law remained for about four years in England, and then proceeded to Venice, where he died in 1729, in very embarrassed circumstances. The following epitaph was written at the time :—

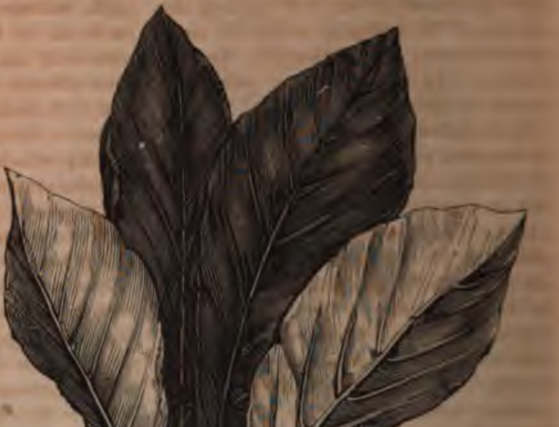
"Ci git cet Ecossais célèbre,
Ce calculateur sans égal,
Qui, par les règles de l'algèbre,
A mis la France à l'hôpital."

His brother, William Law, who had been concerned with him in the administration both of the bank and the Louisiana Company, was imprisoned in the Bastile for alleged malversation; but no guilt was ever proved against him. He was liberated after fifteen months, and became the founder of a family which is still known in France under the title of Marqueses of Lauriston.

Hereafter we shall give an account of the madness which infected the people of England at the same time, and under very similar circumstances, but which, thanks to the energies and good sense of a constitutional government, was attended with results far less disastrous than those which were seen in France.

D'ARGENSON.

THE GROWTH AND INTRODUCTION OF GUTTA PERCHA.



THE GUTTA PERCHA PLANT.

OVER the primeval forests of Johore, on the Malayan peninsula; over the woods of Singapore, of Sarawak, of the wilds around Coti, on the south-east coast of Borneo, the sun rose and set through long ages upon large and magnificent trees of the sapotaceous order — trees which bore in their branches and trunks a product of almost unparalleled utility and consequent value, but which, however, were scarcely known for anything beyond an edible oil, (called by the inhabitants of Sarawak, *Niaro*,) which the natives of these various districts expressed from their fruit, and which served as a nourishing accompaniment to their food. We say *scarcely* known, because around Singapore — where the tree was named *Percha* — it was known to possess another and more valuable secretion in the form of an exudation termed *gutta percha*, literally *gum of the percha*, or, even more correctly, *gum of Sumatra*, the Malay name of that island being *Pulo Percha*, although, curiously enough, it cannot be ascertained that the tree has ever been known there. The exudation of which we have spoken was used by a few of the native woodmen of Singapore for the formation of handles to their tools, &c. And only so late as the year 1842, just ten years ago, these woodmen were apparently the only persons in the world to whom the value of this substance was known. Now, however, through the agency of Dr. Montgomerie, every quarter of the globe has it in daily and familiar use for purposes of the most heterogeneous description.

In that year, when Dr. Montgomerie was assistant surgeon in the island, his attention was attracted by the handle of a parang, or woodchopper, with the nature of which he was unacquainted. He at once instituted inquiries, and learned that it might be molded to any form by simply immersing it in boiling water, after which it would, on cooling, retain the given shape. To have the attention aroused, and to labor until its object is thoroughly investigated, are simultaneous impulses in the earnest mind. Dr. Montgomerie instantly got possession of the parang handle in question, and announced his desire to obtain as many more as possible. He also procured an account of the tree yielding this sap, and of the modes by which the latter was collected; but, unhappily, he was prevented by illness from personally visiting its native forests.

In the following year he sent specimens of the gutta percha to the Medical Board of Calcutta, and also to England; where they were submitted to the Chemical Committee of the Society of Arts, with a suggestion by their discoverer that the substance might form a valuable substitute for Indian rubber in its application to surgical purposes. These early specimens were exhibited in four different states, namely, the still liquid juice inclosed in a bottle; some thin pieces "resembling leather;" a spongy mass, exemplifying the manner in which it hardens upon mere exposure to the surrounding atmosphere; and lastly, the before-mentioned leathery portions formed into a lump by immersion in boiling water—in fact, the gutta percha in the form in which we now so constantly see it. In the spring of the year 1844, several practical applications of the new substance were placed before the society; among which we may instance a pair of shoes mended with it, varnishes respectively prepared by dissolving it in turpentine and in naphtha, casts of medals, lathe-bands &c., &c. The gold medal of the Society of Arts was accordingly presented to its introducer to the civilized nations of the world; a testimonial which was indeed but a feeble shadowing forth of the gratitude which was soon to become his rightful due, for the valuable gift which he had placed within the reach of every class. Gutta percha was received with less of suspicion and prejudice than often falls to the share of a new and unknown substance, even in the present day; orders for continually increasing quantities flowed steadily toward its native shores, and the article became one of a regular and stated commercial interest. Yet even now, little is known of the natural history, or, indeed, of anything beyond the manifold uses of the substance, so that we can offer but a meager account of it to our readers.

Its principal known properties are, that it is combustible, and burns brightly like Indian rubber, yet will not inflame without an extremely great heat. It is unaffected by cold or any degree of moisture, while atmospheric heat merely makes it less rigid, without in any way discomposing its form or lessening its value. It is capable of solution in essential oils, but is little affected by unctuous oils. It mixes well with most coloring matters, and when heated is tenaciously adhesive. It is also slightly elastic, and possesses the very singular property of contracting with heat—a property which is quite at variance with every known law of physics.

The tree is, as we have before mentioned, of the natural order *Sapotaceæ*, an order remarkable for the secretion of an abundant milky juice, which, unlike similar secretions in other tribes, is free from all acid or poisonous properties. The order includes also the celebrated Palo de Vaco, or cow-tree of South America, which yields an agreeable and nourishing substitute for animal milk; and the Indian Mava, or Madhuca, (*Bassia bulyracea*,) one of the many species of butter-tree, known to yield as much as three quintals of oil from a single specimen. The order *Sapotaceæ*, however, notwithstanding a very prevalent opinion to the contrary, does *not* include the caoutchouc, or Indian rubber, which is the secretion of a few plants that form rare exceptions in the otherwise acrid and even dangerous order of *Euphorbiaceæ*.

But to return to the gutta percha, the *Isonandria gutta* of Professor Edward Forbes; it is described as a magnificent tree, averaging from three to six feet in the diameter of its trunk. The wood, as may be readily concluded, is of a loose, spongy, and fibrous texture, of a light color, and tracked with longitudinal lines of a deep black, which are in reality the reservoirs of the secretion, filled with it in a dried state. We may here mention that we are indebted for the specimens of the wood which were first brought to England, to Mr. Thomas Lobb, the botanist of Mr. Veitch, the enterprising nursery gardener of Exeter. Sir James Brook, the rajah of Sarawak, mentions the mode of obtaining the gum in Borneo to be the wasteful one of felling the tree, stripping off the bark, and then collecting the juice which flows from the lacerated surfaces in troughs formed of the hollow stem of the plantain; by this means, each tree furnishes from twenty to thirty pounds: but in Singapore, the more rational and fore-sighted mode is followed, of cutting notches in the bark, and so patiently collecting the milk as it exudes. The appearance of this substance is too familiar to need description; but we may mention that when it reaches this country in thin shavings, or in rolls—the two forms in which it is usually imported—it is seldom found to be unmixed with various foreign substances, as leaves, straw, &c., for the removal of which it undergoes a process known as "kneading," which is done in hot water, and it is then ready to be formed into the various articles for which it is destined. It is worthy of especial remark that it is *never worn out*, for it is not injured in any way by reforming, or by repeated modeling. It may be melted and remelted any number of times without losing its native properties, or acquiring any foreign ones.

In the catalogue of the celebrated collection of curiosities made by the Tradescants occurs the following remarkable article:—"The pliable mazer wood," which, "being warmed in water, will work to any form." "Doubtless," says a correspondent of "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," for 1850, "this was gutta percha." Dr. Montgomerie describes it in the very words of Tradescant: "This is a point which awakens much speculation, and which we would gladly see well examined, though but little light can, we fear, be thrown upon it after the lapse of so many years." Although we cannot suppose that the *mœsur* wood, mentioned in the "Red Saga" of Eric, can have a connection either with the mazer wood of Tradescant, or the gutta percha of Dr. Montgomerie, we must not omit, as a conclusion to this short paper, giving the following passage from that ancient composition; premising, however, that this mœsur wood is usually supposed to be the bird-eye maple of America, and that we have no reason whatever to suppose the gutta percha tree to be a native of that continent, or that the Icelanders ever visited the southern hemisphere. The extract runs as follows:—

> "When he (Karlsefne) was quite ready, and his ship was lying outside the pier, waiting for a favorable wind, there came to him a German man from Bremen, in Saxland: he asked Karlsefne to sell him his broom. 'I will not sell it,' said Karlsefne. 'I will give you half a mark in gold for it,' said the German man. Karlsefne thought this was a good offer, and thereupon they concluded the bargain. The German man went away with the broom. Karlsefne did not know what wood it was, but it was *mœsur*, which had come from Wineland."

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF CHIVALRY IN ENGLAND.

"Then life was a wild and gorgeous dream,
A meteor glancing with fitful beam;
And the knight prick'd forth with his lance in rest,
To far distant lands at his ladye's behest;
And the Templar rush'd to the Holy Land;
And the Troubadour wander'd with harp in hand."

CHIVALRY, in the full and romantic sense of the term, as it is now understood, was not prevalent in England until some time after the establishment of the Norman dynasty, nor indeed till the devotion of all Europe toward the East for the recovery of the Holy Land from the grasp of unbelievers, had imbued the whole system with that pervading feeling of religion which the earnest participation of the hierarchy in the purposes of the Crusades had communicated to it. Nevertheless, the honor and order of knighthood had long existed, even among the paladins of Charlemagne, even in the dreary woods of Germany; and in England it was in operation in the days of the Saxons, and its details were at that time imbued with a religious character which the Normans, at first, contemned.

Knighthood was never a birthright, though it became a necessary obligation to those of gentle birth after the Council of Clermont; for at this council it was decreed, that even so early as twelve years old, the noble-born boy should take an oath before his bishop to defend the oppressed, the widow, and the orphan; to exert himself to render traveling safe, and to destroy tyranny. Thus, says the historian of chivalry, all its humanities were sanctioned by legal and ecclesiastical power.

When from various circumstances it became an onerous and expensive duty, laws were ordained compelling the owners of adequate portions of land to assume the dignity; and these laws were fully repealed only in the reign of Charles I. Before the establishment of a standing army, knights and their followers were the only military defenders of the country. Thus we find that the all-important Castle of Dover was committed to John de Fiennes, who, with the means provided for the purpose, appropriated to its defense the services of eight other knights and their followers by turns. And thus it was elsewhere. All estates and property were held under the feudal obligation of providing knights at the call of the sovereign, in number proportionate to its value. The "legal service of a knight, for the land which he held by military tenure, was to serve forty days at his own costs, when the king went against his enemies." This obligation was equally attached to ecclesiastical property; and it is owing to this circumstance that we frequently read of the knights attached to ecclesiastical foundations: and, as state and pomp increased, a domestic array—so to term it—of knights, became a necessary item of baronial state. Thomas à Becket had no less than seven hundred knights as part of his household; and William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, Chancelor and Lord Chief Justice in Richard the First's time, traveled with fifteen hundred horsemen in his suite.

Though gentle birth was usually considered a necessary requisite for a knight, inferior birth, so that it were honest, was not an insurmountable obstacle to the investment of one of *approved* valor. But to the higher grades of the order a pure origin was indispensable. No bastard, even of a king, could be a templar or a knight of St. John. Perhaps the most remarkable instance on record of the elevation of a man of low birth to knighthood, fame, wealth, and honor, is that of Sir John Hawkwood, better known as "John of the Needle," a tailor's apprentice, and the son of a tanner of Sible Hedingham, Essex, who was pressed into the service of Edward III. Turning, as Fuller says, "his needle into a sword, and his thimble into a shield," he went to the French wars, stood like a valorous knight at the hottest of the brunt at the battle of Poictiers; flying, like his own needle, at the back of his general, the Black Prince; hewing down the obdurate with his sword as smoothly as erst he had a crooked seam with his goose; winning his knighthood by valor alone—he made all Europe resound with his fame. He married the Duke of Milan's niece, and when he died (as even a tailor must, though he have as many lives as a cat) he had the whole city of Florence as mourners.

The mode of investiture of a knight was anciently very simple. Charles the Great merely girded a sword on his son Louis the Good; and in ancient Germany the handing of a shield or javelin to the ardent and eager aspirant conferred on him on the instant the dignity of manhood, and the honor of a defender of his country. But gradually pomp and circumstance accumulated on the ceremony. Edward the Elder, our Saxon king, had Athelstan arrayed in a scarlet robe ere he girt him with a belt ornamented with precious stones, bearing a sword in a sheath of gold. Shortly after this we hear of absolution and confession as necessary preliminaries to the ceremony, and of religious offices accompanying the ceremonial itself; of the sword being blessed, and of the eucharist being administered to the new-made knight; and, though, as we before remarked, the Normans at first despised these religious accompaniments, it seems as though it might be only the iron-hearted Conqueror who set them at naught; for we find that his rude and licentious son, the Red-haired, was consecrated knight by Archbishop Lanfranc.

Still chivalry, which ever took its hue from the general aspect of the times, was now in its very rudest state. The feudal system was in many respects productive of anarchy and misrule; each baron was omnipotent in his own domain, the extent of which was limited only by his power and strength, and, at a period when "might made right," it is easy to be supposed that no domestic or personal virtue would secure the possession of an estate to any one more remarkable for these qualities than for the more potent consideration of military force, or the wealth to purchase it. In fact, any occupant of a domain was at the mercy of another who could muster a greater number of armed retainers. The numerous forests were occupied by banditti, who bribed the neutrality if not the connivance of those neighboring barons who might, had they been so disposed, have somewhat assisted the feeble laws in their feebler enforcement. The abduction of females of wealth and rank was an every-day occurrence; and they were kept in rigid confinement, and oftentimes subjected to cruel usage, as a means of forcing them into a marriage which should give their brutal ravishers a legal claim to their possessions. Even the royal dignity was not exempted from this degrading and abhorrent risk; for Matilda of Scotland, afterward wife of Henry I., was obliged to assume the veil in Rumsey Abbey to avoid the risk of a forced marriage.

The cruelties practiced by these lawless marauders are abhorrent even to mention. The following description from an old author refers to the period of the reign of Stephen:—

> "They grievously oppressed the poor people with building castles; and, when they were built, they filled them with wicked men, or rather devils, who seized both men and women who they imagined had any money, threw them into prison, and put them to more cruel tortures than the martyrs ever endured. They suffocated some in mud, and suspended others by the feet, or the head, or the thumbs; kindling fire below them. They squeezed the heads of some with knotted cords, till they pierced their brains, while they threw others into dungeons swarming with serpents, snakes, and toads."

Perhaps we may venture to hope that this picture, if not exaggerated, is but of partial application, and may refer more especially to the lawless and *foreign* bands which the turmoils of Stephen's reign were the cause of introducing into the kingdom; for most certainly the habitudes of chivalry were then fast progressing toward their high and refined character. Rufus, notwithstanding his personal vices, is said to have conduced toward this result; for, unchivalric as he himself was, he could admire knightly virtues in others, was an enthusiastic admirer of bravery, and courted the chivalrous of all countries to his society. In the reign of his successor, Henry I., an instance occurred as decidedly chivalrous as any recorded in later times. This was in the field of Audelay, when he was opposed by the French king, who took arms in behalf of Duke Robert. By tacit consent a number of each army detached themselves from the mass, in order to decide, by their individual warfare, the fate of the whole.

Although Henry the Second's reign was marked by no chivalrous displays, its prevailing characteristic had a general influence on society, which conduced (secondarily only to the religious influence of the clergy) to the production of those qualities which were the refining marks of the chivalry which distinguished the reign of Edward III., the culminating period of the sun of knighthood. This was the love of letters both of Beauclerc and his gay and beautiful wife. For now the Troubadour warbled his *changos* at the feet of the graceful queen, or his *sirventes* in the appreciating ear of the kingly scholar. Now was it that Master Wace garbed in a familiar tongue the Latin Chronicle of Jeffrey of Monmouth, and garnished it with many a delightful legend, decorated it with many a foreign wreath, culled in the romantic plains of Brittany, and flowing with melody and music. Now it was that the knight strung his harp as he doffed his mail, and threw aside the bay-encircled helmet in order to wreath his brow with the perfumed myrtle. Now was that taste for literature awakened which found for centuries its chief, indeed its only food, in the warlike achievements of Charlemagne and his Paladins; in the marvelous actions of Alexander; in the gigantic prowess of Hercules; and far and above all, in the soul-inspiring details of the "gestes" of Arthur and his knights of the "Table Ronde," whether recording their feats of arms against whole continents of "Saracens;" their loyalty and devotion to the idolized beings from whom all inspiration was derived,—those fair and gentle dames by whom, if these tales be true, Eve in Paradise must have looked homely; or, more than all, their holy quest, their painful toil, in all humbleness and devotion of heart, in search of the blessed Sangreal.

Chivalry thus regulated by religious precept, and ornamented by a taste for literature and music, and tinctured strongly with romantic feeling—the fruit of these tastes—was an elevating code, and certainly tended to ennoble the human race, to humanize their untamed passions, to regulate their uncurbed wills, in an era of heretofore lawless turbulence. The zeal of its votaries may have bordered on, or, indeed, may at times have reached extravagance, but it was a zeal ever unselfish and generous; and there was no country, says M. de Palaye, where chivalry did not "exert its influence to promote public and private good." It cannot be denied, says Henry, that the spirit of the laws of chivalry was friendly to the cause of virtue.

Its characteristics, or rather, its avowed precepts and principles—those to which the newly initiated knight solemnly pledged and vowed himself—were of the highest order, and formed the great, the redeeming quality of that which we may term the modern chivalry, as distinguished from the mere heroic valor of the ancients, or that which pervaded the forests of Germany.

Not the forms merely, but the great truths and precepts of religion, were ingrafted on the mind, and enforced in the practice of the candidate for knighthood. To be obedient, to be temperate, to be humble, sincere, to be active and obliging, to perform humble offices with cheerfulness and grace, and to look up to elders and superiors with reverence and affectionate devotion, were the qualities daily and hourly inculcated in the domains of the chief barons and nobles, whither resorted the youth of both sexes of the inferior nobility around, to be trained in the usages and virtues of that aristocratic circle which they were afterward to ornament and uphold.

How beautiful were the parting words of the mother of the Chevalier Bayard—the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*—to him on his quitting his paternal home to mingle in the turmoil of life!—

> "As far as a mother can command her child, I command you to observe three things; and, if you fulfill them, be assured that you will live with honor in this world, and that God will bless you. The first is, that you fear God, serve him, and love him, without ever offending him, if that be possible. Be particular to pray to him every day, both morning and evening, and he will assist you. The second is, that you be gentle and courteous toward the nobility; that you evince neither hauteur nor pride toward any person; that you be ready always to oblige every person; that you avoid deceit, falsehood, and envy; that you be sober and faithful to your word. Console widows and orphans as much as in your power; avoid flatterers, and take care that you never become one. The third thing which I recommend to you is, again, charity. Neither your father nor I have a long time to live: God grant that before we die we may hear news of you which may bring honor upon ourselves and upon you! I commend you to the divine goodness."

This advice was entirely in accordance with the general rules of chivalry.

The duties required from a knight were very arduous, and the system of training was proportionably severe. It began, at seven years old, with such athletic exercises as were suited to the age of the pupil; these gradually increasing in extent, in number, in severity, according to the increasing strength and advancing age of the novice. We shall at once understand the peremptory necessity for this early initiation, if we call to mind the dreadful and overwhelming fatigue which those persons undergo who now occasionally, at a coronation, or a lord mayor's show, wear for a few hours an ancient suit of armor, and compare their labors with those required formerly, when a person was not thought qualified for knighthood unless he could perform with ease the most athletic, laborious, and fatiguing exercises in full armor, for many hours together, and without showing fatigue. They were even trained to use the maule or the sword, to leap, to jump, &c., for a certain time, *without taking breath.* Doubtless many died in the training.

Falconry in all its branches, the harp, and dancing, were regularly taught as ornamental adjuncts to the more severe occupations of the youth; and "the strongest passion of the human breast was made subservient to the cause of virtue," by each youth being not merely permitted, but encouraged to choose from the beauties of the baronial court the fair one most suited to his fancy, whose future grace was to be won by a long series of knightly and honorable achievements.

The period of probation passed, and the novice having gradually risen through, and effectually performed, the offices of page and esquire—with fasting, and vigil, and prayer; with earnest religious exhortation, and solemn and affectionate benediction—the youthful knight was girt with that sword, on receiving which he solemnly vowed to defend the Church; attack the wicked; respect the priesthood; protect women and the poor; to be merciful, to be courteous; to preserve the country in tranquillity; and to shed his last drop of blood in behalf of his brethren.

Every extraneous aid was afforded, which could add to the solemnity and interest of such a scene, and engage the feelings more deeply in it. The pomp and magnificence of the baronial hall, with its courtly complement of state and equipage; the unwonted honor paid to him by all around,—the most distinguished knights and most beautiful ladies vying with each other in their personal attentions to him; the white dress thrown over him, symbolical of his new character, the scarlet one, as emblematical of his resolution to shed his blood in the cause of Heaven; tho shaving of his head, ever a symbol of servitude to God; the sword, with the semblance of a cross, to signify the death of Christ; the spear, on account of its straightness, the emblem of truth; the spurs of diligence; the helmet of modesty: all these, and many other then well-understood symbols of faith, and honor, and duty, were conferred on the youth on his first solemn equipment as a knight, and the various duties which they intimated were impressed on his mind by every circumstance most likely to influence it.

August assemblies were often collected to witness the investiture of some person of rank, and sometimes even national hostilities were suspended for it. When Charles VI. of France knighted the sons of the Duc d'Anjou at St. Denis, the knights and ladies of England were invited to the feast by couriers sent expressly, though the two countries were then at war.

But, perhaps, the most splendid inauguration the world ever witnessed was that which was celebrated in the abbey of Westminster, in the year 1306, when the Prince of Wales, son of Edward I., received his spurs. Three hundred youths, the hope and pride of the kingdom, the scions of its noblest aristocracy, were at the same period invested with the knightly order. Many of them, with the prince, performed their vigil in Westminster Abbey; but even this lordly precinct was not sufficiently spacious to accommodate all, and many adjourned to the Temple. But, at the time of the solemn investment, the whole three hundred youths, then in the very pride of their years, were robed in purple mantles broidered with gold, the gift of the king, and many of them decorated with furs more valuable in that day than gold.

We may fancy the pride with which the ambitious, but brave monarch, would look upon this hopeful assemblage; we may imagine the hearts swelling almost to bursting of the youths themselves; the manly exultation of their brave fathers and sponsors; the proud yet somewhat tearful admiration of the matrons, who witnessed the sons of many tears, of many hopes, thus introduced to the rough highway of the world; the intense earnestness with which the gentle and high-born maidens observed the whole, here and there one endeavoring, all vainly, to conceal her own especial interest therein.

Around, as far as the eye could reach, amid the dim arches and cloistered gloom, the space was thronged with eager beholders,—heralds, pursuivants, esquires, minstrels, varlets, pages, their brilliant and party-colored vestments contrasted with the dark cowls of the lay brothers of the monastery, or of other members who were not privileged to press nearer to the scene of action. Immense multitudes thronged the sanctuary without the walls, and every avenue leading therefrom.

Each happy candidate for the honor of knighthood was attended by two or three experienced knights; and so dense, so fearful was the throng in that part of the abbey near the scene of the ceremony, that, it is said, two knights were crushed to death, and many fainted.

No such catastrophe, however, had taken place, or was anticipated, when the jubilant tones of the organ, and the bustle at the further end of the church, announced to the eager multitude that the great personages were arrived, and that the ceremonies were about to commence.

Dense and unbroken as had appeared the mass, a way was insensibly opened, and first came those bearing the banners of the abbey, which were disposed in convenient resting-places near the head of the choir. Then came the choristers in white robes, chanting as they passed along. Acolytes, with their golden censers, flinging streams of rich incense around, which curled aloft, and melted away amid the rich tracery of the roof, were followed by various members of the abbey, in robes of state, and then by the prior of the convent, richly habited, and walking with the bearing of a prince. A priest, bearing a lofty cross, preceded the abbot, Walter de Wenlock, who wore alb, stole, and cope of the richest embroidery, and a silver miter of priceless value, so richly was it emblazoned with pearls and gems. An immense ruby gleamed in front, and on either side were exquisitely-carved images of St. Peter and St. Edward the Confessor. He carried a crosier in his right hand, turning the crook backward toward himself, indicating that his authority was limited to his own community. By his side walked the Bishop of London; for the Abbot of Westminster acknowledged no inferiority, so peculiarly was Westminster privileged. The bishop held his crosier in the left hand, with the crook forward toward the people.

These personages were followed by a priest, bearing a two-ribbed cross before the Archbishop of Canterbury, the noble, independent, and uncompromising Robert of Winchelsea,—that "thorn in the flesh" to Edward I., who had mental nerve to *refuse* a cardinal's hat; who, though an archbishop, had been so reduced, in consequence of his unflinching adherence to the principles of his Church, that he had not "one place of all his bishopric whereon to laie his head," and had taken refuge in the house of "a poore persone,"—but whose unlimited hospitality, benevolent heart, high intellect, and *conscientious* firmness, albeit imbued with some human weakness in the shape of spiritual pride, had ultimately brought him triumphant through his hard ordeal. He was fully reëstablished in the favor of the king; and, until his own death in 1313, undauntedly rebuked the vices of his weak successor.

With a calm and lofty dignity, which seemed so entirely to emanate from himself as to be utterly uninfluenced by surrounding circumstances, magnificent as they were, he proceeded to the high altar, which was literally crowded with gold plate and jewelry. A thousand lights dispersed around on various altars, (that of St. Edward being brilliantly conspicuous,) reflected and refracted interminably the glittering gems and jewelry, the gilded banners, and the brilliant dresses, and daylight streaming in through the deeply stained windows, threw fanciful and fairy-like hues on everything.

Scarcely had the prelates taken their places, when an interest, to which the foregoing was as nothing, was excited by the approach of the prince and the king. They and their immediate attendants were quickly marshaled to the places appointed for them, (near which the young queen and her ladies were previously stationed,) and the service commenced with the solemn performance of high mass.

This over, the prince, the "expectancy and rose of the fair state, and the observed of all observers," modestly approached the altar, ascended the steps, and taking his sword from the scarf to which it was appended, bent his knee, and presented it to the priest. It was laid on the altar, and the priest, extending his hand over it, prayed. A solemn oath to fulfill the duties of a Christian knight—which were shortly recapitulated—was then administered to him, which having taken, the prelate put the sword into his hands.

Other prayers were then offered: after which young Edward retired from the altar, and, approaching the king, his father, knelt before him with clasped hands. Some appointed questions were then asked by the king, and replied to by the youth; and then the ceremony proceeded by investing him with various parts of the dress of the knight, beginning with the spurs, a magnificent golden pair, which the king handed to the young queen, who placed them on her step-son's feet, and ending with the belt, which was always the last. The king himself girt this on his son; and then giving him, as he knelt, a slight blow on the shoulder, proclaimed him a knight in the name of God and the saints. In an instant a thousand swords were gleaming in the air, while all the knights present hailed their new brother; and their loud acclaim being heard without, was echoed by the jubilant and accordant shout of the myriads congregated around. It sank, but was raised again and again; but, ere the swords were sheathed, and ere the voices had subsided, the tones of prayer and blessing were heard again from the altar.

Prince Edward had now the proud privilege of conferring the honor he had just received on his companions in arms, all of whom received the accolade from him; and no sooner were all admitted to the "Holy Order," than preparation was made for another ceremony.

Amid the clangor of trumpets and the din of martial sounds, drowned, however, it is said, by the shouts of the people, several attendants passed along the abbey, bearing two swans, covered with golden nets, and almost hidden in the studs of gold with which they were adorned. Being placed as appointed, the king advanced toward them; and, raising his hands over them, he vowed to Heaven and the swans that he would go to Scotland,—and though death should be the result of the exertion, he would avenge the fate of Comyn, and the violated faith of the Scots. He adjured the prince, the nobles, and the knights, by their fealty and chivalry, that, if he should die on his journey, they would carry his body forward, and never bury it till his son had established his dominion. All assented: excited by the scene, the knights vowed themselves to various chivalrous undertakings: and Prince Edward, in the enthusiasm of the hour, vowed never to rest two nights in one place until he had accomplished his royal father's will; a vow, by-the-way, which he full soon forgot.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AT CHURCH.

THE following interesting description of the Duke of Wellington's attendance at church was written by the Rev. Thresham Gregg, of Dublin, and is copied from the Constitution and Church *Sentinel* of that city:—

"I agreed with a friend to go to early service (at eight o'clock A. M.) at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on a Sunday morning in February. The fact that the Duke of Wellington habitually attended there was the subordinate inducement; for assuredly, in going to the court of the great King, the Lord of the whole earth, to worship and adore him must be a motive paramount to every other. I had never seen the duke, and I felt that I should have to sustain a feeling of self-reproach if, with the opportunity of seeing him within my reach, I allowed the greatest captain of this age, perhaps of any age, to leave the world unseen by me.

"It was a bleak morning—there had been a heavy fall of snow. Our way to the chapel lay through St. James's Park. We did not meet a single person. The stillness of London on the earliest hours of Sundays has often struck me. The state of the weather made this stillness seem greater than usual on this morning, and raised a suspicion in our minds that, in so far as our visit to the chapel involved the hope of our seeing the duke, it would be attended with disappointment.

"Arrived there, however, and, with the usual preliminaries, admitted within, we found a singularly interesting congregation. The Chapel Royal is remarkable for a large attendance of the aristocracy, and we saw before us a congregation of rank, fashion, fame, power, worth, and wisdom, such as is rarely witnessed. In a word, *the congregation consisted of one single person—the duke alone!* Bleak as was the morning, there he was, ladened with more of earth's honors, dignities, and renown, than any living man, and with but one stain upon his character, intently occupied with the worship of his God, and all alone with the clergyman. Thoughts came flowing in upon us from all quarters—Waterloo, Victoria, Salamanca; clashing thousands, the wounded, the dying; the silent camp, 'the imminent deadly breach;' glorious victories, admiring millions, applauding senates, grateful princes, gorgeous courts—all, in fact, that is viewed as great and glorious in this lower world, with the one exception, as so related to the great personage before us, that they, in our minds, connected themselves with him, and were, by his presence on this occasion, forced before our imagination, and, as it were, seen realized. Here was the giant spirit which had been raised to sit upon the whirlwind and rule the storm; which had, instrumentally, for years decided the fortunes of nations, and peoples, and kindreds, and tongues, and received more of the incense of human gratitude, thanksgiving, and praise, than had, perhaps, ever before been awarded to a mortal. Nor did there fail to mingle with the retrospect, thrones overturned, dynasties swept away, hopes which towered to heaven flung into perdition, curses both loud and deep.

"On our entrance the psalms of the day were being read. The duke took alternate verses with the clergyman. He spoke with an utterance that was thick and indistinct, and occasionally stammered a little ere he got out a word, but still his voice filled the chapel. The duke was as painstaking in the performance of his duty as ever parish clerk was, and much more so than many of the fraternity whom I have happened with. The rubric was punctiliously observed. At the creed he turned to the communion table, repeated the words distinctly and aloud; and all through impressed the spectator with the idea that he was intently engaged in the fulfilment of an important business of his own. The emphasis in the Litany was strong and marked, 'We beseech thee to hear *us*, good Lord.' And at the commandments, 'Incline our hearts to keep *this* law,' was thus repeated on each occasion.

"The lessons for the morning were Genesis ix and Mark xiv. The sermon was remarkable, on Exodus, chapter xxiii, and 2d verse. It briefly but strongly showed the dangers connected with too great a subserviency to the popular voice, and of course, without any intention on the part of the writer and preacher, dealt some strokes which the duke must have felt; for here, as all through, the attention which he paid was exemplary.

"With respect to the personal appearance of the duke generally, it was much more robustious than the portraits would lead one to suppose. The popular idea is, that His Grace is a little and delicate old man, whose frame wears an appearance of great frugality. Not at all—quite the contrary. He never would be remarked as 'a little man,' and has not the slightest appearance of delicacy. In fact, both face and person realize the 'Iron Duke.' The former is remarkable for a deep tan, which would bespeak habitual exposure to the sun and tropical climes; the latter for a particularly strong build—shoulders broad, the calf of the leg full. The knee and the body straight and erect, but the head much stooped. The gait can only be described, so as to make the reader understand it, as a toddle—something like (saving the reader's favor) that of a little tipsy—from side to side. He wore a blue frock coat and cross-barred trowsers; the boots rather loose, and evidently of long standing; indeed all the clothes, without being shabby, had seen some service. The stock was white cambric with a tie in front, but buckled behind with a large steel, military-looking buckle, which from the stoop in the head was very conspicuous. He wore also a gold apparatus for the improvement of the hearing, which, taken in connection with the buckle of his stock, gave to his upper man a very metallic tone, as though he were in some sort an artificial man, made up of and supported by a combination of metals. We followed him at a respectful distance, as he walked to his cab, which, with his servant in it, awaited his arrival. He got in without assistance, and was driven away."

ROBERT HALL—HIS SON AND HIS SERMON.

It is generally known that Mr. Hall did not marry till the year 1808, in the forty-fifth year of his age. In May, 1813, his first son Robert was born. He was considered to be a remarkably lovely and interesting child, though Mr. Hall himself, having no peculiar attachment to boys, took no special delight in him. The infant Robert, however, became generally admired for his intelligent appearance, and supposed resemblance to his father, and soon became a great favorite among the ladies. Persons of distinction, passing through Leicester, would often send to beg the favor of seeing and caressing the miniature Robert Hall. Care, however, was always taken to conceal these attractions from the father, who certainly would not have permitted this species of adulation.

Alas, that the admired little fellow was not destined long for earth; at the end of nine months, in February, 1814, he was taken suddenly ill of croup, and in four hours, almost before danger was apprehended, like the pearly dew-drop,—

> "He sparkled, was exhaled,
> Then went to heaven."

This sudden and unexpected event had a most agonizing effect on the father, who till then had not been aware of the extent of his parental affection. As soon as the child expired in its mother's arms, he fell prostrate on the spot, and, amid sobs and tears, exclaimed, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord—yea, blessed be the name of the Lord!" In this position he continued for several minutes, offering the most melting supplications for an entire acquiescence in the divine will, and acknowledging the wisdom and justice of God in all his dealings.

Early next morning he visited the lovely looking corpse, and was occupied from day to day in imagining the departure of the spirit, and its flight to another world; he was with difficulty drawn from the room, and very unwilling that the child should be removed out of his sight. In the awful presence of death he loved to meditate, to pray, and to prostrate himself before the Great Eternal.

In the third volume of the American edition of Mr. Hall's Works may be found a letter, addressed to one of his reverend brethren, a few days after the sad event, in which he says:—

> "I am greatly obliged to you for your kind and consolatory letter, replete with those topics whence alone true consolation can be deduced. The stroke has been very severely felt by us both, but certainly most by dear Mrs. Hall. She was dotingly fond of our lovely boy. For my own part, I was not at all aware my affection for him was so strong, until he was removed from us; my anguish was then great. It seemed to me as if I felt more on this occasion than I should at the loss of either my others. This feeling, I suspect, was delusive, and arises from our being incapable of estimating the strength of our attachment to any object till it is removed. I was disappointed in his being a boy; for [recollecting] my own extreme and portentous wickedness, I fancied there was something in the constitution of boys peculiarly tending to vice, and adverse to their spiritual interests. I had also remarked that females seemed much more susceptible of religious impressions than men. On these accounts I trembled for his salvation, and did not feel the gratitude for the blessing vouchsafed me which I ought. I suspect I greatly displeased God by my distrust of his goodness, and that he saw it meet to adopt this method of chastising me. May it be sanctified as a means of making me humble, heavenly, and submissive. It is a very solemn consideration, that a part of myself is in eternity; in the presence, I trust, of the Saviour. How awful will it be, should the branch be saved, and the stock perish! Pray for me, my dear friend, that this may not be the case; but that I may be truly sanctified, and permitted to walk in the fear of the Lord, and in the consolations of the Holy Ghost."

On the Sabbath following this bereavement, Mr. Hall appeared in the pulpit at the usual hour, his countenance overspread with peculiar solemnity, and beaming with the devout and tender aspirations of a celestial intercourse, so that no one could be at a loss to see that he had been strengthened from above. This breaking through, in this instance, the modern custom of not appearing in public worship immediately after a domestic calamity was admirably sustained in the sermon he delivered, written, according to the usual length of Mr. Hall's pulpit "*Notes*," by the side of the lovely corpse. By the earnest entreaties of a brother in the ministry, Mr. Hall lent his manuscript, with permission to transcribe it; and a copy has been forwarded to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE by a personal friend of both the author and the transcriber. It is entirely unknown in this country, and nearly so in England.

"*I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.*"—2 Sam. xii, 23.[*]

We have in this short narrative an awful instance of the sad effects of sin, and a touching display of parental affection. While the child lived, David fasted and wept, for he said, "Who can tell but the Lord will be gracious?" but when the event was decided, "he arose, put on his apparel, and went to the house of God." Here was fortitude and manly resolution! His conduct in this particular deserves imitation. He sought comfort at the house of God; where could he have gone better? It is common for persons under bereaving providences, to stay away from the house of God on one or more succeeding Sabbaths; this is accommodating ourselves to the false maxims of society. The public worship of God ought never to be neglected, but should be most attended in seasons of calamity. Who besides God can help you?

The words of the text imply the happy state of the deceased child. "I shall go to him." David did not merely mean that his body would lie in the dust with him, but that his spirit would again enjoy his society. We shall consider the probable evidence *that deceased infants enter a state of blessedness.*

As we have no direct information on this subject in the Scriptures, this evidence is in danger of losing its power over the mind. Although it has been the prevailing opinion of the pious in all ages that infants are saved, yet some weak minds are troubled because they have not *positive* evidence. It is, therefore, a question of considerable moment, as one half the human race die in their infancy. And as it is a point of such importance for the comfort of Christian parents, you will pardon me for bringing the subject before you.

God has implanted in the heart of man a principle of affection toward his offspring. Now to suppose that the Divine Being should produce sentiments opposite to his own would be highly absurd. We may instance his gracious regard to the city of Nineveh. He spared it, though its sins were great, because it contained six-score thousand persons who knew not their right hand from their left. And God condescends to give a reasonable motive for his conduct, to show us what disposes him to the exercise of mercy. It is true, when we reason on the compassion of God, we are apt to reason amiss, and to draw many conclusions, forgetting that his justice is armed against all sin. But infants are *unconscious* sinners; and when there appears no claim of justice to intervene, He is wont to communicate the largest discoveries of mercy. He hateth nothing that he hath made. But to proceed to a more particular consideration of the probable evidence of the safety of infants, we shall remark—

First. That there appears to be no passage of Scripture to necessitate the misery, or to favor the opinion of the future misery of children. It is true they are born in sin, therefore cannot be saved on account of their native innocence. The hope of immortality and eternal life is entirely founded on the death and mediation of Christ. As Adam is the federal head of all our race, so Christ is the spiritual head. All parallels fail in something; with respect to Adam we only derive from him two things, which awfully prove our depravity,—first, a subjection to death; secondly, the transmission of a corrupt nature. We all are found in a state of alienation from God; and this native tree would produce fruit unto eternal death, except it were counteracted by divine grace. Infants inherit the original sin of Adam, and are thereby subject to death; but not to eternal death. To suppose that the Father of spirits would damn infants for the sin of Adam, would be to reflect infinite dishonor on his moral perfections. How is this a state of trial, if the destiny of all is before determined by an irrevocable sentence?

Secondly. All those passages of Scripture which speak of a judgment day have respect to the *conduct* of men. We have no intimation of the proceedings of that day but what has reference to the *actions* of mankind. Every man shall be judged according to his works; and as infants, morally considered, are unconscious beings, they cannot violate any known law or established principle.

Thirdly. If infants are necessarily consigned to misery in a future state of existence, then are they in a worse state than any of their fellow-creatures. The gospel is glad tidings, but it never was proposed to them; they are incapable of receiving it. Now suppose there were a few persons to whom the gospel was never offered, who at a future day should be arraigned at the bar, and condemned for not believing on the Son of God for salvation; would not this reflect dishonor on all the attributes of God? And infants, if they perish, are precisely in this state. If, in reply, you say the heathen are still in this condition, I answer, their case is not precisely the same; they are not left in a state of natural impossibility of salvation; they have a law written in their hearts, and will be condemned for opposition to the knowledge they possess. For instance, the heathen know that gods of wood and stone are not the proper objects of worship; yet they cleave to these idols in opposition to the true God.

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[*] We have not chosen to mar this fragment by omitting some allusions which may not receive the concurrence of the reader any more than our own.

Fourthly. We refer you to the conduct of our Saviour, when he took a little child and said, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of God." This may mean, unless you are the subjects of a similar disposition; and if so, it goes to prove our point. He, however, blessed them. This term, "blessed," may be understood in two senses,—he either blessed them authoritatively or he prayed for them. If he only prayed for them, it was sufficient; for it was the grand prerogative of the Saviour, that he was always heard in what he prayed for. I would remark, however, that this by no means proves that infants are fit for Church membership; it only proves they are the objects of the Saviour's gracious regard. He blessed them; and they were, therefore, emphatically blessed. This sentiment is consolatory to the Christian parent.

But still, as infants are the offspring of fallen Adam, we can only infer their positive happiness from the regard which God has to the sacrifice of Christ. Repentance and faith are the explicit acts of beings when reason is developed; infants are incapable of either. But cannot God produce an immediate regeneration? Was not John the Baptist "sanctified from the womb?" The doctrine of the fall, and a consequent tendency to sin in all our race, is as difficult to be accounted for as that of a tendency to holiness. It is as easy for God to work a divine change upon passive as upon active rebellious sinners, surely; and it is as equally requisite. If we cannot advance anything like an absolute demonstration of the positive happiness of infants, yet we may infer it from various parts of Scripture. It is evident that the gospel terms of salvation are designed only for subjects capable of rule and law; but the perfections of the Deity will not admit of the inference of punishment for disobedience as it regards infants.

You who have been bereaved of your children, may derive solid comfort from the considerations we have placed before you. How much better is it, that they should leave this scene of vicissitude and trial for a permanent abode of peace and happiness! What indescribable evils do they avoid; and how great should be your joy on their account! They are carried into harbor without crossing the tempestuous sea of life; they are secured in the haven of eternal repose, where storms can never reach them.

Besides all this, let bereaved parents remember, how many a child, lovely in infancy, grows up to plant thorns in the breast of affectionate fathers and mothers. Dry up your tears, therefore; imitate the conduct of David; visit the house of God; acknowledge his sovereign right to dispose of you and your families; and if you have lost kind and affectionate children, let it be a motive to induce you to train up the remaining part of your family for God, lest he should be provoked to blast your olive branches, and leave you destitute of a child to solace your old age.

Finally. Let all your earthly bereavements attach you more firmly to Christ. Aim high; set your affections above. The Saviour is now touched with exquisite sympathy; he compassionates your griefs and sorrows, and seeks nothing so much as your sanctification. He dries up the channels, that you may be happily compelled to plunge into an infinite ocean of happiness.

◆

HUMAN HELPLESSNESS. — Animals go rightly, according to the ends of their creation, when they are left to themselves: they follow their instinct and are safe. But it is otherwise with man: the ways of life are a labyrinth for him. His infancy does not stand more in need of a mother's care, than his moral and intellectual faculties require to be nursed and fostered; and where these are left to starve for want of nutriment, how infinitely more deplorable is his condition than that of the beasts which perish!

[From the German of Starke.]

MY FIRST VISIT TO COURT.

DESCRIBED IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

[Gotthelf Wilhelm Christoph Starke, Protestant minister of Ballenstedt, is the author of five small volumes, entitled "Gemälde aus dem Häuslichen Leben und Erzählungen" (*Pictures Illustrative of Domestic Life and Tales.*) The simple beauty, purity, fidelity, and quiet humor of these sketches, are very charming; and although these qualities cannot be entirely preserved in a translation, yet it is hoped that the specimens we are about to submit to the reader will convey a favorable idea of an author who is almost entirely unknown in this country.]

FIVE wearisome hours have I to describe to you, my dear friend,—five hours full of that sort of anguish which we may suppose a fish out of water to endure. I feel as much relieved as a man that has just paid off a heavy debt; for, since the occurrence of the vexatious events of yesterday, I have enjoyed a night of undisturbed repose. O magic sleep! how beautifully dost thou render rough things smooth, dark things bright! how sweetly dost thou restore troubled spirits to their accustomed rest, and obliterate the traces of all past grievances, except those that arise from a troubled conscience! Again we stand like a healthy tree after a storm, look back upon past adventures, relate them, and laugh at them as at a dream of the night.

You have long been aware of my sincere regard for worthy farmer Kronow, of Torneburg, and the delight with which I participate in the simple pleasures of his house. His little estate lies opposite to the town. A smiling prospect is seen from the upper windows of the house, well-fed cattle abound in the yard, and numerous signs of rural industry are scattered everywhere around.

My journey hither, the day before yesterday, was delightful; and still more so the conversation I had with my friends on my arrival, accompanied as it was with the prospect of a week's unrestrained enjoyment under their hospitable roof. But, as the farmer rightly says, "thistles spring up among the finest wheat;" so from one rosy week I must subtract five thorny hours, and these I am about to describe to you.

Yesterday morning the secretary of the prince called upon my friend, to speak with him, in the name of his master, concerning the measurement of some land. When that business was concluded, the polite gentleman turned to me, addressed me by name, (for he had already heard of me and my village,) and inquired if he had the honor of speaking to the author of the moral tales and the work on education. "The prince knows you, and has more than once mentioned you in terms of admiration," said he, in reply to my affirmative answer to his question; and then, after many friendly assurances, he departed.

Directly after dinner I received a short note from him, stating that he had told the prince of my being here; that his royal highness had expressed a wish to make my acquaintance; and if I would be at the castle by three o'clock, the sentinel would conduct me to his (the secretary's) room, and he would introduce me to the prince. There was not much more than an hour left for me to dress, and to think over the part which I had to perform. I felt very anxious to support my literary character with dignity, and at the same time to converse with the freedom and familiarity of a private gentleman. That the prince would speak of my writings was certain. I therefore thought over a number of important subjects, from which I drilled a whole regiment of ideas, which I proposed to pass in review before the prince as an entertainment worthy of the kind attention he had showed me. My toilet was finished before my ideas were satisfactorily arranged; and I set out more sleek, well-brushed, and whitely-powdered, than I had been for a long time,—while the farmer's eldest son, who accompanied me to the castle, could scarcely keep up with my rapid strides.

When we arrived at the castle gate the friendly boy left me, and I received a somewhat energetic challenge from the sentinel, as to who I was and what I wanted. I requested to be conducted to the secretary. Unimportant as this interruption was, yet it made me painfully conscious that I was out of my proper sphere, in which, being known to every one, I could come and go without being questioned. On this account I felt less at ease with the secretary, and more at a loss for words than I was in the forenoon. The man sat buried in papers, and hastily told me to follow him into an adjoining room, where I should find two distinguished gentlemen, whom he named to me, and with whom I should pass my time most agreeably until the prince was ready to speak with me, which would be before the concert, in about an hour's time. With this he sprang hastily before me, opened the door of the apartment, and closed it with equal haste when I had entered. The magnificence of the walls and the ceiling, the multitude of ornaments, and the splendor of the furniture, bewildered me, so that I could observe nothing quietly; while the torrent of words which the two gentlemen poured forth, one after the other—and sometimes both together—upon me, exposed me between two fires of politeness, which I could return only by a mute and somewhat bashful succession of bows. To add to my perplexity, I had entirely forgotten their long, and, to my ears, most unfamiliar titles; and fearing to offend by addressing a cold SIR to each of them, I became more and more embarrassed and helpless.

O that all those who move in high and splendid stations had enough of charity, and knowledge of mankind, not to despise at once those persons in the middle ranks of life who may chance to be torn from their station, and placed for a few hours in their company, even though they do conduct themselves tediously and awkwardly! At home, and among their own affairs, they are probably active and intelligent, conversational and pleasing; while, in a new order of things, they would know as little how to conduct themselves as would the most accomplished courtier, if he were suddenly transported from a German castle into the palace of the Emperor of China. Some such thoughts as these passed confusedly through my head as I stood before these two gentlemen; but my thoughts did not help to restore my composure, for I judged, perhaps unjustly, that they were not likely to bear this in mind. Their coolness and my warmth, their composure and my agitation, formed so striking a contrast, that I became more and more silent and disheartened. Twice did I attempt to collect my scattered thoughts, but failed. All that I said, even that which I uttered with warmth, appeared to me constrained and empty, pointless and flat, because it was accompanied with the feeling of internal restraint; and so I lost all self-satisfaction, without which a man can seldom contribute to the satisfaction of others.

"Probably you admire beautiful prospects," said one of the two gentlemen, opening a window for me, and then turning away with indifference. With such a prospect before me, if I had only been left to myself for a single quarter of an hour, or, still better, had had you, my dear friend, by my side, I should have recovered my senses, and have been myself again. The prospect was too beautiful to leave me unmoved. Within the graceful curve of the distant horizon were included several towns and many hamlets, with the territories peculiar to each. On one side were richly wooded hills; on the other, wide-spread pasture-lands; and directly beneath me was the castle garden, tastefully and scientifically adorned, near which the broad river peacefully glided along, creeping artistically around a little wood, and finally, in one magnificent sweep, encircling the town. Then the numerous houses, which so prettily dotted the landscape, awakened a yet stronger sympathy within me, while the incessant changes in the degree of light which illumined it excited a slight feeling of pensiveness. While one side of the landscape was glowing in the bright sunshine, the thick clouds of evening clothed the other side in obscurity; so that between the two resulted the most beautiful play of light and shade.

Full of inexpressible emotion, I turned my gaze into the room. The two gentlemen were standing near the door, conversing about the bas-reliefs which adorned it. It did not occur to me that those who were in the daily habit of seeing this prospect were not likely to fall into raptures at its beauty; but the excitement I was in, and perhaps also a secret wish to show by my conversation that I really was a man of some feeling, drew from me a speech, which I felt almost before I had uttered it to be inflated and cold. "Truly," exclaimed I, "when such a glorious landscape does not seize the imagination and captivate the senses, man must be destitute of mind or feeling, and as such worthy of pity." One of the gentlemen looked up at me oddly, with eyes full of curiosity, waiting to hear something more, equally extravagant; the other laughed; and I stood rebuffed and terrified, like a child who has just broken a glass. "That was stupid," thought I, and I felt as if I would say as much. I stammered out something by way of limitation of my sweeping condemnation, which, as far as I can remember, did not much mend it; and I now felt so thoroughly abashed that I did not even look again upon the rich landscape, whereby, as it afterward occurred to me, the gentlemen must have thought that my sentimentality had very soon evaporated.

Nevertheless, they gave themselves some trouble to make the conversation general; they asked me about this one and that one,—and, what must have been quite indifferent to them, about my station, my place of abode, my acquaintance, &c. My replies were very unready, and but little to the purpose. At one time I so far forgot myself as to speak of one of my neighbor's affairs with as much zeal and particularity as if the man had been their cousin. I then remembered that I was getting too discursive, and directly after my talk was, on the other hand, too restrained. In short, every moment I was forgetting the position I was in; my mind led me from the company of strangers into that of old acquaintance—from the castle to my own village. To maintain a discourse was therefore impossible. "These gentlemen were not made for me!" thought I; but now I see how unjust I was, for it might also have occurred to them, "This man was not made for us!" and, if they did think so, they thought right. Our intercourse now became monosyllabic, and it was evidently kept up only to prevent yawning. One of them stood before a picture; the other walked slowly up and down, with his hands folded behind him, or pulled now and then at his neck-cloth, or adjusted his shirt-frill; while I, with inward misgiving, looked toward the sky, which was becoming more and more clouded, and longed to be again at Kronow's cottage.

When we fail to make acquaintance with a man by attempting to exchange thoughts and feelings, we may often succeed by means of a pinch of snuff. So seemed to think the walking gentleman, for he suddenly stopped and held out his snuff-box to me. I declined with a bow. "But it is very unseemly in me," thought I, "to slight his kind offer:" so I lifted up my hand to take a pinch. He had withdrawn the box, but politely held it out again. My hand was already lowered, and I gave a second declining bow; but, as before, extended my hand a second e to take a pinch at the very moment he withdrew his. He tried it again, did I, but the attempt failed; and as a most extraordinary see-sawing of hands—a suitable image of our whole interview, in which ignorance on the one side to give was met by equal ignorance on the other side to take.

In truth I did not succeed in taking; for, during our attempts, the door suddenly opened, and a servant entered to conduct me to the prince. I felt like a young man who was just going to deliver his maiden speech. I followed the servant through several rooms and halls, my heart beating violently; but, at the same time, I was collecting all my resolution to be calm, in order that my presence of mind might control my feelings. And, perhaps, all might yet have gone well—for the noble yet kind expression of the prince's countenance filled me at once with confidence and esteem—had it not been that, on entering his highness's apartment, the highly-polished floor caused my foot to slip, and I nearly fell down. "Take care," said he, kindly, "the floor is slippery." And here, unfortunately, my resolution not to express what was uppermost in my mind gave way. "Please your highness," said I, "it is indeed slippery at court." "That may be," returned he, "but it is not my fault: I have not made it so smooth." This answer, which made me feel how indecorous my remark had been, threw me at once into the condition of a confused orator, and made me as dull and awkward in this room as I had been in the other.

"You have written some excellent books," began the prince anew.

"Yes!" said I.

The prince smiled.

"I am stupid already at the beginning," thought I—I felt that I only meant that I had written some books—not that they were excellent. Awkward, very awkward, is it, to hear a remark in which you must give both yes and no in the same answer. All my self-possession was gone—it was of no avail to attempt to recover myself—I must remain a passive sufferer. The regiment of ideas which I had so industriously, but so vainly drilled, was of no use to me. I had supposed that the prince would of course say something about my book on education: I was therefore prepared to add to his remarks a statement of my own experience as to the necessity of making better provision for the education of the poor, by the further distribution and general improved management of schools. But it was too bad—he did not honor my education-book with one word; but merely asked whether I was not soon going to bring out something new. I now fell into the same error as I had committed with my former companions. I was either too discursive or too abrupt. I gave as minute a detail of my negotiations with my publisher as if the prince had been a bookseller. I then bethought myself that such details were not decorous, and began to talk about my unpublished work in as familiar a manner as if the prince himself had fairly copied the manuscript from my hand.

My unsuitable expressions, my familiar address, my incoherent remarks, all that escaped from my lips, only served to constrain me more and more. I glowed as if I stood before a furnace, and compressed my toes until they ached. My increasing perplexity and the distress of my situation were more and more apparent to the good-natured prince—his questions therefore became more simple and considerate, while the throbbing of my heart and the earnest desire for deliverance from this scene increased every moment.

At this juncture the secretary suddenly entered, approached his highness, and said something to him, of which I only understood the words, "just arrived." The prince made me a very friendly bow, and hastened away accompanied by the secretary. There stood I alone. I uttered a deep-drawn sigh, wiped the perspiration from my forehead, and began inwardly to lament my awkwardness. But why did I not then think as I now do, that after a few days all this would afford me amusement rather than vexation? That which causes a man pain and displeasure can often be looked back to as a subject for laughter. But I could not think so then; indeed something within me seemed to whisper that my adventures were not at an end. Alone and undecided, I looked round the large room which echoed my footsteps, and knew not which way or where to go. I remembered the secretary to have told me, that directly after my interview with the prince I might go into the concert-room, where I might expect a great treat. But where, in this huge wide castle, was I to look for the concert-room?

I crept away on tip-toe, as if treading upon forbidden ground, and went whither chance conducted me. I passed through many rooms which I had not yet seen—entered many corridors which led I knew not whither: at one time I walked forward—then turned back again—cruised about hither and thither—tried all four points of the compass—paused to consider, and became quite convinced that I had lost my way. Then I impatiently began my wanderings over again, and tried all the paths I had already given up as hopeless, until, without knowing it, I got into another wing of the castle; but when I discovered it, it did not help me. I had already knocked gently at many a door and tried many a handle—many a door had I opened in vain, when at length I gently put my head into a room where my head was of all things the least expected. Two ladies' maids, as they appeared to be, stood busily occupied in adorning themselves. They both fled to one corner of the apartment, and I drew back equally startled, while one of the pair, a gaily dressed creature with roguish black eyes, sent after me an unrestrained volley of laughter.

This was the first time that I had been openly laughed at, and I retreated from it more quickly than a rogue before a police officer. In the hope of escaping at last from this labyrinth, I hastily entered a chamber through an open door, and thence into another chamber; and here my progress was stayed, for it led no farther. I stood in the midst of a bed-room, in which was an unmade bed and abundance of litter. My superlative ideas of the refinement and splendor of everything in this castle were somewhat corrected by the ordinary appearance of this room. "Was I not a fool," thought I, "to entertain such undue veneration for everything here, and thus to behave so timidly? Am I not here among men who go to bed and sleep—get up again and wash, in no better state than I; and some of them use much dirtier linen?"

While I was making these observations, the occupier of the room suddenly entered; and seeing a stranger there, started, and with a mistrustful and angry look, asked, "What are you doing in my room?"

I answered with a bow, "I am only looking for the concert-room."

"The concert-room?—why that is in the other wing! No, sir! that excuse won't do."

I explained to him as well as I could, or rather as confusedly as possible, who I was, and how I had lost my way. My dress, my respectable appearance, and my white leathern gloves, which I still wore, seemed at length to pacify him, and with a little less threatening air he pointed out the way I was to take. Confused at the awkwardness of the adventure, I left his room without feeling able to profit by his directions. This advice—which was to keep the little ball-room on my right, and then go by the blue-room on the left—was not of much use to a poor lost fellow, who was so little used to these things as not to know where the little ball-room or the blue-room might chance to be situated. "It is just the same," thought I, "in the castle as in the street—men have not sufficient perspicacity to give plain directions to a stranger." I was even going to be angry about it; but it occurred to me that on the subject of perspicacity I had not much that day to boast of. For my consolation I now caught sight of the secretary. He took me readily under his guidance, began to chat in the most friendly manner; and at length brought me to a door, at which I remembered I had already stood twice hesitating.

"Yes! yes!" said he, when I told him so; "a man often misses the right way by over-carefulness about it;" and so he conducted me into the concert-room.

Here I began to breathe freely, under the hope that enjoyment would supersede perplexity. But the gratification of my ears was not likely to allay my thirst; and my parched tongue began to remind me, that it would be pleasant to drink first and listen afterward. "Only think that in such a splendid castle no one should offer me a cup of coffee!" mused I. "How refreshing would it be, especially with such milk as the farmer's cows yield—such as my kind hostess brings to me in the honeysuckle bower!" During these cogitations, I noticed a general stir among those about me. Suddenly the prince, the princess, and some members of the royal family, appeared. I stepped a little forward, as I thought it my duty, to make a bow to the prince; but in my awkwardness I had well-nigh ran over him. "Does the man want anything?" said some of the attendants softly, yet so that I could hear it. I looked around me as if I had just awakened out of [illegible] The people laughed and [illegible] not how, back again to [illegible] said!" [illegible] anguish that I should again be such a bungler.

"Does the man want anything?" seemed to ring in my ears; but the really excellent music now began: all eyes were turned, not on me, as I feared, but on the performers. The stillness and breathless attention of the audience were contrasted by the lively expressions of delight in the vicinity of the conductor. These, with the splendid decorations of the hall, diverted my attention, and helped to soothe my mind, and made me forget this last blunder sooner than I had done my former mishaps.

But twice, as the prince seemed to be looking somewhat steadily toward the place where I sat, it occurred to me that his highness was offended at my behavior. Without considering that the prince was most probably thinking on far more important affairs—or if he thought of my strange behavior at all, his easy politeness would readily forgive it—I reviewed the whole of my conduct, and could not conceive how I had come to be so excessively awkward. "O that I could now recall the time that is past!" thought I; "I should succeed better." Greatly did I lament that I had lost many favorable opportunities; the encomium of one might have been met with such and such an ingenious return; to the remark of another, I might have given this or that appropriate reply; on more than one occasion I could have put in this or that witty repartee; and had I been ready enough to seize my opportunities, there was really no reason why my well-selected, nicely-arranged stock of ideas should have been so utterly destroyed. I was occupied with these gloomy reflections, through which, however, the prospect of a pleasant evening's chat, and supper with Kronow, came like a ray of light: I was also more or less attentive to the sound of the music, and afterward to that of the rain, which was more in unison with the farmer's wishes than with mine. All this occupation brought me to eight o'clock, and to the end of the concert. Everybody left the room, and whither everybody went I followed slowly. Unfortunately the busy secretary was nowhere to be met with: else he would probably have taken care of me. The greater portion of the audience dispersed to different parts of the castle; the rest hastened away with rustling umbrellas in different directions, without taking any notice of me, until I found myself standing alone, and undecided, within the principal entrance of the castle. "Who knows how long the rain may last? Hasten, that thou mayest fall into the arms of hospitality, for thy soul yearneth for condoling friends, and thy body for meat and drink!" With this I fixed my hat securely on my head, buttoned up my coat, and ran (in a style that, perhaps, had not been seen in the castle square for many a day) in the direction of the lodge.

Was it this unusual, scandalous running, or was it that the very worst luck accompanied me to the last? I know not. Just before I had reached the lodge, an enormous dog started up, sprang at me, placed his paws on my breast, and bellowed and howled in my face with the voice of a lion. "Help! murder! help!" bawled I, as loudly as a man with sound lungs could bawl. The porter roared with laughter: this both consoled and vexed me, but I implored his assistance. "Augh—the dog do n't bite!" drawled he. "Help! help!" roared I. At length I was released, trembling in every limb. I took off my hat, partly in gratitude and partly in displeasure, and hastened forward without looking on one side or the other, as if I was fleeing from the dog. "O! it is a wearisome life at court," thought I; "and I am a poor dull simpleton, who knows not how to direct or help himself; I really think I am no longer the same man!" In the midst of such thoughts, I found that I had lost the way which the farmer's son had shown me; and saw, to my great astonishment, that I was in the midst of a lonely place bounded by a few poor huts.

I hastened to the nearest hut to ask my way; but the scene which suddenly met my eyes kept me back. Before a handsomely dressed youth, stood an elderly woman with clasped hands, her face directed upward, and her eyes overflowing with tears. "You make me mourn less for the loss of my good son who supported me," sobbed she. "May God bless you for what you do for me! but, dear, noble sir, are you not indeed robbing yourself? You have no parents, and your place at court must cost you much."

"Never fear, good mother," answered the young man. "What you have had, and what you may further need, can be spared from my superfluities; I make no use of strong drinks," continued he, "so that the money which is allowed me for wine I can spend how I like."

"God reward you, and our good prince also, for supporting a poor woman like me!" My eyes were wet with tears, and I felt that I was myself again.

"It is well for me," thought I, "that I have been to court. The court is not to be blamed because I am unacquainted with its fashion and its state; there are good men at court; there are good men everywhere—they only differ in appearance according to the station in which they move. In my own station, I think, I behave tolerably well; I am now the man that I was, and thankful am I that I have recovered my position."

In the meanwhile the young man had left the hut, and, having heard my request, politely offered to accompany me. His friendly, intelligent conversation, made the road appear very short; and before I was aware of it, and almost before I wished it, he pointed out Kronow's beloved farm-yard. I pressed warmly the hand to the noble youth when he left me. I longed to embrace him; and stood gazing after him till he was out of sight.

My peaceful shelter was glowing in the soft rays of the sun, then setting amid the clouds of evening. A beautiful rainbow adorned the sky, one limb of which seemed to rest upon the farm-house. A graceful boy now hastened toward me shouting, "Quick! quick! supper is ready!" My host, waiting for me at the entrance to the farm-yard, grasped my hand firmly, and welcomed me with a look full of kindness. The cattle were lying about the house ruminating—greedy ducks were crowding round a trough—and a shaggy dog came wagging his tail and whining a welcome. Within the porch I was met by the blooming wife of my friend—a smiling infant in her arms: "Welcome! welcome!" said she, "from the court to a rustic meal. Come in, it is all ready."

Joyfully did I enter the room. A large dish full of white asparagus was sending forth a pleasant steam—an inviting salmon displayed its bright red flesh—a tin, full of roast pigeons, was hissing on the wood ashes—and a flask of wine was sparkling on the table. I forgot all my vexations, and two hours afterward slept away all remembrance of them; and now I am, as always, a friend with all the world and you.

A CHAPTER ON LEGENDS.

LEGENDS are of two classes: the didactic, for instruction in faith and morals; and the historical. The latter are often exaggerated or distorted, and have much encumbered the historian's path; but there is scarcely an historical legend in which a nucleus of truth is not discovered or discoverable under its adventitious integuments. And to this class of tradition we are indebted for the preservation of many an event and many a character which now give interest to the historic page. It was the design of this species of legend to inculcate patriotism, valor, and fidelity; and herein lies the merit of heathen (especially classic) legendary lore; for, as *didactics*, the religious or mythic legends signally fail. Mythology is but a chain of Pagan religious legends; but how extravagant! how puerile! how shocking to morals! These legends place their gods below humanity; but the historic heathen legend endeavors to place its heroes above it. Take up Valerius Maximus, for instance—a book full of legendary anecdotes: in the historical parts there is much that is noble and admirable; but look at his mythic legends, (see the chapter *De Miraculis*,) how childish and how aimless! And in the speaking images, who does not perceive the palpable trick of the Pagan priest, and marvel at the state of the popular mind to be so easily cheated.

But it is not of heathen legends we would speak; our business is with the didactic legends of a more truthful and better faith. In early times, when teachers had but little aid from books, they sought to instruct in the mode best suited to the understanding and the memory of their hearers, and the most likely to attract their attention; and accordingly chose the form of short narrative, of which fable seems to have been the earliest species, for this purpose. A characteristic of fable is, that the actors and speakers represented in it are of the inferior creation—animals, birds; even trees and plants. Later, to fable succeeded parable—which is of higher rank, because its personages are higher: not animals, or inanimate things, but human beings; and because the parable became, hands of the worshipers of the true vehicle for instruction in religious duties. The fable appears at the maxims of worldly wisdom and prudence: even Jotham's fable of the trees electing a king, (Judges ix,) the oldest, we believe, extant, only teaches a lesson of policy. Parable, though using human personages, leaves them anonymous and indefinite, saying only, "A certain householder," "A certain king," &c.; and this is one mark of distinction between parable and its younger relative, the didactic legend, which assigns special and definite names to its *dramatis personæ;* choosing, of course, some saint or devout person for its hero, either to give a greater appearance of reality or to invest it with more authority: nay, there can be no reason to doubt that some, at least, are *founded* on fact. But we think it probable that many legends were not originally intended to be believed *literally*, but only to be received in the same manner as parables; as *true* in conveying some sound axiom of faith and morals, but as figurative and imaginative with regard to the action and the actors. So we recognise and embrace the teachings in our Lord's parables; but we are not required to believe that a real vineyard was let to husbandmen, who literally and actually murdered the son of the proprietor; or that a real king made a feast, and literally sent out into the highways to bring in all the wayfarers for guests.

The oldest legends are generally the simplest and purest, as the rivulet is purest at its spring: as it flows onward it gathers rubbish in its course, though still the stream often runs clear beneath. When the tide of legendary literature has rolled through a dark and corrupt age, then, of necessity, it becomes the more sullied. Of late years, since Scriptural light has been more diffused, modern pens have produced some beautiful and edifying legends, either purified from old originals, or written from ideas caught up at the ancient source.

Having said thus much by way of preface, we proceed to offer to the reader a few legends from among the limited number to which we have access, trusting by our selection from the grave, the earnest, and the poetically conceived, to prove the truth of what we have ventured to assert of the merits of legendary literature. The first we present is one, the conception of which we think very beautiful. Kosegarten, a Protestant divine of Mecklenburg, (who died in 1818,) has clothed it in

German blank verse, from which we translate it:—

"THE AMEN OF THE STONES.

"Beda[*] was blind with age; yet went he forth
To preach the gospel message, new and joyful:
Led by his guide, the gray-hair'd man sped on
Through city and thro' village, still proclaiming
The glorious 'word,' with all the fire of youth.

"Once, through a valley desolate, he pass'd,
Where all around huge stones and crags were scatter'd:
Thus said the boy, his guide, (but more from mirth
Than malice,) 'Reverend father, here are many
Assembled, and they wait to hear thy teaching.'

"The blind old man drew up his bended form,
Gave forth his text, expounded it, and preach'd.
He threaten'd, warn'd, exhorted, cheer'd, consoled
So heartily, that his mild, earnest tears
Flow'd down to his gray beard. Then at the last,
When, with the Lord's Prayer closing, thus he spake:—
'For thine the kingdom, power, and glory is,
Forever and forever,'—through the vale
Ten thousand voices cried, 'Amen! Amen!'

"The boy, affrighted and repentant, knelt
Down at the preacher's feet, and own'd his sin.
'Son,' said the holy man, 'hast thou not read,
When men are silent, stones shall cry aloud!
Never again sport with the word of God;
It is a mighty and a living word,
Cutting like two-edged sword. When man his heart
Hardens to stone, defying his Creator,
A heart of flesh God in a stone can mold.'"

This is one of the class of legends never intended to be taken *literally*, though we must at once be struck with the *truthfulness* of its lesson.

Here is a legend of a more solemn cast, which appears to have had its origin in Italy:—

"THE STRANGE PREACHER.

"It happened once in Padua, that a Minorite friar was appointed to preach the Lent Sermons in the Cathedral of St. Anthony. The subject of his discourses was, the Pains of Hell. One day, however, when in the pulpit, he found himself indisposed, and obliged to discontinue; but he promised the congregation to resume the discourse on the following morning. The morning came, and found the friar so much worse, that the physician of the convent forbade him to leave his bed; and the invalid sent for the brethren, and begged that some one of them would take his place in the pulpit, and resume the interrupted discourse; but they, each and all, excused themselves, alleging the want of time for due preparation. Our sick friar fretted exceedingly at the idea of disappointing the congregation, and was beginning to grow feverish from vexation, when one of the Minorites, on recollection, observed, that a foreign brother, from France, had arrived at the convent the night before, on his way to the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto; and that he had the appearance of an intellectual man; he was tall, had black eyes and beard, and high black eyebrows; doubtless, *he* would be able to preach extempore. The invalid sent for the stranger, told him his dilemma, and requested his good offices. After some hesitation the foreign friar consented; went to the cathedral, ascended the pulpit, and preached on the given subject—the Pains of Hell. Never before had such a sermon been heard in Padua. He showed forth, in the most glowing colors, the enormity of sin, and the danger of trampling under foot the holy commandments: but especially in describing the miseries of hell, he spoke with such a fiery and overpowering eloquence, that he seemed to set before the eyes of the astonished and terrified people, not so much a vivid picture, as an awful reality. They felt their hearts pierced, as with a sword, by his intense earnestness, and could not refrain from weeping and sobbing aloud, making mentally a thousand vows of reformation and newness of life. When the preacher descended from the pulpit, the people retired in tears, and the Minorite brethren expressed their warmest thanks to the stranger for the manner in which he had exerted his extraordinary talents, and expressed their delight at the great benefit the hearers had evidently received. Then, as he wished to take his leave of the brotherhood, and proceed on his pilgrimage, they all attended him, with proper courtesy, to the outer gate of the convent.

"But as they were walking on, an aged and very devout friar, whose eyes were often enlightened to see things beyond the perception of ordinary mortals, espied a cloven-foot under the monastic habit of the stranger, and immediately discovered that it was no Minorite brother, but an incarnate fiend of hell. The old man summoned up his courage and adjured him in the name of the great Creator of all things, to confess was he not a devil? why, then, had he unworthily assumed that holy habit, and come thither to preach and teach the way of salvation, to which he himself could never attain, and from which it had ever been his aim to turn away mankind! The fiend thus adjured, confessed in the presence of the brotherhood, and of some laymen who were in company, that he was in truth a devil, (then the expression of his face became too hideous to look upon, and his eyes blazed forth flames of lurid light;) he said that his desire for the perdition of men was as great as ever, and that the sermon he had preached to the people that day would be so far from turning them to the way of salvation, that, on the contrary, it would tend to their condemnation, for he had preached to them awful truths, and they had owned the force of those truths by their tears and their penitence. But those tears were dried when they left the church-door, and that penitence lasted no longer than till they found themselves at home, amid their usual occupations and pleasures, and their acknowledged, but soon stifled conviction, was but an increase of sin. 'At the last day,' he continued, 'I myself will appear as a wit-

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[*] This is not the "Venerable Bede."

> ness against this people, and will say to the Judge upon the throne, "O thou Mighty One! behold these men! how can they accuse *me* of tempting them to sin? Have I not warned them in a voice of thunder of the consequence of sin—*I*, who knew it so well? have I not described to them—forcibly described—the agonies of hell? and who knows them as I do, or can paint them as I can? Have they not owned for a moment that I preached awful truths, and then turned away, dried their tears, and forgot to repent?—how shall they justify their sins by accusing me as their tempter?"'
>
> "Thus saying, he vanished out of their sight, leaving them mute with terror and astonishment. The devout old friar was the first to speak. 'Wo!' he said, 'wo to those men who will not be persuaded to heaven by the mild and gracious invitations of their God, nor scared from hell by the solemn warnings with which Satan himself admonishes them.'"

This tale may have been the origin of the proverb—"The devil rebukes sin." It teaches a fearful and solemn truth, of which the world has daily experience. For what preacher can so powerfully demonstrate the danger of sin, and its frightful consequences, as sin itself does, when walking through the world incarnate in human forms, in all their loathsomeness and anguish! This is one of the few legends we have seen, in which a fiend makes his appearance in an appropriate and impressive manner. In most monkish legends, the devil is introduced in a ludicrous manner, not as a mighty, implacable and tremendous power, but as a mere blockhead buffoon, easily overreached, filling the same part as "the vice," in the ancient miracle-plays and mysteries, like the pantaloon of modern pantomime, duped and buffeted by all. Such legends must have been incalculably injurious to the popular mind in olden times, tending to place Satan in a false light, and leading men to estimate too meanly their danger from their great spiritual enemy.

As a relief from this gloomy subject, we will turn to one more gracious, a legend of St. Augustine, (the celebrated Bishop of Hippo,) referring to him in the early period of his life, before his conversion from the perverted learning and too daring researches of the Manichean heresy, in which he was entangled from A. D. 373 to 384, when struck, probably, by some such thought as is suggested in the following legend, he went to Milan, to hear the preaching of St. Ambrose, by which he was converted. It was at the baptism of his great convert, that St. [illegible] said to have sung that sublime hymn, commonly styled the *Te Deum*. The legend has been clad by Aloysius Schreiber* in a poetic garb, from which we translate it:—

"SAINT AUGUSTINE.

"Along the shore of summer sea
Walk'd St. Augustine thoughtfully:
Too deeply did he seek to scan
The nature of the Lord of man.
Nor was the task abstruse, he thought—
His mind with Scripture texts was fraught;
He deem'd to his presumption given
To learn the mysteries of Heaven.
Then, suddenly descried he there
A boy of aspect wondrous fair,
Who, bending forward, o'er the strand,
Scoop'd out a hollow in the sand,
And fill'd it, with a limpet shell,
From out the ocean's briny well.

"Augustine spake—'My pretty boy,
What is thy play, or thy employ?'
'Look, sir! within this little hole,
The sea with all the waves that roll,
For sport I'll put.' Augustine smiled—
'Thy sport is all for naught, my child;
Thy utmost labor is in vain—
Thine aim thou never canst attain.'
'Let him to whom such power 's denied,
Content in his own path abide;
Much to the loving heart is dear,
That to the brain doth dark appear.'
So spake the boy: then to the light
His wings display'd, of glistening white,
And, like an eagle, soar'd away,
Lost in the sun's resplendent ray.

"Long after him Augustine gazed,
And said, with heart and eyes upraised—
'The truth he spake: the human mind
Is still to time and space confined,
And cannot pass beyond; but he
Who lives in faith and righteously,
So much of God shall he discern
As needeth man on earth to learn.'"

We proceed to a legend, in which the rash enthusiasm for the ascetic life, that was so prevalent in the fourth century, is sensibly and feelingly rebuked. We translate from the German of the poetic version by Herder:—

"ONUPHRIUS IN THE WILDERNESS.

"The rose and myrtle form the lover's wreath;
For bard and hero grows the laurel bough;
The palm-tree to the holy victor gives
Its glorious branch—and to the wanderer,
Weary and lone, his God can cause to spring
A palm-tree in the barren wilderness.

"Onuphrius, a rash and zealous youth,
Had heard Elijah's life ascetic lauded
With highest praise: to imitation fired,
He girt himself, and to the desert fled.

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* Native of the Grand Duchy of Baden.

"Seven days he wander'd there—but heard no voice
Speaking from heaven—'What dost thou here, Elijah?'
From hunger, thirst, and the fierce burning heat,
He sank exhausted—'Take, O Lord! my life;
But grant, O grant! one cool refreshing draught.'

"Then came deep sleep upon his heavy eyes:
His angel stood beside him—'Thou presumptuous!
Who tempt'st the Lord thy God—Art *thou* Elijah?
Yet to instruct thee and console thee, listen!—
A stream is rippling at thy side, and o'er
Thy head a palm-tree rustles: seventy years
Here shalt thou live with them; and they shall die
E'en when *thou* diest; but all those lonely years
Never shall the sweet sound of human voice,
Or human footstep, echo in thine ear,
Till one shall come, who comes to make thy grave.'

"Soothed, though astonished, he awoke and saw
The stream, the tree, e'en as the angel said.
He call'd the palm his brother, and the stream
His sister: from the water and the fruit
Refreshment found, and clad him with the leaves.
But through the long, long years, threescore and ten,
He never heard the welcome voice of man.

"At length a footstep—'Now he comes!—'tis he!
The man whom God hath sent to make my grave.'
He met his guest, and welcomed him, and told
The story of his palm. Then spake the stranger,
'Thy duty is fulfill'd—speed hence! these wilds
Befit thee not; for man was made for man.'

"Scarce had he spoken, when that gray old hermit
Sank down in death—a sudden wind uprooted
The sighing palm; and the clear stream dried up.
But through the air a joyful hymn was heard—
'Come, brother! come from out thy wilderness;
Come! angel choirs invite thee to enjoy
Beneath the palms of heaven at length that bliss—
Brotherly love—thy fault had forfeited.'

"Paphnutius buried there the dead, whose face
With happiness seem'd radiant. The rude desert,
With frowning aspect, from its wastes repell'd him.
'Ah!' thought he, 'for so many men as grieve
And wrong their brethren, e'en so many more
Give to each other pity, aid and strength,
And consolation—man was made for man.'"

There is a beautiful touch of miniature painting in this little piece. It is the yearning after social ties still lurking in the heart of the hermit, as betrayed by his calling the palm his brother, and the stream his sister; soothing himself, in his isolation, by the names of kindred bestowed on his inanimate companions. Paphnutius, men- ed in the legend, was a bishop of the Thebaid, in Egypt. He had been a sufferer for the faith in the persecution under Maximian, (A. D. 302 and 303,) having had his left leg cut off and his right eye plucked out; and in that maimed state being condemned to work in the mines. He was distinguished among (perhaps *above*) his cotemporaries for moderation, good sense, and good feeling. A pleasing anecdote, illustrative of his judgment and humanity, is related in some ecclesiastical histories. After the persecution had ceased, he had gone to visit St. Anthony, called the Great, the famous Egyptian ascetic, whose example had filled the Thebais with so many solitaries. It happened that one of the monks of Anthony's Convent had committed a fault, for which he was reproached by his brethren with the utmost virulence, by way of showing him the magnitude of his transgression, and leading him to repentance. The monk went to complain to Anthony of their undue severity, but they pursued him, and continued their vituperations, even in the presence of Anthony and Paphnutius; and the latter, in order to mark his opinion of their injudicious and injurious conduct, calmly observed, "I once saw a man sinking in a bog: some persons, passing by, ran to help him out, but instead of so doing they plunged him in deeper." Anthony, turning to the good bishop, with a look of approbation, replied, "Thou hast said well, Paphnutius; I see thou understandest how souls are to be saved." Paphnutius was at the Council of Nice in 334; and when the assembled ecclesiastics proposed to establish as a rule, that any man who received holy orders, being married, should put away his wife, he prevented the adoption of the resolution, referring the council to the ancient ecclesiastical law, that a man who received holy orders, being married, should retain his wife; but being single, should remain unmarried.

As pendants to the foregoing legend of Christian origin, we would add two or three more ancient, borrowed from the elder sister of Christianity, Judaism. The Talmud is a great storehouse of Jewish traditions, theological, historical, and didactic; some of them, it is true, wild and overstrained allegories; some exaggerated with Oriental extravagance; some puerile; some (the latter ones) offensive to our faith as Christians; some absurd, with an absurdity *sui generis*, peculiar to the

Rabbis; but the general tenor is mild, peaceful, humane, and moral, with a rural and pastoral spirit. Buxtorf, though often declaiming against the faults of the Talmud, admits that it contains admirable maxims, acute and excellent proverbs, gentle and instructive tales, and much information in various branches of knowledge. The first legend we shall give is from those divisions of the Talmud called the Treatise, "Shabbath," and "*Aboda Zara*:"—

"RABBI ELIESER'S REPENTANCE.

"Rabbi Elieser was convinced of the great necessity all men continually have of repentance. He used constantly to say to those around him, 'Repent one day before death.' His disciples asked him, 'How can any man know upon what day he should die?' Rabbi Elieser replied, 'So much the more is it needful that he should repent to-day, lest he should die to-morrow; wherefore, it is expedient that he live in repentance all his days. And Solomon, the king, hath said, in his wisdom, "Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head lack no ointment." By which he means repentance, and a life fruitful in good works; so as to be always in a state of preparation for death.' Notwithstanding the pious convictions of Rabbi Elieser, and his anxious teaching of others, it happened one day that he yielded to a temptation, and fell into grievous sin. But he hardened not his heart. The passing breeze awoke in him a sudden reflection. 'As a breath of air returneth no more to the place whence it came, so shall the soul of Rabbi Elieser return not to salvation.'"

"Deeply smitten with the sense of guilt, the afflicted and contrite Rabbi dared not lift up his heart to his offended God; but, in the extremity of his anguish, he called on the mountains and the hills, entreating them to pray for him. But they replied, 'Nay, but we have need to pray for ourselves: for is it not written, "*The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed!*"' Isaiah liv, 10. Then stretching forth his hands, Rabbi Elieser invoked the intercession of the heavens and the earth, and besought them to pray for him; but in vain, for they replied, 'Nay, but we have need to pray for ourselves: for is it not written, "*The heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment!*"' Isaiah li, 6. The distressed penitent thus repulsed, sought the mediation of the sun and moon, but unsuccessfully; for they, too, refused, saying, 'Nay, but we have need to pray for ourselves: for is it not written, "*The moon shall be confounded, and the sun ashamed!*"' Isaiah xxiv, 23. As a last resource, the repentant Rabbi turned to the lesser lights of heaven, 'O ye stars and planets, pray for me!' But they answered him, 'Nay, but we have need to pray for ourselves: for is it not written, "*All the host of heaven shall be dissolved!*"' Isaiah xxxiv, 4.

"The Rabbi thus repulsed, sat down upon the earth, and wrapping his head in his mantle, wept sore, lamenting his transgression; till at last, in the bitterness of his sorrow, his soul departed from him—and, at the same instant, a voice from heaven was heard to say, 'Rabbi Elieser is pardoned!'"

This legend, which greatly partakes of the nature of parable, tells, in a fine imaginative strain, of the insufficiency of any created thing to mediate for the sins of another; of the frailty of all (however glorious to us) in the eyes of their Creator; and of the hope that remains in the mercy of God for the sincere penitent. So far it is good and impressive; but its author, a Jew and a Talmudist, was not able to carry it far enough.

From an old Rabbinical book we give another figurative tale, short but pithy:—

"THE INAUGURATION OF THE VINEYARD.

"When Noah was occupied in planting the first vineyard, Satan stood by to behold the work. In a short time he comprehended its nature, and foresaw all the evil consequences that would flow from it, with the juice of the vineyard. Delighted at the prospect of all the vice, disease, misery, and degradation about to be introduced into the world, the Evil One exultingly inaugurated the first Vineyard, by sacrificing in the midst of it, a sheep, a lion, and a swine."

These three animals typify the three bestial stages of intoxication: the first, maudlin good humor, when man is bland and silly as a sheep, a ready dupe for the designing; next, when he becomes quarrelsome, and is fierce and dangerous as a lion, and ready to stain himself with blood; and last, when he becomes brutal, like the swine, and wallows on the earth in the mire of degradation.

Our last specimens shall be two of a peaceful and pastoral strain:—

"THE TREASURE TROVE.

"When Alexander of Macedon was seeking realms to conquer, he met with a people in Africa who lived in a very remote and obscure corner, who had never heard of war or conquerors, and who enjoyed their humble cottages in profound peace. They met the Macedonian king, and conducted him to the dwelling of their ruler, who received him hospitably, and set before him, as a feast, dates, figs, and other fruits made of gold. 'What! do you eat gold here?' asked Alexander. 'No; but I imagined thou hadst food enough to eat in thine own country, and that it was a desire of gold that led thee forth from it. Why, therefore, hast thou come to us from so far a country?' 'It was not for your gold I came,' replied Alexander; 'but I desired to learn your customs.' 'Even so; then abide among us as long as thou wilt.'

"While the ruler and the Grecian were conversing, two men of the tribe came in, to appeal to the ruler's judgment. The complainant spoke—'I bought a piece of ground from this man, and when I was digging it, I found a treasure. The treasure is not mine, for I purchased only the ground—I never included in the purchase any hidden treasure; but this man, who sold me the land, refuses to receive the treasure from me.' The defendant now replied, 'I am as conscientious as my neighbor. I sold him the ground, and everything that might be in it; therefore, the treasure is justly his, and I cannot take it.'

"The ruler took time to understand the case clearly, and then asked one of the parties, 'Hast thou a son?' 'I have.' He inquired of the other, 'Hast thou a daughter?' 'Yea.' 'So then the son shall marry the daughter, and the young couple shall have the treasure as a wedding portion.'

"Alexander betrayed some emotion. 'Is not my judgment just?' inquired the ruler. 'Perfectly just,' returned Alexander; 'but it surprises me.' 'How, then, would the case have been decided in thy country?' 'To own the truth,' said Alexander, 'both the men would have been taken in custody, and the treasure seized for the king.' 'For the king,' said the ruler, full of astonishment; 'does the sun shine in that land?' 'Surely.' 'Does the rain fall?' 'Of course.' 'Wonderful! but are there gentle grazing animals there?' 'There are, and of many kinds.' 'Then,' said the ruler, 'it is for the sake of those innocent animals that the all-merciful Creator permits the sun to shine, and the rain to fall upon your land; *ye* deserve it not.'"

"RABBI ISAAC'S BENEDICTION.

"The aged Rabbi Isaac had gone to visit his friend Rabbi Nachman. Many weeks they abode together, conversing of the law of Moses, and mutually instructing and enlightening each other. At length the hour of parting came. The idea that he might never again behold his aged friend, caused Rabbi Nachman's eyes to fill with tears. At length he said, 'Bless me, even me, my dear and honored friend, ere thou dost depart from me.' '*I* bless *thee*, O thou excellent of the earth! thou who art so like you palm-tree.' 'What palm-tree, Rabbi Isaac?' 'Listen, my brother. There was once a wanderer in the wilderness; he was hungry, thirsty, and very faint. Suddenly, he discovered, on the banks of a stream, a thickly foliaged palm-tree, hung with ripe dates. He lay down beneath its shade, satisfied his hunger with the fruit, and quenched his thirst from the stream, and was refreshed. He arose, and leaning on his staff, looked thankfully upon the shadowing tree. "Kind and liberal palm, I bless thee; but wherewithal shall I bless thee, that thy fruit may prosper? Lo, they are even now sweet and refreshing. That thy branches may spread around? Yet how lofty is thy crown, and how cool and extended is thy shade. That a rivulet shall water thy roots? How bright and pure is the stream that flows beside thee! Yet thus will I bless thee, thou mighty palm; may all thy saplings be like unto thee!" Even thus I bless *thee*, my friend and host. Thou hast great wisdom; and wealth and high station are thine; the joys of a pure conscience, a happy home, and the love of the righteous, are thine in all their fullness. May thy children resemble thee! may *their* lot be as *thine*."'"

With these words of peace and benediction, we take our leave (we trust not unaptly) of the reader.

VENTRILOQUISM.

THE art and practice of ventriloquism, under the more euphonious title of Polyphony, has of late years exhibited so much improvement in the curious and remarkable entertainments occasionally produced by Mr. Love, that it deserves and will reward a little judicious attention directed towards its all but miraculous phenomena, and the causes and conditions of their astonishing display. The art is of ancient date, the peculiarity of the vocal organs in which it originates, like other types of genius or aptitude, having been at intervals repeated. References in Scripture to "the familiar spirits that peep and mutter" are numerous. In the early Christian Church the practice also was known, and a treatise was written on it by Eustathius, Archbishop of Antioch, in Greek. In 1629 this was translated into Latin by Allazzi, an Italian. It is entitled, "Leonis Allattii de Engastrimytho Syntagma." The main argument of the book is the evocation of the ghost of Samuel.

By the Mosaic law the Hebrews were prohibited from consulting those who had familiar spirits. By one of such it is stated that the witch of Endor divined, or perhaps that she was possessed by it; for the Hebrew *ob* designates both those persons in whom there is a familiar spirit, as well as those who divined by them. The plural *oboth* corresponds with the word ventriloquism. In the Septuagint, it is associated with gastromancy—a mode of ancient divination, wherein the diviner replied without moving his lips, so that the consulter believed he actually heard the voice of a spirit; from which circumstance many theologians have doubted whether Samuel's ghost really appeared, or rather, whether the whole were not a ventriloquial imposition on the superstitious credulity of Saul. We may see in this unfortunate monarch and his successor the distinction between true religion and false superstition; and indeed in the poets and prophets generally of the Israelites, who continually testify against the latter in all its forms. To them, to the Greeks, the Egyptians, and the Assyrians, ventriloquism was evidently well known. By reference to Leviticus we shall find, as we have said, the law forbids the Hebrews to consult those having familiar spirits. The prophet Isaiah also draws an illustration from the kind of voice heard in a case of divination. "Thou shalt be brought down, shalt speak out of the ground, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust; thy voice shall be as one that hath a familiar spirit out of the ground, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust." It is curious that the Mormons quote this text as prophetic of the discovery of their Sacred Book. In the Acts, Paul is described as depriving a young woman of a familiar spirit, in the city of Philippi in Macedonia; she is announced as "a certain damsel possessed with a spirit of divination, which brought her master much gain by soothsaying." There is also that well-known tale in Plutarch which is so impressive even to this day on the Christian imagination—the story, we mean, of Epitherses, who, having embarked for Italy in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, suddenly heard a voice from the shore, while becalmed one evening before the Paxe—two small islands in the Ionian Sea which lie between Corcyra and Leucadia; such voice addressing Thamus, a pilot, and an Egyptian by birth, who refused to answer till he received the third summons, whereupon it said, "When thou art come to the Palodes, proclaim aloud that the great Pan is dead!" It is added, that "the passengers were all amazed; but their amazement gave place to the most alarming emotions, when, on arriving at the specified place, Thamus stood in the stern of the vessel, and proclaimed what he had been commanded to announce." St. Chrysostom and the early fathers mention divination by a familiar spirit as practiced in their day; and the practice is still common in the East; as it is also among the Esquimaux. As to the treatise of Eustathius, the good bishop's notion was that the witch of Endor was really possessed of a demon, whose deception the vision was, being produced by supernatural agency, not, as cited in the Septuagint, by by Engastrimism, or Ventriloquy.

In the nineteenth century, we are told by Sir David Brewster, that ventriloquists made great additions to their art. The performances, he says, of Fitzjames and Alexandré were far superior to those of their predecessors:—

> "Besides the art of speaking by the muscles of the throat and the abdomen, without moving those of the face, these artists had not only studied, with great diligence and success, the modifications which sounds of all kinds undergo from distance, obstructions, and other causes, but had acquired the art of imitating them in the highest perfection. The ventriloquist was therefore able to carry on a dialogue in which the *dramatis voces*, as they may be called, were numerous: and when on the outside of an apartment, could personate a mob with its infinite variety of noise and vociferation. Their influence over the minds of an audience was still further extended by a singular power which they had obtained over the muscles of the body. Fitzjames actually succeeded in making the opposite or corresponding muscles act differently from each other; and while one side of his face was merry and laughing, the other side was full of sorrow and tears. At one time, he was tall, and thin, and melancholic, and after passing behind a screen, he came out bloated with obesity and staggering with fulness. M. Alexandré possessed the same power over his face and figure, and so striking was the contrast between two of these forms, that an excellent sculptor (M. Joseph) has perpetuated them in marble. This new acquirement of the ventriloquist of the nineteenth century, enabled him in his own single person, and with his own single voice, to represent a dramatic composition, which would formerly have required the assistance of several actors. Although only one character in the piece could be seen at the same time, yet they all appeared during its performance; and the change of face and figure on the part of the ventriloquist was so perfect, that his personal identity could not be recognized in the *dramatis personæ*. This deception was rendered still more complete by a particular construction of the costumes, which enabled the performer to appear in a new character, after an interval so short that the audience necessarily believed that it was another person."

In all these particulars both Fitzjames and Alexandré have been excelled by Mr. Love.

Some amusing anecdotes may be gathered, illustrative of ventriloquism.

One M. St. Gille, a ventriloquist of France, had once occasion to shelter himself from a sudden storm in a monastery in the neighborhood of Avranche. The monks were at the time in deep sorrow for the loss of an esteemed member of their fraternity, whom they had recently buried. While lamenting, over the tomb of their departed brother, the slight honors which had been paid to his memory, a mysterious voice was heard to issue from the vaults of the church, bewailing the condition of the deceased in purgatory, and reproving the monks in melancholy tones for their want of zeal and reverence for departed worth. Tidings of the event flew abroad; and quickly brought the inhabitants to the spot. The miraculous speaker still renewed his lamentations and reproaches: whereupon the monks fell on their faces and vowed to repair their neglect. They then chanted a *De profundis*, and at intervals the ghostly voice of the deceased friar expressed his satisfaction.

One Louis Brabant turned his ventriloquial talent to profitable account. Rejected by the parents of an heiress, as an unsuitable match for their daughter, Louis, on the death of the father, paid a visit to the widow, during which the voice of her deceased husband was all at once heard thus to address her, "Give my daughter in marriage to Louis Brabant:—he is a man of fortune and character, and I endure the pains of purgatory for having refused her to him. Obey this admonition, and give repose to the soul of your departed husband." Of course, the widow complied; but Brabant's difficulties were not yet all overcome. He wanted money to defray the wedding expenses, and resolved to work on the fears of an old usurer, a M. Cornu, of Lyons. Having obtained an evening interview, he contrived to turn the conversation on departed spirits and ghosts. During an interval of silence, the voice of the miser's deceased father was heard, complaining of his situation in purgatory, and calling loudly upon his son to rescue him from his sufferings, by enabling Brabant to redeem the Christians at that time enslaved by the Turks. Not succeeding on the first occasion, Brabant was compelled to make a second visit to the miser, when he took care to enlist not only his father but all his deceased relations in the appeal; and in this way he obtained a thousand crowns.

There have been few female ventriloquists. Effects produced by the female organs of speech have always manifested a deficiency of power. The artificial voices have been few in number, and those imperfectly defined. A woman at Amsterdam possessed considerable powers in this way. Conrad Amman, a Dutch doctor in medicine, who published a Latin treatise at Amsterdam in 1700, observes of her, that the effects she exhibited were produced by a sort of swallowing of the words, or forcing them to retrograde, as it were, by the trachea, by speaking during the inspiration of the breath, and not, as in ordinary speech, during expiration. The same writer notices also the performances of the famous Casimir Schreckenstein.

Different professors of ventriloquism have given different accounts of the manner in which they succeeded in producing their illusions. Baron Mengen, one of the household of Prince Lichtenstein, at Vienna, said that it consisted in a passion for counterfeiting the cries of animals and the voices of different persons. M. St. Gille referred his art to mimicry; and the French Academy, combining these views, defines the art as consisting in an accurate imitation of any given sound as it reaches the ear. Scientific solutions are various. Mr. Nicholson thought that artists in this line, by continual practice from childhood, acquire the power of speaking during inspiration with the same articulation as the ordinary voice, which is formed by expiration. M. Richerand declares that every time a professor exhibits his vocal peculiarities, he suffers distension in the epigastric region; and supposes that the mechanism of the art consists in a slow, gradual expiration, drawn in such a way, that the artist either makes use of the influence exerted by volition over the parietes of the thorax, or that he keeps the epiglottis down by the base of the tongue, the apex of which is not carried beyond the dental arches. He observes, that ventriloquists possess the power of making an exceedingly strong inspiration just before the long expiration, and thus convey into the lungs an immense quantity of air, by the artistical management of the egress of which they produce such astonishing effects upon the hearing and imagination of their auditors.

The theory propounded by Mr. Gough, on the principle of reverberated sound, is untenable, because ventriloquism on that theory would be impossible in a crowded building, which admits not of the predicated echoes. Mr. Love, in his account of himself, asserts a natural aptitude, a physical predisposition of the vocal organs; which, in his case, discovered itself as early as the age of ten, and gradually improved with practice, without any artistic study whatever. He states that not only his pure ventriloquisms, but nearly all his lighter vocal imitations of miscellaneous sounds, were executed in the first instance on the spur of the moment, and without any premeditation. The artist must evidently possess great flexibility of larynx and tongue. Polyphony, according to our modern professor, is produced by compression of the muscles of the chest, and is an act entirely different from any species of vocal deception or modulation. There is no method, he tells us, of manufacturing true ventriloquists. Nature must have commenced the operation, by placing at the artist's disposal a certain quantity of voice adapted for the purpose, as the raw material to work upon. It is like a fine ear or voice for singing, the gift of nature. It follows, therefore, that an expert polyphonist must be as rare a personage as any other man of genius in any particular art.

AN ARTIST'S DIFFICULTIES.

"ART remains always young and new;" and therefore, although it is now some time since the colossal statue of Bavaria first saw the light on the Theresa meadow, near Munich, we nevertheless think that some account of it, of the Ruhmeshalle before which it stands, and of its creators, will not be thought uninteresting by our readers.

Ascending a flight of forty-nine steps from the Theresa meadow, one stands at the foot of the pedestal which bears the mighty figure of the Bavaria. This pedestal is thirty feet high, and four feet wide at its base, and is formed of granite; the figure measures sixty-three feet from the foot to the point of the uplifted wreath; so that the whole work, from the foot of the pedestal, is ninety-three feet high. At the back of the postament a door leads to a winding stair-case of stone, by which one ascends the interior of the figure as far as the knees, and from here light iron steps lead to the head of the statue.

To give a better idea of the immense size of this colossal statue, we need only mention that twenty-six musicians were concealed in the head of the statue at the ceremony of raising it from the ground, when they sang songs of joy and praise to celebrate the completion of the great work. The size of the forefinger is as full-grown woman's waist, and its length three feet two inches, and the other parts of the figure in beautiful proportion. Every spectator is justly astonished at the expression of earnest gentleness and feminine dignity, which is as clearly evident in this gigantic figure as it could be in the finest piece of life-size sculpture. Bavaria seems to call out to each of her sons, "Come, strive for the wreath, the symbol of glory; make thyself worthy of a place in my Hall of Fame!"

The figure is appropriately placed in the centre of the Theresa meadow, in front of the Ruhmeshalle, (Hall of Fame,) as if to guard the approach to it, and to crown the successful aspirant. It was modeled by Schwanthaler, a sculptor of high merit and versatile and fertile genius, whose indefatigable perseverance and ardor in the preparation of the model for the Bavaria, when already suffering from severe bodily illness, led to an untimely and painful death in 1848. He had not the satisfaction of seeing his great idea nobly carried out, but was hurried away to another life in the prime of this life and of his glory.

But not only must we praise and admire the genius which could model this great work; equal praise and admiration are due to him who carried out the idea of the sculptor faithfully and untiringly. Stiglmayer was the director of the royal foundry when the idea of casting a bronze statue of the Bavaria first originated; but when disease deprived him of the power of superintending such a giant undertaking, he advised his successor and nephew, Ferdinand Miller, to prepare the figure in portions as small as possible, as being the safest and best mode. The young and energetic Miller, seeing that such an opportunity for showing his skill would probably never again present itself, and confident of the superiority of his method, determined to cast the statue in as few separate portions as possible; and when, at the death of Stiglmayer, he was promoted to the rank of inspector of the royal bronze foundry, the work was commenced with ardor and energy.

If we reflect what an immense outlay of metal, of labor, and of reputation, is risked, at the casting of any great work, we may partly imagine how intense the feelings of Ferdinand Miller must have been while the casting of the Bavaria was in progress. No words of ours could adequately describe the suspense he must have suffered; and it is with great pleasure that we make use of his permission to translate some portions of the diary which the skillful master kept while the casting was going on, as it is the most faithful record of the most interesting portion of his life. He writes:—

> "On the 11th of September, of the year 1844, two dense pillars of smoke rising to heaven from the chimneys of the foundry, announced that a great casting was in progress. Yes! the head, the first part of the Bavaria, and my first casting operation as independent master, was to take place on that day. The metal was fluid as water; many spectators, several royal ladies, were present. With what calmness did I not usually push the plug in? on this day I was so anxious, so fearful: but it had to be done. The bronze rushes impetuously into the mold. With palpitating heart I await the joyful signs at the air-vents; but they do not appear. 'A misfortune impends,' thought I, shuddering within myself, and hastily request the spectators to leave the foundry; then I suddenly heard a fearful noise in the pit: Alas! the form had burst. The metal flowed through the rent; terror paralyzed my limbs; I could do nothing to save myself than to look to heaven, and exclaim, 'O God, do thou help!'
>
> "That was all I was able to do; and stood mute and still to behold my misfortune. Then all at once the fire-stream cools—no more bronze flows into the mold. I see fluid metal still upon the top of the duct—a ray of hope electrifies my heart, and I ascend hastily to look into the air-vents. What a sight! What joy! Fiery eyes gazed out upon me so friendly, so gladly. What delight when I exclaimed, 'The casting is successful!' My curiosity burned to know how this had happened. The pressure of the metal had broken through the wall two feet thick which surrounded the mold; forty hundred weight flowed through the gap, but at last the fluid masses hardened,—and hardened at a moment when, if thirty pounds more had escaped through the rent, the whole work would have failed. Such things are usually called lucky accidents; but my feelings impelled me to bare my head and exclaim, 'God, I thank thee for all!'"

As these extracts from the diary are more characteristic of the man than the incidents of his former life would be, if we placed them before our readers, we will give another passage relating to the casting of the breast part of the figure. The furnace was heated some days previously; and, as the metal contracts in cooling, it was to be feared that at this tremendous casting, which would require three hundred and eighty hundred-weight of metal, the kernel would not give sufficiently when the contraction of the cooling metal should take place. Six Turkish thirty-pounders, thirteen smaller Turkish cannons, and some more metal in smaller pieces, were in the furnace, and the fire burning. Thus the master writes:—

> "Tired and exhausted as the body was, the mind was excited in the highest degree. Sleep was not to be thought of this night; an anxious, terrible feeling alarmed me, and the stillness of the night—the ghastly light which the yellow and blue forked flames cast around the foundry—was quite calculated to raise doubts in my heart, and to contract my breast with terrible forebodings. The fire in the meantime burned brightly in the furnace, and the cannons began to bend and melt. The pieces of metal were more stubborn. In the afternoon, at three, on the 11th of October, the metal was so hot that I could begin to throw in what I had kept back. When I had thrown about twenty hundred-weight into the furnace, I remarked that the fluid metal had cooled considerably. I ordered more and more fire to be applied, but in vain. I added no more metal; I threw the best wood into the flames, as well as tin and zinc: but all was in vain! The ore which three hours before had already been fluid was there thick and cooling. Then I thought the anxiety would have crushed my heart. I sought comfort in Him who is the ruler over wind and fire. How can one not pray in such utmost need! My heart felt somewhat lightened, and my brave wife strengthened me still more with her consoling and cheering words. O, what a treasure is a sensible wife!
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> "I did not go to the furnace for an hour, that I might be calmer; but when, in the evening at seven o'clock, the metal was no better, all my hope was gone. The labor of years, reputation, and confidence—the beautiful furnace—my whole property—all was gone. I tasted the bitter cup of despair. All, all gone! That was the only idea which filled me. I was wearied and worn out to death. My assistants stood sadly around me, trying to read my feelings in my eyes. This recalled me; they must not see what I felt, for they must not be discouraged. How difficult it was to cheer them! I called upon them to blow the fire, to stir the metal as long as their strength would last. I felt in my despair it *must* melt, or all will be lost.
>
> "This terrible excitement had made me unable to form any clear idea; and obeying the earnest entreaties of my father and my wife, I fell asleep on my chair. But my repose was not to last long; in a quarter of an hour my faithful wife awoke me with the terrible cry, 'Husband, awake, the foundry burns!' Away was all weariness; I flew to the foundry; the rafters of the roof-frame were already in flames; but the precaution of having everything in readiness for such accidents enabled us soon to overcome the flames, and watch that they did not spread, and then I returned to the furnace. My joy can scarcely be conceived. The metal was better; a brisk wind blew the bright flames; the heat grew more and more intense, but the metal became more and more fluid."

We cannot give any more of Mr. Miller's diary, as it would fill up too much of our space; but we think we could not have given our readers a more interesting account of the life and character of this great man than that which his own words furnish. A few words as to his early life will serve to give a more complete idea of the man. Miller was born on the day of the great battle of Leipsic, the 18th of October, 1813, in a village near Munich. When he was a boy of nine years old, his uncle, Stiglmayer, took him to live with him, as he was intended for the same profession. The painter Stadler, and the sculptor Eberhard, were his first teachers in art, and he was afterward apprenticed to the Goldsmith Maierhofer, to gain his first instruction in modeling. In his seventeenth year he attended the Academy of the Fine Arts, and during his three years' stay made more progress than most other students. He was now sent by his uncle to Paris to perfect himself in his profession, where he obtained employment with the celebrated Soyer, who was then casting the July statue. Here he remained until his return to Munich—first as assistant, then as successor, to his beloved uncle—and where he is now fulfilling his mission. He is thirty-seven years of age; and therefore, according to human anticipations, he may live many years to give the world more of his works.

We must say a few words also of the Ruhmeshalle. It is often confounded with the Walhalla, which is erected near Regensburg. The Ruhmeshalle, or Hall of Fame, is destined to contain busts of the great men of all times and countries. It is designed by Leo von Klenze, and is of the horse-shoe form, supported by forty-eight Doric columns, which, with the capital, are twenty-four feet high. The whole building is sixty feet high; and seems about half the height of the Bavaria, behind which it stands. It is built of marble from the quarries near Salzburg. The building contains a large room in each wing, and the open hall in the center, the wall of which is to contain the busts of celebrated Bavarians on richly-ornamented consoles. In this hall the construction of the top is visible, in the Basilicon manner; and the corners are supported by lions, sphinxes, and pegasuses. The friezes are bas-reliefs, indicative of the merits of those whose qualities will be commemorated in this hall,—and have all been designed by [illegible]. [illegible] that the building, the foundation-stone of which was laid in 1843, will be finished in four or five years. What can now be seen of it behind the scaffolding is sufficient to let us anticipate the grand effect which the whole, when concluded, will have. The purely antique style of the form of the temple, and the noble simplicity and dignity of the Doric pillars, will make the Ruhmeshalle a rival worthy the Walhalla.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE FLOWERS OF GOD.

"Consider the lilies of the field."

The welcome flowers are blossoming,
In joyous troops reveal'd;
They lift their dewy buds and bells
In garden, mead, and field;
They lurk in every sunless path,
Where forest children tread;
They dot, like stars, the sacred turf
Which lies above the dead.

They sport with every playful wind
That stirs the blooming trees;
And laugh on every fragrant bush,
All full of toiling bees:
From the green marge of lake and stream,
Fresh vale and mountain sod,
They look in gentle glory forth—
The pure sweet flowers of God.

They come with genial airs and skies,
In summer's golden prime,
And to the stricken world give back
Lost Eden's blissful clime:
Outshining Solomon they come,
And go full soon away;
But yet, like him, they meekly breathe
True wisdom while they stay.

"If God," they whisper, "smiles on us,
And bids us bloom and shine,
Does He not mark, O faithless man!
Each wish and want of thine?
Think, too, what joys await in heaven
The blest of human birth,
When rapture, such as woos thee now,
Can reach the bad on earth!"

Redeemer of a fallen race!
Most merciful of kings!
Thy hallow'd words have clothed with power
Those frail and beauteous things;
All taught by thee, they yearly speak
Their message of deep love,
Bidding us fix, for life and death,
Our hearts and hopes above.

James Gilborne Lyons.

Success in Conversation.—The art of conversation consists in the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate, and you must sympathize; you must possess at the same time the habit of communicating and listening. The union is rare, but irresistible.

GOSPEL HARMONY OF THE DENIALS OF ST. PETER.

I AM reading with much interest and frequent pleasure, but also with occasional animadversion and disapproval, Mr. Alford's "Notes on the Greek Testament."

Those of your readers who are his readers too, will, I think, feel with me, that his horror of the well-meant dishonesty which has been sometimes exhibited in the compulsory harmonizing of the gospel narratives, has in some instances betrayed Him into a fault of an opposite kind. He not only often overlooks harmonies which are sufficiently obvious, and disallows others which are entirely justifiable, but seems at times almost to take a pleasure in stating the case against them as broadly and strongly as he can, in a way that tends at first sight to give a shock to the feelings of the established, and to the faith of the wavering believer.

I do not, however, ask a place in your pages for criticisms on a work which I esteem so important an addition to the library of the Scripture student, but for some remarks on the narrations of one particular event, in which the harmony appears to me striking and consistent, while it is selected by Mr. Alford as a strong instance of variation not capable of being honestly reconciled, without some greater degree of information than that which we actually possess.

The event to which I refer is St. Peter's denial of the Lord. On St. Matthew's account of this transaction, Mr. Alford has the following note, which I extract, not so much for the sake of justifying my allegation against him, as for the sake of the synoptical view of the four narratives which it contains, and which certainly suggests to my mind very different reflections from those which are appended to it by him:—

> "Matthew xxvi, 69–75.—This narrative furnishes one of the clearest instances of the entire independency of the four Gospels of one another. In it they all differ; and, supposing the denial to have taken place thrice, and only thrice, cannot satisfactorily be reconciled. The following table may serve to show what the agreements are, and what the differences.

FIRST DENIAL.

Matthew.	*Mark.*	*Luke.*	*John.*
Sitting in the hall without is charged by a maid-servant with having been with Jesus the Galilæan. "I know not what thou sayest."	Warming himself in the hall below, &c., as Matt.—goes out into the vestibule—cock crows. "I know not, neither understand I what thou sayest."	Sitting πρὸς τὸ φῶς, is recognized by the maid, and charged,—replies, "Woman, I know him not."	Is recognized by the porteress on being introduced by the other disciple, "Art not thou also one of this man's disciples?" He saith, "I am not."
SECOND DENIAL.			
He has gone out into the porch. *Another* maid sees him. "This man also was with Jesus of Nazareth." He denies with an oath, "I do not know the man."	*The same* maid sees him again, and says, "This man is of them." He denies again.	Another (but a *male* servant) says, "Thou also art of them." Peter said, "Man, I am not."	Is standing and warming himself. They said to him, "Art not thou also of his disciples?" He denied, and said, "I am not."
THIRD DENIAL.			
After a little while the standers-by say, "Surely thou art of them, for thy dialect betrayeth thee." He began to curse and to swear, "I know not the man."	As Matt.—"Thou art a Galilæan, and thy dialect agrees."	After about an hour, another persisted, saying, "Truly this man was with him, for he is a Galilæan." Peter said, "Man, I know not what thou sayest."	One of the slaves of the high priest, his kinsman, whose ear Peter cut off, says, "Did not I see thee in the garden with him?" Peter then denied again."
Immediately the cock crew, and Peter remembered, &c.; and going out, he wept.	A second time the cock crew, and Peter remembered, &c.—and ἐπιβαλὼν, he wept.	Immediately, while he was yet speaking, the cock crew, and the Lord turned and looked on Peter, and Peter remembered, &c.; and going out, he wept.	Immediately the cock crew.

"On this table I would make the following remarks:—

"1. It is *possible* to harmonize the accounts of the first denial, supposing us bound to harmonize; but even for this purpose we must employ a little dishonesty, for *οὐκ οἶδα τί λέγεις*, *οὐκ οἶδα αὐτόν*, and *οὐκ εἰμί* are not the same answer; and if they are differing reports of an *answer* distinct from all three, or from some two of them, why should not the reports themselves of the fact itself be viewed in the same light? 2. The *ἄλλη* of Matthew, *ἡ παιδίσκη πάλιν* of Mark, *ἕτερος* of Luke, are absolutely irreconcilable on any principle of common honesty, supposing the event related to be one and the same, and the accounts of it to be strictly accurate. The *ἐξῆλθεν εἰς τὸ προαύλιον* or *εἰς τὸν πυλῶνα* of Matthew and Mark, considering that he was *θερμαινόμενος* before, are irreconcilable with the present *ἑστὼς καὶ θερμαινόμενος* of John. 3. The occasion of the third denial in John is wholly different from that in the other three. In them it is a recognition on account of the Galilæan dialect: in John, on account of previous recognition in the garden.

"It is not my present concern to discuss the principles on which these accounts are to be understood with reference to the actual facts that happened. I will only remark, that John's account, standing as it does in the highest position of the four, while it distinctly asserts the occasions of the first and third denial, leaves that of the second entirely indefinite—*εἶπον οὖν αὐτῷ*: thereby, it seems to me, implying that the narrator had not such accurate means of knowing what was said, or why it was said, as on the other two occasions; and thereby, also, leaving room for the occasion of the *third* denial in the others to have actually happened. I should also take the discrepancies in this second denial in the *three* others, as leaving room to suppose that in either of them is it accurately reported, but that it really arose out of the occasion which comes *third* in John.

"But it seems to me that the main point to be here insisted on is, *the absolute impossibility of either of these evangelists having had before him the narratives of the others.*"

In this conclusion, for the sake of which he has given us the synoptical table, I entirely concur; but the intervening remarks I contemplate with some surprise. Without entering upon the question of the different wordings of the denials, I shall endeavor to show, that the order of the transactions is perfectly plain, and that the narratives of the three charges and denials are perfectly harmonious without any supposition of a fourth or fifth denial, or that the occasion placed second by one historian is to be identified with that which comes third in another.

First denial. It is acknowledged to be *possible* to harmonize the accounts of this, though the table exhibits St. John's statement in such a way as to make it appear very difficult. According to the first three evangelists, Peter is "sitting in the hall without" or "below," and "warming himself" *πρὸς τὸ φῶς*, with the light falling on his face; whereas in St. John it is represented that he was "recognized by the porteress on being introduced by the other disciple." Now, it will probably strike the reader, that this is the whole of St. John's account, while he calls to mind the words: "Peter stood at the door without. Then went out that other disciple, which was known unto the high priest, and spake unto her that kept the door, and brought in Peter. *Then* saith the damsel which kept the door unto Peter," &c.

But if we turn to the Greek, we see that the "then" is no note of time, but is only *οὖν*, marking the connection between the fact of her having been applied to to admit him, and her taking notice of him afterward, when standing with his face to the light, which the next verse asserts to have been his position at the time. "Now the slaves and subordinates had taken up their post, *εἱστήκεισαν δὲ οἱ δοῦλοι*, having made a fire, &c., and Peter *was standing* with them, and warming himself *ἦν δὲ μετ' αὐτῶν ὁ Π. ἑστὼς καὶ θερμαινόμενος*." There is then in St. John's account *not the slightest* variation from that of the others, but simply the additional facts of how Peter gained admittance, who the maid was who addressed him, and the reason why her attention was drawn to him so fixedly according to St. Luke's expression, *ἀτενίσασα αὐτῷ*. So much for the *possibility* of reconciling the accounts of the first denial. We now come to the case of *impossibility*.

Second denial. The other maid of Matt., the same maid in Mark, and the other man in Luke, "are absolutely irreconcilable," &c. So they are, except upon a hypothesis which not only probably would be, but obviously was, the real state of the case, namely, that the servants drew one another's attention to the stranger who was standing among them; and that the question of his connection with the accused person whose trial they were witnessing became a subject of conversation. Such a conversation must necessarily consist of different observations from different parties; and we have those parties, or some of them, in the two maids and the man who are severally introduced by the first three evangelists; while this is actually established by St. John, who represents the second attack on Peter as having been made by several persons. "*They* said, therefore, to him," &c., *εἶπον οὖν αὐτῷ*: an expression which Mr. Alford, strangely enough, considers to imply that the narrator had not such accurate knowledge of this part of the transaction as he had of the two other occasions. But what is still more remarkable is, that the several parts of the narrative are supplied to us by the independent witnesses in such a form that they are all ready to fit into one another in the united history; for the maids in Matthew and Mark do not address themselves to Peter, but speak of him in the third person to their companions, *τοῖς ἐκεῖ*, *τοῖς παρεστηκόσι* one of whom (*ἕτερος* of Luke) makes a direct address to the object of their suspicion. The only point which presents anything approaching to a difficulty is the position of Peter at the time. Matthew and Mark, after the first denial, speak of him as having gone out into the porch. John (when he again digresses from the proceedings of the trial to the story of Peter) begins his account of the second denial by repeating his former statement: "Now Simon Peter was standing and warming himself." This difficulty will appear much less if we understand the nature of the place and the position of the company round the fire in reference to the porch. The first point is well explained by a passage extracted by Mr. Alford himself from Robinson's "Notes to Harmony:"

> "An Oriental house is usually built round a quadrangular interior court; into which there is a passage sometimes arched, through the front part of the house, closed next the street by a a heavy folding gate, with a small wicket for single persons, kept by a porter. In the text, the interior court, often paved or flagged, and open to the sky, is the *αὐλὴ*, where the attendants made a fire; and the passage beneath the front of the house from the street to this court is the *προαύλιον* or *πυλών*. The place where Jesus stood before the high priest may have been an open room or place of audience on the ground floor, in the rear on one side of the court; such rooms, open in front, being customary."

Again, with regard to the position of the party round the fire, it appears that they must have been close to this porch, since we find the porteress standing among them, as if able from that post to keep her eye upon the door, to hear any summons, and to attend to her duties. We are not, then, to think of Peter's "going out," as we may be led to do by the arrangement of our own houses. He seems only to have retired a few steps from the company into the shadow of the covered passage behind them, either to withdraw from the light and the general notice which he had begun to attract, or possibly with a half-formed and undecided idea of quitting the place altogether. The movement is said to have attracted the attention of the porteress (which it naturally would) and of another maid, and to have led them to repeat their suspicions; but it is plain from the narrative, which speaks of his having gone out, that he must have either again returned to the fire, or have been sufficiently near to be counted one of the party around it; as, while the women are speaking *τοῖς παρεστηκόσι*, he hears what is said, and replies to the observations that are made. Nothing, therefore, can be more natural than that St. John, in returning to take up the story of Peter, should remind us of the position in which he had left him before, and his departure from which was evidently either too slight or too temporary to call for notice.

Third denial. In regard to the objection that the occasion of this denial is wholly different in St. John from what it is in the other evangelists, very few words will be necessary. Unless it be admitted that, because one person said one thing, another could not have followed it up with something else, the objection goes for nothing. It seems that in the hour which is said to have elapsed after the second denial, Peter had in some measure recovered his composure, and, in order to break a silence that might appear singular, had begun to hazard some inquiries or remarks to those about him. But his tone and dialect re-awakened and confirmed the suspicions which his former denials had failed to remove. Persons now come up to him (*προσελθόντες οἱ ἑστῶτες*) to examine him more closely, and charge him with greater assurance. "Surely (*ἀληθῶς*) thou art one of them, for thou art a Galilæan, and thy speech agreeth thereto." While Luke mentions one especially who "constantly affirmed," persisted, *διισχυρίζετο*; and John tells us that one came forward with an argument, which in itself has all the air of a confirmation of assertions already made by others, "Did not I see thee in the garden with him?" And it is worthy of remark in this case, as in the last, that, while in looking separately at two of the accounts, those of St. Luke and St. John, we might be perplexed by observing that they relate the third charge as made by two different persons, we find, on consulting the two other evangelists, that they relate the transaction in the plural number, expressly stating that more persons than one took part in the charge.

I think that I have now sufficiently argued my case, and cannot but hope that an attempt to disentangle the intricacies of an incident so touching and instructive will not be without interest for your readers. But it is not only for this object that I ask a place in your pages for this discussion, but rather in the hope of giving a warning which the readers of modern theological writings seem to me especially to require.

The harmony of Scripture narratives is an important branch of evidence, and many minds are very powerfully influenced by the views which they are led to take on this subject. I am the last person to wish to blink questions of discrepancies which really arise, or to force reluctant passages into compulsory agreement by the exercise of an ingenuity which would not be thought honest if employed for any other purpose. But neither can I patiently see such harmonies as are obvious overlooked, or those which are justifiable disallowed. I wish earnestly that writers would consider the serious responsibility of creating stumbling-blocks which need not exist, and that readers would not take for granted that all the stumbling-blocks which their teachers leave in their way are legitimate and immovable. We have seen a pious, candid, and painstaking writer making remarks calculated in a very great degree to perplex and disturb the minds of his readers with regard to the character of the Gospel narratives,—and founding those remarks on a passage selected by himself for the purpose; which passage, when steadily examined, affords no tolerable foundation for any thing of the kind. How soon may such remarks be transferred to pages written in a far different spirit and with a far different aim from his! How many minds may they already have affected with feelings of disturbance more permanent and more injurious than those which, I must confess, I experienced myself for a few moments after I read them! Of course there are considerations sufficient to dispel those feelings of disturbance, even in cases where want of full information leaves us without a clew to guide us out of our perplexity. But those cases will be wonderfully reduced in number by a little careful consideration, and many a hasty conclusion will be prevented from fixing its hurtful influence on the mind, by reading under the constant sense of this principle, and with that reserved assent which it will inspire.

EUTHANASIA—LAST DAYS OF SIR MATTHEW HALE.

SIR MATTHEW HALE, Lord Chief Justice of England, was not more eminent for his station than for his learning and piety. He resigned his office the 15th February, 1675-6, and lived to the Christmas following. But though all the while he was in so ill a state of health that there was no hope of his recovery, he still continued to retire often, both for his devotions and studies, and, as long as he could go, went constantly to his closet; and, when his infirmities increased, so that he was not able to go thither himself, he made his servants carry him thither in a chair. At last, as the winter came on, he saw with great joy his deliverance approaching; for, besides his being weary of the world, and his longings for the blessedness of another state, his pains increased so on him, that no patience inferior to his could have borne them without a great uneasiness of mind; yet he expressed to the last such submission to the will of God, and so equal a temper under them, that it was visible then what mighty effects his philosophy and Christianity had on him, in supporting him under such a heavy load. He could not lie down in bed above a year before his death, by reason of the asthma, but sat rather than lay in it.

He was attended in his sickness by a pious and worthy divine, Mr. Evan Griffith, minister of the parish; and it was observed that, in all the extremities of his pain, whenever he prayed by him he forbore all complaints or groans, but, with his hands and eyes lifted up, was fixed in his devotions. Not long before his death the minister told him, "there was to be a sacrament next day at church, but he believed he could not come and partake with the rest, therefore he would give it him in his own house." But he answered "No;

his heavenly Father had prepared a feast for him, and he would go to his Father's house and partake of it." So he made himself be carried thither in his chair, where he received the sacrament of the Lord's supper on his knees with great devotion; which it may be supposed was the greater, because he apprehended it was to be his last. He had some secret unaccountable presages of his death; for he said that "if he did not die on such a day, (which fell to be the 25th of November,) he believed he should live a month longer; and he died that very day month, on Christmas day. On the anniversary of Christ's advent, this good man usually wrote some verses of joy, in commemoration of so great an event. The one which Bishop Burnet supposes was the last Sir Matthew wrote, contains, singularly, these words of Simeon:—

And now thou hast fulfill'd it, blessed Lord,
Dismiss me now according to thy word;
And let my aged body now return
To rest and dust, and drop into an urn.
For I have lived enough, mine eyes have seen
Thy much-desired salvation; . . . .
Let this sight close mine eyes; 't is loss to see
After this vision any sight but thee.

When his voice was so sunk that he could not be heard, they perceived by the constant lifting up of his eyes and hands that he was still aspiring towards that blessed state, of which he was now speedily to be possessed. Between two and three in the afternoon of Christmas-day, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, he breathed out his righteous and pious soul. His end was peace. Bishop Burnet tells us that Sir Mathew Hale, having lost one of his sons, the manner of whose death had some grievous circumstances in it, to one coming to see him and condole, he said, "Those were the effects of living long; such must look to see many sad and unacceptable things;" and, having said that, he went to other discourses, with his ordinary freedom of mind; for, though he had a temper so tender, that sad things were apt enough to make deep impressions upon him, yet the regard he had to the wisdom and providence of God, and the just estimate he made of external things, did to admiration maintain the tranquillity of his mind; and he gave no occasion by idleness to melancholy to corrupt his spirit, but by the perpetual bent of his thoughts he knew well how to divert them from being oppressed with the excesses of sorrow.

FINAL CATASTROPHE OF THE GOLD-DIGGING MANIA.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

SO long as California, and California exclusively, was concerned in this portentous craze, there were drawbacks upon any eventual ruin to be anticipated: the bubble was not by two-thirds upon so large a scale as it has been since Australia became a party to the mania. Consequently, in that proportion the ruin from the final explosion of the bubble promised to be less. The final crash will, therefore, be far ampler *now* than it could have been under the original restriction to the stage of California. What shape then will the crash assume? or how am I entitled to talk of *any* crash? or so fluently to characterize this popular rush to the gold diggings as a "craze," a "bubble," and a "mania?" I confess that, if mere authority of position and audacity of assertion in the public journals ought to have any weight against blank force of logic and inexorable facts of experience, I myself should have consented to be silenced oftentimes when I had not been convinced. But in every one of these journals I read such monstrous oversights as to the permanent conditions of the question, that I am not summoned to any deferential treatment of the adverse views. If, in arguing the merits of a particular course through a difficult navigation, my antagonist begins by ignoring a visible rock lying right ahead, it is for *him* to explain such an oversight; and, until he does explain it, my right is to spend very little ceremony upon the circumstantialities of his arguments.

The public journals, whether literary or political, have almost monotonously welcomed the large discoveries of gold—as if necessarily, *primâ facie*, and without further discussions, subjects of universal congratulation to the human race. And it is evident, from the language used in many instances, that excess or superfluity is, in the judgment of these journals, not an affection incident to the case; not an element that can ever enter into the logic of the estimate. Whereas, on the contrary, I assert that no product whatsoever of this earth, be it animal, mineral, or vegetable, but is liable to most pernicious excess; excess embarrassing, or by possibility ruinous, to the prosperity of human industry; excess confounding to human foresight. Everything, without exception, is liable to this ruinous reaction from excess; and beyond almost anything else, gold is in that predicament.

There are many things which, though otherwise susceptible of such an excess, are able for a long time to evade its inconveniences, by virtue of their own variable flexibility in applying themselves to human purposes. The scale of their application is often so elastic, narrowing, or expanding, according to circumstances, that the danger of excess is for *them* permanently thrown to a distance. Iron, for example, is interchangeable at this day for so many purposes with wood, that, long after the margin for a large *extra* use had been exhausted within the field of its own regular applications, it would find another *extra* margin by trespassing within the field ordinarily occupied by wood, or by brick, or by marble. A wooden house was sent out to St. Helena for Napoleon; but at this day, the ready-made houses sent out from New-York and London to California are chiefly of iron. So again of ships, of light bridges, of gates, of fences, of balconies, &c. Wood and iron will probably for generations relieve their own superfluities by alternate encroachments on each other, according to the alternate advantages which each material, under shifting circumstances, may happen to obtain in the market. Wheat, again, in seasons of extra cheapness, when oats have happened to be unusually dear, has usurped to a considerable extent upon the ordinary oatmeal diet of a whole peasantry. It is not common, but it does sometimes happen, that wheaten flour is substituted for oatmeal; similar substitutions are without end; so that excess of production is a point not very easily reached in the case of many articles. A very large majority benefit, in the event of over-production, not merely by their own independent capacities of expansion, but also by the corresponding capacities of contraction in some other article which ordinarily has been employed as a substitute.*

But now, without further delay, let us come to the possible expansions in the use of gold; for, substantially, that is the sole question at issue. Gold is so enormously more costly, bulk for bulk, than all other articles of luxury and ornament, excepting only jewels and pearls, that it cannot possibly benefit by the second mode of expansion here noticed, viz., by some other article contracting or retiring in order to make room for it, but solely by the alternate mode, viz., by the extension of its own separate use, according to the ordinary mode of using it. The plain, flagrant, and undeniable fact meets us upon every road that connects human calculations with the subject, that the whole frenzy of gold-digging will be suddenly pulled up in one month, will be frozen into abrupt extinction, by mere failure—blank failure—of demand. So far as its own proper use can be enlarged, so far there is an opening for an extension of the demand; but as to any substitutional use, *that* is inconceivable.

This mortal wound to the whole bestial scene of sensuality and robbery (robbery—for such it is, consequent upon the helplessness of the government) has hidden itself naturally enough from the poor, illiterate vagabonds that compose the plundering army of diggers. And it is possible to excuse some blindness upon such a prospect, even in educated people, under the misleading influence of such a case as this. A river, suppose at a mile distance, has been swelling for many days, and at length is overflowing its banks. The flood, continually increasing, travels hourly in the direction of your own house. But before it can touch that house in the slightest degree, it must fill up to the very brim a deep valley which is interposed between that river and the house. So long, now, as this intervening valley wants one hair's-breadth of being full, there is not a vestige of any warning given to you that an awful calamity is at hand. At noon, suppose exactly as the clock strikes twelve, the overwhelming deluge is pouring in at every window and door within its level. Sixty seconds before the clock struck, you could have sworn that every window-sill was dry as dust. Not otherwise (what by accident, and what by uncalculating ignorance) the whole phenomena of the gold case have darkened themselves to the unreflecting observers. There were *many* valleys to be filled up before the overflowing river could reach our own unalarmed house. There were, first of all, the *hoarders*, a class most numerous under Oriental despotisms, but, even in Christian Europe, not at all an insignificant class; since, when the sovereign does *not* plunder, the lord paramount over vassals often *does*. The year 1848 armed, as against the menaces of communism, many millions of hoarders—say thirty millions at ten pounds sterling a-man. That would account for the burial of three hundred millions sterling. Then make a corresponding allowance for Asiatic hoarders. But as all Asiatic populations (reserving only Japan, China, and Hindostan) are miserably slender, and also, man for man, are poorer, allow, perhaps, one hundred millions sterling for this class. Thirdly, allow for the sovereign hoarders, viz., the several governments in Europe, who, under some strange misconception of the case, have taken occasion to build up a gold currency at the very moment when ordinary foresight should have proclaimed to every nation the necessity of converting any gold articles in their possession into glass, stone, marble, copper—anything, in short, that was not under absolute judicial sentence of depreciation. All these allowances may amount to five hundred and fifty or six hundred millions. These millions constitute the valley that had to be filled to the brim before the surplus could enter ruinously into your own house. How far off may be that consummation, I do not pretend to say. Certainly not very far. The Russian, the Californian, and the Australian, added to some other more trivial contributions from parts of Africa, from the island of Borneo, &c., cannot now yield much under seventy-five millions sterling per annum. About one hundred and fifty millions, therefore, are added biennially; and four such biennial contributions would produce the entire sum wanted, as the vacuum to be filled up. But already, some years ago, this filling up had commenced; and, previously to *that*, the stock of gold locked up in ornamental articles was already very large. Upon *any* calculation, near indeed we must stand, fatally near, to the epoch at which, pretty suddenly, all further demand for gold must cease.

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* And this in cases where the use or office of the article must be strictly vicarious and substitutional. But in large classes of things, as, for instance, children's toys, gifts of affection, parting memorials, ornaments for mantlepieces, or brackets, &c., a large range of substitution is possible when the function of the article may be totally different. A watch, for instance, may be presented by substitution for a fan; or a porcelain vase for a brace of pistols.

Upon you it is—you, the opposers of this view—that the *onus* rests of showing into what shape the demand for gold will transmigrate, when once it shall have been thoroughly satisfied and gorged in all shapes which hitherto it has assumed. How romantically impossible any new shape must be, will appear from this one consideration. At the time when the Californian mines were discovered, how was it that the world got on as respected its gold wants? Tell me, you that dispose so lightly of the whole threatening catastrophe, Was or was not the produce of the Russian Ural Mountains, added to other more trivial sources, sufficient (when combined with the vast *accumulated* stock long ago in the universal gold markets) for the total purposes of this terraqueous globe? Was it, or was it not? No evasions, if you please. If it was—hearken to the dilemma which besieges you—then how are you simple enough to suppose that the same planet which found six or seven millions as much as its annual necessities could absorb, should suddenly become able to digest seventy-five millions? If, on the other hand, it was *not* sufficient—if you endeavor to explain some small fraction of the marvel by alleging that, in fact, the Ural product of gold was not measured by the capacity of the earth to absorb, but by the limited power of Russia to produce—then I demand why it was that the Ural price of gold did not steadily increase? Had more gold been wanted by the earth, more could readily have been furnished by Russia, upon a very small advance in the price. Precisely because this advance of price was not forthcoming—that is to say, precisely because the supply was fully up to the demand—we obtain the clearest evidence that all the Californian and Australian gold has spent itself upon no necessity of ordinary annual recurrence—upon no demand that can last—but upon filling up extraordinary chasms that cannot repeat themselves—such, for instance, as replacing silver or paper currencies with gold; and, therefore, that, when that service is fulfilled—which is the only service of a large national nature than can still be in any degree unsatisfied—thenceforward, of mere necessity, we descend again into that condition of limited demand which for years had been met sufficiently by the Russian supply of five or six millions sterling per annum.

For, now, if you question this, and fancy that the Australian supply of gold is, by some unspeakable process, to create a demand for itself, tell us how, and illustrate the shape which this new demand will take. Do not fence with the clouds, but come down to earth. You cannot deny that, two years ago, when we had no Australian gold, the goldsmiths of this earth did very well without it. Say not a word, therefore, of the Californian gold; every ounce of Australian gold, were there no other addition, should logically be so much more than is wanted. How, then, do you suppose that it is eventually to be disposed of? Because, until we know this, we cannot pretend to know whether it is a laughing matter or a crying matter. As to fancying that Australian gold will continue to force a market for itself, you cannot seriously suppose that a man, who never thought of buying a gold watch or other trinket when such articles were made of Uralian gold, will suddenly conceive a fancy for such an article, simply because the gold is raised in an English colony, and, though no cheaper, has, by its redundant production, ceased to impress the imagination. If it were really true that gold, because it was dug up in extra quantities, could therefore command an extra market, why not apply the same theory to iron, to coals, or to calico? A comfortable doctrine it would be for the English manufacturer, that, in proportion as he increased his production, he could extend his market; i. e., could extend his market precisely as he overstocked it. And yet, of all things, gold could least benefit by such a forced increase. Calico might be substituted for linen cloth, iron in many applications for wood, coal for turf; but gold can be substituted for nothing. If a man resolves to substitute a gold watch for a silver one, surely his motive for doing so is not because gold is produced in one latitude or one longitude, having previously been produced in another. It is very clear that, long before California or Australia had been heard of, no man who wished for a gold watch had any difficulty in obtaining it, if only he could *pay* for it; and that little part of the ceremony, I presume, he must submit to even now.

Why, yes—certainly he must pay for it; but here dawns upon us the real and sincere fancy of the advantage worked by the new gold diggings—some confused notions arise that he will pay less. But, then, exactly in that proportion falls away the motive for undergoing the preternatural labor of the diggings. Even this, however, will not avail; for so costly is gold, under any conceivable advantages for cheapening it, that, even at one-half or one-quarter of the price, gold trinkets would not come within the reach of any class so much more extended than the class now purchasing such articles, as to meet, within a thousand degrees, the increased produce of gold. In articles of absolute homely use, it is clear that gold never can be substituted for less costly metals. Ornamental gold articles, on the other hand, are in their total possible range (considering that they do not perish from year to year) ludicrously below the scale which could do anything for the relief of our Australian gold. It is not, therefore, only that the monstrous and hyperbolical excess of gold, as measured against any conceivable use or application of gold, would terminate in forcing down the price of gold to a point at which it would no longer furnish any encouragement whatever to the gold-digger; but, even at this abject price, (or at any price whatever,) gold would cease to command a market. It is natural enough that the poor simpletons, who are at the diggings, or are hurrying thither like kites to carrion, should be the dupes of the old fantastic superstition which invests the precious metals with some essential and indefeasible divinity. But the conductors of great national journals should have known better; and, if they do really entertain the conceit that gold must always be gold, (that is, must have some mysterious value apart and separate from any use which it can realize,) in that case they ought to have traced the progress of a gold nugget, weighing, suppose, a pound, through the markets of the world, under the condition that all their markets are plethorically overstocked.

Some such case has been pressed, apparently, on the attention of men lately, and the answer—the desperate answer which I understand to have been extorted—was this, it was contended that the mere market for female ornaments throughout Hindostan would suffice to provide a vent for the Australian surplus through many years to come. Now, this allegation might easily be disposed of in one sentence, viz. thus: If the Hindoo women are able and willing to pay the existing price for gold —viz.: from seventy to seventy-five shillings per ounce—why did they *not* pay it long before Californian digging arose? Russia would *always* have furnished them gold at that price. How is it, then, that they are in any want of gold ornaments? Russia would gladly have received an order for an annual excess of two million ounces. The dilemma is apparently not to be evaded: either these Hindoo women cannot afford the price of gold ornaments, or, on the other hand, they *have* afforded it, and are already possessed of such ornaments. However, that I may not be said to have evaded any possible argument, let us review the statistics of the case:—First of all, it is *Hindoo* women of whom we are speaking; and probably, therefore, twenty millions of *Mohammedans*—i. e., ten millions of females—should be subtracted from the population of India. But waive this, and call the total population one hundred millions. I distrust these random computations altogether; but let that pass. The families, therefore, may count for fifty millions. Now, more than one-half of the human race are under the age of fifteen. It is true, that, in a country where many a woman marries at twelve, the age for ornaments must be dated from a much earlier period. Yet, again, as decay commences at an age correspondingly even more premature, possibly, it would not be unfair to deduct one-half as the sum of those who fall below or rise above the age for personal ornaments. However, on this and other distinct grounds, deduct only ten millions; and suppose fifteen millions of the remaining forty to be already in possession of such ornaments. There remain, therefore, twenty-five millions as the supposed available market for gold. Now, according to what I remember of Dr. Buchanan's very elaborate statistics applied to the Mysore territory, and taking this as the standard, I should hold one ounce of gold to be a large allowance for each individual female; for, when alloyed into jeweler's gold, this would be equal to four ounces' weight. On that basis, the market of India would take off twenty-five million ounces of gold. But, if we are to believe the current reports, within the last twelve months the Australian diggings produced about fifteen million ounces of gold, reckoned locally at nearly seventy shillings an ounce. Next year, naturally, the product will be much larger; and in one year, therefore, on the most liberal allowance, all India would be adequately supplied with gold by Australia alone; and, as gold does not perish, this would not be a *recurrent* demand. Once satisfied, that call would be made no more; once filled, that chasm would not again be empty. And what is to become of the Australian gold in the year succeeding? Are we to have spades and plowshares of gold? These two results will very soon unfold themselves: first this, viz., that without reference to the depreciation of gold—not stopping to ask upon what scale *that* would move, suppose it little, or suppose it much—alike in any result the possibility of finding new extension of market for gold, under the exhaustion of all conceivable extensions applied to its uses in the arts, must, by such flying steps, approach its final limit, that in that way separately a headlong depreciation must overtake us without warning.*

Secondly, another depreciation, from another quarter, will arise to complicate and to intensify this primary depreciation. The sudden cessation of the *demand*, from mere defect of further uses and purposes, will of itself establish a sudden lock in the clockwork of the commercial movement. But of a nature altogether different, and more gigantic in its scale, will be the depreciation from inhuman and maniacal excesses.

I add a few paragraphs as my closing remarks; and, in order to mark their disconnection with each other, I number them with figures: they all grow out of the subject, but do not arise consecutively out of each other.

1. On this day, (Thursday, December 16th, 1852,) being the day when I put a close to these remarks, I have just received the *Times* newspaper for Monday, Decem-

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* "*Without warning:*"—The mistake is to imagine that the retrogression must travel through stages corresponding to the movement in advance; but it is forgotten that, even if so—even upon that very assumption—the movement would *not* be leisurely, but, on the contrary, fearfully and frantically fast. What a storm-flight has been the forward motion of the gold development! People forget *that*. But they also forget altogether the other consideration, which I have suggested under the image of an interposing valley needing to be filled up; which necessity of course retarded for two or three years, and so long, therefore, masked and concealed the true velocity of the impending evil. If an enemy is obliged to move underground in order to approach one's assailable points, during all this hidden advance, it is inevitable to forget the steps that are at once out of sight and inaudible.

ber 13th, 1852, and in that paper I observe two things: First, that the *San Francisco Herald* reports the exportation of gold as amounting probably to five and a-half millions of dollars for the month then current (November;) and that this is given as likely to be the representative export, is plain from what precedes; for, says the *Herald*, "The production, instead of falling off, (as croakers long ago predicted,) seems to be steadily on the increase." Here we find a yearly export of more than fourteen millions sterling, announced joyfully as something that may be depended upon. And, in the midst of such insane exultation, of course we need not be surprised that "a *croaker*" means—not the man that looks forward with horror to the ruin contingent upon such a prophecy being realized—but upon him who doubts it. Secondly, I observe that in a brief notice of the translation published by Mr. Hankey, jun., from M. Leon Faucher's "Remarks on the Production of the Precious Metals," there is extracted one paragraph, the first which has ever met my eye, taking the same view as myself of the dangers a-head, though in a tone far below the urgency of the case. "I can hardly agree," says Mr. Hankey, "that there is so little ground for alarm as to a depreciation in the value of gold, in consequence of the late discoveries." He then goes on to assign reasons for his own fears. But, as he actually allows a considerable weight among the grounds of his fears to the few hundred thousand of sovereigns sent out to Australia, with the view of meeting the momentary deficiency in coin, and which (as he rightly observes) will soon be returning upon us and aggravating the domestic glut, anybody taking *my* view will naturally infer the exceeding inadequacy of his fears to the real danger. The sovereign will prove a mere drop in the ocean.[*] On this same day, I have read letters from Australia, announcing further vast discoveries of gold, viz., at a distance of about twenty miles from Adelaide. The same accounts confirm what I cited earlier in this paper as the probable annual amount from Australia—*previously to this last discovery*—as reaching fifty-one or fifty-two millions sterling *per annum*, by showing that in eleven months, viz., from October, 1851, to September, 1852, the export shipped from *Victoria alone* had been ten millions sterling. Between California and Australia, supposing the present rates of production to continue, within three years the earth would be deluged with gold. It is true that a sudden crash will intercept the consummation, but in a way that will work ruin to more nations than one.

2. Why is it that we speak with mixed astonishment and disgust, horror and laughter struggling for the mastery, of the mania which possessed the two leaders of civilization, (so by all the world they are entitled,) England and France, London and Paris, about one hundred and thirty years back? The South Sea Bubble, among the English in 1718–19—the Mississippi Bubble among the French in 1720—wherefore is it that we marvel at them? that we write books about them? that we expose them in colors of pity and scorn to our children of this generation? In simple truth, we are as gross fools as our ancestors; and indeed grosser. For, after all, the loss was local and partial at that time. Not one family in ten thousand suffered materially; but, as things are now proceeding, none will escape, for the ruin will steal upon us in a form not at first perceived. *It is already stealing upon us.* But why, I ask, would any prudent man—any reflecting man—have seen through the bubbles of our ancestors? My answer is this:—Such a man would have scented the fraud in the very names. The Mississippi!—the South Sea! Why the lies of Falstaff were not more gross, or more overflowing with self-refutation. The Mississippi was at this time a desert, requiring a century at least, and a vast impulse of colonization, to make it capable of any produce at all. The South Sea was a solitary wilderness, from which (unless in blubber and spermaceti) not a hundred pounds' worth of any valuable commodity could have been exported. Both were mines of pure emptiness—not mines exhausted; there never had been anything to exhaust. And, in fact, I remember nothing in all comedy, or universal farce, that can match these two hoaxes upon London and Paris, unless it

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[*] Mr. Hankey, meantime, happens to be governor of the bank, and that being so, his opinion will have weight. That is all I ask. the tendencies we coincide: the only differ- e is as to the degree. And for *that* the lian exports of gold will soon speak enough.

were a scene which I remember in one of Took's afterpieces. He introduces a political *quidnunc*, possessed by the Athenian mania of hunting eternally after some new thing. His name, if I recollect, is Gregory Gazette. And, in one scene, where some pecuniary fraud is to be executed, Sir Gregory is persuaded into believing that the pope has, by treaty, consented to turn Protestant, upon being put into possession of Nova Zembla, and selected sections of Greenland. Was there anything less monstrous than this in the French or the English craze of 1718–20? Or is there anything less monstrous in our present reliance on the Hindoo women for keeping up the price of gold?

3. I need not say, to any man who reflects, that fifty such populations as that of Hindostan, or even of Europe, (which means a very different thing,) would not interrupt the depreciation of gold, or retard it for two years, under the assumption of an influx on its present scale. M. Cavalier, a great authority in France on all questions of this nature, has supposed it possible that the depreciation might go down as far as fifty per cent. on its present price; though, why it should stop *there*, no man can guess. Even, however, at that price, or in round expressions, costing forty shillings an ounce, it will yet be eight times the price of silver; and one moment's consideration will suggest to us the hopelessness of any material retardation to this fall, by any extended use of gold for decorations in dress, houses, &c., through the simple recollection, that all the enormous advantages of a price eight times lower has not availed to secure any further extension to the ornamental use of silver. Silver is much more beautiful than gold, in combination with the other accompaniments of a table such as purple, and golden, and amber-colored wines, light of candles, glass, &c. Silver is susceptible of higher workmanship; silver is worked much more cheaply; and yet with five shillings an ounce to start from, instead of forty, services of silver plate are, even yet, in the most luxurious of cities, the rarest of domestic ornaments. One cause of this may be that silver, as a service for the dinner-table, finds a severe rival in the exquisite beauty of porcelain; but that rival it will continue to find; and, in such a rivalship, gold would be beaten hollow by any one of the competitors, even if it had the advantage of starting on the same original level as to price.

4. But, finally, there occurs to you as a last resource, when dinner-services and Hindoo women are all out of the field, the *currencies* of the earth. Yes: there it is, you think, that the diggings will find their asylum of steady support. Unhappily, my reader, instead of support, through that channel it is that we shall receive our ruin. Were it not for currencies, nobody would be ruined but the diggers, and their immediate agents. But, as most of these were ruined at starting, they would at worst end as they began. The misery is, that most nations, misconceiving the result altogether, have already furnished themselves with gold currencies. These, on the mistake being discovered, will hurry back into the market. Then the glut will be prodigiously aggravated; but in that way only can the evil be in part evaded. If gold continued with ourselves to be a compulsory and statutable payment, and our funded proprietors were still paid in gold, every family would be ruined. For, if nominally these proprietors are but about three hundred thousand, we must remember that many a single proprietor, appearing only as one name, virtually represents tens of thousands—bankers for instance—charitable institutions—insurance officers, &c. So wide a desolation could not by any device of man reach so vast a body of helpless interests. The first step to be taken would be to repeal the statute which makes gold a legal tender for sums above forty shillings; and, at the same time, to rescind the mint regulations. The depreciation will not express itself openly, so long as these laws are in force. At this moment, in Staffordshire and Warwickshire, within the last six weeks, iron and coal have risen cent. per cent. Part of the cause lies beyond a doubt in the depreciation of gold; and this would declare itself, were gold no longer current under legal coercion.

P. S.—WRITTEN ON JANUARY 27, 1853.

More than a calendar month has elapsed since the proof of this article was sent to me. Two facts have transpired in the interval, viz., the return of the steamer called the Australian, confirming the romantic estimates previously received: the single colony of Victoria yielding, according to the careful interpretation of the London *Standard*, at the present rate, twenty-five millions sterling per annum. The other noticeable fact is the general survey, on New-year's-day, by the *Times*' *city* reporter, of the prospects for the current year, 1853. He pronounces that there is "no cloud" to darken our anticipations; or, if any, only through political convulsions, contingent, by possibility, on the crazy moneyed speculations afloat in Paris. The superfluous gold he supposes to be got rid of by various *investments;* though he himself notices the nugatoriness of any investment that simply shifts the gold from one holder to another. No possible investment can answer any purpose of even *mitigating* the evils in arrear, unless in so far as it does really and substantially *absorb* the gold, *i. e.*, *withdraw it from circulation* by locking it up in some article of actual service in that identical form of gold. To invest, for instance, in the funds, is simply to transfer the gold from the buyer of the stock to the seller; and so of all other pretended "*investments*," unless really and truly they withdraw the gold from circulation and from commercial exchange. Meantime, the solitary hope is that the gold quarries may soon be exhausted.

THE FIRM OF MESSRS. SPINNERS & CO.

It is the middle of October; the days are shorter than the nights, and admonitory symptoms of approaching winter are perceptible in the chilly atmosphere. In our little suburban garden things have within the last few weeks assumed a new appearance; the flowerets are dying or dead, and the walks are covered with brown leaves, sodden with the showers of day-time and the dews of night. With the exception of one laggard nasturtium, which droops its head abashed, like a tardy guest arrived after the feast is over, not a single blossom is to be seen worth looking at. The starry chrysanthemum has not yet condescended to come forth; she waits until the night of winter shall have set in, when she will shine alone. A few cloudy and rainy days have prevented our usual morning "turn in the garden;" and we are struck with the remarkable change that has taken place. Yet it is one which we have often noticed as regularly occurring at this time of the year—not the falling of the leaves, the withering of the flowers, and such-like autumnal maifestations—we do not refer to these, but to a phenomenon invariably accompanying them, though much less generally observed. To describe the change we refer to in a few words—our little floral paradise is suddenly transformed into the manufactory, or rather the slaughter-house of the firm of Messrs. Spinners & Co. These long-legged gentry, commonly known as garden spiders, have taken possession of it *en masse;* and, with a grand and manifold display of geometric talent, have hung out their all but invisible banners in every direction. From every bush, and herb, and withering flower; from every projecting twig of the vine, where the small black grapes are ripening slowly, to perish by the first frost ere they are worth the gathering; from every creeper on the wall, and every dry stick stuck upright in the mold, there hangs a dew-fringed iris-colored disk of net-work, brilliant this damp morning with all the hues of the rainbow; and each one guarded in the center, or it may be in the cavity of a neighboring leaf, which he has cabled up in the form of a cylinder, by a black, motionless, and big-bellied member of the Spinners' Company. The insects have had it all their own way in the garden during the long summer months; and now the spiders are taking *their* turn. There is, however, no necessity for attributing to the tribe of spinners the virtue of abstinence during the hot months. They are an industrious fraternity, and they have done as much business as they could. But now is their especial business-season; they always rejoice in an influx of custom just as the watering-places go out of fashion, and comfortable people begin to pack themselves up for the winter. They live by carrying on war against the insect races; and their strategy is that of a cunning general, who defers his grand attack until the foe is already weakened by famine or adverse circumstances. In October, Mr. Moth is as drowsy as a glutton after dinner, and as feeble as a medical patient under a dose of morphia. Mr. Bluebottle, too, is in a state of lackadaisical bewilderment, and spends half the day on the sunny side of a wall, rubbing his nose with his criss-crossed feelers, feeling in all his pockets with all his legs, and wondering apparently what is to turn up next. Our venerable friend, old father Longlegs, is grown a complete cripple; his six spindle shanks transformed into a set of unmanageable crutches, upon which he hobbles with a most ungenteel gait when his failing wings can no longer support him in the air. As for the rabble of gnats and house flies, and such small deer, having made no sort of provision for the winter which they feel coming upon them, their hearts are dying within them, and they are completely at their wits' end. Now, then, the Messrs. Spinners, like prudent managers, "come out strong." They step forth in the shape of an armed intervention to settle the affairs of embarrassed gentlemen who have got into difficulties through want of prudence during the "long vacation." They issue their *capias ad respondendum* in the appropriate form of an invisible net; and no sooner does the suit thus commenced result in a *habeas corpus*, than—how unlike the torturing progress of human litigation—there is an end of the case at once—*habeas corpus* being the consummation of all processes in the Spinners' court of law.

Before taking a nearer glance at the doings of the formidable and ferocious fraternity of spiders, it may be as well to look for a moment at the apparatus with which they are provided to insnare their winged victims. Everybody is familiar with the appearance of the spider's web; but everybody is not aware that, though composed of threads so minute as to be almost invisible, and singly barely visible to the touch, yet each of these threads is a combination of as many or more strands as go to the composition of the strongest ship's cable. The spider's spinning apparatus is situated in the lower part of the abdomen, and consists of four minute barrel-shaped spinnerets, and, beneath them, a pair of jointed feeler-like appendages. The extremity of each of the two upper spinnerets is a flattened circumference, pierced with innumerable holes like a colander, through each of which a filament is drawn during the formation of a thread. The construction of the two lower spinnerets is different; for although these are in like manner perforated with numerous apertures resembling those of the upper ones, they are also provided with prominent tubes, from each of which a thread is likewise furnished. Within the body of the spider are a number of bags filled with liquid silk, which at the pleasure of the insect can be made to exude through the orifices above described. When, therefore, the creature wishes to form a rope, it simply applies the ends of its spinnerets to a fixed object, and drawing a filament of fluid silk through every pore, its line of course consists of so many threads as there are holes in the perforated plates of its four barrel-like colanders. The spider is further capable of spinning ropes of different qualities. It has been ascertained that the spiral lines of the garden-spinner's net are both highly adhesive and elastic, while the radii and the boundary-line are inadhesive, and but slightly elastic. A little reflection will suggest the reason why the spider has been provided with a rope of such complex construction, while in the case of other insects a single thread drawn from the orifice of a single tube is sufficient for all the required purposes. The silk, it must be remembered, is in a fluid state in the body of either insect. The slow-moving caterpillar, as it leisurely produces its silken cord, gives time enough for the fluid of which it is formed to harden by degrees, as it issues by installments from the labial pipe; but the habits of the spider require a very different mode of proceeding, as its line must be *instantly* converted from a fluid into a strong rope, or it would be of no use to bind the captive prey. It is for this reason, doubtless, that his rope is subdivided into numerous filaments, so attenuated as we have seen them to be, that no time is lost in the drying; and that they at once harden into solidity ready for immediate service. The feet of the spider are constructed upon a plan singularly suitable to his circumstances. Each foot is armed with strong horny claws furnished along their under surface with bent teeth. By means of this apparatus he is able to dispose of his rope as it issues from the spinnerets; and also to suspend himself by an almost invisible line, which he can coil up or let out at pleasure, with a readiness and facility perfectly marvelous to witness.

We will now, with the reader's permission, return to our friends in the garden, and see what they are about. Here is a fine portly spinner, with a back of Vandyke-brown, varied with gray and bright yellow spots; he hangs "quiet as a stone" in the center of his broad net, suspended mainly by his front pair of legs, as you can see by the extra tension of the elastic cross-bars upon which he bears the most of his weight. You see as we touch with this straw the outer bounding line and the long ropes, more than a yard in length, which strengthen the whole fabric, and fasten it to the wall on one side and the rose-tree on the other, that we do not disturb him; at least he takes no notice. Observe, too, that the straw comes readily away from these straight lines; you may touch any of the radii in any part without injuring the web; but if we touch either of the spiral lines, it adheres to the straw, and the web is rent in withdrawing it. There! the experiment has disturbed the spinner; he apprehends danger, and is making off; he is not, however, much frightened, and merely shelters himself in the cavity of a curled leaf until we shall have passed on, when he will come back again.

But come this way! here we are just in time to witness a battle-royal; but it will be one of cunning and confidence against rashness and despair. An over-gorged flesh-fly is caught by the shoulder of one wing, in the viscid and elastic web which a crafty spinner has carried, by the aid of a projecting twig, above the level of the garden wall. He is thrashing away with all his might, agitating the vine-leaves to which the net is fastened, and has already rent away several square inches of the snare. Master Spinner, however, is darting round him in every direction, with the rapidity of an arrow, and with an agility of which you would not have thought his heavy body capable. Now the thrashing noise is hushed; that frantic wing which occasioned it is bound down with a dozen invisible threads strong as death, and veritable bands of fate to the luckless captive. Still he does not give it up; but struggles manfully with his legs and with convulsive throes of his body, that threaten to shake the web to pieces. Mr. Spinner now runs to the other side of his net, and confronts the kicking legs. He knows well enough what to do with them. A few turns backward and forward, and the recalcitrant members are fixed as firmly in the stocks as if a parish beadle had been employed for the purpose. The struggles of the poor captive are reduced now to a series of agonizing throes and heavings with his body, expressive of the horrible anticipation of his fast-impending fate. The executioner, however, soon relieves him from his despairing agonies. Placing himself face to face with the pinioned victim, and in a manner embracing him, as it were, with his fatal arms, he plunges the sharp fangs of his murderous mouth into his breast, and sucks the life-blood from his quivering body. But all, be it remarked, is by no means over; it is now between nine and ten in the morning; the slaughtering spinner has insnared and subdued his victim, and has settled himself down to the enjoyment of a feast which will endure the best part of the live-long day. If you come again at four or five o'clock in the afternoon, it is ten to one but you will find him sucking away at the shrunken and exhausted carcass. So soon as it is drained dry, and no longer of any use to the spider, he will sever the confining threads, and the first breath of wind that blows will clear his web of the empty shell.

Let us leave him to his enjoyment, which, sanguinary as it is, it is not clear that we have any right to disturb, and pay a little attention to the operations of his neighbor, Spinner No. 2, who happens to be overloaded with business, having to attend upon two customers at once. A lively blue-bottle and a common house-fly have both blundered into the snare together. Mr. Spinner, who does business very much upon the system prevalent in human establishments, attends first upon the personage of most importance. The blustering blue-bottle, always a noisy and pretentious fellow, and now in a state of especial fury, is speedily reduced to the rules of good behavior by the delicate restraints which Mr. Spinner knows so well how to administer. Being well swaddled up, like a kicking baby after a cold bath, he is left for a few minutes to plunge about as he best can, while Spinner turns his attention to the house-fly, who, being a customer in a much smaller way, is not honored by any very protracted ceremony. It is not worth while to waste any of his valuable web upon a victim who has not strength to resist; so he takes him at once in his arms, just as we have sometimes seen a very small child take a very big pitcher in both hands to drink from it, and drains him dry with a few sucks. Having thus whetted his appetite, he is off again to the blue-bottle, to whose mortal struggles he puts a speedy end, *secundum artem*.

The next member of this prosperous company with whom we have to deal is an impudent fellow who has built up his geometrical trap right in our path, fencing off the whole gravel-walk, and blocking up our way as though he had laid himself out to catch a blue-jacket instead of a blue-bottle. We shall teach him manners and modesty; and shall act upon the law in such cases made and provided, and which was laid down long ago by Cowper in The Task. With just such fellows as these spinners in his eye, the poet says:—

> "If man's convenience, health,
> Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
> Are paramount and must extinguish theirs."

There! that's as good as "crowner's quest law," and we shall proceed to enforce it; but seeing that it is doubtful whether, under present circumstances, the bard, who had a tender heart, would have doomed the intruder to death, we shall give him the benefit of the doubt, and content ourselves with watching how he will behave himself when his handiwork is destroyed. Presto! with a couple of whirls of our walking-stick the whole wondrous web has disappeared, being wound round the top of it. Quick as thought, poor Spinner, struck with mortal fear, has swung himself down to the ground, and showing four fair pairs of heels, is scuttling, straddling, and scrambling away as fast as he can get over the ground. But now mark the marvelous sagacity of the creature: he seems to know that his liberal display of long legs in helter-skelter motion is more likely to attract attention, which may be death to him, than no motion at all. He seems to know, too—in fact he does know, there is no doubt of it—that he is himself of a dark brown, almost a black color, while the gravel upon which he has alighted is nearer to a light yellow. What does he do? Look at him! he scampers by the nearest possible route off the light-colored gravel to the little fringe of brown mold beneath the box-border; and then suddenly drawing in and concealing every one of his long legs as effectually as if he had pocketed them, he throws himself upon his back, and simulates a small pebble or lump of mold so perfectly, that you would never dream that he was anything else, if you had not watched the maneuver. Let him alone, however, and he will turn to his feet before long, and steal off, all the wiser for his experience, and construct a new snare in a safer place.

But we pass on to another member of the firm, who has got a job in hand for which it is pretty plain—though he is the biggest we have seen yet—that he has no stomach. What makes him stand aloof upon the boundary-line of his web, under a rose-leaf, watching the devastation of his labors without moving a finger to prevent it? Ha, ha! he has caught a Tartar. A poor, half-starved, half-frozen, miserable outcast of a wasp has wandered unconsciously into the trap, and Mr. Spinner, for divers good and sufficient reasons, declines to welcome the unwished-for guest. Some how or other, he does not relish the look of him; perhaps he smells daggers, and knows that marauder wasp wears a weapon; at any rate, he gives him a wide berth, and looks quietly on while one strand after another of his filmy edifice is rent away, and the whole is going fast into ruin. Whiz! the wasp is off at last, and away with him flies the best half of the interior portion of the web, leaving a wreck of broken ropes dangling in the air, which will furnish employment for Mr. Spinner for the next hour in repairing them.

The next web that we come to appears to be deserted by its owner; but on a careful search we discover him comfortably sheltered in one of the leaves of the vine, which he has transformed by means of some hundreds of cables judiciously applied into a neat penthouse impervious to the rain, having drawn the edges of the leaf together, and bound them down in the shape of a green funnel closed at one end, the other opening toward his snare. There he is inside clasping in his deadly arms a poor lady-bird who never got into his web, but whom he doubtless hunted down in foray among the vine-leaves. But look here! Here is a spectacle far more remarkable. Another of these cormorant garden-spinners has abandoned his web for a time; and, at a distance of nearly a foot from it, is standing upon the level arena of a broad leaf, measuring with his eye the thews and sinews of a hunting-spider quite as large as himself, with the exception of his unwieldy belly. The hunter, a lean, savage, and active fellow, is determined upon the attack. He flies at his breast with the rapidity of a shot, and retreats again as rapidly, having perhaps inflicted a slight scratch or wound. He repeats the attack a dozen times, and a dozen times escapes the spinner's attempt to grapple him. Spinner, not apparently relishing these repeated thrusts, draws in his legs, and, reared on end, presents them, woven into a kind of basket-work, as a shield to the assaults of the enemy; at the same time he counterfeits fear, and retreats a full inch nearer to his web. The hunter, too, takes up new ground, and renews his attacks with greater audacity, wearying himself with fruitless headlong assaults. At length he pauses for a moment to take breath. Now is the spinner's opportunity; he plunges upon him with out-stretched arms; the other rears up to receive him; their sixteen hairy limbs are locked fast in the death-struggle,—kicking, biting, twisting, writhing, and plunging, over and over,—it seems for a few minutes doubtful as to which is the better man; but the web of the spinner—like the net of the gladiator in the circus of old Rome—decides the battle. You can see a complete cloud of thin gauze-like threads issuing from Spinner's ropery, in which the poor hunter becomes soon so completely wrapped up that his struggles are no longer discernible. The battle is over; and the victor taking his prey, in the shape of a gray bundle almost as big as himself in his arms, hurries with it to the center of his web, and, like a greedy cannibal as he is, addresses himself at once to the feast of blood.

We can notice but the doings of one more member of this celebrated firm. He, beyond all the others, is most fortunate this morning, having just made a grand catch of a monster daddy-longlegs, which we should imagine is of all fish the biggest that comes to the spider's net. Further, he is a sort of insect whom having once caught, there is no danger of losing again. There are many of the larger insects which, like the flesh-fly and the blue-bottle, would burst away from the spider's snare in a very few seconds, were it not for the toils which are instantly wound round them by the watchful hunter. Not so with the crane-fly or father-longlegs: the more he kicks and plunges about with his unwieldy shanks, and flusters with his gauze-like wings, the deeper he gets into it, and the less chance there is of his escape. Mr. Spinner still does not neglect him on that account; but he sets about his business with more deliberation, and with far more appearance at least of system, than strikes us in his dealings with the others. You observe that he walks round him at a considerable distance; and, if you watch him closely, you will see that the long legs of the struggling creature become bound down one at a time, parallel with and close to his writhing body, until the whole six are thus securely bestowed. The wings are fast glued to the viscid cross-lines of the web. The poor wretch still twists and turns his long trunk in the toils; and all the while the spider is wrapping it up in a shroud of web-work, until it is as completely covered as was ever the mummy of Cheops in the great Egyptian pyramid. Not till the whole of this business is carefully performed, and poor daddy, buried alive, has assumed the aspect of a chrysalis in his silken cocoon, does the spinner pause in his work, or deign to inflict the deadly wound.

The garden-spiders rarely build their snares very high; a distance of from three to five feet above the ground seems to be their average range, though occasionally they are met with much higher. This precaution is perhaps taken on account of the birds. Be this as it may, we have seen a hungry cock-robin dart at a fly while the spider was dealing with him, and carry him off with spinner dangling below. It is curious that, though the garden-spider devours gnats, there is a larger species of fly which, though it often becomes entangled in his web, he never touches, but leaves to struggle out of it if he can, or to die of starvation if he cannot; we have watched them, and have known them for days together in the snare, and have often released them alive without disturbing the spider from his lair. The fly we speak of is small, and exceedingly elegant in shape; and so infinitesimally light, that it will walk about leisurely, as we have seen it do, upon the convex surfaces of the bubbles swimming on porter, without breaking them.

The operations of the firm of Messrs. Spinners & Co. continue but for a short period, which is always very much dependent upon the state of the weather. Jack Frost is the grand wholesale dealer in insect life. His approach strikes them dumb; and then the spinners shut up shop, and retire to their winter retreats.

The spiders have but a very indifferent character among naturalists. They are stigmatized as murderers throughout their whole career; but they have their favorable qualities, or at least *one* quality of this character. If the female sometimes devours her husband—as she will do, if he dares approach her when she is not in a good humor—she is, on the other hand, devoted to her offspring: she lugs them about with her wherever she goes, so long as they are unable to provide for themselves; and rather than forsake them she will die in their defense.[*]

[For the National Magazine.]

THE PRISONER OF GIZORS.

BY THE REV. M. TRAFTON.

"EVERY visitor at Gizors or *Givors*, in Normandy, has been struck with the remarkable chiseling on the vault of the dungeon, a *figure of Christ on the cross*, cut on the only place illuminated by the straggling rays from without. It is said to have been done by a state prisoner long confined there, whose only implements were a *nail and a stone*."

Gizors, thy dark and moldy walls
Hold records of the shrouded past,
Such as the stoutest heart appalls,
While fearful visions gather fast:
The dripping stones, the rusty chain,
Murmur of days and years of pain,
Such sorrows as the brain will fire,
When youth's fresh visions all expire,
When life a crushing burden proves,
'Midst wildest memories, withering loves,
The wrecks of all we trusted when
We walk'd with false, but smiling men.
O, who that lingers on this spot,
Has ever banish'd or forgot
The sickening sense of wrong which gave
A man, a brother, to this grave;
How slowly, hour by hour, that heart
Throbb'd fainter, feebler, loth to part
With life, yet wishing every breath
Might bring the last, the best friend, death!
While still around him in the gloom,
That fill'd with night his living tomb,
Came forms and faces of the hour,
When, bless'd with freedom and with power,
He revel'd in life's lingering dream,
And was again what he had been;
Oft starting from sleep's troubled thrall,
Upon his ear sweet accents fall,
Of well-remember'd tones which rung
Upon the harp that childhood strung,
And, trooping on, came those he loved,
As on through youth's bright path he roam'd;
But came to mock: his feet he gains,
And wakes—the rattling of his chains
Recalls his scatter'd thoughts; he knows
A prisoner to the grave he goes.
Prisoner of Gizors, not to thee,
In thy long, dark captivity,
Come morning joy or morning ray
As to the free comes smiling day,
With life, and hope, and pride of power,
But rather at the twilight hour,
Sad and uncertain, pain'd and grieved,
As hope comes to a soul bereaved,
Struggling to roll the clouds away,
And bid the moody passions play
With youthful vigor, stirring power,
As when life was one blissful hour.
Thine was a weary waiting night,
Within that house of death, where light
Was doled to thee with niggard hand,
As food, when famine o'er the land
Spreads its o'ershadowing wing:
Tyrants in unlicensed power,
Grudged thee the light that marks an hour,
As though 't was not God's blessed gift,
Who bids his sun his mantle lift,
And cast its dazzling folds on all
Alike, upon this whirling ball,
Till hills and valleys sing.
O tyrant powers, who joy to give
Pains, pangs, and poverty, who live
On brothers' blood and sisters' tears,
Whose hopes are fed by others' fears,
Who music make of shrieks and groans,
And gloat o'er scenes of carnage red,
Of reeking cords and crushed homes,
Where human hearts have burst and bled.
How can ye deem yourselves to be
Human, while making misery?
Might mocks at right, and power combats
With fiendish rage God's freeborn souls,
By rack and torture, made to bend,
And yield a right we should defend,
Home, hearts, and altars: vain the strife,
We yield to power and loathe our life;
And such may he who in thy gloom,
Gizors, sat withering in his tomb,
And left on that unconscious stone,
Where light just glimmer'd and was gone,
An impress of his inmost soul,
The thoughts which his whole life control,
An image of the meek and just,
In that pale, speaking marble bust,
The toil of years. He long'd to see
Christ in his mortal agony;
His was a heart which grief had strung,
His was a soul which wrong had wrung;
With wrongs, and griefs, and chains oppress'd,
With anguish rankling in his breast,
With blasted hopes and faded eye,
He turns his troubled thoughts on high:
Vain his appeal to man is made,
His hope deferr'd, his trust betray'd,
He bows beneath his chastening rod,
His last appeal he makes to God!
O Calvary! then thy shadows gave
Light to the captive's living grave;
Thy rending rocks, thy rayless gloom,
Thy startling cry, thy closing tomb,
Came to his heart like pulse of life,
And gave him victory in the strife.
One ray of light, all else was gone,
Shone from the cross; it drew him on

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[*] Young readers are apt to be perplexed at the appearance of cruelty in nature, such as seems to exist in the arrangements of spiders as a class in creation; but it must be remembered that spiders keep down the excess of insect life, and that the death of their victims, being almost instantaneous, is attended with only a momentary pain.

From past regrets, from dark remorse,
From burning hate, and sense of loss
Of home, and friends, and honor, all
Cover'd by sorrow's thick'ning pall.
Days, months, and years were drifting by,
Worn, weary, wasted; still his eye,
Fix'd on that image on the wall,
In the faint rays which on it fall,
Sees the pale victim start to view,
In form and feature, full and true,
As faith had mirror'd on his heart,
While every feature seems to start
From the cold stone, and smiling give,
Gizors, thy victim's griefs a grave.
Who, whence, or what, no record tells,
Neither whispers through these cells;
His *faith* that speaking marble keeps,
None tells his fall, or where he sleeps.

HOW IS PULPIT POWER TO BE ACQUIRED?

LET the preacher aim at growing holiness by constant *devoutness.* His position is eminently favorable to the culture of this primary requirement. He who performs a ceremony needs but the graceful acting which the frequent celebration brings with it. The didactic exposition of truth or its argumentative defense, trains the teacher to accuracy, and the reasoner to vigor. Thus, the endeavor to win men from evil to good re-acts on a man's own spirit. But no man makes such endeavor if he is not honestly devoted to God. The priest could disable himself for the genuflexions and cadences of a bodily adoration. The teacher might so weaken his intellect as to be unfit for explaining or defending truth. So may the preacher lack that elemental power in preaching which comes from the entire absorption of the soul in *religious thoughts* and spiritual aims. For his own sake, it behooves him to resist stoutly the temptation to *modes of thinking* which he finds to have the effect of deadening his devotion, by drawing him from the things on which the heart of Christ was set: for if such temptation be yielded to, no matter what he would be, he would *not* have power in the pulpit. For the sake of others, even more than for his own, let him be jealous of himself. He should be like the cherubim in Ezekiel's vision—"full of eyes *within,*" as well as "full of eyes *without;*" the whole surface
being a *retina* of delicate fibres,
from every touch, recoiling from
each of evil. Holiness is not a
r into the soul whether men wake or sleep; not a routine of words and deeds belonging to a sacred office; it is not a periodical impulse, to which one is to be wound up at stated seasons, to act spasmodically in appointed places; it is not a look, a tone, a gesture, a demeanor; it is not the portentous gravity that hangs like a thunder-cloud near the sunny landscapes where the merry heart lifts its voice in songs; it is not the coarse garment of the ascetic, nor the scowl of the cynic, nor the sour visage, nor the hoarse murmur of the censorious; it is neither the trick of artifice, nor the uniform of imposture; neither the mummery of superstition, nor the arrogance of bigotry. Holiness—in God—is the ineffable harmony of all the aspects of his one glorious nature. Holiness—in creatures who have fallen—is the steep ascent which begins in sorrow, climbing with hard steps and slow to that pureness in which the instincts are guided by reason, listening to the voice of God, and doing his will upon earth as it is done in heaven. The holy man is he who is led by the Divine Spirit to the development of his own spirit in the spontaneous yielding of his harmonized self to God. This can no more be imitated than superseded. Some of its outward showings may, indeed, be copied; yet the copy must be essentially defective. There are trees wrought in iron or silver—they yield no fruit. Flowers there are in silk and other tissues—they breathe no odor. There are fruits of varied hues, in wax—they have no taste. There are birds and men, rivers and landscapes, exquisitely painted, or done in cunning carved-work—they have no motion, no life. So are these appearances of holiness—shapes of godliness without the power. Now it is the reality, not the show—the substance, not the figure, which we regard as holiness; and this can be insured to the preacher in no other way than by devout vigils. The common creed of Christendom acknowledges that *God is everywhere.* To feel that this is true, not in sudden starts, but as the habitual consciousness, is, before all things, what the preacher should be sure of; for in that presence he dare not sin—cannot doubt—will not fear; every spot is within the precincts of the temple, every moment a golden grain of Sabbath; every pulse, homage; every thought, incense; every word, worship; every deed, sacrifice. Such a life is on

the verge of heaven. There is in it a *simplicity* which cannot be put into words; a *transparency* through which the heart is seen as in a crystal vase—a *magnetism* that touches the springs of action, at one moment, in a thousand souls—a power, compared with which all other human energies are weakness. The preacher who thus walks humbly with his God is ever clothed in the majesty of a silent gospel; and when he speaks, it is as natural as the law that shapes the dew and forks the lightning, that his word should be with power.

The preacher's faith should be nourished by self-discipline, the true *askesis*. It may be that his belief as a Christian is hereditary—an inheritance which it were monstrously prodigal to throw away, fearfully profane to despise. Yet his personal holding of these truths has become the act of reason—it is his own proper faith. If it now appeared to him, in his maturity, that there is higher reason for repudiating these traditionary holdings than for cleaving to them, he would make up his mind, it is to be hoped, to tear them up by the roots if he could. But he has become a witness for the gospel, and its champion. His call to propagate it is imperative. It is the seat of his strength—the glory of his life. He does not undertake, as a hireling for a morsel of bread, to uphold the creed of others; he does engage to make known what he believes to be taught by the Spirit of God. He rejoices that other men have been anointed with the same "anointing which teacheth us all things," and that they, like him, have the witness in themselves. He would sound out the truth with the clearness of a bell.

There is a general *law of persistence* on which men rely for expecting to find a preacher going on in the same direction to the end of life; but we have witnessed changes in this class of men, and we trace some tendencies in several quarters which forbid our leaning blindly on this law of human persistency. We perceive, also, that there are other laws of human action by which this law is sometimes countervailed. We are not now complaining of either the general law—though it stereotypes much untruth; nor of the exceptional laws—though they may generate grave errors; but, looking at the preaching of the gospel as a great practical work for man's highest weal, we are concerned to see men engaged in it who are neither bigots nor changelings: who have fixity of rudimental belief with freedom of expansive thought; who can utter the ancient "*saying*" of the gospel in the speech of our day, rather than in that of half a century ago, acting in this respect like Jesus and the apostles, and the old prophets before them; speaking not the words consecrated by the Churches, but in those of shops and markets, of men around them in the halls of popular science, in the jury-box, on the hustings, at the gatherings of free citizens, and in the debates of Parliament. The power of a believing mind, to which we have referred, requires the preacher's acquaintance with the truths of the gospel to be intimate, as they are found, not in human "composures," but in "the divine instrument," so that men feel that he is speaking to them fairly in a way to be understood, and that, though he may not always be arguing as against opponents, he makes it clear to them that he *could* and *does*, on fit occasions. *The strongest make least show of strength.* Faith is a tranquil power. What we venture to recommend is that spiritual *askesis*—self-discipline of all the faculties—which imparts to the preacher's faith the property of being imperturbable, not because he dares not think, but because he *has thought*—not because he takes for granted that other men are to be trusted who tell him that the foundation is *all right*, but because he knows this for himself, whether men tell him so or not, and that he is sure what he preaches is true, even though the whole world were laughing him to scorn for saying so. So Luther preached that a man who has sinned can be set right with the righteous God by trusting in Christ. Thus Baxter warned. Thus Wesley and Whitefield pleaded. Thus Chalmers reasoned. Thus thundered Mason in New-York. Thus Hall poured out the affluence of his learning, and the creations of his genius, in the kindling stream of golden sentences. These were men of power. In their faith there was no staggering; in their words no faltering; in their ministry no weakness. Luther was a tower of strength, because his whole "trust" was in the Lord. Baxter was a burning flame, because he lived hard by the mercy-seat, whereupon the glory dwelt between the cherubim. Whitefield and Wesley were "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," because, like John, their cry was—"Behold the Lamb of God!" Chalmers foamed like a cataract, because the deep rapids came rushing down upon him from the everlasting mountains. Hall's words were molten in the furnace where his faith was tried with fire. These were great preachers because they were *strong* believers; and they were strong believers because they loved the truth, kept their hearts with all diligence, and walked in the light of heaven. There is no age in which *such* preachers would not have power. Men gaze on their effigies as though they were of an order different from themselves. Nobly, truly, was the mold in which their Maker cast them; but the mold is *not* broken. Rare, indeed, were the stores that filled these golden vessels; but the mines whence they were digged are not worked out. Let the preacher press into that mold. Let him delve in those rocks. Let him be no man's copy. Let him be himself original—not in oddity or extravagance—the least original of all absurd impertinences—but in simplicity, and independence, and naturalness.

Finally, let him who would have power in preaching turn all his *reading* and observation to account in the study of men. His reading is of small use if it help him not here. By a sort of intellectual chemistry he can analyze and apply the properties of any writer on any subject in history, biography, in controversies of every kind, in voyages, travels, science; in them all he sees, as in a *phantasmagoria*, the movements of life opening to the glance of genius; while in the Bible—his Book of Books—man is revealed in his secret thoughts by the unfailing light of God.

His *observation* needs not travel over a wide surface. In the quietudes of rural life, and in the busy hives of industry, the human heart has only coverings of gauze to him whose eyes are opened. The preacher is to look at the population, not as skilled in many crafts, or as frequenting this church, and that chapel, or aliens from both—but as men, women, and children, making one another what they are, and what they will be. Let him strike into the pith of that humanity which is essentially alike in all, and catch the "pressure" which the way in which they live has stamped on each. The preacher's mission is to the many—to "the common people." He must know *how* to preach to the common people. They do not want him to be disrespectful to himself, or rude to them. They look in him for the polish of education. In the depth of their hearts they look up to him; because they know that, in religious things, at least, he is wiser than themselves, and, without any *airs of condescension*, is working for their good, both in this world and in the next.

It is not easy to judge how much our preachers have of this element of pulpit power; but we would respectfully advise each of them to "covet" it "earnestly" as one of the "best gifts." Among the common working people, the modern preacher will find some stern principles, stout prejudices, pithy sayings, large capacities of action, some fine specimens of muscular Christianity, and, now and then, a bold bad man, who will put his knowledge, ingenuity, and self-control to beneficial tests. Therefore he must be A MAN HIMSELF, in his thoughts, in his life, in his mode of thinking, and in his way of saying what he thinks.

He who has might of the genuine sort, and who preaches "*with* his might," will be a living illustration of "the theory of an evangelical ministry," and his pulpit will be—A THRONE OF POWER. Happy he who fills that throne, and happy they by whom he is surrounded.

KNOWLEDGE.

VALUABLE knowledge can be attained only by personal effort. Every one must traverse the hills and valleys for himself, and it is only by unremitting application and perseverance that the attempt will be crowned with success. But to the devoted persevering seekers success is certain. The state of mind is such as to insure the best use being made of any accessible helps, and of the exercise of ingenuity and application in surmounting difficulties even in the absence of all foreign aid. Whatever may be his present deficiencies and disadvantages, the person—especially the young person—who is so insensible of the value of knowledge as to apply his heart to understanding—to seek for it as for silver, and search for it as for hid treasures—assuredly shall not seek in vain. Knowledge is the prize of application.

THE ANCIENT MANSION.

To part is painful; nay, to bid adieu
E'en to a favorite spot is painful too.
That fine old seat, with all those oaks around,
Oft have I view'd with reverence so profound,
As something sacred dwelt in that delicious ground.

There, with its tenantry about, reside
A genuine English race, the country's pride;
And now a lady, last of all that race,
Is the departing spirit of the place.
Hers is the last of all that noble blood
That flow'd through generations brave and good;
And if there dwells a native pride in her,
It is the pride of name and character.

True, she will speak, in her abundant zeal,
Of stainless honor; that she needs must feel;
She must lament that she is now the last
Of all who gave such splendor to the past.
Still are her habits of the ancient kind;
She knows the poor, the sick, the lame, the blind:
She holds, so she believes, her wealth in trust;
And being kind, with her, is being just.
Though soul and body she delights to aid,
Yet of her skill she 's prudently afraid:
So to her chaplain's care she *this* commends,
And when *that* craves, the village doctor sends.

At church, attendance she requires of all,
Who would be held in credit at the Hall;
A due respect to each degree she shows,
And pays the debt that every mortal owes;
'T is by opinion that respect is led,
The rich esteem, because the poor are fed.

Her servants all, if so we may describe
That ancient, grave, observant, decent tribe,
Who with her share the blessings of the hall,
Are kind, but grave—are proud, but courteous all,
Proud of their lucky lot! Behold, how stands
That gray-hair'd butler, waiting her commands;
The lady dines, and every day he feels
That his good mistress falters in her meals.
With what respectful manners he entreats
That she would eat—yet Jacob little eats;
When she forbears, his supplicating eye
Entreats the noble dame once more to try.
Their years the same; and he has never known
Another place: and this he deems his own—
All appertains to him. Whate'er he sees
Is *ours!*—"our house, our land, our walks, our trees!"
But still he fears the time is just at hand,
When he no more shall in that presence stand;
And he resolves, with mingled grief and pride,
To serve no being in the world beside.
"He has enough," he says, with many a sigh,
"For him to serve his God, and learn to die:
He and his lady shall have heard their call,
And the new folk, the strangers, may have all."

But, leaving these to their accustom'd way,
The seat itself demands a short delay.
We all have interest there—the trees that grow
Near to that seat, to that their grandeur owe;
They take, but largely pay, and equal grace bestow:
They hide a part, but still the part they shade
Is more inviting to our fancy made;
And, if the eye be robb'd of half its sight,
Th' imagination feels the more delight.
These giant oaks by no man's order stand;
Heaven did the work; by no man was it plann'd.

Here I behold no puny works of art;
None give me reasons why these views impart
Such charm to fill the mind, such joy to swell the heart.
These very pinnacles and turrets small,
And windows dim have beauty in them all.
How stately stands yon pine upon the hill
How soft the murmurs of that living rill!
And o'er the park's tall paling, scarcely higher,
Peeps the low church, and shows the modest spire,

Unnumber'd violets on these banks appear,
And all the first-born beauties of the year.
The gray-green blossoms of the willows bring
The large wild bees upon the laboring wing.
Then comes the summer with augmented pride,
Whose pure small streams along the valleys glide;
Her richer Flora their brief charms display;
And, as the fruit advances, fall away.
Then shall th' autumnal yellow clothe the leaf,
What time the reaper binds the burden'd sheaf;
Then silent groves denote the dying year,
The morning frost and noon-tide gossamer;
And all be silent in the scene around,
All, save the distant sea's uncertain sound,
Or here and there the gun, whose loud report
Proclaims to man that death is but his sport:
And then the wintry winds begin to blow,
Then fall the flaky stars of gathering snow,
When on the thorn the ripening sloe, yet blue,
Takes the bright varnish of the morning dew;
The aged moss grows brittle on the pale,
The dry boughs splinter in the windy gale,
And every changing season of the year
Stamps on the scene its English character.

Farewell! a prouder mansion I may see,
But much must meet in that which equals thee!
I leave the town, and take a well-known way
To that old mansion in the closing day,
When beams of golden light are shed around,
And sweet is every sight and every sound.
Pass but this hill, and I shall then behold
The seat so honor'd, so admired of old,
And yet admired——

Alas! I see a change,
Of odious kind, and lamentably strange.
Who had done this? The good old lady lies
Within her tomb: but, who could this advise?
What barbarous hand could all this mischief do,
And spoil a noble house to make it new?
Who had done this? Some genuine son of trade
Has all this dreadful devastation made;
Some man with line and rule, and evil eye,
Who could no beauty in a tree descry,
Save in a clump, when station'd by his hand,
And standing where his genius bade them stand;
Some true admirer of the time's reform,
Who strips an ancient dwelling like a storm;
Strips it of all its dignity and grace,
To put his own dear fancies in their place.
He hates concealment: all that was inclosed
By venerable wood is now exposed;
And a few stripling elms and oaks appear,
Fenced round by boards to keep them from the deer.
I miss the grandeur of the rich old scene,
And see not what these clumps and patches mean.
This shrubby belt that runs the land around
Shuts freedom out: what being likes a bound?
The shrubs, indeed, and ill-placed flowers, are gay,
And some would praise: I wish they were away,
That in the wild-wood maze I as of old might stray.
The things themselves are pleasant to behold,
But not like those which we beheld of old,
That half-hid mansion, with its wide domain,
Unbound and unsubdued! but sighs are vain;
It is the rage of Taste—the rule and compass reign.

As thus my spleen upon the view I fed,
A man approach'd me, by his grandchild led—
A blind old man, and she a fair young maid,
Listening in love to what her grandsire said.
And thus, with gentle voice, he spoke:—

"Come, lead me, lassie, to the shade,
Where willows grow beside the brook:
For well I know the sound it made,
When, dashing o'er the stony rill,
It murmur'd to St. Osyth's Mill."

The lass replied: "The trees are fled;
They've cut the brook a straighter bed;
No shades the present lords allow;
The miller only murmurs now;
The waters now his mill forsake,
And form a pond they call a lake."

"Then, lassie, lead thy grandsire on,
  And to the holy water bring;
A cup is fasten'd to the stone,
  And I would taste the healing spring,
That soon its rocky cist forsakes,
And green its mossy passage makes."

"The holy spring is turn'd aside,
The rock is gone, the stream is dried;
The plow has level'd all around,
And here is now no holy ground."

"Then, lass, thy grandsire's footsteps guide
  To Bulmer's Tree, the giant oak,
Whose bows the keeper's cottage hide,
  And part the church-way lane o'erlook.
A boy, I climb'd the topmost bow,
And I would feel its shadow now.

"Or, lassie, lead me to the west,
  Where grow the elm-trees thick and tall,
Where rooks unnumber'd build their nest:
  Deliberate birds, and prudent all;
Their notes, indeed, are harsh and rude,
But they're a social multitude."

"The rooks are shot, the trees are fell'd,
And nest and nursery all expell'd:
With bitter fate, the giant tree,
Old Bulmer's oak, is gone to sea;
The church-way walk is now no more,
And men must other ways explore:
Though this, indeed, promotion gains,
For this the park's new wall contains;
And here, I fear, we shall not meet
A shade—although, perchance, a seat."

"O then, my lassie, lead the way
  To Comfort's Home, the ancient inn,
That something holds, if we can pay—
  Old David is our living kin:
A servant once, he still preserves
His name, and in his office serves."

"Alas! that mine should be the fate
Old David's sorrows to relate;
But they were brief: not long before
He died, his office was no more:
The kennel stands upon the ground,
With something of the former sound."

"O then," the grieving man replied,
  "No further, lassie, let me stray;
Here's nothing left of ancient pride,
  Of what was grand, of what was gay,
But all is changed, is lost, is sold—
All, all that's left is chilling cold;
I seek for comfort here in vain;
Then lead me to my cot again."—*Crabbe.*

EDME CHAMPION.

EDME CHAMPION went to Paris, as we said in our last. He was guided to the Hôtel de Lauzun, in the Tiguetonne. When he had taken leave of his conductor, he knocked loudly with a joyous heart at the gate. It was instantly opened, and he entered a large court; but not seeing any person to whom he could apply, he was walking forward to the steps of a handsome house that stood before him, when he heard a sharp voice calling after him: "Well, little fellow, what do you want? Are you going to enter people's houses without speaking to the porter?"

Edme turned, and observed a woman sitting at the window of a little lodge, which had been concealed by the gate as it opened. She was very plainly attired, but Edme instantly recognized her.

"It is I!" said he, entering the lodge, and going up to her with great simplicity.

"And who are you?' she replied, looking rather angry at his apparent audacity.

"Do you not know me? I remember you quite well; you are the lady I brought over the water in the boat, and that I thought was a princess. Where is the little boy? I have brought him his clothes;" and as Edme spoke he opened a little bundle, and displayed to the astonished portress the hat and dress of her little *protégé*.

The woman's countenance instantly changed. "What! is it you, my dear boy?" she exclaimed, pressing him in her arms; "is it you? I am truly glad to see you; and if you will stay with me I will take care of you until the duke returns. He has been suddenly recalled to join the army; and his mother, who had come here to meet him and to see her grandson, had gone back to her château in Vendée, and taken the child with her. But never mind, you shall be my boy for the present, and shall want for nothing. My lodge-boy is leaving me, and you shall have his place. You will not have much to do,—only to pull the string of the gate, to sweep the steps in front of the house, and to go of errands; and, never fear, you shall want for nothing."

At every word the woman spoke, the countenance of poor Edme became more overcast. Here then was the fulfillment of all his bright visions of wealth and honor. The portress left him to go and call in some of her neighbors, to whom she had related her adventures at Châtel-Censoir. During her absence the little traveler learned from the little lodge-boy whom he was to replace, that the Duchess de Lauzun was dead, that the duke was not expected back to Paris for a long time, and that the hôtel was about to be let to strangers.

Notwithstanding the disappointment of poor Edme, he endeavored to fulfill the duties of his new station with alacrity; the portress was very kind to him, and his evenings were generally spent in reading aloud to her and some of her friends.

It happened one day that a lady in his neighborhood discovered him in melancholy mood. She interrogated him as to the cause of his distress. Edme at once related his whole history,—the adventure in the boat, his journey to Paris, his hopes, and his disappointment.

"And what is it you wish to do?" inquired the lady.

"To get a trade, madam."

"What trade would you like?"

"I have no choice, madam; any one by which I could earn enough to bring my brother to me."

The lady said, "Would you like to be bound to a jeweler?"

"I should like it very much," replied the boy.

The lady then gave him her address, and desired him to come to her the next morning.

Edme was punctual to his appointment; and the kind lady who took such an interest in him accompanied him to the house of a celebrated working jeweler, to whom she presented her *protégé*, requesting to know his terms for taking an apprentice. The jeweler said his terms were five hundred livres for three years.

The lady signed the agreement with the name of De Tessier, and paid the money; this was all that Edme ever saw or heard of his benefactress.

The trials of our poor little hero were, however, by no means at an end. Unhappily the first years of the apprenticeship of children are too often employed in going the messages of the shop; and Edme's master—seeing that he had neither father nor friend to look after him—instead of instructing him in the business which he had pledged himself to teach, allowed him only the occupation of a servant. The poor boy did not know what to do; he had no acquaintance in Paris except the portress; and she advised him to remain where he was until she could communicate with the duke, who she was sure would not allow him to be ill-treated. Edme endeavored to follow her advice; but one day being threatened with a severe punishishment if he failed to attend well at table when a large company was expected, his indignation got the better of his prudence; he was of a strong and independent mind, and feeling the injustice of his master's treatment, and the total neglect of his part of the contract between them, he took the opportunity, when his master was engaged with his company, to escape out of the house. He knew not whither to go; but to get beyond the reach of his unjust and cruel master was all he cared for, and so he fled he knew not whither.

Edme left the city, and ran some distance into the country; when, overcome by fatigue and the dread of pursuit, he threw himself on the ground under some trees to rest. He had not eaten anything since early in the morning, and now hunger was added to his other sufferings. There was no dwelling near him, and no prospect of succor for the night; he ventured out of his hiding-place, and having read of people who had sometimes been compelled to subsist on roots and berries, he began to search about to try and discover something of the kind. After a little time he came to a turnip-field, when—without thinking any harm, or even supposing that any person would have the wish to prevent him—he pulled up two or three roots, which with a glad heart he cleared from the earth and commenced eating. He had just finished the first, when, without having heard any one approach, he felt himself suddenly seized by the ear, while a rough voice exclaimed:—

"So I have caught you stealing the turnips, you young thief! you shall be sent to prison immediately."

Surprised and terrified, Edme dropped the turnips on the ground; he made no excuse, no attempt to palliate his fault,—for he had not thought that he was committing a fault,—he could only repeat in a frightened tone: "A thief! I a thief!"

"No, truly," said the watchman; "this field, I suppose, became yours by chance."

"Certainly not, sir," replied Edme, respectfully.

"Well, then, what business had you to it?"

"You saw what I was doing, sir; I pulled a few turnips to eat."

"O! then you are not ashamed to acknowledge it!"

"Why, sir, what harm was there in it?"

"The harm was to steal," replied the man roughly.

"To steal!" repeated Edme in a voice of terror. "O, sir! do not say I stole; I would rather die than steal."

"I do not know what else to call taking other people's things without leave."

"O! I was so hungry!" said the child, bursting into tears. "I had not eaten anything since early this morning; and indeed, sir, I did not think that I was doing wrong; however, I beg your pardon for touching them; I have only eaten one, sir; and if you will wait for a few days I will write to my brother in the country, and he will pay for what I have pulled."

Edme felt the hand that held him relax its grasp; and trusting he should find forgiveness for his involuntary fault, he said: "You will not punish me as a thief, sir, I hope."

"Tell me the exact truth as to what brought you here; and then I shall know whether you deserve any indulgence or not."

Edme related his story with so much candor and simplicity that the watchman, who was moved by the real sorrow of the boy, and the apparent truth of his statement, took him home with him, and gave him his supper and a bed for the night.

In the morning Edme returned to the protection of his friend the portress, who having communicated with the duke, he was by the duke's desire bound to M. Martial de Poilly, one of the most celebrated jewelers in Paris. His agreement with his former master was canceled.

In a short time Edme became a general favorite in the establishment of M. de Poilly. Honest and intelligent, active and devoted to his business, he soon obtained the entire confidence of his master, while his obliging manners gained him the good-will of every one. He was now in as great a state of happiness as his most sanguine wishes could have anticipated. Honored by the patronage of the Duke of Lauzun, who, having at last recognized his services to his child, allowed him a small salary for his personal expenses; apprenticed to a kind and benevolent master, who had the discrimination to perceive in the little orphan committed to his charge, the seeds of a noble character, Edme had little to wish for. He kept up a constant correspondence with his brother, and anxiously looked forward to the time when he should be able to bring him to live with him; nor did he neglect to send him assistance whenever he had it in his power.

Edme was thus happily circumstanced, when one day, as he was walking very quickly over Pont-Neuf, on his return from executing a commission, he observed a wretched-looking little boy lying on the side of the pavement, whom every one passed by without notice. Edme was hastening on like the rest, for it was a cold winter's day, when it occurred to him that perhaps the poor boy might be hungry. He recollected the day of his own flight from his first master, and all that he had suffered, and he turned back again to the boy. At first he thought he was asleep; but on a closer examination he perceived that his countenance exhibited an unnatural paleness, and he appeared to be in a faint.

Edme stooped down and took his hand, which was deadly cold.

"Poor little fellow!" said he; "you are suffering from cold and hunger."

The boy opened his eyes and looked at him, but was unable to rise. Edme recollected that there was a *restaurateur* just at the other side of the bridge; and lifting the boy in his arms, he carried him into the shop, and desired some drink to be warmed for him.

When the little boy had swallowed the drink he became much revived: and no longer feeling the exhaustion from which he had suffered, he refused to eat the food which was afterward given to him, but turned from it and burst into tears.

Delicate minds have an instinctive insight into the feelings of others, and Edme rightly conjecturing those of the child, whispered to him, "You would rather carry this food home with you, would you not?"

The boy made no answer, but a gleam of satisfaction brightened up his pallid countenance.

"How many have you in family?" inquired Edme.

"Three besides myself,—my mother and two little brothers."

"Have you no father?" said Edme.

"He is sick in the hospital," replied the poor little boy.

"Show me where your mother lives," said Edme; telling the shop-boy to follow them with a little basket of provisions, he accompanied the boy to his home. In a garret of an old dilapidated house, in one of those wretched streets of the capital where dirt and misery abound, lay a poor sickly-looking woman and two children, on a bed of straw on the floor,—the little ones looking as pale and emaciated as their mother. The first words uttered by the poor woman, on seeing her son enter, followed by a well-dressed young gentleman, and a boy carrying a basket of provisions, were: "O, Antoine, I fear you have been begging!"

"No, indeed, he has not," said Edme, taking the things from the basket, and placing them beside her; "but I saw that he was in need himself, and I asked him about you."

The woman told her story, and the cause of her distress. Her husband was a mason, who had some weeks since fallen from a scaffolding and broken his leg; he was then in the hospital, and she feared it would be a long time before he would be able to follow his trade again. She was in bad health, and having two young children, was unable to do anything for their support; she had sold one article after another to procure food, till she was reduced to her present state of destitution. Antoine did what he could for them, and went out every day in hopes of being able to pick up some odd jobs, such as going messages or holding a gentleman's horse; but these opportunities seldom occurred, and he as well as the rest suffered from want of sufficient food.

Edme promised to give them a little help every week, until her husband was able to return to his work; but the little boy exclaimed: "O, sir! let me earn it, else my mother will not like to take it."

"Very well," said Edme, "henceforth you are my servant, and I shall expect you to attend me daily."

He then told the lad where he lived, and took his leave.

Strange as these incidents will sound, they are in strict keeping with the future remarkable career of Edme Champion; but we must not anticipate. As he descended the stairs of this miserable dwelling, he could scarcely help exclaiming aloud: "O! how happy are the rich, who can give when they please and what they please!"

The next morning M. de Poilly entered the workshop, followed by the boy.

"Edme," said he, "here is a boy who declares that you have engaged him as a servant."

"He says the truth, sir," replied Edme, blushing the deepest crimson.

"And when did you begin to require the assistance of a servant, my boy?" inquired his astonished master.

"It is not I that require his assistance, sir," said Edme, "but he that requires mine."

"That makes a difference certainly," replied M. de Poilly, in a tone of so much kindness that Edme, who had hitherto kept his eyes upon the ground, now ventured to look up in his master's face.

"And now tell me, Edme," he continued, "what wages have you promised him?"

"Why did you ask me that, sir?"

"That I may double them," replied his generous master.

Edme threw himself into his arms: "O, sir!" said he, "the mother and the two little brothers of that poor boy were like himself perishing with hunger in a garret."

"You did quite right, Edme; and in future let me be a sharer in your works of charity, as you shall from this day be in my business."

Some years after this, M. de Poilly retired from business, and went to reside in England. Edme Champion then became head of one of the first establishments in Paris, and married Mademoiselle Jobbé, the daughter of a jeweler in Versailles, who, though she did not bring him much worldly wealth, was possessed of many estimable qualities both of mind and heart. By a series of those vicissitudes to which commercial people are always exposed, and which the Revolution of 1793 rendered almost universal, Champion lost all that it had taken him years of labor to acquire. Summoning religion and fortitude to his aid, he determined to commence the world again, without applying to any person for assistance. He was surprised one morning by a visit from M. Bellancourt, the engraver, a person with whom he had scarcely any acquaintance.

"Monsieur Champion," said he, "I understand you have shared in the general ruin—are become a bankrupt. You will require capital to recommence your business. I have eighty thousand francs which are at your service."

"Sir," replied Champion, much astonished, "I have no security to offer you for such a sum."

"Pardon me, sir, you have the very best that I could get—your character; and for the interest of my money, I solicit your friendship."

The brilliant court of Bonaparte brought precious stones and jewelry of every description into such request, that Champion speedily more than recovered his losses. To exemplary probity, indefatigable industry, and strict economy, Champion was indebted for that fortune of which he made so noble a use. There can be few in Paris who have not heard of that mysterious person who for so many years was designated by the title of the man *au Petit Manteau Bleu;* that person whom the first frosts of winter brought upon Pont-Neuf, with boilers of hot soup and vegetables, cart-loads of wood, and many other comforts for the poor, which he distributed with his own hands. He selected this spot as the scene of his benevolent exertions, in commemoration of its being the place where he had first enjoyed the happiness of being able to relieve a fellow-creature. The name of Edme Champion will long live in the hearts of thousands whom it has been his privilege to relieve; and if it has not acquired a brilliant celebrity, it has obtained what must have been more satisfactory to his own feelings, and more acceptable to his Divine Master,—"the blessing of him that was ready to perish." The man in the little blue mantle was at his post but a short time since; unlike the swallows, that appear in spring and depart with the fine weather, it was the severe weather that brought him out. It was not at the parties of the rich, or the houses of the great that he was to be found, but amid those who were suffering and who required his aid; it was on Pont-Neuf, surrounded and blessed by those whose misery he was relieving. He purchased all the woods which surround Châtel Censoir, and the cuttings of these woods were distributed to the poor. In 1832 he was presented with the cross of the Legion of Honor.[*]

Monsieur Champion died in the early part of June, 1852, after a few days' illness, aged eighty years, deeply and deservedly lamented. His little blue mantle, so well-known to the people of Paris, decorated his coffin.

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[*] An idea of Edme Champion's charities may be formed from the following account of him which appeared a short time ago in a cotemporary periodical:—

"The ragged prowling wretches who ulcerate Paris would wait patiently for hours on his track, and catching sight of his well-known blue cloak in the distance, would say, 'Ah, here comes the little blue-mantle. We are going to get something to eat!' Waistcoats and shoes were, however, his specialities. A benumbed wretch would be shivering in a gateway, tightly embracing his bare chest with his shrunken arms: Little Blue Mantle would collar him fiercely; force him severely into a warm woolen waistcoat, and before the man could thank him, Little Blue Mantle would be a hundred yards away, brandishing his soup-jugs. A little half-congealed atomy of a girl would be crying on a door-step, her poor shoeless feet quite violet with the pitiless cold: incontinently she would be caught up from behind, seated on a pair of friendly knees, told half a merry story; and, a minute after, left staggering in the unwonted luxury of a whole pair of shoes. I need not say that this man was adored by the poor; that mothers brought their children to him for a benediction; that, in the awful habitations he almost alone ventured into, thieves and murderers would have rent each other in pieces before they would have suffered a hair of his head to be touched. I have conversed with a gentleman who assured me that, on one occasion, a great hulking savage giant of a horse-slaughterer, the terror even of his savage quarter, fell on his knees before him, and exclaimed, with perfect French bombast, but with perfect sincerity, 'And is it possible that such a man can walk on *earth!*' He expected to see full-fledged wings sprout from the Little Blue Mantle."

THRIFT AND UNTHRIFT.

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

THERE are some exceedingly strange anomalies existing at times in our social and domestic relations which, when they come to light, as they occasionally do, startle us by their utter discrepancy with common sense and common justice. In London, which has been justly described as a social desert, the most extraordinary inversions of what are usually considered as the natural and appropriate connections existing between parties in different walks of life, may and sometimes do prevail for years without discovery. A curious instance of this, though in but a comparatively humble and domestic way, which came to our knowledge not very long ago, furnishes us with a sample of experience worth remembering, and affords us at the same time a not uninteresting glance at one of the many phases of industrial life.

In a large manufacturing establishment in the eastern quarter of the metropolis, there were, among the hundreds of workmen and artisans employed, two individuals, strangers to each other except by sight, and the interchange of a rare and passing word on matters of business. The one, whom we shall call Harvey, was a timekeeper, and assistant accountant, chosen to exercise those functions by reason of his integrity and punctuality. The other was a skillful workman in an ornamental branch of manufacture; and to him we give the name of Roberts. Harvey thought himself well off with a salary of a hundred a year, paid quarterly; he resided in a neat cottage not far from Bow, and his home, his smiling wife, his little girl, and his little garden, were the center of all his desires and enjoyments. Roberts, who had extraordinary tact and readiness in the department in which he labored, could earn, when he chose to work, from three to four guineas weekly—and it was rumored that he could spend it all at the public-house when the drinking-fit, which was not seldom, seized him. It was sometimes the duty of Harvey to report to the employers the irregular and unpunctual conduct of Roberts; but they were perfectly aware of his failing, and of his insolence when overtaken with it,—and they in a manner winked at his shortcomings and tolerated his evil example, from motives of policy, because his talent was profitable to them; contenting themselves with paying him only for the work he performed, and administering now and then a curt and uncared-for rebuke upon the occasion of any violent infringement of the rules of the workshop.

Harvey, who had had the happiness to marry a prudent and managing wife, contrived, by letting off a floor of his cottage to a friend, and by cultivating his garden in his leisure hours, to lay by annually a fifth of his income for future exigencies; and so neat and tasteful did he make his little domain by constant care and the delight he took in improving it,—and so modest, genteel, and becoming was the appearance of his wife and child at all seasons, that they passed with the neighbors, if not for gentle-folks, at least for persons of small independent property. They kept no servant in their little cottage, but had the occasional assistance of a poor woman who came on the Saturday to do the rough work, and put the house in trim for the Sunday; and who frequently brought a half-starved and ragged girl, of tender age, to weed or water the garden while she was employed in the house. This poor hard-working woman had a drunken husband; and many a dismal tale of cruel ill-treatment, suffered both by herself and her child, did she unfold to the sympathizing ear of Mrs. Harvey. Her tyrant, she affirmed, rarely came home of a night without being much the worse for liquor; and was often brought to their wretched room in such a state as to be utterly incapable of speech. She knew, she said, that he could earn a great deal of money if he chose; but whether he did, or if he did what became of it—beyond the disgrace and misery of drunkenness—she could not tell. Many years had passed away since he had given her anything toward housekeeping; and she was left to toil night and day to keep herself and child from starving, and to save a couple of shillings weekly to pay the rent.

Pitying her oppressed and wretched condition, Mrs. Harvey assisted and encouraged her in many ways. The cast-off clothes of her own little Ellen were mended up and given to the ragged child; the mother was recommended to further employment, and when she was long from home she was permitted to leave the child for the day at the cottage, where it was well fed, taught lessons of usefulness and the importance of truthfulness and honesty, and rarely sent away without some small present, either of vegetables from the garden or food from the pantry. Harvey himself felt much interested in the lot of the mother and child, and encouraged his wife in her endeavors to ameliorate it. These endeavors were in some degree successful. The child was, by the contributions of friends, decently dressed and sent to school; and the mother more constantly and lucratively employed, began to put a more cheerful countenance on the troubles of her lot.

Thus things went on for some time at the cottage, the abode of loving-kindness and peace, as it was of neatness and economy. But we must turn again to the manufactory, and see how things are going on there. Harvey had risen in the estimation of his employers, and had received a considerable gratuity at each recurring Christmas in addition to his salary; he had also been invested with greater authority, which brought greater responsibility along with it. It was very different with Roberts. The reign of such characters in large industrial establishments is never of very long duration, for a very good and sufficient reason, to wit, that it is to the interest both of employers and men to put as speedy an end to it as possible. Roberts now saw himself equaled by many of the younger hands in his own especial department; and instead of wisely reforming his behavior, which would have secured a continuance of his position, he grew daily more negligent and reckless, in proportion as he grew more jealous and captious. He became abusive to Harvey, who found it his duty to admonish him; and who, at length, from the frequent repetition of offensive and violent conduct, saw himself compelled to report him formally to the head of the firm. The result was the immediate citation of the offender before the principal, who, upon hearing his own insolent version of the affair, dismissed him from his presence, with summary notice to quit on that day fortnight.

Roberts returned suddenly to his companions, and vowed a dire revenge upon Harvey, hinting too plainly at violence; but finding no abettors, he relaxed into gloomy silence. Harvey was made acquainted with the threat of revenge; but looking upon it as a mere ebullition of anger, and regarding that as beneath his notice, he paid no attention to it. The fortnight elapsed, and as Harvey, who frequently acted as paymaster, handed over his wages to Roberts, the last he would receive in that house, he gave him, along with his three guineas, a word of friendly advice, recommending him to husband his means, at least until he had procured other employment. The fellow ground his teeth, muttered an oath in return, and disappeared.

That night, on his way home to his wife and child, Harvey was felled to the ground by a blow from a bludgeon, at a sudden turn in the road; and he would in all probability have been murdered but for the fortunate arrival of two gentlemen in a carriage with a footman behind it. The ruffian, staggered by the arrival of witnesses to his bloody deed, forebore to repeat his blow, and had not the presence of mind to run for safety; he was in a moment dashed to the ground by the footman, and soon bound hands and feet. Harvey was lifted bleeding and senseless into the carriage, and driven off to the house of the nearest surgeon; where he was laid on a bed, and prompt and skillful assistance immediately administered. Before Harvey had come to his senses Roberts was safely lodged in the cell of a prison.

We cannot dwell on the anxiety and alarm of Mrs. Harvey and her little girl, at the cottage, on the non-appearance of the husband and father, whose return was nightly hailed with so much pleasure. It was two hours after midnight ere they knew the sad truth. A letter found in her husband's pocket, addressed to his residence, had guided a willing messenger to their abode; and soon after the affectionate wife was at the sufferer's bedside. Though severely struck and much injured, he had happily escaped fracture; and the surgeon augured well for his patient, when, having questioned his wife, he was made aware of his temperate habits and sound constitution. It was some days, however, before he was in a condition to bear removal; but that once accomplished, he grew rapidly better under the careful nursing of his wife, who in this her hour of trouble reaped the reward of her kindness to the poor charwoman and her child, both of whom were constant and assiduous in their endeavors to be of service.

At the end of a month Harvey was fully restored to health, and again at his business in the manufactory. The delight and gratitude of his wife and child were expressed in the tranquil happiness that shone in their faces. In the meanwhile their grateful friends and protégés—the poor charwoman and her now tidy little daughter—had disappeared suddenly, and came no more to fulfill their weekly duties at the cottage. On searching out their lodging, and making inquiry, it was found that they had removed, no one could tell whither, though it was whispered that they had got into trouble. This was a mystery which neither Harvey nor his wife could understand. A few weeks, however, cleared it up.

The day for the trial of the supposed highwayman approached; and Harvey had to appear in court against the man who had attempted his life. He knew well enough that it was his old enemy Roberts: but he had more to learn. On the night previous to the trial, while sitting at supper in his little parlor, a footstep was heard along the garden walk—a tap at the door—and then his wife led into the room the wretched woman who had for so many years been the object of their benevolent sympathy and regard. Her drunken husband was the would-be assassin of her benefactor, and she had come to plead for mercy on his behalf. She had not known, until many days after the deed, how miserably she was implicated in it. Her husband had been absent, it is true; but she had taken it for granted, as he never acquainted her with his movements, that he was seeking employment elsewhere; he had been often absent before for weeks together; and the loss of his company was a relief, not a deprivation, to her and her child. From a feeling of shame he had for some time refused to make known his residence; and he had only sent for her when his health began to fail him through confinement, and his spirits to flag through the sudden withdrawal of the fiery stimulants to which he had been accustomed.

Harvey felt deeply for the poor woman, and pondered anxiously upon the case. But what was to be done? Justice would take its course in spite of any endeavors of his to the contrary. To absent himself from the court, by a clandestine flight, was out of the question. He said what he could to console the weeping petitioner, observed it was out of his power to identify the person who had attacked him, and that it was further very likely that no one had seen the blow struck, and that, perhaps, the conviction of the prisoner might depend very much upon himself and the skill of his counsel; and he promised further to petition for a mild sentence in case a verdict of guilty should be pronounced. The wretched wife of the criminal returned to the prison somewhat reassured by this interview, to await the events of the morrow.

The trial came on at an early hour: the witnesses for the prosecution had been examined, and the counsel for the prisoner, after an ingenious cross-examination, was in the act of proving beyond the shadow of a doubt the innocence of his client, when the wretched man suddenly broke in upon him with an abrupt confession of the crime, and a demand to suffer the deserved penalty of the law. The facts which he had learned during his confinement—for his wife had told him everything—occasioned him such an agony of remorse, that he could not endure the thought of escaping the punishment he had merited. He was sentenced to a long imprisonment, with hard labor, which he was still undergoing when this sketch was being penned; and we understood that there were good hopes of his emerging from the gaol thoroughly cured of the vice of drunkenness, and awakened to the true nature of his obligations as a husband and a father.

CONJURING MADE EASY.

THE celebrated bottle feat, of pouring a great variety of wines and liquors from a common glass bottle, is both simple and silly. The common glass bottle, borrowed from the audience, is of course not the one used on such occasions, but is exchanged for another, made of japanned tin, and furnished internally with receptacles for the different kinds of liquors. Each receptacle has a valve; and these valves may be opened or closed at pleasure, by stops on the outside of the bottle, arranged for the fingers like the keys of a musical instrument. The compartments having no connection with the mouth of the bottle, except by the valves, the bottle may at any time be rinsed with water, and more liquor poured out.

The National Magazine.

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THE CHRISTIANITY REQUIRED BY THE TIMES.

REFORM IN CHRISTIAN BENEFICENCE.

IN our last article we said that the times demanded a reform of the pecuniary liberality of the Church, and that most of the other reforms advocated in these essays ultimately depend upon this. We showed that the actual standard of religious beneficence is defective in *principle*, as lacking the sentiment of duty; and in *manner*, as lacking method—settled habit.

The position we took respecting the moral obligation of Christian beneficence, novel as it might appear to some of our readers, is, we think, Scriptural. Indeed, the vagueness both of principle and practice which now characterizes our Christian liberality is, we believe, almost a peculiar defect of modern Christianity. As the command to spread the gospel "into all the world" came to be so indefinitely apprehended as to be almost a nullity throughout Protestant Christendom, until within a few generations, so the Scriptural doctrine of beneficence has lost its distinctness—been nearly generalized away until recent exigences of the Church have begun to recall attention to it.

The Middle Ages excelled us altogether in this respect; property was then universally consecrated to religion. Their charities were misdirected, and thus became a public evil; but they were right in their moral principle. The Levitical dispensation was distinguished in a remarkable manner by the sanctification of property, and not more by its endless symbolism than by its religious charities was it adapted to the moral education of its people. We err egregiously when we speak of the *tithe*, the one-tenth, as the standard of Jewish contributions to religion. The seal of a religious charity was put upon almost every article of the Jew's possessions. He paid for the ransom of his first-born son; he paid for the first-fruits of his flocks, and the first gatherings of his harvest, the latter being estimated at a sixtieth. He left in the corners of his fields, for the destitute, another sixtieth. Whatever dropped from his hand, in reaping, was left for the poor; and once in every seven years he allowed his lands to produce spontaneously for them. Then there were the sacrificed animals or portions of them—the trespass-offerings, the sin-offerings, &c.—the expense of pilgrimages to the temple thrice in the life of every male, the half-shekels for the sanctuary, and the remission of all debts every seventh year. Besides these there were numerous expenses for hospitality and reliefs to the poor; and then came the tithe—the tenth of the produce of the fields—for the Levites; and, finally, the remainder was assessed for another tenth to be spent for the worship of the temple and for the poor; and then, at the end of every third year, in order to secure the integrity of the law, the people made solemn declaration before God that this last tenth had been faithfully provided. It has been estimated that the devout Jew gave away about *one-third* of all his income to the poor and to religion. And let it be borne in mind that so exact and graduated were the Levitical customs in this respect that these appropriations were not from *particular classes* of the people, but from all, the ratio being proportioned to their resources. Besides these *systematic* charities, what special liberality did they show for their religion, as for the Tabernacle in the wilderness and the Temple at Jerusalem—the amount expended on the latter being estimated at *three thousand millions of dollars*—a sum that throws into utter eclipse all the expenditure of Protestant Christendom during generations, for that greater work, of foreign evangelization, to which, as we have shown, all the world is summoning it.

A divine meaning was there in this Jewish system of beneficence; it had those true elements of effectiveness, which we have said are lacking in our modern Christian charities—moral obligation and method. It was no grievance on the Jewish people; few of their institutions had a more salutary effect upon their social system; they thrived under it, and perhaps no nation ever suffered less from that great plague of modern civilization—pauperism.

Though this noble beneficence was connected with the Jewish ecclesiastical system, and is, therefore, annulled in its detail, yet will any Christian man admit that its essential principles are annulled—that Christianity, especially in this age, when all the destinies of the world are devolving upon it, may have a financial standard beneath that of a state which was hardly larger than some of the single counties of this Christian land, and whose whole design was the maintenance of a preliminary and a local religion?

The primitive Christians did not understand that the abolition of Judaism repealed its essential beneficence. On the contrary, few subjects received more attention in the first consultations and labors of the Church than its provisions for the poor and for the extension of the gospel. One of its ministerial orders—still retained—the Diaconate—was established chiefly for charitable purposes. It had all things in common, when circumstances justified it. Its weekly sacrament was followed with distributions to the absent sick and poor.

When it sent forth Paul and Barnabas "unto the heathen," it was with but one specific injunction, "Only they would that we should remember the poor." Journeys and plans for "collections" for the Churches are of frequent record in the Epistles and the Acts. One of the apostles asks, "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Another declares charity to the widow and fatherless to be a part of the definition of religion, "pure and undefiled;" another urges beneficence upon the Church as an exemplification of the principle of the Atonement itself—the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," who "though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye, through his poverty, might be rich;" and Christ himself dignified it as the test-virtue of the final judgment.

We learn from Josephus and Philo that collections of tithes and other gifts for the Temple service at Jerusalem were made regularly in the synagogues on every Sabbath. The Christians at first assembled in the synagogues not only in Judea, but wherever they could, throughout the empire, and their ministerial "orders," form of "ordination," and other rites still extant, were actually copied from the synagogue service. The synagogue charities probably led to St. Paul's rule of Christian beneficence as recorded in 1 Cor. xvi, 1, 2:—"NOW CONCERNING THE COLLECTION FOR THE SAINTS, AS I HAVE GIVEN ORDER TO THE CHURCHES OF GALATIA, EVEN SO DO YE. UPON THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK, LET EVERY ONE OF YOU LAY BY HIM IN STORE AS GOD HATH PROSPERED HIM, THAT THERE BE NO GATHERINGS WHEN I COME." The apostle modifies the Jewish custom; the "first day"—the "*Lord's day*"—was substituted for the Jewish Sabbath, and, as there was no centralization of Christianity, as of Judaism at Jerusalem, and no mode of distributing these charities, except by the casual passage of the apostles or leading saints, they were to be kept "in store" till such opportunities occurred. The principle of the synagogue-custom was retained—the form only being changed.

This passage we deem to be *the divine rule of Christian beneficence*. It is as specific as the command to spread the gospel. It is the counterpart of that command, and necessary for its fulfillment, for "how shall they preach except they be sent?" And the indefiniteness of its impression on the Christian mind of our day is, as we have before said, the same as that which, until within a few generations, rendered comparatively powerless the command to "preach the gospel to every creature."

We are not disposed to be homiletic in these essays, but we cannot forbear to direct attention to the very specific character of this text. Look at it—

First, It seems to have been designed as a *general rule*. As we have stated, it was the general custom of the Jewish Sabbath, only modified enough to suit it to the new circumstances of the new Church. Though prescribed for the Church at Corinth in this instance, yet this does not limit it as a local practice; for the obvious reasons which could render it desirable there, would apply anywhere, and many of the most important lessons of revelation now recognized as unquestionably of general application, are derived from epistles addressed to local Churches. Besides these considerations, the apostle expressly says that he but repeated instructions given elsewhere: "*As I have given order to the Churches* (not Church) *of Galatia, so do ye.*"

Second, The rule is *individual*. "Let *every one* of you," &c.,—the poor as well as the rich were to do something; for the rule was not only designed to secure funds, but to have a moral effect on the giver himself.

Third, It is *methodical*—stated in regard to time—"*upon the first day of the week;*" and specific in regard to manner—"*lay by him in store.*" The apostle would evidently guard against that casual habit of liberality which has crept into the Church in modern times, and which, as we have shown, has become the fundamental defect of our religious finances.

h, It prescribes a *standard* of giving quite definite, and yet flexible enough to meet any circumstances: "*As God has prospered him.*" The poor or unprosperous man is not to be bound to any absolute self-taxation which might bring suffering upon his family, the rich man is not by an absolute stated donation to assume the right of reserving to himself his other gains, however great. All were alike stewards, not proprietors of their resources; and where much was given, much was required.

Fifth, The apostle seems carefully to discountenance the *irregularities*, the often questionable expedients with which our modern public collections are made, "*that there be no gathering when I come.*"

Sixth, The rule is *mandatory*, it was enjoined in this case as it was *ordered* in the other—*as I have given* ORDER *to the Churches of Galatia*, even so DO ye.

Such then is this notable passage. Could it be more significant? Now that it is a rigid statute, to be interpreted exactly according to the letter, we do not insist. That would be absurd; but we insist, that the generalization of it by which its essential meaning has been nearly lost in the modern Church, is equally absurd; we insist that it does indicate the essential rule of Christian beneficence, and that it unquestionably implies these three elements as constituents of that rule, viz.:—

First, That Christian beneficence is a matter of *moral obligation*.

Second, That it should be a *determinate habit*.

Third, That it should be a *comprehensive sanctification* of the secular business of the Christian man. He should live to sustain himself and those dependent upon him, only that he and his may be co-workers together with God for the salvation of the world, laboring for this end in his workshop, in his fields, or in the mart, and applying to it the fruits of his labor as "*God prospers him.*"

What a revolution of ordinary Christian life would these principles make! We affirm that they are Scriptural, and that their enunciation and demonstration throughout the Christian world are the great want of the times, and must be secured before the Church can command the full availability of its present great opportunities.

These Scriptural teachings accord fully with the views we have advanced in our preceding article on the moral obligation of Christian beneficence. We then asserted that the responsibility of the Christian preacher—the missionary—to consecrate his talents to the salvation of men, differed not in principle from that which bound the Christian man of business to devote his business talents to the same purpose; and that the "wo" which would fall upon the former "if he preached not the gospel," would fall upon the latter if he did not, with his different talent, be also a "co-worker together with God" for the same end. The doctrine is sheerly unquestionable. In a hypothetical sense—so vague as to be inappreciable and almost useless—it is readily granted; but when we give it distinct shape and bring it home to the individual man, how hard is its admission! How is it outrightly contradicted by the practice of the Christian world! Yet, we insist upon it, not only as a general truth, but in the detail of its application. What, if a Christian capitalist has ten or twenty thousand dollars' income above the wants of his family or his business, would you have him appropriate it all to benevolence? Yes, or fifty, or a hundred, or ten hundred thousand. Just as much so as the poorer man with his fifty, or a hundred, or ten hundred cents. If Luther or Wesley had deserted the Christian ministry for selfish ends, the "wo" upon them in the "last day" would be proportinate to their great talents and opportunities; the vast responsibility of the failure of the Reformation, or of Methodism would devolve upon them forever. The responsibility of the talents of the Christian business man is, we repeat, the same in principle. It is a disastrous fallacy which has led the Christian world to suppose otherwise. Stephen Girard and John Jacob Astor held their great property or business talents under the same moral responsibility which applied to those great men of the Church. That responsibility will confront them at the bar of their God. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God?" asked the incarnate God himself! And "his disciples were astonished at his doctrine," says the narrative. It is equally astonishing in these days when brought out thus into distinct contemplation.

But why should it be so *hard* for a rich man to be saved? Why, but that riches having this responsibility, are nevertheless beset with such peculiar temptations to forget it? We might "make to ourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, who, when we fail" on earth, "shall receive us into everlasting habitations." Wealth is indeed enviable, in view of its capacities for usefulness; it may scatter benedictions all along our pilgrimage through life; it may bring the blessings of those who are ready to perish upon our dying hour; or their welcomes at the gate of heaven. But, alas! a rich man shall "hardly enter into" that heaven,—such is the perversion of the moral sense of even us Christians in respect to this noble yet perilous responsibility! Let him that has it upon his hands bethink himself! Let him beware of robbing his brother and his God! Let him be reminded that he is but a steward; and that the day comes on fast when it shall be said unto him, "Give account of thy stewardship!"

We have thus far shown that beneficence should be regarded by the Christian as a *duty*, and should be pursued *methodically*. But what method do we recommend? It would of course be impossible to prescribe any rule which would be applicable to every case. Nor is this a matter of much importance; once make charity a matter of conscientious duty, and it will not be difficult for the conscientious man to form his own plan. The following, however, seems to be the correct outline of a just course, viz.:—

1. Define well what is requisite for the comfortable support and education of your family, and the proper increase of your business—determining not to go beyond a certain point in the latter respect.

2. While advancing toward the maximum of your capital, give away annually a certain percentage of your increase.

3. When you reach the maximum, give away all your increase, except what is requisite for the temperate expense of your family.

This plan has been followed by numbers of persons whose examples have been recorded. The case of N. R. Cobb, Esq., a Baptist merchant of Boston, is well known. He resolved to give from the beginning *one-fourth* of his net profits; to give *one-half* when his capital reached twenty thousand dollars; *three-quarters* when it reached thirty thousand dollars; and *all* the profits when it amounted to fifty thousand dollars. He retained his generous resolution till his death, when he had already reached the maximum, and had scattered the blessings of his liberality in every direction.[*]

John Wesley remarked in early life that he had known but four men who had not declined in religion by becoming wealthy; later in life he corrected the remark, and made no exception. He himself guarded scrupulously against the danger. When his own income was but £30 a year, he gave away £2; when it was sixty, he still confined his expenses to £28, and gave away £32; when it reached £120, he kept himself to his old allowance, and gave away £92. Besides giving himself wholly to the public good, and laboring as devotedly as any other man of modern times for the moral welfare of the poor, he gave away, it is computed, more than a hundred thousand dollars, the proceeds of his publications, &c. The last insertion in his private Journal, written with a trembling hand, reads thus:—"For upwards of eighty-six years I have kept my accounts exactly. I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can, and give all I can, that is, all I have." *John Wesley*, July 16, 1790.[†]

Dr. Watts gave away one-fifth of his income; Baxter, Doddridge, Dr. Hammond, and Lord Chief Justice Hale, one-tenth.

Such liberal and methodical contributions are usually returned by increased prosperity, to the donors, in accordance with the divine assurance, that "he that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again."

A Prize Essay on Scriptural Benevolence, which now lies before us, says:—

> "An anonymous writer says of himself, that he commenced business and prosecuted it in the usual way, till he lost $900, which was all he was worth, and found himself in debt $1,100. Being led by his trials, through God's grace, to trust, as he hoped, in Christ, he, at the age of forty, determined to take God's word for his guide in his business, and consecrated his earnings to the Lord. The first year he gave $12. For eighteen years the amount was increased above twenty-five per cent., and the last year he gave $850; and he says he did it easier than,

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[*] The following is Mr. Cobb's record of his resolution:—

> "By the grace of God, I will never be worth more than $50,000.
>
> "By the grace of God, I will give one-fourth of the profits of my business to charitable and religious uses.
>
> "If ever I am worth $20,000, I will give one-half of my net profits; and if I am ever worth $30,000, I will give three-fourths; and the whole, after $50,000. So help me God, or give to a more faithful steward, and set me aside.
>
> "N. R. COBB."

[†] Dr. Adam Clarke gives, in his "Wesley Family," a fac-simile of this passage. It would be quite illegible without the doctor's rendering.

during the first year, he paid the $12. Besides, though with nothing but his hands to depend on when he began this course, he paid the whole debt of $1,100 with interest, though it took him nine years to do it. Jacob went out from his father's home 'with his staff,' a poor man; but at Bethel he vowed to give God the tenth of all that God should bestow on him. Commencing thus, God blessed him; and in twenty years he returned with great riches."

"A distinguished civilian says: 'I have for many years adopted the rule of setting aside a portion of income "as the Lord has prospered me." I have felt that more than a tenth was my duty; and I can testify to the blessed influence of the system. It enables us the better to discriminate between the various objects; to discover how far we have denied ourselves for Christ and a perishing world; and benevolence thus becomes interwoven with our Christian principles, our high and Christian duties.' A distinguished citizen says the system of 'laying by in store on the first day of the week, as God has blessed us,' 'I have practiced for several years, and found a blessing in it. It is God's own plan, and therefore better than any other. So every one will find who will but try it. It increases our charity-fund many fold, without our perceiving any diminution of capital or income; and the fund thus set apart being consecrated to the Lord, we are able to distribute it without grudging, and with a more unbiased judgment, as occasion arises. I am one of the witnesses for God, that in this matter, as in all others, he is good.' An eminent clergyman says, 'I have for many years had a fixed system of devoting from one-fifth to a quarter of my income to religious and charitable uses. I have laid out my plan at the beginning of each year, keeping a private account of all donations, and leaving nothing to mere accident or excited feeling at the moment. At the end of about thirty years, during which I have carried on this system, I find my property materially increased; and I am surprised to find, on looking over my accounts, how many hundreds of dollars I have thus been permitted to contribute to the cause of benevolence.' A prosperous merchant says: 'I have myself acted on this principle for many years; and have some faith to believe that spreading before the people the great principle of systematic giving is to be a mighty instrument in the hands of God for the conversion of the world.'"

Such facts from real life are worth many arguments. We cannot forbear adding another, from the experience of an intelligent merchant, who says:—

"In consecrating my life anew to God, aware of the insnaring influence of riches and the necessity of deciding on a plan of charity before wealth should bias my judgment, I adopted the following system: 'I decided to balance my accounts, as nearly as I could, every month; and reserving such portion of profits as might appear adequate to cover probable losses, to lay aside, by entry on a benevolent account, one-tenth of the remaining profits, great or small, as a fund for benevolent expenditure, supporting myself and family on the remaining nine-tenths. I further determined, that if at any time my net profits, that is, profits from which clerk-hire and store-expenses had been deducted, should exceed $500 in a month, I would give twelve and a half per cent.; if over $700, fifteen per cent.; if over $900, seventeen and a half per cent.; if over $1,100, twenty per cent.; if over $1,300, twenty-two and a half per cent.; thus increasing the proportion of the whole, as God should prosper, until, at $1,500, I should give twenty-five per cent., or $375 a month. As capital was of the utmost importance to my success in business, I decided not to increase the foregoing scale until I had acquired a certain capital, after which I would give one quarter of all net profits, great or small; and on the acquisition of another certain amount of capital, I decided to give half; and on acquiring what I determined would be a full sufficiency of capital, then to [illegible] whole of my net profits. It is now several [illegible] adopted this plan, and under it I [illegible] a handsome capital, and have been [illegible] my most sanguine expectations. [illegible] giving, I have never yet touched [illegible] have repeatedly been [illegible] drafts it would bear. [illegible] have encountered a [illegible] rule has led me to lay by the tenth while the remainder proved inadequate to my support; but the tide has soon turned, and with gratitude I have recognized a heavenly hand more than making good all my past deficiencies. This system has been of great advantage to me, enabling me to feel that my life is directly employed for God. It has afforded me happiness in enabling me to portion out the Lord's money, and has enlisted my mind more in the progress of Christ's cause. Happy privilege, which the humblest may enjoy, of thus associating the common labors of life with the grateful service of the Saviour, and of making that which naturally leads the heart from God, subserve the highest spiritual good. This system has saved me from commercial dangers, by leading me to simplify business and avoid extensive credits. It has made me a better merchant; for the monthly pecuniary observations which I have been wont to take, though often quite laborious, have brought me to a better knowledge of the state of my affairs, and led me to be more cautious and prudent than I otherwise should have been. I believe this system tends to enlarge the Christian's views, increase his disinterestedness, and lead him to shun the tricks of trade. My own observation also confirms the belief, that even warm-hearted Christians must determine beforehand on the system they will adopt, if they would secure the benefits of the gospel plan to themselves, under the grace and providence of God, or its happy results to the cause of Christ."

What has been thus practicable to these few men is practicable, in some modified yet definite and effective form, to all Christian business-men. What would be the result if these examples were extended into a universal habit of the Church? We may attempt to answer this question hereafter.

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We request the attention of the reader to the notice of our publishers, prefixed to the present number. In a short time we shall have the issues of the year bound up in two elegant volumes, and hope they will find a ready demand among our new subscribers. It has been our design, in the selections of the past twelve months, to present articles worthy of preservation, and we think the reader will not find the work thus far unworthy of a permanent form.

While our original matter shall be augmented in the coming volume, we shall nevertheless continue to use freely the current resources of our foreign exchanges. These comprise the best literary labors of the age; they can hardly be excelled, for unquestionably the highest intellectual ability of Europe is now expended on its periodical literature. To pretend that the exclusion of this great resource from our American publications, or its entire substitution by indigenous productions, would be a merit, is sheerly preposterous. We present no such claim to the patronage of our readers. We shall give a good proportion of original matter, but also, as heretofore, cull from the riches of transatlantic works, especially from the English periodical writers—writers whose productions are an essential part of our common English literature.

The progressive improvement of the "National"—both in its literary and artistic merits—which has been so emphatically acknowledged by the press, will continue. We have made extensive preparations to secure it increased interest during the ensuing year. We hope its friends will rally still as they have heretofore to its support, renewing their own subscriptions and extending its circulation in their respective spheres.

Book Notices.

Yusef; a Crusade in the East. If Mr. J. Ross Brown accomplished all his journeyings in as fine spirits as he throws into his descriptions of them, he must have been a rare traveler. The book receives its name from the dragoman whom the author engages at Beyrut to conduct him in his pilgrimage, and who figures largely in the amusing incidents of their route. It is a capital after-dinner book—a better promoter of digestion than all the drugs in the country. The illustrations are numerous, and most of them very well executed. (*Harper & Brothers.*)

Speer's and Surenne's French Pronouncing Dictionary. The necessity for such a work as the one before us has long been felt by the numerous students of French literature. Besides giving many words not to be found in other dictionaries, and all the words of the language in general use, with their compounds, it contains the principal terms used in the army and navy, the sciences, the arts, the manufactures, and trade; the various acceptations of the words in their logical order; short examples of the ordinary or literary acceptations; the modification which the sense of words undergoes by the addition of adjectives, prepositions, adverbs, &c.; the idioms and familiar phraseology; prepositions governed by verbs, adjectives, &c.; irregularities of the verbs, of the plurals of nouns, &c.; and observations on words presenting grammatical difficulties; followed by a general vocabulary of mythological and geographical names, and those of persons which differ in the two languages.

The American editor, Mr. G. P. Quackenbos, has revised and corrected the entire work, giving to every word Surenne's pronunciation; he has also added four thousand new phrases and idioms, with the principal French synonymes and the irregular tenses of all the irregular verbs in alphabetical order. The volume is therefore unusually complete, and cannot fail to supersede Meadow's and all other similar works in use among us. (*Appleton & Co., New-York.*)

Redfield, New-York, has issued, in three substantial duodecimos, a translation by W. Robson of *Michaud's History of the Crusades.* It is surprising that this work has never been translated before. It contains invaluable historical lessons, is replete with romance, and is popular all over Europe. It is in fact the most complete and satisfactory of the numerous narratives to which this remarkable section of history has given birth. The work is issued in very creditable style.

Littell's Living Age begins a new series, in improved form. It is smaller apparently, but contains more matter. It is a sterling compilation of current foreign literature. Its editor has more than taste for his task, he has something very like genuis for it, and makes an unusually interesting monthly. $6 per annum. (*Littell, Son, & Co., Boston.*)

The Knickerbocker is one of the most welcome of our exchanges. It holds on its course with not only unabating, but with increasing vigor. Beyond a doubt, this is the best original monthly of the country. The editorial gossip and the "Upcountry Letters" alone give it unrivaled interest. (*Hueston, New-York.*)

The Ladies' Repository presents an attractive countenance under the editorship of Dr. Clark. He has introduced several changes "for the better;" one of these is the selection of choice foreign matter. Nothing could be more preposterous than the assumption that totally original contributions give merit to an American periodical. English and American literature are essentially one. To propose to confine our periodicals to cis-atlantic articles, is virtually to *limit* them to a small section of the periodical writers of the language. An odd pretension to merit that, certainly. The foreign articles being new to us, and from the ablest periodical writers of the world, cannot be superseded by the usual experimental compositions that crowd our Magazines. The *Repository* is the best monthly for ladies in the country. That's our frank opinion of it. (*Swormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati.*)

The second number of *The Freewill Baptist Quarterly* sustains well the promise of the first. It presents a well-chosen series of topics, and they are individually well handled. $2 per annum. (*Providence, R. I.*)

Magee, of Boston, has issued, in exceedingly neat style, a volume on "Ministerial Education in the Methodist Episcopal Church," by Professor Vail, with an introduction by President Tefft. The book is more than its text implies. It treats of ministerial education in the Jewish Church, and in the Apostolic and Patristic ages. Besides this, it sketches fully the history of opinions and measures on the subject in the Wesleyan and the American Methodist Churches. It is well executed in all respects. Dr. Tefft's prefatory essay is in his best style. As a comprehensive review of the whole subject, this volume will be very acceptable to the friends of theological education generally. It is embellished with a fine engraving of the Wesleyan Theological Institution at Richmond, England.

A duodecimo volume of some three hundred pages, entitled *Positive Theology,* has just reached us. It is from the pen of Rev. Asbury Laurey, for whom it is published at the western agency of the "Methodist Book Concern." The author aims to set forth the fundamental doctrines of the Bible in a series of dissertations twenty-two in number, and he does it in a style perspicuous and vigorous. His rhetorical embellishments are, at times, rather extreme; but he is orthodox throughout, and his volume is not only adapted to the theological student, but to popular readers, and especially to the young.

Leavitt & Co., New-York, have issued in very neat style a Greek edition of *The Acts of the Apostles,* with Notes and Lexicon, for Schools, Colleges, and Theological Seminaries, by Professor Owen. The text is that of Augustus

Hahn; the letter-press is in the beautiful "Porsonian" type, imported expressly for this work. Dr. Owen's notes mostly relate to philological exegesis; they will be prized by the critical student. The Lexicon is abridged from Robinson's New Testament Lexicon, but it is also improved in some of the definitions. The book is a valuable one in all respects.

A very able *Missionary Discourse* has been issued by Rev. Mr. Butler of Massachusets. It is full of missionary *facts* and stirring thoughts. (*Geo. C. Rand, Boston.*)

Another work on the *Spirit Rappings* has appeared, from the pen of Professor Mattison. We shall have a "Spiritual" literature soon. Books, pamphlets, papers, are dropping from the press like the leaves of autumn. Mr. Mattison goes at his task "hammer and tongs." Besides a great deal of learned argumentation, he brings to it the instrumentality of satire, and cuts scathingly right and left. His book will take. Its engravings, though not the best specimens of the art, are strikingly characteristic. The young folks can read this book without getting frightened, the old ones will shake their sides at it. How far it will be admitted to be a solution of the new mystery is, however, a question. So many solutions are now offered, that we are getting confounded with their multiplicity. One thing is clear to us, that if there is preternatural agency in the matter, the devil has a hand in it, and we think the chief hand in it, whatever good spirits may have to do with it.

Swormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati, have published *The Life and Times of Rev. Allen Wiley*. The volume is valuable as affording data for the ecclesiastical history of the West, especially for the history of Methodism. It contains sketches of early Methodist preachers in Indiana, and abundant notices of the history of the denomination in that state. Appended to the narrative are specimens of Mr. Wiley's "skeletons" of sermons, and an essay, in the form of letters, "On Ministerial Duties." This work is from the pen of Rev. F. B. Holliday, who has performed his task with skill and good taste. (*Carlton & Phillips, New-York.*)

Rev. James Porter has published a pamphlet on "The Spirit Rappings, Mesmerism, Clairvoyance," and kindred marvels. It shows the usual ability of his popular writings. Admitting some of the occult scientific mysteries of these subjects, Mr. Porter argues against their preternatural claims, and furnishes an impressive warning against their moral liabilities. All will admit the book to be a thorough one, whatever may be their opinions on the subject.

Religious Summary.

At a recent meeting of the *American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions*, Rev. G. W. Wood, Secretary of the Board, read a paper setting forth the operations of the agents of the society in different quarters of the globe. It appeared, according to the report of Mr. Lyons, of the Sandwich Island Mission, that there had been a sad defection among those under his charge, attributable, in a great measure, to the use of rum among the natives. From the Syrian mission, at Abeh, Mr. Calhoun reported encouragingly. Among other things reported from the eastern missions is the completion of the Syriac edition of the Bible. Encouraging reports have also been received from the Indian missions. The receipts of the Brooklyn and New-York society for the past year were $22,911 51: the expenditures for the same period amounted to $144 50.

The fifth anniversary of the emancipation of the *Vaudois*, or Protestants of Piedmont, was lately celebrated in the Valleys and at Turin. The occasion called forth a lively enthusiasm toward the present monarch and his father, Charles Albert, who, on the 17th of February, 1848, restored to his Vaudois subjects all their religious and civil rights.

The *Watchman and Reflector* says, that out of one hundred and ninety *Baptist Pastors* in Massachusetts, during the four years ending April 1, 1852, one hundred and seventy changed places, six died, leaving but fourteen stationary. For the same period, sixty-one out of seventy-[illegible] pastors in New-Hampshire changed [illegible] labor, three died, leaving seven, the remainder, settled over the same people. It is believed that Connecticut, Maine, and Rhode Island, would present a similar table of facts.

An immense *Roman Catholic Church* for Italians is about to be erected in London. Ground for it has been purchased for $37,000, mostly raised by the Church in Italy. Francesco Gualandi, of Bologne, is to be the architect. This Church is to have confessors to hear confessions in all languages.

The *Free Presbyterians of Scotland* have built—since their separation from the Established Kirk—six hundred and ninety places of worship, a college, four hundred schools, and nearly five hundred manses, or parsonage houses. For these purposes the people have contributed nearly fifteen millions of dollars.

The missionaries at *Madagascar*, in 15 years, taught in schools more than 10,000 children, formed two congregations at the capital, and admitted to the Church nearly 200 persons, established preaching stations in various towns, reduced the language to writing, and prepared and circulated 25,000 tracts and elementary books, printed a dictionary of the language in two volumes, and translated and printed the whole Bible in their native dialect.

The thirty-seventh anniversary of the *New-York Female Bible Society* was recently held at the American Bible Society House in Nassau-street. The attendance was quite large, and the services of a deeply-interesting character. The annual report of the treasurer was read by Joseph Hyde, Esq., from which it appears that the total receipts of the Society for the past year amounted to $6,388 71. Of this sum, $356 62 were paid to the American Bible Society for Bibles and tracts, and $6,032 09 to the same society as a donation. The secretary's annual report was then read, from which it appears that the Society is accomplishing much good in aid of the American Bible Society, of which it is an auxiliary.

According to the last official statement of the various religious confessions of the population of *Prussia*, the Roman Catholics number 6,063,186; the Protestants 9,987,277; and the Mennonnites, members of the Greek Church, and Jews, 234,551; total, 16,285,014. Since this census the population has increased to 17,000,000.

In the *United States* there are 32 Protestant to 1 Roman Catholic church. There are 4 Presbyterian, 8 Baptist, and 11 Methodist churches, also, to 1 Roman Catholic church.

At Athens, *Dr. King* last year sold and distributed, notwithstanding the difficulties he has had to encounter, 440,020 pages of various religious publications, of which 167,553 were of the Holy Scriptures. He still continues his preaching service on the Sabbath without interruption. The new director of all the public schools of mutual instruction in Greece favors the use in them of the Scriptures of the Old Testament, which his predecessor prohibited; the Old Testament has already been placed in the Teachers' Seminary at Athens.

Reuss, Professor of Theology in the Protestant Seminary at Strasburg, well known in the learned world on the continent as a sound scholar, has published in two volumes, octavo, a "History of Christian Theology in the Apostolic Age." Drawing his materials exclusively from the New Testament, and viewing those materials in the light thrown on them by an exact and profound acquaintance with the older dispensation, Professor Reuss makes it the principle of his work to exhibit, severally and separately, the theological views entertained by the writers of the New Testament documents, in order that in what they have in common he may be led to see, recognize, and set forth "the mind of Christ," which he regards as the truth of God.

The Free Baptist Society of Cambridgeport, Mass., Rev. Dr. Parker, pastor, contributed $11,000 toward placing the Newton Theological Institution on a permanent basis.

The income of the *Wesleyan Missionary Society* for the year 1852 is now ascertained to be $526,850. That for last year, not counting Mr. Marriott's legacy of $50,000, was $513,650, showing an increase on the regular income of last year, above the one preceding it, of $13,195.

At a recent meeting of the *American Board of Missions* it was stated that since 1789 the United States have paid to the Indians in money $35,274,877, in lands $71,041,723, making an aggregate of $106,000,000.

The *Scotch Episcopal Church* numbers seven bishops, and one hundred and forty-seven clergy; six of the former and sixty-two of the latter being of English ordination. The churches and chapels are in all one hundred and forty—the schools in connection therewith eighty-three. The total number of churches and chapels of all sects, in Scotland, is stated by a Scotch paper to be three thousand and eighty-four, of which nine hundred and ninety-four belong to the Established Church of Scotland, and two thousand and ninety are unendowed.

The thirty-sixth anniversary of the *New-York and Brooklyn Foreign Missionary Society*, auxiliary to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, was held recently. The report stated that there was received by contributions within the last year by this society the sum of $23,000, and that the funds had gone on increasing since 1849.

From the Journal of the Convention of the *Protestant Episcopal Church* in Florida, we learn that there are in the diocese ten Churches, and, besides the bishop—Right Rev. Francis H. Rutledge, D. D.—seven clergymen and one candidate for holy orders.

Rome, as appears from a recent census, contains a population of one hundred and seventy-five thousand, divided into fifty-four parishes, and among them are twenty-nine bishops, one thousand two hundred and eighty priests, two thousand and ninety-two monks and members of religious orders, one thousand six hundred and ninety-eight nuns, and five hundred and thirty-seven ecclesiastical pupils. The heretics of all shades—Turks, schismatics, Protestants, and unbelievers — amount, exclusive of Jews, to four hundred and twelve; and a very great number of them belong to the foreign embassies.

The catalogue of the *Andover Theological Institute* states the number of its present pupils as follows:—Residents, nineteen; seniors, twenty-eight; middle class, thirty-five; juniors, twenty-seven—total one hundred and nine, and nearly all graduates of colleges. Professor Barrows is permanently connected with the department of Sacred Literature. In the three libraries of the Institution are twenty-two thousand volumes.

A large meeting was held in London recently, in connection with the *London Missionary Society*, for the purpose of raising a fund to send several missionaries and a printer to Madagascar, where there is said to be a good opening at present for the promulgation of Christianity, the reigning Prince being in favor of the missionary cause. The required sum ($25,000) was expected soon to be raised.

At a late meeting of the *American Bible Society*, eight new auxiliaries were recognized, one in each of the States of Illinois, Missouri, Alabama, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and two in Tennessee. Interesting letters were read from the British and Foreign Bible Society, in regard to their Jubilee meetings. A letter from Rev. William Wood, of Bombay, asking an appropriation for that mission. Another from Rev. R. G. Wilder, of Kalipur, to the same purport, and relating a curious Hindoo tradition in regard to the comparative holiness of the Kalipur and Benares. Ages ago the two cities being put into scales and weighed, the Kalipur outweighed Benares by just a single grain! Various grants of books were made for home, and foreign countries, together with grants of money for the mission at Bombay and Kalipur.

Literary Record.

THE *Providence Conference Academy*, at East Greenwich, R. I., appears by its catalogue to be in a high state of prosperity, under the management of the Rev. Robert Allyn and his able associates. It has upwards of three hundred students.

French papers announce that *M. Victor Langlois*, absent on a voyage of archæological discovery in Asia Minor, has discovered the tomb of the ancient poet Aratus, at Pompeiopolis—and a considerable number of Greek and Armenian inscriptions, which are stated to be of great archæological value.

Just above the square, and near the Greek church at Alexandria, there has been laid open, very recently, the foundation of what is believed to be the once famous *Library of Alexandria*, destroyed by the caliph Omar. The ruins dug from this spot, which consist principally of bricks, are being sold for ordinary purposes. Lieut. Newenham, British Admiralty Agent, visited the spot; and he states that he saw there large quantities of calcined earth and blackened bricks, the effect of fire. Lieut. Newenham brought away with him, and has now at Southampton, a drawing from a handsome sculptured blue granite stone, found among the rubbish on this spot. The drawing represents a winged sphere, underneath which is a figure like a baboon, in a sitting posture, with uplifted hands. Below this are the figures of what are believed to be kings, over the heads of which are a quantity of hieroglyphics, seemingly a record of their names and titles.

Remarkable success has attended the introduction of a syllabic system of writing among the *Cree Indians* of the shores of St. James's Bay, Canada. One such syllabarium had arisen among the Cherokees in 1824, and remains a striking phenomenon in the history of American philology. Mr. Horden, an English Wesleyan missionary, has already been successful in teaching to read and write in the syllabic system. A printing-press, with a font of syllabic types, has been sent out recently. The system appears equally adapted to the widely-spread tribes of the Eskimos, who fringe the whole circumpolar sea, from Behring's Straits to Labrador.

The activity of Romanism in France has called forth a counter-activity on the part of Protestants. A society (*Societe de l'Histoire du Protestantisme*) has been founded for the purpose of bringing to light and publishing valuable documents connected with the noble martyr history of French Protestants. Connected with the society is a periodical, (*Bulletin*,) of which the seventh number has appeared. In Geneva, [illegible], the attacks of Romanism have combined [illegible]estants into a defensive phalanx. Attacked [illegible] most violent manner by the Catholic [illegible]ombalot, the national Church of Geneva [illegible] of the municipal au- [illegible]ries of lectures in de- [illegible]ions which it repre-

At a late meeting of the *London Society of Antiquarians*, Sir Henry Ellis communicated a transcript of a journal of the Earl of Sussex's journey to Vienna, in 1566, to propose the marriage of Queen Elizabeth with the Archduke Charles. The original is mutilated in many places, owing to the fire which, upward of a century ago, destroyed a portion of the Cottonian collections. Camden in his "Annals" gives the political history of this journey. The journal was probably written by Sir Gilbert Dethick, by whom the emperor was invested with the Order of the Garter; it gives the names of the towns and cities at which the earl and his suite rested on their journey, with the signs of the various inns. The reception of the embassy by the emperor and empress was most courteous; its result is matter of history.

The *Newbury Female Collegiate Institute*, Vermont, has issued its triennial catalogue. It is under the able presidency of Rev. J. E. King, and is destined to have, we doubt not, a career of gratifying success.

M. Woëpcke, (of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres,) at Paris, has brought to light a Greek manuscript of which the existence was unknown to the learned. The original is probably lost, but an Arabic translation, made by Abou Othman, the Damascene, has just turned up in an Arabic MS. in the Imperial Library. The work is a commentary on the ten books of the Elements of Euclid. The author, whose name is Valens, is posterior to Ptolemy, and is perhaps the same personage, somewhat famous as an astrologer, and known by the name of Vettius Valens. The special value of the commentary consists in its copious references to the best works of the great geometer Apollonius. M. Woëpcke has made an extract of all the passages of this description, and purposes a conjectural restitution of the writings of this greatest, except Archimedes, of the ancient mathematicians. Apollonius, it will be remembered, was a native of Pergamus, in Pamphylia, and flourished toward the year 244 before Christ.

The *Independent Order of Odd Fellows* contemplate establishing a Female Collegiate Institute, at Abingdon, Va. It is proposed to erect a building to accommodate from three hundred to five hundred pupils.

An edition of the writings of *Jefferson* is in course of preparation by Professor Washington, of William and Mary's College, under the superintendence of the Library Committee of Congress. In 1848 the appropriations were made for the purchase of Mr. Jefferson's papers from Thomas Jefferson Randolph, the executor of Mr. Jefferson; and for printing such portions of them as the joint Library Committee of the two houses should direct. During the first session of the last Congress another appropriation of $3,000 was made toward the printing, which Taylor & Maury, booksellers in Washington, have undertaken to execute. It is not intended to make anything like a complete publication of Mr. Jefferson's writings, but only of the more important portions of what has been, as well as what has not been, already published. It is to be printed in the size and style of the Hamilton papers.

A meeting was held at *Peoria, Ill.*, for the purpose of taking measures to establish a Presbyterian College in that place. Success beyond expectation attended the measure. Sixty scholarships were obtained at $400 each, amounting to $24,000. It is believed that the scholarships will be increased to seventy-five.

At a late meeting of the *New-York Historical Society*, resolutions were passed tendering thanks for presents of books, pamphlets, and a bronze copy of the gold medal given to Henry Clay shortly before his death. A paper was read by John C. Devereux, Esq., on "William Penn considered as a lawgiver, a statesman, and eminently the apostle of civil and religious liberty."

Of 177 ministers and licentiates connected with the *Mendon* (*Congregational*) *Association, Mass.*, during the first century of its existence, 157 were graduates of colleges. Of these 157 graduates, fifty-three, or a little over one-third, were graduates of Brown University. Dartmouth is next highest, having had 26 graduates in the Association. Yale had 23, Harvard 20, Amherst 17, and several others a smaller number.

The Directors of the New-York *Mercantile Library*, and the Clinton Hall Association, have agreed that the library shall be removed to Astor-place. It is proposed to demolish the Astor-place Opera House and erect a suitable library building on its site. The removal will not probably be effected until January, 1854.

The *Legislature of Illinois* have instructed their senators and their representatives in Congress to endeavor to procure the passage of a law by Congress donating to each of the several states public lands to the amount of $500,000, for the endowment of a system of industrial universities, one in each state, to co-operate with each other and with the Smithsonian Institution, for the more liberal practical education of our industrial classes and their teachers.

There is in the library belonging to the *Academy at Germantown*, Pennsylvania, the identical telescope used by General Washington at the battle of Germantown, October 4, 1777. There is in the same library a copy of the Bible, Geneva edition, 1610.

Hon. Jonathan Phillips has made the liberal donation of $10,000 to the city of Boston in aid of the public library. The income of this sum is to be annually appropriated for the purchase of books; and if, from any cause, the principal of the fund is reduced, the income is to be added until the original amount has been accumulated.

The annual report of the *St. Louis Mercantile Library* for the year 1852 represents its affairs as in a most prosperous condition. The aggregate number of volumes now in the library is 8,777, of which 1,478 have been added during the year at a cost of over $2,000—nine hundred and one volumes having been secured by purchase, and five hundred and seventy-seven by donation. The whole number of members is 774. A new Library Hall is erecting for the association at a cost of $100,000, subscribed mainly by citizens of St. Louis, a single gentleman, Henry D. Bacon, Esq., contributing the sum of $20,000.

A collection of specimens of *book-binding*, from the earliest days of the art, is to be formed in the Louvre at Paris. M. Mottley, recently deceased, has started it by bequeathing a large collection which he himself had gathered.

The Boston *Mercantile Library Association*, which was founded in 1820, has a library of 14,000 volumes, and was never more prosperous than at present. Plans are being laid to erect a new edifice for the better accommodation of the Association, at a cost, with the land, of some $60,000. The building fund of $20,000, given by merchants some years since, has recently been largely increased by new donations, in which list the names of Abbott Lawrence, Nathan Appleton, Samuel Appleton, William Sturgis, and John P. Cushing appear, with $1,000 against each name.

Leopold Von Buch, the eminent geologist, and the intimate friend of Humboldt, died recently at the age of seventy-six. His travels have been very extensive, and his published works have been of the highest value to the science of geology. He stood, in the testimony of all, among the first men of science in his day.

Prof. Aytoun, of the University of Edinburgh, has been lecturing publicly in England on the "Nature, Forms, and Development of Poetry." Mr. Charles Millward, President of the Liverpool Literary and Dramatic Society, has also been lecturing on the "Life and Writings of Hood." The young Sir Robert Peel on his "Travels on the Continent."

The *New-York State Library*, at Albany, is said to be one of the most interesting in our country. Additions are constantly being made, and those of the past year are especially worthy of note. Several valuable works from the library of the distinguished Dr. Jarvis, of Middletown, Conn., have been purchased. Six hundred volumes were received from the Library of St. Mark's, Venice, as a present to the State, and make an important addition to the Italian literature of the collection. Over one hundred volumes were also sent from the Royal and National Library at Munich, in Bavaria. These embrace the transactions of the Royal Society of Bavaria, and the proceedings of other learned institutions. Presents of books have also been received from the Netherlands, Belgium, France, and Holland. The miscellaneous library of the Hon. Harmanus Bleecker, amounting to three or four thousand volumes, has been donated, and will hereafter form a part of the State collection.

Professor Koeppen has been appointed to the chair of history, German literature, and esthetics, in Marshall College, Pa. He was formerly professor in King Otho's College, at Athens; and has lectured since his arrival in this country before the Lowell Institute, Smithsonian Institution, New-York Historical Society, and elsewhere.

Art Intelligence.

A SOMEWHAT novel monument to *Nelson* has recently been completed at Portsmouth, England. It consists of a structure of granite surmounted by an anchor—said to be the anchor carried by the ship Victory, granted by the Admiralty for this object. The memorial stands on the Southsea Beach, on the spot from which Nelson went on board for the last time to take the command of England's fleet, and fight one of the greatest naval battles. This tribute has been erected at the expense of Lord Frederick Fitzclarence.

The late *King Louis Philippe*, just before the Revolution of February, commissioned M. Gudin, the marine painter, to supply twenty-five pieces, representing battles at sea and marine views, for the galleries at Versailles. The republican government declined to continue the order, and such of the paintings as were executed were sold by auction—the sums realized being infinitely below what the king had agreed to pay for them. The present government has just revived the commission to M. Gudin for the whole series of twenty-five paintings.

A mountain of *marble* is said to have been discovered in the Great Salt Lake Valley, of almost every color, containing slabs of every size.

Prince Albert is among the contributors of works of art to the *New-York Industrial Exhibition*. The portraits of Queen Victoria, himself, Prince Arthur, and of the late Duke of Wellington, forming the picture painted by Winterhalter, is his contribution. The Baron Marochetti has completed a colossal equestrian statue of General Washington, which is designed for the exhibition. It is worthy of the artist, and has the peculiar characteristics of his style. Mr. Carew has executed a colossal statue of the late Daniel Webster for the same place. It represents the American statesman in the act of addressing the Senate. The expression is very vigorous, and the likeness is said by competent judges to be correct. The attitude and manner of the portrait are dignified and simple. The State of Missouri has appropriated $4,000 for its proper representation, and Congress voted $20,000 to defray the expenses of the Turkish steam-frigate during her visit to the New-York World's Fair.

The block ordered by the City Council of New-York for the *Washington Monument* is of white marble, eight feet wide, five feet six inches high, and weighs four tons. On the front the arms of New-York, surrounded with a wreath of oak and laurel leaves, and surmounted by an eagle, has been sculptured. It contains the following inscription:—

> "Corporation of the city of New-York."

[illegible] as quarried at Chelsea, Mass., and cost $2,500.

[illegible] *Chevalier Kestnor*, late Hanoverian [illegible]ter at the Papal Court, is dead, aged [illegible]ty-six [illegible] He was a great favorite [illegible] in Rome. He painted well, possessed great taste in, and knowledge of the arts, and was the author of some valuable works on art. He possessed a choice collection of objects of art, which he has bequeathed to the University of Gottingen. He leaves also a very interesting volume, the correspondence of his father with Goethe; his father having married the original of "Charlotte" in The Sorrows of Werther.

A statue of *Napoleon I.*, in bronze, is to be executed by Lemaire, for the city of Lille. The material of which it will be composed will contain the metal of the cannons taken at Austerlitz, which have been for years preserved at Lille.

Two large landscapes, bequeathed to the nation by *Mr. Turner*, have been lately hung up in the National Gallery at London, by the side of the best specimens of *Claude*. They are called "The Building of Carthage" and "The Sun rising in Mist." The former is the larger picture—and in point of time the last in execution. "The Sun rising in Mist," was exhibited at the Academy in 1817, and was bought by the artist himself, at the famous De Tabley sale in 1827. "The Carthage" was exhibited at the Academy in 1815, and retained by the artist, with even then a view to the bequest, which has placed it where it now is.

A valuable discovery with regard to daguerreotypes has been made by Mr. S. N. Carvalho, an artist of Charleston, South Carolina. It has been hitherto necessary to inclose daguerreotypes in cases, and cover them with glass, as the least friction destroyed the work of sun and shadow. Mr. Carvalho has discovered a perfectly transparent enamel insoluble by all ordinary agents, a thin coating of which being spread upon a daguerreotype, it may be carried about without other protection, or sent by post to any part of the world. The enamel produces no perceptible effect upon the picture.

Mr. E. M. Ward, of London, has completed his picture of "The Execution of Montrose," the first of the series in oils preparing for the corridor of the new House of Commons. The immediate situation is that in which Montrose is about to mount the scaffold, and the executioner is in the act of fastening Wishart's book round his neck. Mr. Ward has availed himself of the text which represents Montrose as having gone to the scaffold in his gayest attire—a dress of scarlet and silver—as a relief to the somber costumes around and the dark masses of his background. The artist has been visited by Prince Albert in his studio at Slough more than once during the progress of the picture, and, on its completion, the queen exhibited her interest in the work by a similar visit.

A very fine painting of *De Soto's* discovery of the Mississippi, executed in Paris by Mr. Powell, an American artist of merit, and ordered by a committee of Congress for the rotunda at Washington, will soon be exhibited in New-York.

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